

**THE ANGEL OVER THE
RIGHT SHOULDER; OR, THE
BEGINNING OF A NEW
YEAR**

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The Angel Over the Right Shoulder; Or, The Beginning of a New Year by H. Trusta

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THE ANGEL OVER THE EIGHT SHOULDER.

THE
Angel over the Right Shoulder

OR THE

BEGINNING OF A NEW YEAR.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "SUNNY SIDE"

THIRTEENTH EDITION.

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THE ANGEL OVER THE RIGHT SHOULDER.

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“THERE! a woman's work is never done,” said Mrs. James. “I thought, for once, I was through; but just look at that lamp, now! it will not burn, and I must go and spend half an hour over it.”

“Don't you wish you had never been married?” said Mr. James, with a good-natured laugh.

“Yes”—rose to her lips, but was checked by a glance at the group upon the floor,



where her husband was stretched out, and two little urchins with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks were climbing and tumbling over him, as if they found in this play the very essence of fun.

She did say, "I should like the good, without the evil, if I could have it."

"You have no evils to endure," replied her husband.

"That is just all you gentlemen know about it. What would you think, if you could not get an uninterrupted half hour to yourself, from morning till night? I believe you would give up trying to do anything."

"There is no need of that; all you want, is *system*. If you arranged your work systematically, you would find that you could command your time."

"Well," was the reply, "all I wish is,

that you could just follow me around for one day, and see what I have to do. If you could reduce it all to system, I think you would show yourself a genius."

When the lamp was trimmed, the conversation was resumed. Mr. James had employed the "half hour," in meditating on this subject.

"Wife," said he, as she came in, "I have a plan to propose to you, and I wish you to promise me beforehand, that you will accede to it. It is to be an experiment, I acknowledge, but I wish it to have a fair trial. Now to please me, will you promise?"

Mrs. James hesitated. She felt almost sure that his plan would be quite impracticable, for what does a man know of a woman's work? Yet she promised.

"Now I wish you," said he, "to set

apart two hours of every day for your own private use. Make a point of going to your room, and locking yourself in; and also make up your mind to let the work which is not done, go undone, if it must. Spend this time on just those things which will be most profitable to yourself. I shall bind you to your promise for one month — then, if it has proved a total failure, we will devise something else.”

“When shall I begin?”

“To-morrow.”

The morrow came. Mrs. James had chosen the two hours before dinner as being, on the whole, the most convenient and the least liable to interruption. They dined at one o'clock. She wished to finish her morning work, get dressed for the day, and enter her room at eleven.

Hearty as were her efforts to accompl'ish