|  | gareds by long wanderings through tang. | my head g <br> termouse : <br> Aurie laid the boy among some shelter- <br> ing hemlock boughs; then he ran has. |  |  | mid, nervous creatures, |
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| Belletonte, Pa., Janaury, 6, 1911. |  |  |  |  |  |
| A NEW yEARS wish. <br> A little tenderer each day <br> To all who hold me dear; <br> A little sweeter in my home, May I become this year. <br> Oh, may my eyes, that plainly see <br> My neighbor's faults, grow clear Tosins and errors in myself, <br> As fades the passing year. <br> As the chill winter frosts give way <br> To sunshine's sweet appeal, May to the winter of my heart <br> Love's gentle radiance steal. <br> And thus upon life's barrenness <br> Shall flowers and fruit appear, <br> To bless my happy year. | reached their destination, a little fort up | there was a look of something familiar |  |  | a farmer near Kan., has a cow 6 years old, and pped 11 calves in four years- |
|  | in the Northern wilderness, commanded | about the region in which they now found themselves? <br> What did he see? Thinning tree |  |  | three times and twins once. kill wild mustard in grain crops |
|  | pened to pe <br> But even here, as the days passed by, | trunks, great open stretches beyond-a valley far down-the indistinct outline of |  |  |  |
|  | $\mathrm{An}_{\mathrm{in}}^{\mathrm{A}}$ | $\begin{aligned} & \text { buil } \\ & \text { buil } \end{aligned}$ |  |  |  |
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|  | the fort came flocking in with frightened faces and ominous reports that the |  |  |  |  |
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| how aurie van wie won his new year's gift. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| The sun had not yet risen, but the eastern sky was aglow with its coming when tucked under his arm, came softly down the ladder leading from the loft of the Fonda farmhouse. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| A sullen rumble like distant thunder, and a low, even purring sound, told him that Pipperoy, the black servant, andSukey, his wife, were sound asleep in the little room adjoining the big kitchen. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| little room adjoining the big kitchen. Aurie peered into the latter apartment, his eyes seeking the recess at the farther the tall-posted bedstead piled high with quilt; the bedclothes were tumbled and |  |  |  |  |  |
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| quilt; the bedclothes were tumbled and against the coarse but white linen sheet was an empty hollow. <br> Aurie's flaxen brows drew together in a frown; he sat down on the lowest rung shoes with sudden alacrity. <br> "Little Master Max has done it!" he |  |  |  |  |  |
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| "Little Master Max has done it!" hemuttered to himself. "I wish I'd taken the gun with me upstairs last night," with a glance toward an empty space above the mantel. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| Shoes being fastened with tongs ofeerskin, Aurie slipped his arm into his deerskin, Aurie slipped his arm into hisheavy woolen jacket, donned his coonskin cap and then hurried from the house, first awakening sleepy Sukey and telling her to bolt and bar the door behind him. For those were days when every precaution |  |  |  |  |  |
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| those were days when every precaution was necessary. <br> Nevertheless, the scene that met the |  |  |  |  |  |
| Dutch youth's eyes that morning seemed peace itself. Smiling in the soft, early light, the valley lay steeped in silverymist, and with purple haze of Indian mist, and with purple haze of Indiansummer hovering over it, and beyond, glimpses of scarlet and gold wherea few leaves lingered along the wooded hills. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| The grass of the "flats" was still green; so were the reeds in the marshes by the Aurie wended his way. Now and then |  |  |  |  |  |
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| he caught a glimpse of a slim, brown, shining body and pile nibbled chis showed where beavers had been at work; and now and then a flutter of wings marked a wild fowl's hasty hiding. Aurie's face grew grave. <br> "Master Max ought not to be so rash |  |  |  |  |  |
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| as to go this distance from the house!" <br> he murmured over and over again. <br> Suddenly a few rods away there was a |  |  |  |  |  |
| Suddenly a few rods away, there was apuff of smoke-a loud report-and then a great bundle of bronze feathers fellfluttering near the edge of the stream fluttering near the edge of the stream,and, from out a clump of tall, bleachedgrasses near by, there peered a curly, yel. |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | any considerable length of time. The soil should be prepared in good tilth by |
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| grasses near by, there epered a curly, yel- low pate and a boyish face rosy with health and triumph. <br> "Hurrah! I got a big wild turkey that time!" cried little Max Fonda, time!"' cried little Max Fonda, as he scrambled out seize it. But the older lad's face and voice were |  |  |  |  |  |
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| But the older lad's face and voice werefull of grave disapproval as he said, "Fie, Master Max! Does this poor featheredcreature pay you for not keeping your word of honor? Did you not promise yourparents before they went away that you |  |  |  |  |  |
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| parents before they went away that you Max gave a rueful grin. <br> "But Fritz Devendorf told me that he |  |  |  |  |  |
| got a turkey here yesterday. It's fine shooting |  |  |  |  |  |
| For redskins as well as boys, maybe," Aurie interrupted, soberly. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| "Oh, it's all nonsense about the Indians ! Every now and then somebody starts a story and the womenfolk get scared. As story and <br> for me- |  |  |  |  |  |
| "As for you, you will come home with me at once," and Aurie took a firm hold on his young charge's arm. <br> Max, waxing red and wrathful, strove <br> "Pshaw! You needn't put on airs!" he |  |  |  |  |  |
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| exclaimed, sneering. "What if my moth me; she only wanted to give you some work to do, you lazy lout! Anyhow, |  |  |  |  | the following year his orchard intact condition. |
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| you're not much better than black Pip. peroy and Sukey! You're-you're a pond-servant-there! I didn't mean to taunt who had a good heart, in spite of his hasty temper, burst intc tears. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| out to your father by the captain of the ship to pay for my passage over in this new land; but it is also true that I mean |  |  |  |  |  |
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| now let us have no more angry words, but come with me back to the house |  |  |  |  |  |
| There! bring the turkey with you, if you ant to, and suppose you do, for he is a fine fellow, sure enough!" |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | Your Opportumity |  |  |  |
| and frowns, Max slung the big, fat fowl across his shoulder. Aurie picked up thegun that had killed the game and both |  |  |  |  |  |
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| boys turned to leave the marsh, when sudenly it appeared as if by magic, thereeds and rushes around them seemed reeds and rushes around them seemedalive with dusky forms, feathered heads and painted faces! |  |  |  |  |  |
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| Ah, little Max Fonda had won his turkey at a dear price! It was to cost himhis freedom. A moment more and he and his would-be protector were prisoners in the hands of the Indians!The last red and yellow leaves had fallen from the forest trees; the rushes in the marsh land had turned brown; theautumn winds blew more chill; and now autumn winds blew more chill; and now along the edge of river aud lake. S. Lawrence it was even colder; and when the sunset's red glow faded from the western sky and the night wind swept down from the hills, Aurie Van Wie and |  |  |  |  |  |
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