

## GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

BY VIOLA ROSEBORO'.

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"Papa, I want to talk to you a little." It was the last day of the old year when Mrs. Marmont, with these words, stepped into Mr. Leland's den. Mrs. Marmont's low voice was sad, and her slender, dark clad, listless figure was sad, and her small, aquiline beautiful face was sad, and if there was anything Mr. Leland disliked it was sadness. He was finding things gloomy enough before Linda entered in this creepy way with this request for a little talk.

"God bless my soul, Linda," said her parson, "I don't want any solemn little talk now, with the old year dying under our noses."

The poor man threw himself back in his big leather chair and scrutinized his daughter resentfully and reflectively.

Mrs. Marmont got up from the rug, where she knelt, ministering to the fire, and stood staring at the light leaping flames. "I don't know why people think that only the old have any right to be seri-



"GOING TO GET MARRIED AGAIN?"

ous," said she. "It seems to me it is when you are young and have all your life to make or mar before you that you have the best right to be serious."

"Why, why, Linda, my girl! It isn't—you haven't come to tell me you are going to get married again?"

"Married again!" exclaimed the young woman. "No one ought to get married again; it doesn't sound pretty."

"I didn't mean to say that. I am an unfortunate, blundering old ancestor. Don't be too hard on me. You know, daughter, I'd love to see you happy, even if I did leave me to the mercy of the housemaids."

"Would you, father, would you?" Linda came and sat on the arm of his chair and stroked his grizzled hair.

"Out with it! Who is it? I'm braced," said the father grimly.

"Oh, I'm not going to marry. I'm not," cried Mrs. Marmont, with even unnecessary fervor. "You ought to know that. You know, I wasn't very happy, and—and I want to be a deaconess!"

"A what?"

"You know, the order of deaconesses they have in the church, papa. They give their lives to good works."

"Lord, Lord! It sounds as if they were bloomers. They don't, do they?"

"The costume is very becoming," said the widow, with frosty severity.

"Well, that's something to be thankful for."

"Papa, you must treat me like a grown person for three minutes. I want to tell you that I have made up my mind. I'm going to enter the novitiate. I'm going to be a deaconess."

She stood in the middle of the room, her hands clasped before her and looking terribly formidable for such a slender young beauty in good clothes. "It's my one resolution for the new year," she went on very quietly, but her breath coming in irregular pants. "I thought I ought to tell you as soon as I had made up my mind, and I made it up today, on this last day of the old year, and it's the last, too, of my old life. I'm tired of the frivolity and emptiness of the old life."

She moved toward the door, as she laid her hand on the knob she turned and said to the silent man:

"I'm not going to the ball tomorrow night, but don't let my movements disturb yours."

"I trust you have not at this hour concluded to throw over your Aunt Sarah's dinner, too," he said, with sarcastic intonations.

"No," was the answer. "I don't know how Aunt Sarah's dinners could ever be looked upon as festivities. I'm only trying to sober my mind, and I expect that to be a very sobering function."

Aunt Sarah's dinner was to be eaten that very evening, and the guests were to dance and play whist and watch the old year out. It was to be a family party with a sprinkling of such other people as could be brought to join a family party—certainly not likely was it that they would be very gay members of society.

"I don't care what you do with it," said Mrs. Marmont, when her maid was doing her hair. "It's not important how I look."

"Why, madame, it does not a ladies' luncheon you dress for! There will be the gentlemen. Is it not so?"

The mistress laughed and answered that it didn't matter.

Mrs. Marmont went to the despised dinner looking uncommonly imposing and handsome. When she entered her aunt's drawing room, a little admiring hush and then a little admiring murmur greeted the softly draped white figure, such as was hardly to be expected from a company so familiar with the sight of her. But all were not equally familiar with it; an athletic, bronzed young man who was talking to Mrs. Lounders (his hostess, Aunt Sarah) contributed to the hush, so to speak, by stopping short in the middle of his sentence as his eyes rested on Mrs. Marmont, and then ejaculating, "Is it—it is!"

"Linda," interrupted Mrs. Lounders, "of course. Didn't you expect to see her?"

"I had heard she was abroad—she hasn't changed so much as I first thought."

"Oh, no, a woman doesn't change much between 24 and 26, Mr. Lester. The fashions change, but you mustn't talk to her as if you were surprised—she isn't decrepit—nor to me either; it's not flattering to a woman of my age."

"She's handsomer than ever, as, of course, she ought to be," he said, smiling with a little bow to the elderly lady.

"You must take her in to dinner, Mr. Lester. She'll think it a godsend to have a new partner in my house."

Mrs. Marmont seemed a little surprised, too, at seeing Mr. Lester. She looked for just an instant as if he were a ghost, and then she took his arm, saying gaily:

"Why, I thought you were in South America. Are you sure you are not and

that this is not your astral body here among your dull old friends?"

"I know too well that it is my very self," he answered quietly.

"I came back with a New Year's resolution to stay at home," he continued. "I suppose I ought to do that. My mother and my mother's affairs need me, and we always resolve to do what we ought at the beginning of the new year, don't we? But I don't know; already I'm thinking of flight, of going to Egypt on something that can be called business."

"Why, it's terrible to think how New York must bore you," Mrs. Marmont spoke half drily—rather as if she were bored herself.

"Bore me? You don't remember me as

must be an offer of marriage; now I suppose you've come to decide on a wager according to my memory of ancient history."

"No, but I have come because you know everything, and because you are so discreet. This is it: Where—no! Who did Linda Marmont marry?"

