

## Boys and Girls

## A Christmas Acrostic.

Martha B. Banks.  
S stands for Sugar-plums, dainty and good,  
T for the Toys, made of tin or of wood,  
O for the oranges, yellow and sweet,  
C for the Cakes, the delicious to eat.  
K is a Knife that has six blades in all,  
I's Indian-rubber, made into a ball,  
N stands for Nuts that are shiny and round,  
G for the Goodies that more than abound,  
And the whole is the Stocking in which they're all found.  
—The Outlook.

## A Little Girl's Adventure.

Probably no other 4-year-old child ever had so desperate an adventure, and survived it, as that which in July befell little Emma Nelson, daughter of the postmaster of Susanville, California. That she should have survived it at all, to say nothing of coming through it in good health, and in entirely cheerful and hopeful spirits, is proof of remarkable bodily vigor and mental balance.

On the fourth of July, while the celebration of Independence Day was in progress, little Emma, who is not yet 5 years old, wandered away from her father's house, behind the town and a mountain covered with wild woods, through which bears and mountain lions always roam. Into these woods, following a stream, little Emma wandered, and soon was completely lost. She did not lie down and cry, and give herself up to exposure and death; she seems to have had but one idea, and that was to keep walking until she found her papa.

She kept on walking around the mountain. Then she became aware that she was hungry. The woods about her were full of berries. She ate of them, and when night came, found a comfortable place and lay down and slept.

In the morning she woke and found more berries, and tramped on, still looking for her papa, with perfect confidence that she should find him soon; but she wandered farther and farther into the woods—quite away from the men who were searching for her, and who could hardly imagine that she was capable of traveling so far, or of taking care of herself for a day in such a wilderness.

After a time she ceased to find enough sustenance in the berries, and it would probably have gone hard with her if she had not come upon some "meat." In the woods, what the "meat" was the people afterwards discovered—it was the body of a calf, killed and partially eaten by coyotes. How desperate the little girl's state had become was proved by her eating of this; though she had not in the least lost her courage, and she wandered, indeed, for seven days on this dreary mountain, eating berries, drinking from the stream, and when she was scrupulously washing herself in it every morning, as if she had been at home—and always looking hopefully for papa.

On Sunday, the twelfth day of July, days after she had been given up for lost, a man, while passing along the bank of the river, in the most dangerous part of the woods, heard someone call to him. "Hello, Mr. Dashi!" He was startled, but turning, he saw sitting on some driftwood on the bank of the stream, the little girl, safe and well, and apparently unconcerned. He picked her up, and all he could say was:

"Why, Emma, where have you been?"  
"I've been looking for papa," answered the child.  
He took her home, and she told the story of her long wandering quite connectedly. She said that she knew she was lost, but that she thought she should soon find papa. In the seven days through which she had wandered, she had made a nine-mile circle around the mountain. She had not seen a bear, a cougar, or a coyote. Certainly it would not be hard to believe that a special providence guarded and fed the child in this long sojourn in a wilderness.—The Youth's Companion.

## Silvercap, King of the Frost Fairies.

By Alice J. Patterson.

Silvercap lived far up among the white, fleecy clouds of the North. All his life he had played and studied with his brothers and sisters and cousins in the fair kingdom of his father. But now he was almost grown, and he began to look with disdain upon childish sports and occupations, and to long for something greater to do. He was much rejoiced, therefore, to receive one day, a message from his father commanding him to come at once to the Gnomes' Chamber of the palace to hear the discussion of plans for an expedition to the Earthland, and to receive orders to assist in the onslaught.

Silvercap did not waste a moment, but rushed into the palace, where he found his father, King Winter, seated upon a magnificent throne of crystals, and surrounded by his attendants. The king, as usual, as Silvercap took his place, arose and thus addressed the assembly:

"I have called you together, my dear subjects, because my son, the West Wind, has just returned from a flying trip to the Earth. He informs me that Prince Autumn, with his followers, is lingering longer than usual this year, and is loth to leave, even though he knows it is time for my reign to begin. We must, therefore, hasten down and strike him such a blow that he will be glad to depart without further delay.

"North Wind, you must start with your forces at once. Make your first attack upon the trees, and scatter their leaves in all directions; for there are some of the bold autumn fairies still at work painting them all sorts of brilliant colors. Then, for the heads of the asters, the goldenrod, and the other flowers that you may

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find. But you understand your work; see that you do it well.  
Prince Snow, set your forces at work today, to fill your bags with flakes from the mountains. Have them ready tonight, so that you may fly down early in the morning, and begin scattering the crystals before the sun has a chance to peep at the ruins left by the North Wind.

