TURNING NEW LEAVES.

"Now, what is that noise?" said the grad New Year.
"Now, what is that circular sound I hear?
As if all the power in all the world
Were rattled and shaken and twisted and
swirled."

"Oh, that," said the jolly old Earth, "is the
noise
Of all my children, both girls and boys,
A turning over their leaves so new,
And all to do honor, New Year, to you."

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

BY VIOLA ROSEBORO'.

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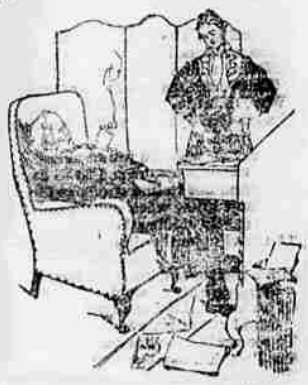
"Papa, I want to talk to you a little." It was the last day of the old year when Mrs. Marmont, with these words, stepped into Mr. Leland's "den." Mrs. Marmont's low voice was sad, and her slender, dark clad, listless figure was sad, and her small, aquiline beautiful face was sad, and if there was anything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

"God bless my soul, Linda," said her parent, "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 serious," 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."



"GOING TO GET MARRIED AGAIN?"

"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 you 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 deaconness!"

"A what?"

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

"Lord, Lord! It sounds as if they wore 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 deaconness."

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 intonation.

"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 alter 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 come 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 ladees' luncheon you dress for! There will be the gentlemen. It is 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 long draped white figure, such as was rarely to be expected from a company so familiar with the sight of her. But all was 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 the kind—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 added, 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 gayly: "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 drawlingly—rather as if she were bored herself.

"Bore me? You don't remember me as a bored person, do you?"

Mr. Lester did not dance. He devoted himself to whist with ancient and nervous partners. Mrs. Marmont never played whist, and she danced eagerly for awhile with young cousins and old uncles, but she lost her interest in that exercise early. Perhaps it was too frivolous to suit a budding deaconness. She sat down at a piano in an alcove away from all the company and softly played bits of old melodies. Lester turned his head and listened to the faint sound of a "song without words" till an indignant partner sternly recalled him to business. Mrs. Marmont and her father were among the first to leave. She came up to Lester just after the new year began, looking very stately and yet very kind and put out a straightforward little hand.

"I hope you won't go away," she said, "and"—there was a little break in the continuity of her speech, then she went on—"and I hope you'll come and see me."

"Thank you," said Lester and nothing more.

"Let's not talk now," she said wearily when her father began to speak of her "wild scheme" on the way home. She dismissed her maid and quietly and swiftly prepared for bed, but after the lights were out, as she lay in the dark, she began to sob like a little lonely, famished child, and the gray winter dawn was creeping into the room before the sobs sank into long quivering sighs, that did not break the light slumber that at last blessed her.

The next day Lester was standing listlessly at a club window. He had tried to talk to his mother that morning about the probability of his again leaving her, and that lady had, first impatiently and then plaintively, refused to listen to any such suggestion. As he stood there Mrs. Marmont passed.

Lester's face flushed and paled. He turned from the window. He called a cab. "Drive where you like for ten minutes," he said to the cabby, and at the end of eight he told him where to go, and presently the cab drew up in front of one of the old fashioned, luxurious houses of North Washington square.

"Mrs. Lindsay," said Lester when he was shown into the presence of the white haired, bright eyed old lady he had come to see, a friend he had known from his childhood, "I'm not going to beat about the bush. I've come to ask you something. I"—

"Sit down. Once I'd have thought it must be an offer of marriage; now I suppose you've come to decide some 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 shrewdly.

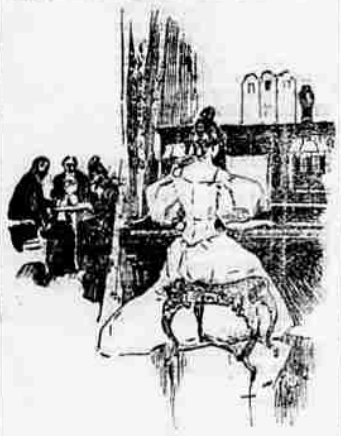
"Why, she was named for Linda Leland—the families were very intimate, you know. That was the way that marriage of Linda's came about; the families made it up. My son, your silence tells that you've said all you have to say, and I beg that no sense of the duty of politeness will keep you here. Perhaps 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 out another card and was about to pencil a line on it, but he stopped. How should he dare to send the lady an imperious prayer for an audience. What right had he?



SHE SOFTLY PLAYED BITS OF OLD MELODIES.

"What time will Mr. Leland be in?" The servant answered that he was to be expected in about half an hour. Three-quarters of an hour later Lester was again ringing that doorbell. He sent up his card to Mr. Leland and in his abstraction stepped, not into the drawing room, but into a little sitting room on the other side of the hall, and there, in a soft black gown and gazing motionlessly out of the window, sat Linda Marmont.

