

Our Boys and Girls

BY AUNT BECKY

LITTLE CHILDHEART.

Little childheart, little mildheart,
Little form of airy grace;
Little lips of love and laughter where
The elf-smiles romp and chase;
The wonder of the morning, little
Treasure of the night,
When the stars are in the heavens,
And your eyes are stars of light!

Little childheart, little wildheart,
Little dancer in the dew,
All the oldheart turns to goldheart
For the dear delight of you!
All the marvel and the magic, all
The wonders and the gleam
Of the world of heavenly goodness
Drift around you in the dream.

Little childheart, undefiled heart,
Take my hand and with your
Lead me down the laughing valleys
From the tumult and the dust!
Light and lead, O little childheart,
All the avenues of care
With the glory of love's roses in the
Ringlets of your hair!
—The Bentztown Bard in the Balti-
more Sun.

THE KAISER AND THE LITTLE GIRL.

A pretty story is told of Kaiser
William I., the grandfather of the

present German Emperor, which de-
serves to be remembered.

The Emperor visited a certain vil-
lage, and the school children of the
place took a prominent part in the
reception which was given him. After
it was over his majesty thanked the
little ones for the pleasure they
had given him, and then began to
ask them some questions. Taking
up an orange in his hand, he held it
up and asked: "To what kingdom
does this belong?"

"To the vegetable kingdom, Mr.
Emperor," answered a little girl.

His majesty then took a gold
piece from his pocket. "And to
what kingdom does this belong?" he
inquired.

"To the mineral kingdom, Mr. Em-
peror," said the child.

"And to what kingdom do I be-
long?" then asked his majesty.

The little maid got very rosy. She
did not like to say "To the animal
kingdom," for she thought it might
sound rude. Then a bright thought
struck her, and instead of giving the
answer his majesty expected she
looked at him with radiant eyes and
said: "To God's kingdom, Mr. Em-
peror."

The grand old man was greatly
moved. Tears filled his eyes, and,
placing his hand on the child's head,
he said devoutly, "God grant that
I may be accounted worthy of that
kingdom."

The Secret of the Silver Lake

By Henry Frith, Author of "Under
Bayard's Banner," "For King and
Queen," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

A cheer greeted his success, and
then Uncle Manton crossed in safety.
"Just wait until we return," he
cried. "We will only examine the
rock and come back."

"Take care!" shouted his brother;
"the water is rising, I think. There
is certainly a movement in the lake.
Look!"

To the surprise and alarm of all
present, the water—a moment be-
fore so smooth and silvery—showed
decided symptoms of agitation. It
seemed to rise in the centre, and
great bubbles floated on the sur-
face.

"There is a spring here," said one
of the men to Ernest. "I think I
have heard of it."

"It looks as if it were boiling," re-
plied the boy. "Father, are there
any hot springs in New Zealand?"

"Yes, plenty, some miles away;
and this place may, in some won-
derful manner, be connected with
them. We have heard of the 'fiery
mountains' lately. There may be
an eruption progressing somewhere."

Meanwhile the water was eddying
and bubbling. Suddenly it rose in
a big lump in the centre, and then,
as if pumped underneath, it rushed
up in a jet half the height of the
opening!

"Come back! come back!" cried
those on the higher ground to the
Scout and Mr. Manton. "The water
is rising; it is a hot spring!"

But they could not return. The
water rose higher and flooded the
causeway—a cloud of steam filled
the cavern and nearly extinguished
the lighted torches.

Any grasped her father's hand in
terror. Even strong men turned
pale, and everyone thought that the
Scout and Uncle Manton would be
concoiled to death. They were quite
concoiled in the steam, but their
voices could be heard as the rushing
and bubbling of the lake subsided.
Then everyone felt a distinct trem-
bling of the ground.

"An earthquake!" they cried. "Let
us go. Quick, Mr. Belton, come out
of this! The Maoris said it was
coming."

Stephen, Ernest and some others
ran back, torches in hand, towards
the main cavern, but Mr. Belton and
another man did not move. The
Scout and Mr. Manton were coming
back.

"Come, father," cried the boys.
"Escape while you can. Amy, you
silly, come here!"

