What Will the New Year Bring? "Oh, what will the New Year bring me?" Sang a bright-eyed little boy.

As he paused 'mid his childish playthings The source of many a joy. Say quickly, mamma dear; Will it bring me toys and candies, As it brings me every year?"
The mother glanced at her darling, And breathed a silent prayer That the New Year's gift for her darling Might be unmixed with care.

Oh, what will the New Year bring me? Said a timid happy bride And she glanced with a look of pleasure At the husband by her side.

"Oh, what will the New Year bring me As it speedeth on its way? Will it bring fresh joys and roses For each succeeding day?"
But the mother's look was tearful,

As she glauced at her daughter fair, For she knew, in the outward pathway, Was hidden many a snare.

"Oh, what will the New Year bring me?" Said a teeble, weak old man; " I've tasted all earth's pleasures, And life is but a span. Oh, what will the New Year bring me. Now I am growing old, And few are the charms that bind me. For my days are almost told?" Ah! what the New Year bringeth Thy eyes may never see; For a narrow mound on the hillside Is the only gift to thee.

NANCY HILL.

CHAPTER I.

The night set in dark and chill. All day long a fine, frosty sleet had fallen, which as the wind rose in lengthened gusts, changed to fast-falling snowflakes.

All day the note of preparation had sounded in Abraham Plum's kitchen; for it was the day before Christmas. Mrs. Plum shoved the last quartet of pies into the oven, shut the door with a clang, and began to clear away the supper table. She was a short, fat woman; yet she was brisk in her movements this evening, and as she swept into the pantry laden with blue-edged plates and teacups, an air of pride was visible. She lingered to look at the result of her toil. and to count, for the twentieth time, the row of pies on the shelf before the win

'Three plum, two gooseberry, four blackberry, eight apple, fifteen mince, and a great platter of cranberry tarts!"

Mr. Plum came in also, an admiring expression gradually stealing over his "I vow! if you haven't got a show! Why, you haven't counted them in the oven!

"So I didn't!" ejaculated his wife "Them are mince. They always go off faster'n any other." She broke off a bit of burnt crust as big as a cent very carefully.

"Come, mother, you've looked at 'em enough for one day. You've got all day and to-morrow, too, to see 'em in."

"No I hain't," broke in his wife. Dear me! what a sight's to be done tomorrow. I hope Sarah'll come over early t'help. I rather looked for Nancy

Her husband drew a chair to the stove and seated himself. "I'd gone after her," said he, "only I knew Sam was just cross-grained enough not to let her come if I did. She's got to take him in

the right mood, you know." Mrs. Plum sighed and sat down to rest. This Nancy of whom they spoke was the youngest of her flock, not five years a wife. She was also unhappy in her marriage-which accounted for her

Samuel Hill had been a gay youth, and a handsome one. Courted by all the girls of the village, he turned from their too evident homage to little Nancy of all. He called her tenderly "the little psalm-singer." She, in her turn, was flattered by his preference, and she yielded up her heart to his keeping, in spite of parental objections. It proved to be an act of folly on her part; he was a careless keeper. More than that, he was at times unkind. Her parents read the eloquent signs of misery in her face at every visit, but she never complained of him. Something in her looks forbade direct inquiry-a look as if she had deliberately counted the cost of existence and nerved herself to endure it. How many times she inwardly wished herself a girl again at home was known only to herself. They had not been married two years before he drank openly instead of in secret. Whole days passed away from her-where She knew-and cried over the know-

Mr. Plum looked thoughtfully at the stove. "He's a poor worthless coot, that's a fact. I used t'tell Nelly that she'd sup sorrow if she'd marry him, but she would have her own way.

'Law! it don't do no good after the thing's done t'say 'I told you so.'" expression of excited anticipation had faded from Mrs. Plum's face; she put her feet on the stone hearth and rested her elbows on her knees as she mused aloud. "It's all a luck an' by chance business anyway. 'Cause some occasionally git cheated, 't don't follow that they're t'blame. None of us are very sharp-sighted in such matters. I warnt, I shet my eyes and said 'Yes,' knowein' no more'n the man in the moon whether I should repent or not."