"Linda," exclaimed the man in a queer, choking voice, "don't start! Oh, you must let me speak to you! Nothing can take away our happiness. You are not married, not married!" And he caught both her hands in his as she stood startled and silent before him. "You don't know what I've lived through since I heard that Linda Marmont was married."

"You thought that I was married to Mark Weber?" Linda found indignant voice at last, and she was trying to draw away her hands, but there was a new color and light in her face and a hint of a smile on her lips.

"I thought so, I thought so last night. No one at that place called you anything but Linda. It is the strangest thing how stupid I was. But, Linda, you looked sweet and kind last night—I thought you were willing to be sorry for me. Oh, be sorry for me now, but be something more—let me think you were willing to remember the past last night and to make it up to me a little."

"LINDA!"

At the last words his voice sank to a passionate whisper.

"You were very rude to me last night," said Linda plaintively, like a grieved child.

"I was what I had to be. I was knocked down when you came in. I wouldn't have risked meeting you for a fortune. I thought you were in Spain."

"With Mark Weber!" Linda made a little face.

Then of course there had to come soon, 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 deaconness!"

USHERING IN THE NEW YEAR.

Origin of New Year's Customs.

New Year's customs in the United States are evidently the result of social evolution of that law the scientists call "natural selection and survival of the fittest." In other words, each set of the early immigrants brought or devised its own customs, and those best suited to the nature of the country and genius of the people have become general, while all others have been quietly dropped. It is not easy to trace the origin of the Knickerbocker custom of gentlemen calling on their lady friends and taking refreshments, but it is evidently one of the "fittest," for it is becoming national.

Its progress westward and southward can be traced as certainly as any other social or any political development, and it seems subject to a curious law of action and reaction. A western village or small city takes up the fashion, and its observance becomes more general every year for some time; then it falls into disuse for a year or two, only to revive again with more style and more general observance.

JANUARY FIRSTLINGS.

Some Things to Ponder and to Be Thankful For.

The best time to rejoice, to feel great satisfaction, is not so much at the opening of the New Year as at the close of the old, when we know what we have gained, what we have achieved and what we have reason to be thankful for.

The exercise of memory, however gratifying the things we remember, never affords such pleasure as the exercise of hope, which pictures everything that might be, but has not been. The New Year, therefore, always appeals to us as promising the realization of the dearest wishes of our heart and is in consequence exuberantly welcome.

The profuse distribution of gifts on New Year's day was still the custom in England during Elizabeth's reign, and nearly her entire wardrobe as well as her jewelry was supplied in the form of presents. If the women of today were as bountifully furnished as was the vastly overrated queen, Jan. 1 would be more precious in their eyes than all the holidays together, but the present makers would be irretrievably bankrupt.

In mediæval times women enjoyed being kissed on New Year's day under the mistletoe. The modern, the contemporaneous woman, is not particular about the mistletoe or the day either. Time, place and the man being given, she relishes kissing generally.

Till within a few years the women of New York were in the habit of receiving their friends in town on New Year's day in grand style. Now those claiming to be fashionable fly on that day to the country, presumably to avoid their foes—in other words, to get rid of bores, who are socially the most formidable of enemies.

The Chinese at home gamble on New Year's night to a prodigious extent. In Wall street New Yorkers gamble enormously on most of the other days of the year.

The good resolutions made on Jan. 1 have generally proved to be bad performances before the end of February.

The men who are continually "turning over a new leaf" on New Year's day are apt to forget the leaf soon after, or that they have turned the leaf over at all.

The headaches that are felt the next morning after New Year's may usually be attributed to "treating" the good resolutions they have made on that day.

Many Americans outside of New York so detest the fulfillment of what it called social duties that they would be delighted to see widely extended the French custom, which releases Parisians from the obligation of making New Year's calls in consideration of their sending small presents instead. They would give liberally to be entirely exempt from the whole business of "visiting," be the date Jan. 1 or any other. They would much rather pay out than go out.

Expectancy is so strong in the human breast that it amounts almost to superstition, as New Year's day illustrates. No matter how ill success a man may have had in all the years that have past, he is pretty sure to believe that the New Year will bring him a change of fortune. And happily his belief will help him to bear his burdens if it does not make them lighter. What we believe may not happen, 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?

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

Telling Fortunes From the Bible.

In Scotland an old New Year's custom is for people who wish to know what fortune the new year has in store for them to consult the Bible in the morning. The sacred book is placed on a table and opened at random. The particular passage on which the forefinger rests is supposed to forecast in some way the fortunes of the ensuing year for the person making the trial.

New Year's In Ancient Rome.

The Romans offered sacrifices to Janus and were very careful how they conducted themselves for the first few days, as upon their behavior depended their good or ill luck for the coming year. The Saxons celebrated the advent of the new year with special rites, and mistletoe cut in peculiar forms was a favorite gift.

THE PASSING OF THE NEW YEAR.

These Mile Posts on the Journey of Life Fly by Faster One by One.

It has no doubt often occurred to you, fellow traveler on Time's coach, that the milestones of the New Years fly past much faster now than they did in the early stages of your journey.

