

A NEW YEARS WISH.

A little tenderer each day To all who hold me dear; To little sweeter in my home, May I become this year.

Solicited.

HOW AURIE VAN WIE WON HIS NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

The sun had not yet risen, but the eastern sky was aglow with its coming when Aurie Van Wie, with his heavy shoes tucked under his arm, came softly down the ladder leading from the loft of the Fonda farmhouse.

Max Fonda shivered in their tattered garments—garments worn almost to shreds by long wanderings through tangled woodland trails. Many adventures and hardships had been the lot of the two boys; more than once death had menaced them at the hands of their captors, and it was with feelings of relief that they at last reached their destination, a little fort up in the Northern wilderness, commanded by a few Frenchmen whose scouts and allies this particular band of Indians happened to be.

my head goes round and round like a fit-tormouse! Aurie laid the boy among some sheltering hemlock boughs; then he ran hastily to a knoll not far away; weary and dazed, he hardly dared to encourage the sudden hope that seemed to have leaped into his heart. Could it be true that there was a look of something familiar about the region in which they now found themselves?

The Curious Mistletoe. The story of how the mistletoe gets on the trees is a most interesting one. Covering the mistletoe twigs are peasily white berries. These come in the winter season, when food is comparatively scarce, and hence some birds eat them freely. Now, when a robin eats a cherry he swallows simply the meat and flips the stone away. The seed of the mistletoe the bird cannot flip. It is sticky and holds to his bill. His only resource is to wipe it off, and he does so, leaving it sticking to the branches of the tree on which he is sitting at the time.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. Give thou thy jewels, O Life, to those Who have not lilies and the rose; Give thou thy wealth to those whose sweet Is town and trade and tumbling street; I have share when I have love, And the blue skies that bend above, And Little Child's hand in mine own When the dusk comes and day hath flown. Baltimore Sun.

FARM NOTES. Sheep are timid, nervous creatures, and all excitement and roughness should be avoided in handling them. Charles W. Flickenger, a farmer near Sabetha, Kan., has a cow 6 years old, and she dropped 11 calves in four years—triplets three times and twins once.