"Well, have you?" asked her hus-

She smiled mischievously. "S'pose I'd own it if I thought I'd come off

"That's jist like wimmin," said Ar. Plum; "they're so queer. Own it? I'd proclaim it from Dan to Beersheba, and so serve as a warnin'." His wife laughed. "All wimmin are cut in the same pattern, I b'lieve. There's Nancy, now! Txpect she'd eat her sooner'n step up t'me 'n say, Father, Sam abuses me.

"It'll be sleighin' to morrow, guess." Mrs. Plum rose and went to the window. "Why, the ground's white already"-shading her eyes with her hands and peering into the darkness

'That's like wimmin, too," chuckled Mr. Plum. "When you git the better of 'em in an argument they allers change

The morrow came, and with it all of the married offshoots of the house of Plum. First came Sarah, with children three-husband to follow when the choreswere done. She bore a special commission as serving maid from her mother, and she smilingly accepted the honor. The kitchen and keeping room were crowded with happy faces long before small knots of mutual admiration faces. Loud voices and impromptu jests were the order of things, crowned by hearty bursts of laughter. In the midst of it all the mother and grandmother moved with ar anxious face, lest some untoward happening spoil the fun. Grandfather constituted himself a butt for the childish mirth, and his ringing laugh sounded younger than theirs.

Twelve o'clock struck. The matrons came back from the church. The big turkey roasting in the oven began to steam fragrantly; the fat sparerib in the other began to hiss and sputter as the mistress of the feast turned it over with sprinklings of salt and pepper. The children were made hungry by the smell and clamored loudly for dinner, and were appeased with thick cuts of gingerbread, which they went around munching-with copious crumbles-to adults' dissatisfaction .

Two o'clock struck. The long tables assumed the functions of spring, and leaved out with astonishing rapidity. Children were thrust into an adjoining bedroom to be got out of the way, when they set up a series of agonizing choruses. The blue-edged crockery kept ignominiously in the pantry, while fair, white china arranged itself on the board. Pickles and preserves crept side by side; "cold slaw" brimmed huge bowls; jelly quaked and quivered; hearty "brown bread" did not disdain to lie alongside of its paler relative.

"We may's well give up seein' Nancy fust as last," sighed Mrs. Plum, as she beat up the lumpy squash with butter. I've kep' hopin' she'd get here yit, but she won't. I know she's feelin' like death about it, a thinkin' of you all here, 'xcept herself. 'Juey look out for your dress, dear! You'll burn it 'gainst that stove."

· She has not met with us in three years," answered Sarab, rather resentfully, pounding the turnip.

"T'aint her fault. Sam always has me excuse. Last year it was 'the baby warn't old enough to bring and they couldn't leave it'-though Minta brought hers, which was two months

"It's my opinion," rejoined Sarah, with an emphatic toss of her head. 'that he's ashamed to face us altogether; he's carried on so that he must feel guilty, if he's got any conscience."

Three o'clock-and the magic word. dinner!" echoed through the crowd. The mother's eyes glanced at Nancy's chair and filled. She would let no one "Her heart is here," she said, in a low voice, "if her body is not."

CHAPTER II.

"It is Christmas day," said Nancy Hill, at breakfast. "I suppose we are going home to-day; they'll all be there

"Let them. Where is home, I wonder, if not here ?" Her husband ate his breakfast sullenly.

But I told mother we'd go," put in the wife, feebly.

"I can't help that. Am I responsible for what you say? I'm not going one step. I don't care a fig for all their meetings."

Well, I can take the horse and go alone. I can drive, you know. And it's only eight miles away."

"I'm going to use the borse; I've got an engagement at Stanton. I shan't be back to dinner."

"You can drive me over first. I must go," pleaded the disappointed creature. "Bell will be there with her children. She has just come from Minnesota, and I haven't seen her since before I was

"Bother!" Mr. Samuel left the room. She heard him presently at the cider barrel.

And then her wrath rose. It was un just this state of servitude to a brute who despised her and her kindred. Her anger mounted on the wings of disappointment. She who had hitherto shown a mild spirit, and submissively yielded to his exactions, now rebelled. Instantaneously, all the instances of his direct unkindness flashed vivic g into her recollection; anger aggravated the stings. Succeeding this rose her long forbearance, magnified by her resent ment into martyr-like virtues. Indeed. her life was a martydom. But she was powerless to quit it. Oh yes she was powerless! The tie, however hateful, was binding until death. "Would that death would come and take me and give me rest!" she wept.

