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The Old and the New Year.

NIGHT.

The sunlight fades away, and twilight's gloom
Covers all the earth in somber gray,
As slowly wanes the year's last day,
And deepening shadows fill my room.

Thus with her cloudy and her sunny days,
Along the shores of time she passes down,
The darkness is her pall, the stars her crown
That deck her like a myriad of rays.

MORNING.

Far in the orient the morning bright
Peeps from beneath the clouds of gray;
It is the new year's dawning day
That sheds on happy earth its welcome light

Farewell to happy years forever flown;
I gladly welcome in the new year's light,
Hoping it may be us to as bright
As the happiest year that's gone.

Ripe Apples.

Apples red and apples fair;
See them lying here and there,
In the market, on the stand,
Everywhere throughout the land.
How the children love to eat
Apples ripe and rosy!

There they come with merry shout,
Lads and lasses; school is out.
With his penny little Ned
Buys an apple round and red;
Roguish Nelly loves so well
Apples ripe and rosy.

In the orchard, on the hill,
In the cellar, in the mill,
Apples red and apples fair,
Pippins, Baldwins everywhere.
Country children love so well
Apples ripe and rosy.

Even Dobbin, faithful beast—
Dobbin dearly loves a feast—
Sniffs the air, pricks up his ears
When the rosy fruit appears.
Well he knows he'll get his share,
Apples ripe and rosy.

Hearths are glowing; winter's here—
Nuts and apples and good cheer;
Father, mother, children, all
Love the wholesome fruit of fall.
Heaven bless and multiply
Apples ripe and rosy!

A Turn of Fortune's Wheel.

The air was freighted with the faint scent of magnolias—great masses of cream-white bloom shone everywhere. Nora Leonard, leaning from the window, pale and weary, panted the heavy fragrance. She knew she could never—never again catch the faintest hint of that subtle odor without a sudden vision of all the sorrow, the pain, the crushed hopes, the despair, that had wrung her heart since she entered the place. The very loveliness gave her a sick pang—it seemed such a mockery to her desolate heart.

"Nora, where are you? Where the dence do you keep yourself? I'm choking—some water—anything! Oh! You're willing I should choke, aren't you? But you won't be a rich widow, can see, and a poor widow with a deformed child won't—"

"Oh, Philip, hush!" cried Nora, hurrying to the bedside with a flush rising on her pale face. "Don't—don't talk of our darling in that way. There is hope, if she can only be put into the right hands. And I shall try—after—"

"Oh, after I'm dead and gone—for-on, don't have the good conscience for my feelings. I don't mind it, bless you! I knew I should lay my bones in this confounded place when they sent me here—not much better bones, I should say."

The invalid was indeed wasted to a skeleton. His eyes were wild, gloomy and ravenous, and a hectic spot burned on each cheek. His hair, in the darkest, fine, silky curls, fell on the pillow. His voice was good, and with a strong effort he raised himself to a sitting posture. Nora, with a cry of pity, ran to him, but he waved her back with a fretful gesture. "Don't! I can't stand it to have you come near me. Where's Bunny? Why don't you bring him? Don't you know I want to see my child? Why don't you—"

"Hush, dear! Bunny is well and happy. He is with—"

"Why don't you bring him, then? Do you want to—to—I don't—I can't—"

Nora fled from the room, and, sinking on her knees by her little boy, hid her face in his curls and wept bitterly.

The sun was setting when she rose to go back to her husband. The room was in deep shadow, and he was lying very quiet when she entered softly. She had been gone three hours, and he had had time to think and suffer much in that time. He was very weak when she came back to his side, and he could only press her hand in token that he was conscious of her presence.

The sun had set and the twilight was deepening into dusk when he roused from a long, dreamless sleep and called for his child. Nora had taken the little boy to her own room when she left her husband's side, and had given him in charge to her maid, with strict orders that he should not be disturbed on any account. She had hoped that her husband would sleep until morning, for he was very feverish, and she had dreaded the effect of his first interview with his child. But he was so weak and so nervous that she had not the heart to refuse his request, and she went for the little fellow herself.

Bunny was very quiet and very much awed by his father's wasted face and by the strangeness of his surroundings. He had been very fond of his father, and had grieved for his absence in his childish fashion, but he had been too young when he had left his home to remember much about his father except that he was very good and very dear to him. He had been very much petted by his mother and by his nurse, and had been very happy in his little life. He had been very much puzzled by his mother's tears and by his nurse's ominous shaking of her head when he had asked for his absent father, but he had been too young to be very long or very deeply grieved by anything except his own pain or discomfort, and he had been very happy in his ignorance of the cause of his mother's sorrow.

He had been very much frightened at the change he saw in his father's face, and had been very quiet and very grave when he had been brought into his presence. He had been very much relieved when his father had spoken to him in his own accustomed way, and had soon ceased to be afraid of the strange, wasted face. He had been very much puzzled by his mother's manner when she had left him alone with his father, and had been very glad when she had come back to him. He had been very much surprised at his father's request that he should be left with him, and had been very much pleased when his mother had left the room and had given him into his charge.

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