What an interminably long wait it seemed to be between the first New Year's day of your memory and the second. Perhaps you were 6 or 8 years old then and in school for the first term. If so, New Year's had its sorrow as well as its joy, for it was the last day of the midwinter holidays and next day you had to begin your wrestling with the intellectual arithmetic and the geography and maybe with the elements of the English grammar. Look back now and pity yourself. Do not make the mistake of most of our acquaintances and declare that particular New Year's to have been the happiest of your existence. Pshaw! It was perhaps the most miserable. The fact that you have forgotten your childhood's miseries does not make it true that you had none.

It was several years after that before the New Year began to move appreciably faster. Perhaps it was not till your sister and your pretty dark eyed cousin began to chaff you about the silky down upon your upper lip, and your portly, comfortable father, in speaking of some doings of yours of which he did not approve, referred to you as a "foolish young man." Then you noticed the flight of time, I'll be bound. No one had called you a "young man" before. You were ready to forgive the governor's chidings for that. You rejoiced that although you were very young indeed you had yet been called a man.

At that time you had great respect for your own opinions on most matters. You began to shave forthwith, and you fell into the habit of calling your chum, who was of about your own age, "old man." If any one called you "my boy," you felt resentful. It seemed so utterly out of place. But you had not yet learned that manhood brings with it certain definite and sometimes heavy responsibilities. It is possible you discovered this significant truth very soon afterward, though perhaps it was not till two or three more New Years had passed. At all events the knowledge came to you with somewhat of a shock—possibly pleasant, possibly otherwise. At all events, it was not long after that that you found out that your knowledge was not universal and your wisdom was not infallible.

And ever since the New Years have flown by faster and faster. After awhile your girth grew greater. Then there were lines in parts of your face that had once been smooth. The top of your cranium, that was once thick thatched, grew bare and smooth and shining. Glasses came next, and your hands wrinkled up. Then there were occasional twinges in your joints, and what hair was left grew gray, then white. Only yesterday you began to carry a cane—once you carried it for ornament—because it helped you when walking. Yesterday? you ask. Oh, yes, I remember. It was a good ten years ago, but you see the New Years fly so fast now.

What! Are you going to leave the coach? Is your life journey done? You amaze me. I thought you were good for several more New Years. Well, goodby, my boy; goodby.

So he is gone. But, bless me, he was only 75. He was a young man yet. Now, those of you who are yet on the coach with me—let us give the new year 1896 a rousing welcome! And may the road between here and 1897 be a smoother one for all of us than was that of 1895! E. Y. K.

FIRST OF JANUARY RESOLUTIONS.

Notions That, Carried Out, Will Help to Make 1896 a Pleasant Year.

If you wish to avoid one fruitful cause of discomfort during the coming year, make a resolution not to grumble about the weather. Kicking and fault finding never made a hot day cooler or a cold day warmer; but, on the other hand, they always intensify the current weather trouble immensely.

If you want to make your husband good natured, resolve to help him to have his own way invariably. He probably will anyhow, and the adoption and carrying out of this resolution will save a whole lot of trouble.

If your wife has got in the habit of asking you for money every day, resolve to make her a regular allowance and then keep your resolution. You'll be as much surprised by the result as she will be by the resolution.

If you have become disheartened by the depravity of your fellow men, resolve to stop thinking about it and try to do a favor every day for some one of them. It will amaze you to see how quickly the world at large will improve in your eyes.

If the new year finds you clean discouraged because of a lack of progress in 1895, review the 12 months carefully and see if wasted time has not been at the bottom of your failures. If it has, resolve to make the minutes count in 1896. A year is made up of minutes, and you cannot well fail to advance between New Year's days if you make every minute count.

If you have had hard work keeping your New Year's resolutions in the past, resolve this year to make none and to conduct yourself in such a way that none will be necessary. Good practice is better than good resolves always.

Handicapped.

Dashaway—Well, uncle, I suppose you will have roast chicken for your New Year's dinner, eh?

Uncle Ebony—No, sah. It's a leetle cold and de chickens dey doan' roost outside no mo'.

New Year Greeting.

A gude New Year to ane and a',
And mony may ye see
And during a' the years to come,
Oh, happy may ye be.

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 flitted 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 grow
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 Franklin 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 then 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.

Sentiments of Famous Men.

Here are a few wise sayings:

When Peter Cooper was asked at an advanced age how he had accomplished so much and had preserved his strength of body and mind so well, he said, "I always find something to keep me busy."

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

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."

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."

Sir Walter Raleigh, when asked how he managed to achieve so many and such diverse things in such brief times as he required for accomplishment, said, "When I have anything to do, I go and do it."

The everlasting truth that character is sure to win success was put in concrete form when William M. Evarts said of a famous preacher, "The man behind the sermon is the secret of John Hall's power."

John Stuart Mill showed how possible it is for a man to rise above his environment in these words, "Though character is formed by circumstances, our own desires can do much to shape these circumstances."