"I will stay with papa," she said
looking up in his face affectionately.
"I am not afraid to die here, but I
will pray for our safety."

Mr. Belton patted his daughter's
cheek, and stopped to kiss her.

"That's a brave girl," he said. "I
will not desert the others. When
your uncle and the Scout return, we
will go. Run away, boys."

Most of the young settlers did as
he bade them. Two, with Stephen
and Ernest, came back to the edge
of the bubbling, heaving lake. The
others, some sixteen in number, hur-
ried away, and disappeared in the
main cavern.

"My dear lads," said Mr. Belton,
"why do you remain? Go, save
yourselves—there may be danger."

"No, father, if you and Amy re-
main we will stay too. We will be
together, whatever happens," said
Stephen and Ernest.

"And we will stick to Mr. Man-
ton," said the two young colonists.
"Here he comes!"

Conducted by the careful Scout,
who did not appear much alarmed at
the hot spring or at the trembling of
the ground, Mr. Manton managed to
pick his way back again to the
higher part of the cavern, and rejoin
the others. A hearty shaking of
hands and loud congratulations suc-
ceeded.

"Now, Scout," said Mr. Manton,
"we have no time to lose. This place
is very volcanic," he continued, turn-
ing to Mr. Belton, "and the sooner
we all quit it the better."

"But the silver?" asked his bro-
ther, as he turned round to retrace
his steps.

"The veins are there, sure enough.
It is my opinion that, if worked,
there would be a fortune in this
mine. But we can consider that af-
terwards. Let us get out."

They had one last glance at the
Silver Lake which Amy had found,
as the Scout declared. But as they
paused to look back they beheld a

Crippled With Rheumatism

CURED BY GIN PILLS

Mr. Derragh certainly did have a
hard time of it, winter before last. Caught
cold, and it settled in his kidneys. First
thing he knew, he was in bed with
Rheumatism. He nearly went mad, the
pain was so intense. The doctors gave
him the usual treatment—and pretty
nearly burnt his legs off with liniments
and blisters—but the Rheumatism went
right on aching.

Then a friend stepped in and said,
"Why don't you try GIN PILLS?"
After a great deal of persuasion, Mr.
Derragh did try GIN PILLS. You
never such a happy man in your life,
after he had taken two boxes. Pain all
gone—stiffness and lameness completely
left—that ache in back and hips dis-
appeared—and he was well in no time.
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been in perfect health ever since.

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followed and the sharp pains took me so often and
were so severe that I had to take to bed. For
several months I could get no relief, until I
started to take "Gin Pills." In five days I was
up and around the house. My pains are gone
and I have not had a return of the old trouble
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terrible spectacle. The solid rock
on which they stood seemed to roll
like a wave under their feet. Then
in another second the wave was
pushed up in one enormous billow of
water, which lashed the sides of the
fissure, and poured over the floor of
the cave in a torrent, steaming and
rushing like a boiling river!

"Run for your lives!" shouted
Uncle Manton.

They darted away, Stephen hold-
ing Ernest by the hand, Amy cling-
ing to her father, the Scout last of
all. They had a few yards' start
of the boiling flood, which rushed
faster than they could run. But
suddenly the floor of the cavern
cracked almost under their feet—they
bounded on—the crack widened out—the
torrent of water fell into it like
a cataract. There was one loud
cry, no one noticed it much, and in
another second the terrified fugitives
were in the main cavern—safe!

Turning to the left, they panted up
the steep ascent, stumbling, falling,
and bruising themselves and each
other. They could not tell from one
moment to another whether or not
the roof would fall in, or the floor
open and swallow them all up! Never
was such a terrible race; yet no one
felt tired or fatigued; all pressed on
as quickly as possible, helping each
other as well as they could, and
avoiding the stalactites with diffi-
culty in their hurry, and in the un-
certain light given by the fast-expir-
ing torches until a gleam of light
was seen in the distance.

The light became more distinct,
and as they approached it, the party
walked more confidently, and re-
gained their courage by degrees. The
sun had withdrawn its light, a curi-
ous "thunder" haze appeared in the
air; but when the explorers emerged
from the cave they discovered the
reason of the curious appearance of
the sky. It was filled with dusty
particles, high up; but every now
and then small stones and ashes fell
down to the ground.