There was something in his wife's tears very inflammable to the passion of Samuel Hill. He always met them with abuse. He had been drinking now, and was more insulting than even before Hard words followed; and, for the first time in his miserable married life, he struck her.

She crouched frightened, beside the cradle where her boy lay sleeping. There are some natures which the sign of fear in others determines to aggres-It seemed as if with that one blow a whole rabble of evil instincts rushed out to follow after. I do not think he was conscious of what he did. The whiter she grew the louder his voice

Even in his passion Nancy noted how handsome] he was; and, through her abject fear, crept a few trembling thrills of love for him still. Her anger utterly died for fear. If he would only stop she would say no more about going home; this would be no lonelier than other days. She would sing to her baby, and sew, and preserve silence toward him. Fate said, in person of her husband, Not so." She looked bewildered at noon. New dresses were displayed in first; she did not comprehend his meaning. He made it plain to her. "Since you are so anxious to go you shall; and you need not trouble yourself to come back. I really insist upon it. I am anxious for your enjoyment." And the villain laughed mockingly. He took up the infant and held him forth to her.

"I must dress myself first," she said soberly. "Indeed you shall go as you are.

Here's a shawl! Start!" "Are you not going to take us?" she

faltered. At which his loud laugh rang out Not I. 'Taint a fruit season; besides, I don't like plums."

"I won't stir one step in this way: I'll call the neighbors," she declared. "Do, if you dare."

She was too afraid to perform her Then seeing she did not start, he took her by the wrists, and she found herself and baby out in the coid.

She crept under the wood-shed, and sat down on a pile of boards and cried Misery had shown her a bold front bafore; now it overwhelmed her. Her boy stirred in her arms, and she wrapt the shawl carefully about him. She sa shivering. It some team would only come by and take her, just as she was, to her father's house! She would spoil the merry-making, of course, but they would not care for that. But no one "Everyone is happy but me," she thought, with suppressed bitterness What have I done to deserve it?"

Her husband came out presently and locked the door. Then he looked up the road and down. She shrank into a corner behind the boards; he did not see her and passed to the barn whistling She heard him swear at the horse as he saddled it. Then he mounted and went off through the snow.

She crept out of the shadow. How get into the house was the question. He would not be back before noon she knew. She tried the doors; they were all fastened. The windows raised with difficulty from the inside; it was a hopeless task to open them from the outside. Besides she could not put her baby on the snow to make the attempt. His little hands were cold; he woke and cried, and she was too chilled to soothe

last she thought of the dining room window. Beside it was a door opening on the piazza; a fragment of glass had fallen from one of the lower panes, and if she could thrust her hand through she might unbolt the door. No! it was too small a fissure. Away she went to the shed again, and she found a broken barrel hoop, with which she sped back as fast as her benumbed to hit the bolt; she gave a vigorous dent that he wished it. But how mortifying to go back so! Turned away by her husband with scoffs and jeers!

She dressed her baby carefully; the was time enough. He should look his best at the Christmas feast, if he was the heir to an unhappy home. Then she Monned her own best garments and made up a bundle to carry with her. As she busied herself thus her heart felt lighter. It seemed to her as if she hadshaken off an incubus which had hitherto weighted her with iron.

"Come, baby, we must start!" she sang to the child, who cooed in return and made a dive at her bonnet with his

fat fingers. She walked along the snowy road miles were passed. Then she began to turn her head and wish some team would come along; she should beg a ride. But she saw none. The sky was blue overhead, the sun shone brightly. The leafless branches of the trees were freighted with soft snow which glistened in the clear sunshine. The air was crisp and cold, but still. It stung cheeks into ruddy flame as she walked.

It was hard walking. The road was indicated only by a plow line, where hoofs had been before her. The snow covered her ankles, incrusting her stockings with considerable pieces. which she paused from time to time to pick. It was a pleasant day to those who walked or rode for pleasure. As for Nancy, the recollection of the morning clothed her spirit with darkness, darkening her whole future.

