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NO. 50.

TIME TO GO.

They know the time to go!
The fairy clouds strike their invisible hour
In field and woodland, and each punctual
flower,
Rows at the signal an obedient head,
And hasten to bed.
The pale anemone
Glees on her way with scarcely a good-night;
The violet to her purple night-cap tight;
Hand in hand the dancing columbines,
In billows loose.
Drop their last courtesies,
Fit from the scene and couch them for their
rest.
The meadow lily folds her scarlet vest
And hides it 'neath the grasses' lengthening
green.
Fair and serene,
Her sister lily floats
On the blue pool, and raises golden eyes
To court the golden splendor of the skies.
The sudden glow comes, and down she goes,
To find repose.
In the cool depths below.
A little later and the sisters bid
Depart in crowd, a brave and cheery crew;
While golden-rod, still white as wreath and gay,
Turns him away.
Fur his bright parasol
And like a little hero, meets his fate.
The gentians, very proud to sit up late,
Next follow. Every fern is tucked and set
'Neath cover.
Downy and soft and warm,
No little smiling voice is heard to greet,
Or make complaints the folding wood beneath;
Nor lingering dote to stay, for well they know
The time to go.
Teach us your patience here,
Dear flowers, till we shall dare to part like you,
Willing God will, sure that his clock strikes
true.
That his sweet day augurs a sweeter morn-
ing.
With smiles, not with woe.
—See *Journalist Messenger*.

A Few Boarders.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.
"My dear," said Mr. Peter Pensico, to his wife, "don't you think it would be a good idea for us to take a few boarders?"
"Boarders?" echoed Mrs. Peter Pensico.
"What for?"
"To turn an honest penny, my dear," said Mr. Pensico.
"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Pensico.
"Times are hard," said Mr. Pensico.
"But you've got money enough," retorted his wife, with a toss of her curly head.
"Sylvia," said Mr. Pensico, gravely, "do you know that nobody ever has money enough?"
"No," said Mrs. Pensico, shelling away with great vigor at the pan of lima beans in her lap. "I don't know anything of the sort."
"Just think how nice it would sound," said Mr. Peter Pensico, with his eyes half closed, and his head on one side, "select board for a few gentlemen, in a cottage on the Hudson—fine view—excellent boating—plenty of shade—milk and vegetables—terms moderate. I think I see it now in the columns of the paper."
"I thought you rented this cottage to please me?" said Mrs. Pensico, raising down the emerald shower of lima beans at a double quick rate.
"So I did, my dear—so I did," responded her husband. "But why shouldn't we please a few select boarders, too?"
Mr. Pensico was a retired grocer, "fat and forty," if not "fair." Mrs. Pensico had been a pretty young school teacher, full twenty years younger than her husband, who had boarded at the same house with the dealer in nuts, spices and moist sugars.
Love is like the whooping cough, a more dangerous disease the older you grow. Mr. Pensico took it very hard—so hard, indeed, that he married Sylvia Smith at the end of a fortnight's acquaintance, and took her to live in a pretty little cottage on the Hudson.
"You are a jewel, my dear," said Mr. Peter Pensico; "and I mean to place you in an appropriate setting."
But as the conflagration of his young love died into a more steady and uneven flame, Mr. Pensico's old spirit of thrift arose within him. Love in a cottage was all very charming; but the wages of cook, chambermaid and handy man counted up amazingly at the end of the month. A cow grazing in the meadow bills were something to shudder at. Sylvia in white muslin was an adorable object; but it sometimes occurred to Mr. Pensico's perturbed brain that calves would have been more economical, viewed from the laundress' standpoint.
In short, love and economy were at daggers drawn in the noble soul of the ex-grocerman.
"Don't you think it's a good idea, my love?" persisted Mr. Pensico, brushing a fly away from the circular bald spot on the top of his head.
"No, I don't," said Mrs. Pensico.
"But why not?"
"I don't like the idea of keeping a tavern," retorted the bride.
"My dear," said Mr. Pensico, "you exaggerate. A few select boarders—" "A few select fiddlesticks!" interrupted Mrs. Pensico, as she rose up, flinging the lima bean pods all over the floor.
Mr. Pensico looked at his wife with a calm and speculative eye.
"She don't like boarders," pondered he. "And she don't like to submit, as a wife should, to her husband's authority. Good! I'll enforce both these questions, or I'll know the reason why!"
And Mr. Peter Pensico sat down to write the advertisement whose glowing periods had been floating in fragrant radiance through his brain for the last five or ten minutes.
"My dear," said Mrs. Pensico, "I don't take boarders," said Sylvia.
"My dear," said Peter "you will do just—precisely—as I think best."
"We'll see!" cried out Mrs. Pensico.
"A woman ought to be proud to have an opportunity of helping her husband on in the world," oracularly observed Mr. Pensico.
"I believe the richest people in the