"Which Linda Marmont?"

"What! There are two? Great Jove!"

Lester only breathed this apostrophe. It was as if he had not strength left for vocal effort.

"Of course there are two. Though it is rather odd, with a name like that. You didn't meet—no, you weren't here that season that Tom Marmont's young niece came here from back in the country somewhere, and Linda, our Linda, brought her

out and married her off to Mark Weber. They are traveling in Spain now."

"How in the world did she come to do such a cheeky thing as be named Linda Marmont?" Lester asked the question with deep resentment. The old lady's dark eyes twinkled as she looked at him slowly.

"Why, she was named Linda Leland—the families were very intimate, you know. That was the way that marriage of Linda's came about; the families made it up. My son, your silence tells that you've said all you have to say, and I beg that no sense of the duty of politeness will

keep you here. Perhaps your wager is a very important one."

"You are the best woman in the world!"

"And very discreet."

"And very discreet." And with a happy laugh Lester stooped and kissed her withered hand and was gone.

But his happy mood was not to remain unbroken through that winter afternoon. When he sent up his card to Mrs. Marmont he received not even the politely fictitious message that she was "out." It came in the more brutal form—she was engaged and could see no one. Lester took

as soon as they could talk at all, explanations and confessions about the past, and the woman told the man how she had seemed to scorn him only because she felt an unacknowledged attraction toward him, and the man told her how he had watched for some sign of favor and had at last gone away to the ends of the earth because he could find none.

There was another interruption, and after some moments of silence Linda said, "I drove papa nearly wild."

"Great Jove!"

"What is it?"

"I sent my card up to your father hours

ago. I suppose the servant couldn't find me. Well, my business with him has accumulated since then. I had better go and have it out with him, or will he be upset and cross about my forgetting him? That was awful!"

"He'll forgive you when he hears. He's ready to welcome any kind of a son-in-law now in preference to a deaconess!"

A BRONSON ALCOCK crystallized a great truth when he said, "We mount to heaven mostly on the ruins of our cherished schemes, finding our failures were successes."

John Wesley showed how foolish it is for men who hope to win to spend their time in fretting when he said, "I dare no more fret than I dare curse and swear."

pen, but it makes the present brighter.

It is a great pity that every day of the year does not inspire and cheer as Jan. 1 is apt to do. Then we should always carry a light heart and possess a cheerful mind.

In the cities of China the people on New Year's day offer up paper prayers in the temples. To use a commercial phrase, do they meet their paper when it falls due?

JUNUS HENRI BROWNE.

Charles Dickens uttered a sentiment that every young man who desires success would do well to lay to heart, "The one serviceable, safe, remunerative quality in every study and pursuit is the quality of attention."

No excuse for sleepless nights when you can procure One Minute Cough Cure. This will relieve all annoyances, cure the most severe cough and give you rest and health. Can you afford to do without it? A. F. Long, Druggist.

What will the New Year Offer to you, dear? Spring's daffodilly, And summer's lily, Ripe nuts when the autumn winds are chilly, And snowballs white and frost flowers bright, When he's grown to an Old Year, and then, good night!

ONLY A DREAM.

In future ages which we may not see, When those that follow have begun to be, What strange, eventful things will happen then! And what great thoughts will stir the minds of men!

If Sunday papers keep right on and grow, They'll cover houses, just like sheets of snow;

But if the houses keep on growing, too, Perhaps their doors the papers may go through. And there'll be carrier boys of wondrous girth, And then they'll have to have a larger earth. I had a vision. Quick across my sight There sped a future carrier in his flight— A train of gilded cars up in the sky That fitted through the air as swallows fly; The engine made of burnished brass, with wings That reached toward heaven. They were wondrous things.

And with his hand upon the brake I gazed Upon the future carrier boy amazed. Behind him stretched in one long line the cars, Packed full of papers that had come from Mars, For so immense the printing presses grew On Mars they had to run the papers through. On came the train, and as it hovered round

Assistants dropped the papers to the ground, Supplying newsstands. Then from door to door The train proceeded, dropping thousands more.

So interested I became, alas! I did not think of just what route 'twould pass Until the train came over me. Great Scott! I tried to run and found that I could not. And then I woke, supposing I was dead. That boy had dropped a paper on my head!

TOM MASSON.

You Must Not Waste Time.

"Dost thou love life?" asked Benjamin Franklin. "Then do not squander time, for time is the stuff life is made of."

Once when Frank in was in business as a printer and bookseller in Philadelphia a man came into his place and dawdled about, examining the books exposed for sale. At last, having made up his mind as to what he wanted, he inquired the price of the book chosen and the clerk said \$1.

"Can't you take less than that?" said the man in feigned surprise. "One dollar is the price," said the clerk.

But the would-be purchaser was not satisfied. "I want to see Mr. Franklin about this," he said. "Mr. Franklin is very busy in the pressroom," said the clerk. "But I must see him," said the man.

So the clerk called Franklin, and of him the man inquired the price of the book. "One dollar and a quarter," was the philosopher's reply. "But your clerk offered it to me for \$1," protested the man. "True," said Franklin, "and I could better have afforded to have taken \$1 than to have left my work at this time."

"Well," said the man, "what is the very best you can do in making a price on this volume?" "One dollar and a half," said Franklin. The man's eyes grew wide.

"Why, you said only \$1.25 a moment ago."

"So I did," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to take that sum than \$1.50 now." The man paid the price without any further quarreling. He had learned a lesson that Franklin wished to teach—that time is too valuable to waste.

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