When King Winter had given orders to West Wind, and Prince Ice, and others, he turned to Silvercap. "My son," he said, "I have decided to intrust to you the band of Frost Fairies. They have remained in idleness long enough. It is high time they were beginning to serve me. Just what they can do I am not prepared to say. You may form your own plans; but whatever you do, never forget that you are a prince, the son of King Winter."

Silvercap made a very low obeisance to the king and left the council chamber. All the rest of the day he spent in deep thought. At length, after a sleepless night, he called the Frost Fairies together and said:

"My father has appointed me to lead you forth to Earthland to aid in maintaining his rule there. North Wind has just returned, telling of the wonders he has wrought. He has wrenched the beautifully painted leaves from the trees, he has killed the flowers, he has driven all the birds away. I am making me very unhappy for I am sure the Earth children must be mourning and weeping for their flowers and leaves and birds. Let us, then, dear fairies, gather together myriads of the feathery leaves of our trees, and our dainty crystal blossoms, and hasten to the Earth to deck their chariots with our waste building material; perhaps we may find some place on which to build fairy castles for the children, and thus make them happy once more."

The fairies were delighted, and set up a great shout for Silvercap, for he had always been their favorite. All day they worked busily, filling their chariots, and when the twilight began to gather, with happy hearts they started on their expedition to Earthland. They flew to the trees, and decked every bough and twig with their most exquisite leafy leaves. They covered every plant in the gardens, even the weeds and grasses, with their wonderful feathery blossoms.

"I don't believe they own leaves and blossoms could look more beautiful," whispered Silvercap as the last twig was finished. "Now, for the castles; where shall we erect them?" asked the chief builder.

"On the windows of the rooms where the children are sleeping," answered Silvercap.

So into the rooms, through chimneys and crevices, the tiny fairies crept. Silently they began to build, not only grand castles with towers of all shapes and sizes, but the surrounding hills covered with silvery trees and rushing waterfalls, its sloping valleys and bounding streams, its fields filled with rare blossoms, flocks of flying birds, and hundreds of tiny insects.

The last chariot was emptied just as the sun began to unfold great streamers of red and gold in the eastern sky.

"Into your chariots, brave fairies! We must be gone!" cried their leader. And away they flew. Silvercap alone waited long enough to hear the merry shout from the Earth children as they arose, exclaiming:

"Oh, the beautiful trees! Oh, the wonderful silver castles! Oh, the kind, loving Frost Fairies!"

King Winter was so pleased with the success of this plan that he immediately appointed Silvercap King of Frostland. And every winter since, and his fairies come and work night after night to make the world beautiful for the Earth children.—The Outlook.

## Picked Up in Passing.

According to Mr. Arthur Waugh, a fresh form of entertainment has been inaugurated by a no less important personage than Mr. Hall Cain. The novelist has written a short story exclusively for purposes of recreation, and will deliver it himself from the public stage.

The Interior thinks that "it is not in the least an act of narrowness, sectarianism or bigotry to recognize in Gospel work the wisdom of the world, and that of New England, because there is a gigantic error between those who affirm and those who deny Christ's divinity, for which the one or the other is responsible. We must either stand for our divine Redeemer and King, or against him. There is no possible compromise."

A Boston scientist has demonstrated that by extensive cultivation it is possible to raise \$27,600 worth of grain on a single acre of New England soil. Allowing \$1,000 each, an acre would support in comfort 27 families. The world would never be overpopulated until one-half the land surface of the globe was covered by residences.

Miss Winter, the English governess who has for so many years had charge of Wilhelmina, the young Queen of Holland, has now returned to her home in England, pensioned for life with \$2,000 per annum, her salary having been \$2,000 a year. She has been loaded with presents by both the Queen and her mother. They really have much for which to be grateful to her, the education of a youthful sovereign being at all times a difficult and responsible piece of work.

The death of Coventry Patmore again calls attention to the skit which he published regarding the habit of the German Emperor, during the war of 1870-71, of sending telegrams of a somewhat religious character to Queen Augusta:

"By will Divine, my dear Augusta, We've gained a battle, such a bustle; Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below, Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Of Bernhardt, Mercedes Lee writes in the Home Journal as follows: "Bernhardt's favorite roll is 'I love it.' She once said to me enthusiastically: 'I love my life; it is ideal, simply ideal! But oh! I suffer so from stage fright every time I go on scene. It is terrible. Tonight I play in Brooklyn, and I am nervous, very nervous.' We are told further that Bernhardt, who was christened Rosine and not Sara) is very charitable, and is loved by all the poor of Paris. She is not strong, lives on her nerves, and suffers much from insomnia."