The volcanoes are in eruption.
Come, Scout, lead us quickly out
of this, or we shall be suffocated,"
cried Mr. Manton.

Nobody replied. Everybody pre-
sented stood still and looked round
upon his companions. But no one
perceived the Scout. Where was he?

A dread silence fell on all the mem-
bers of the party. The Scout was
missing! What had become of him?
They now recalled the cry they had
heard when the floor of the cavern
had opened, and each one remember-
ed that the Scout had been the last
of the party! Perhaps he had been
injured by a falling stone; perhaps
he was lying, scalded by the water,
and unable to move, or crawling in
pain to join them.

These were sad surmises and
thoughts: so Mr. Manton, with two
other volunteers, offered to return in
search of the missing man.

"We must find him somewhere,"
they said. "After all, the air is rel-
atively clear in the cave," remarked Mr.
Manton.

"Wait for us here," he continued.
"The worst is over now, I daresay.
Just keep within the cavern, and if
you hear us call, or fire a pistol,
come to our help; we may want as-
sistance."

For half an hour Mr. Belton and
his children remained alone at the
mouth of the cave. After that time
they heard a shout and "coo-ee"
from the bush. Mr. Belton replied
as well as he could, and in five
minutes a party, including Mr. An-
derson and all those who had quitted
the cave, came up—Anderson and his
men on horses.

"Here you are, then!" cried An-
derson. "We were afraid you were in
danger. The fellows here told us
you were all dead—killed in the cave.
Where's Mr. Manton, and Arthur, and
Jasper?" he asked. "And where is
the Scout?"

The boys told him. He looked
grave, but ere he could speak the
missing men came out of the cavern

—Mr. Manton, the two brave young
settlers, Arthur and Jasper, but no
Scout. Mr. Manton spoke first.
"We cannot find poor Bond," he
said. "I am afraid he has been kill-
ed—carried into the fissure by the
rush of water, and suffocated!"

Sad silence fell on all the party.
Poor Scout! He had done his best
for them while he lived, and had
died on duty—it may be said. Poor
Scout!

The boys and Amy were particu-
larly sorry. The former remembered
his care and kindness and Amy was
grateful to him for his protection in
the camp. Mr. Belton owed him
the lives of his children. Mr. Manton
owed him riches in the silver cliffs
of the wonderful lake which they
had found. And after all these ser-
vices, after all his kindnesses, the
Scout was dead!

Amy's eyes filled with tears. "I shall
dislike the Silver Lake as long as I
live," she murmured. "It has caused
Scout's death!"

"Not quite, yet, missy," said some-
one. All turned; and there, close
to the mouth of the cave, stood
Scout, faint, bleeding, but alive!

A shout of delight rose up, and
twenty hands were put forth to
clasp his.

"Gently, mates; I'm nigh done;
scalded and bruised. Carry me
somewhere, for I can't stand any
longer."

He reeled and nearly fell. They
made him a litter of boughs and
carried him to Anderson's hut, tak-
ing turns all through the night. Amy
and the boys were put on horseback
and held there, they were so tired;
and when the hut was reached they
were lifted off in a "dead sleep," as
Anderson declared.

But they were all safe, and in a
few days recovered. Scout did not
get well for some time. He was sent
to Auckland, and there was kindly
treated. When he recovered, he joined
Uncle Manton in examining the
Silver Lake Mine, which the "white
gentleman" purchased and turned
into a company.

I need hardly tell you the result.
Under another name you may, per-
haps, find the mine spoken of in the
newspapers. But it made all our
friends rich and prosperous. Stephen
and Ernest had land purchased for
them, and are doing well. Amy mar-
ried a wealthy English gentleman,
who met her in the colony and car-
ried her off in his yacht to America,
and to England again.

Things have altered since our young
friends were in New Zealand. The
natives are tamer and more civil-
ized, but the burning mountains
sometimes cause terrible destruction
and have, within a few years, de-
stroyed some of the cliffs of the once
celebrated Silver Lake which the
"White Queen" so curiously discov-
ered.

And so ends my story.

THE END.

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