The short alternoon waned, night libitel ere she reached the village. Her plain.

father's farm lay a mile beyond. Her limbs acned with cold and fatigue; her boy cried; she had eaten inothing since morning. Her whole soul seemed poising itself on the wings of despair.

Always when we think our last agony is reached there glimmers a respite beyond. We cry out in our extremity and make our frantic plunge, and lo! we have waded the brook. We grope along blindly; and it is only when we calm our fainting fears to look back that we see the method which has guided us to a surer footing.

A light now became visible to the stricken wanderer. It came from her father's many windows, ray after ray, which urged on her weary feet. Distance shortened itself unaccountably. She stood before the door!

What a plight she was in! Should she spoil their sport? She looked over the snowy fields and shuddered. They ere playing "blind man's buff" inside. Peal after peal of laughter came to her, cold and silent on the door-stone. She was ashamed to go in-ashamed to say that her husband had sent her so.

The door suddenly opened. Sarah's little boy looked out, and with a cry of fear slammed it to again. He thought he had seen a ghost.

How they started when she stepped inside. Old and young thronged around her, crying for sorrow at her distress and for joy at her appearance.

"I have come to spend Christmas," said Nancy, amid tears, as she sank into

a chair.
"And you are heartily welcome, daughter," answered Mr. Plum, in a broken voice. "Let it be for always." And then they all cried again-the hildren because their mothers wept.

"Hooray!" shouted Mr. Plum suddenwiping his eyes with his yellow silk handkerchief. "Mother, are those mince pies gone?" hope not," answered the dame,

briskly.
"Any cold turkey and things?" "Let us all help!" was the general

shout, and a rush was made for the The long table came out again with dispatch. On it marched the army of plates and cups and saucers. though the second dinner was cold ft

was complete; there was no vacant "Ah, Nancy," said Mr. Plum, when the guests had all gone and only the three sat round the stove talking, "this has been a better Christmas than the last to me, for then I did not expect to

ever have you back." The mother only looked at her. "For me too," rejoined Nancy; "for now I know that I have a home

"My boy will be some trouble to you," she added presently, in a low voice.

Mr. Plum's smile was more elegant than words, as he reached forth his hand and rocked the cradle-the same old cradle, which had held them all, and which had been brought from the garret, late as was the hour, that her boy might miss no accustomed comfort.

Agriculture in Russia.

The recent importation of American rye into some of the Baltic ports has created alarm all over Russia, and elaborate articles on the comparative agricultural resources of the two countries have appeared in almost every Russian newspaper. The unanimous conclusion is that the cause of the unfavorable result of Russia farming lies not in the soil, but in the ignorance and laziness of the Russian peasant. The wages of the laborer in Russia, are lower than in any country, but it takes three Russian moujiks to do the work of one farm hand in France, Great Britain or

the United States. limbs would carry her. This happened found in the fact that scarcely any machinery is used in the field. few great landowners, who managed to which still continues to be one of the of the serfs, are able to order agricultural implements from abroad, and when they get them upon their estates they find that foreign skilled labor is necessary protect both labor and machinery, for imported machinery as well as for the imported farm hands.

An additional drawback to any progress in agriculture is due to the want of country banks. The distances to tidewater from the grain-growing districts is in some cases greater than from Milwaukee to New York. The railroads being as few and as far between as the with light footsteps until the first two freight rates are high, the peasant is utterly unable to stand the expenses of the shipments without borrowing money; and as he has no bank to borrow it from, the local speculators buy up his whole barvest at a mere nominal price and grab all the money that is to be made. The consequence of this state of affairs is that the naturally lasy and drunken peasant gets completely discouraged and becomes an utterly unmanageable brute. - New York Hour.

Mount Baker, Washington Territory, has now joined the array of volcanoes. headed by Mauna and Mount Vesuvius. in active operation in various parts of the earth's surface. Whether there is anything more than an accidental concurrence in their apparently concerted outbreak the scientific people must be left to tell .

Ribbed plush is more becoming than

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The entire loss of the German armies in 1870-75 was 53,000 men.

Cologne water was first so called in 1709, when an Italian citizen of Cologne named Johann Maria Farina prepared it. Since that time genuine eau de coogne has been manufactured by the decendants of Farina.

A few years ago a Japanese publisher prought out a life of Washington in forty-five volumes, with illustrations in which the father of his country is repreented in modern dress, wearing a heavy mustache, carrying a cane, and accompanied by a skye terrier.