Edward Atkinson states that with the aid of a trumpet he could make himself heard by all the hosts of earth, every man, woman and child, providing they would all congregate about him, as they could all be contained within a circle with a radius of three miles. The human family, if so congregated, would make a speck

on the face of the earth about in proportion to that of a pin-head on the wall of the Masonic Temple. These facts show that the fears expressed by the followers of Malthus are entirely unwarranted.

Mrs. John D. Townsend is making efforts to secure a curfew ordinance in New York city. She has been collecting statistics of youthful crime, and since last January has found highway robbery at six years, and incendiarism at twelve. "Not wickedness," says Mrs. Townsend, "but awful precocity and parental irresponsibility are causes of a great amount of youthful crime."

"Krafft-Ebing, of the University of Vienna, according to the Medical Times, New York, 'entwined his instruction lately by allowing a madman, one of his patients, to lecture on mental diseases in his steat. The madman, during which he is much more sane and witty than when sane. His lecture on 'The Mental Condition of the Maniac in Periodical Attacks of Madness' was a brilliant success. After it was over he was shut up again.'"

## A Smile: A Laugh.

A pupil teacher from the board school at H. J. was charged in a religious knowledge, was asked: "Can you explain the apparent discrepancy between St. Stephen's speech and the Old Testament history?" The puzzled look, then triumphant reply: "He used the Revised Version."

Tommy had been reprimanded by his mother for playing in the dirt with the children who live down the gutter, with happy hearts they sobbed through his tears. "I'm going to be a politician." "What put that in your head?" asked his mamma. "Uncle told me they are always throwing mud at each other."

St. Francis, the commander of the British expedition to Ashanti last winter, addressing his troops, expressed his disappointment that they had no chance to show their bravery in battle. "But," added he (and he is not an Irishman), "if there had been fighting there would have been many absent faces here today."

The examiner wished to get the children to express moral reprobation of lazy people, and he led-up to it by asking them to write the names of who got all they could and did nothing in return. For some time there was silence, but at last a little girl, who had obviously reasoned out the answer inductively from her own home experience, exclaimed with a good deal of confidence: Please, sir, it's the baby."

It is said that a merchant in Montreal, N. J., was charged in court with obstructing the sidewalk in front of his store, and a telephone message came ordering him to appear to answer the charge. He was very busy, however, so he shouted a plea of guilty. Fine, \$100, came the reply. "All right," he said, "I'll send you right away. Good-bye." Not even Edward Bellamy, with his dream of going to church by telephone, thought of that.

There was a little boy whose mother had made a little Lord Fauntleroy of him, training his hair in long curls and dressing him in black velvet knickerbockers and jacket, ornamented with white lace. One day a large girl thought to frighten the picture-like little chap by rushing toward him, brandishing a large pair of scissors and exclaiming, "I'll cut off your hair!" The little Lord Fauntleroy was not frightened. He merely replied in a shrill little voice, "Wish you would!"

A priest who was notorious for his frequent absence from his parish, one day called upon Archbishop Ryan to ask for a vacation. His superior required it, he said. "Do the physicians say that you need a change of air?" asked the archbishop. "Yes, your grace." "Then how would it do for you to try the air of your parish for a month or two?" At another time the archbishop rebuked a priest for wearing a disreputable-looking silk hat. "But I would not give up that hat for two years," said the priest. "It belonged to my father, who fell in the rising of '48." "Ah!" was the archbishop's retort, "and evidently he fell on the hat."

The Northwest Magazine says that after the late minister delivered his first sermon in the Presbyterian Church of a little Washington town recently, a deacon approached him and said: "Your health is very good, but I don't see you very often." "No," said the minister, "I did not. I was not aware that the congregation included any who understood these languages." And that was a none too true statement, for the deacon, who was a native of the town, said: "We folks up here want to hear what you say in them city churches, and we'll have to ax you to give et tu us."

A visitor to a lunatic asylum in Scotland was asked by a man working on some repairs about the building. One of the inmates, who was assisting him, was rolling his barrow upside down when returning from the building to the stones, at length the visitor passed him, and the sixth time with the barrow inverted, the visitor called to him: "Why, man, you're wheeling that barrow upside down. Why do you do it?" said the lunatic, "that's the best way." The visitor took the barrow, and turning it right side up, said: "This is the proper way." "That's a' ye ken," said the inmate. "I tried it that way, but they filled it fu' o' bricks."

NO USE OF HIS LEGS.

Doctors Could Not Help Him, But Two Bottles of South American Kidney Cure Removed the Disease.

—The Story of a Wingham Farmer.

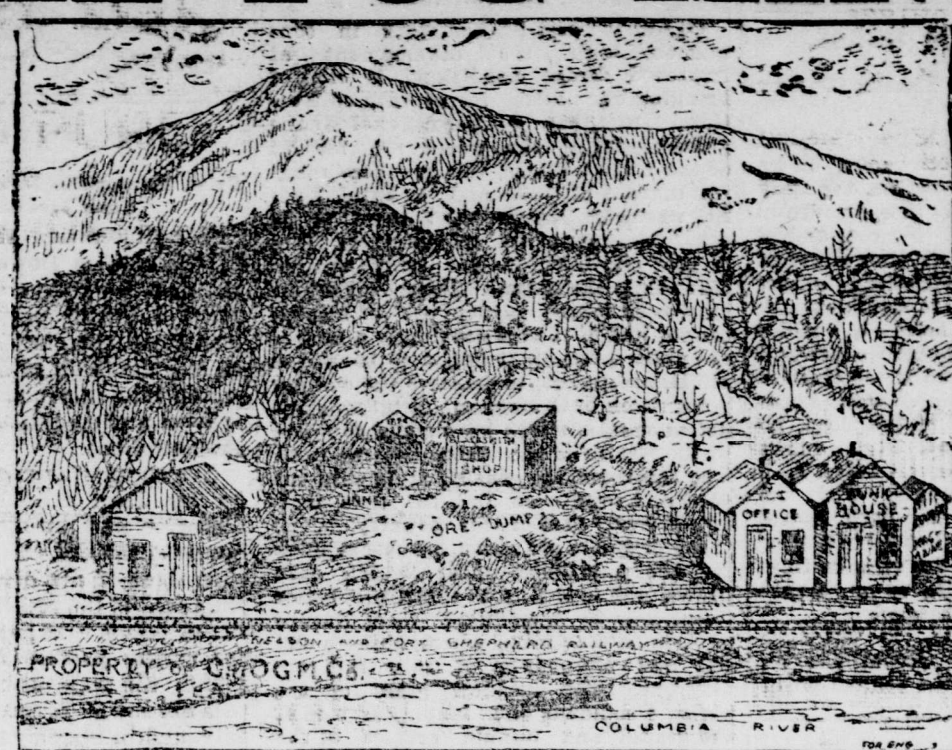
Kidney disease can be cured. Mr. John Snell, a retired farmer, of Wingham, Ont., says: "For two years I suffered under much misery, and at times could not walk, as my standing position gave intense pain, the result of kidney disease. Local physicians could not help me, and I was continually growing worse, until I was almost a wreck. Seeing South American Kidney Cure advertised, I grasped at it as a dying man, and grasped it. Result: Before half a bottle had been taken I was totally relieved of pain, and two bottles entirely cured me. To cure kidney disease a liquid medicine must be taken, and one that is a solvent, and can thus dissolve the sandlike particles in the blood."

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This company is organized for the purpose of working the Pug mine, which is situated on the Nelson and Fort Sheppard railway, close to the bank of the Columbia river, in Trail Creek mining district of British Columbia.

The claim is full-sized, 1,500 by 1,500 feet; the title being perfect in every respect. Three parallel ledges run across the claim, and show rich deposits of ore, giving gold and copper values of \$24.50 per ton. The ore is of the best quality, and is being mined by a cross-cut tunnel located at a distance of 100 feet from the railroad track has been driven over 75 feet, tapping one of the ledges at a depth of 15 feet. This ledge shows a fine body of ore, with a seam of calcite giving good assays.

The tunnel is being continued so as to cut the second ledge at a distance of 75 feet further ahead. This second ledge will be tapped at a depth of 100 feet. It will be seen that the property is no longer a "prospect," but will in a very short time be a shipping mine.

The question of transportation is solved, as the tunnel opening to the mine is only 100 feet from the railroad track, and the Columbia river is but a few hundred feet distant. The Nelson and Fort Sheppard railway will give access to the smelter at Nelson on the coast, and the smelters in the United States to the south. The Columbia river will give access to the smelter on Trail. The ore, being rich in calcite, which is an excellent flux, will be in great demand at the smelters, and will always find a ready market.

Buildings consisting of board-ing-houses, offices, blacksmith shop, and all the accommodation necessary for mining purposes, have been erected on the claim. Over \$400 has been spent on development work to date, proving the property.

Mr. J. B. Miller, the superintendent, has been for a number of years actively engaged in prospecting and development work in the Sudbury district, and is well known in the Ontario mining regions. He is satisfied he has one of the best properties in the Trail Creek district.

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