When Napoleon III. went to the front in 1870 his mass of baggage looked like a traveling hospital. It included three inds of bathtubs, a large medicine chest, an invalid's easy chair and a peculiar sort of stretcher. The emperor took several very gentle horses and had double wadded, saddles, with extra paddings in the back.

Thus they make new potatoes at Paris: Old potatoes, small and cheap, are taken to the banks of the Seine, put in tubs of water, and vigorously stirred and stamped upon by their owner's feet. This process makes the potatoes bright colored, smooth and satin like, exactly like new tubers. Then they are rolled in paper, and sold at the Marchandes de Comestibles.

Paris, in the course of its history, has been besieged ten times. The first time in 50 B. C. and the last in 1870. It was fortified until the time Louis XIV., who razed the defenses, as, in his day, the idea of a a foreign army reaching the heart of France was laughed at. Napoleon I. did not fortify Paris, and the allies, in 1814, found only a few hastily-built redoubts in their way.

Byron wrote "The Corsair" in ten ays, at the rate of 200 lines a day; Lope de Vega wrote 300 dramas in 100 days; Voltaire composed "Zaire" in three weeks and "Olympie" in six days; Dryden wrote his "Ode to St. Cecelia" one sitting, and Mrs. Browning's The Lady Geraldine's Courtship " was he work of twelve hours. Shakespeare, Dickens, Wordsworth and Moore, on the other hand, were slow workers. Hepworth Dixon rewrote his "Two Queens" eight times, and Kinglake' 'Eothen" was rewritten five or six times.

Cardinal Antoneili was very fond of canary birds, and at one time had more than 200 of them, which had been preented to him.

The atmosphere of the Mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople, is filled with the odor of the musk with which Justinian charged the mortar when he rebuilt the church in 538 A. D.

The statistics of the French war office show that during the first half of the eighteenth century, ending five years after Fontenoy, 450,000 Irishmen died in the French service, and during the last half 150,000.

Glass tablecloths are on exhibition in New York. Their manufacturer says that they are strong and durable, and can be washed and ironed.

Almanacs.

Almanack is the Arabic for "dairy," and hence it may be inferred that some notion of this kind obtained among the Arabs. Manuscript almanacs of a rude character and dated a century before the invention of printing are still in existence. The earliest printed almanac was issued in 1460, being next to the Bible in early date. Fifteen years afterward almanacs sold for ten crowns in gold, and hence were only in the hands Another reason of the backward con- of the richest class. How strange this dition of Russian agriculture may be seems at the present time when one gets an almanac shoved on to him gratis at The every drug store. Nostradamus, the push and heard it slide. She rekindled small landowners have neither the astrologer, who flourished three centhe fire and sat down to think. After means to buy machines nor the neces- turies ago, was the first that introduced this experience she must leave him; it sary knowledge to use them. Only a predictions concerning the weather, remain rich even after the emancipation almanac's amusing features. For a century and a half almanac making was a government monopoly in Great Britain, and its abolition was a matter of such difficulty that it required the eloquence and that armed force is often needed to of Erkskine. It was accomplished about the time of the declaration of indepenthe moujiks are disposed to "go for" the dence. The most popular of such publications in America was Poor Richard's almanac, which was issued by Franklin for twenty-six years. Its sale was enormous, each edition being about 10,-000, and yet it soon became yery scarce. A century afterward copies were sold at \$12 apiece. The longest series of almanaes in this country was issued by Isaiah Thomas, of Worcester, Mass., and his successors. It was continued for forty-five years, and was highly prized for its apothegms and sententious wit. Troy Times.

Court Plaster.

The Scientific American gives the following directions for making this useful article: Soak isinglass in a little warm water for seventy-four hours; then evaporate nearly all the water by gentle heat; dissolve the residue in a little dilute alcohol; and strain the whole through a piece of open linen. The strained mass should be a stiff jelly when cold. Now stretch a piece of silk or sarsenet on a wooden frame, and fix it tight with tacks or pack-thread. Melt the jelly and apply it to the silk thinly and evenly with a badger hair brush. A second coating must be applied when the first has dried. When both are dry, apply over the whole surface two or three coatings of the balsam of Peru Plaster thus made is very pliable, and

HUMORDUS.

Trickett says Hanlan is a bad eggbecause he can't be beat .- Toronto Grip.

A man never knows the exact length of his thumbuntil he jambs the end of it .- Meriden Recorder.

When a man says he is armed to the teeth it is a sign that he has been gettin g a new plate put in - New York Cowmercial.

"This is an off year," as the barber aid when his razor slipped and took of a customer's auricular appendage.—Keokuk Gate City. The bekers of New York intend givin Sarah Bernhardt a reception because of

her appearance in French roles - Rale. more Every Saturday. Pawnbrokers may be a hard-hearted et, but it must be admitted that there is one redeeming feature in their busi-

ness. — Yonkers Statesman. A returned Black Hills miner assures us that Buffalo Bill has scoured the prairies so much that they are shiney

like a glass bottle .- Rockland Courier. " How slim is Sarah Bernhardt, pa, That shadow of a shade?" "My boy, she's just about as thin As picnic lemonade."

-Cincinnati Star

"This world is all a fleeting show," but it takes mighty lively work for some of us to keep a grip on our tickets of admission, however poor the show is .-

The first duty of a sailor is to learn all the ropes. It is a remarkable fact that many of the ropes have to be taut, also, before they can be of service .-Yawcob Strauss.

Now, by Jove, we've got it! We're going to reform this theater nuisance. Announcement! A big hat makes a woman look twenty years older than she There !-- Boston Post.

A Boston artist claims to have painted an orange peel on the sidewalk so naturally that six fat men slipped up on it before the deception was discovered,-Hartford Evening Post. "A man never realizes," remarks a

commercial traveler, "how plentiful mustard is, and how scarce is bread and butter until he tackles a railway refreshment-saloon sandwich." A man says a great many things which would not look well in print, when he

addresses a few cogent remarks to the party who leaves the door open at this season of the year .- Steubenville Herald. Science iz a grand thing to studdy, but when a man sets down in a washtub

and expekts to lift himself up by the handles, he haz undertaken a kontrakt that science kant help him fill .- Josh Billings, Physicians are unanimous in discouraging the practice of sitting on the pavement more than two seconds at a time. The harder the fall the shorter

should be the siesta .- Rochester Demo-

Contentment is ever so much better than riches; but somehow the stupid world never falls down and worships the contented man, nor do mammas with marriageable daughters run after him .-Picayune.

The wool clip of the world in 1878 was nearly five times as great as in 1830. The fact is not offered in proof that barbers were that much better paironized in the latter year .- Fond du Lac Re-

"Weil, I have done a good deed to-day," said Billington. "What's that?" asked his friend. "I have given a poor, deserving man an overcoat," replied Billington, turning about; "how does it fit?"-Boston Journal.

Alcohol is recommended for cleaning silver. It cleans bank notes equally as well-in fact, any kind of money it cleans with a surprising alacrity. For saje by all druggists everywhere .-Danielsonville Sentinel.

He called in at the back office and ied to sell the foreman a bottle of his derful lightning eradic oreman told him he didn't have any lightning that he wanted eradicated, and sadly he passed out the door .- Rockland

A Mr. Hutchins, who was sent to investigate the condition of the new 'Connemara Colony," in Northern Minnesota, reports fearful suffering among the colonists. He found the children almost naked and suffering from the cold. The people had no wood and were obliged to resort to hay for fuel, of which they had very little. The peasants seemed haggard and worn. Some of them said that they were better off in Ireland, where at least they had plenty of potatoes, more than in the new colony. Mr. Hutchins enumerates a large number of individual cases of suffering.

A sample of Chinese tea has been raised by Mr. S. P. Odom, of Dooly county, Ga., from plants furnished by the national agricultural department. He says the plants are now three years old, in a very healthy condition and bearing profusely. Mr. Odom is satisfied that tea raising could be made a success in this country, and of great profit, if the proper attention w given it.

The little city of Weimar, where Gothe resided, is ordinarily as quiet as a country village. Pianoforte playing, however, is universal, and the noise of persons practicing on that instrument is something intolerable. The authorities have therefore passed an ordinance that no piano shall be played in a room, the windows of which are open, under per-

lty of a fine