world are always the meanest," said Sylvia, with a toss of her pretty brown curls.
"Economy, my dear—economy!" said Mr. Pensico. "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." "A penny saved is a penny earned." "Money makes money."
And Mrs. Pensico, fairly overwhelmed by this cataract of proverbs, ceased her unavailing remonstrances. After all, what good would they do?
Poor little Sylvia was beginning to comprehend that marrying a rich old screw was not the shortest way to perfect happiness.
But a woman defied, becomes a woman dangerous, and Mrs. Peter Pensico determined that she would not be conquered.
Four days after the appearance of the advertisement which cost so much time and pains, three young gentlemen applied for board.
Mr. Pensico assumed a magisterial air.
"Ten dollars a week is my fixed price," said he; "but as there are three of you, I don't mind saying twenty-five dollars."
And on these terms Messrs. Smith, Brown and Jones became possessors of the three best bed-rooms of the cottage, driving Mr. Pensico and his wife to the sofa bedstead in the back parlor.
"Are we always to live so?" plaintively demanded Mrs. Pensico.
"One shouldn't mind a little inconvenience, my dear, when a matter of twenty-five dollars a week is at stake," said Mr. Pensico, with an air of superior wisdom.
But as the days wore on, and Messrs. Jones, Brown and Smith began to feel more at home, matters began to be less pleasant to Mr. Peter Pensico.
"My dear," said the *pater familias* to his young wife, one day, "do you think it is quite dignified for you to be romping out on the lawn with those three young men?"
"I wasn't romping," retorted Sylvia, with a pout that showed the coral curve of her lip to the very best advantage. "I was only playing croquet. You charged me especially to try and make things agreeable to the boarders, didn't you?"
This was on Monday. On Tuesday Mrs. Pensico went fishing with the three boarders. Pensico might have gone too—perhaps—only that the boat was capable of holding but four.
On Wednesday there was a picnic up the river, to which Mr. Smith invited Mrs. Pensico. On Thursday Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown had a "camp out" in the woods, of which Mrs. Pensico and one Miss Tomlinson of the neighborhood formed an indispensable accompaniment.
On Friday Mr. Brown undertook to lay out Mrs. Pensico's veranda bed in true landscape gardening style. On Saturday it rained, and Mr. Jones, who was considerable of an ecclesiastic, read poetry aloud to Mrs. Pensico, while she darned the family hose. On Sunday, Mr. Smith drove Mrs. Pensico to a church ten miles away, in an elegant little buggy with a long-tailed horse.
"This is getting intolerable," said Mrs. Pensico.
And he wished he hadn't written that advertisement.
But this was nothing to his chagrin on the next day, when he found Mr. Smith sitting under the apple trees with his arm around Sylvia's waist.
"Sit!" cried Mrs. Pensico.
"Oh?" said the boarder.
"Leave my premises!" said the grocer.
"I've just paid a week's board in advance," suggested Mr. Smith.
"Take back your wretched dross!" bellowed Mr. Pensico, flinging a roll of bills on the grass. "Go! Depart! Lose no time, and take those other two young men with you. I'm sick of boarders!"
And so the three young men departed. When once the garden gate was closed behind them, Mr. Pensico elevated his right arm theatrically in the air.
"Never—never will I receive another boarder into my family," said he.
"As for you, false wife—"
"No; but is 'honor bright' about the boarders?" interrupted Mrs. Pensico, with sparkling eyes.
"I swear it by yonder cerulean blue!" said Mr. Pensico, who had just been reading "St. Elmo."
"Certain sure!" said Mrs. Pensico.
"In that case," said Mrs. Pensico, "I may as well tell you now, as any time, that John Brown and Ferdinand Jones are my cousins, and that Charlie Smith is my brother."
"Oh?" gasped Mr. Pensico. "Was it—a was it a conspiracy?"
"It was a conspiracy in the country," said Mrs. Pensico, "and you wanted boarders."
A heavy weight seemed to be lifted from Mr. Pensico's heart as he remembered the arm around Sylvia's waist. So it was only her brother! And little Sylvia hadn't played the married little after all!
He took his wife in his arms and gave her a hearty kiss.
"My dear," said he, "you're a mischief little girl but I forgive you. And I guess we'll give up the boarding business."
Which was all that Mrs. Pensico wanted.
"It was determined to conquer him," thought she, "and I've done it."
Woman.
The perception of a woman is as quick as lightning. Her penetration is intuition; almost instinct. By a glance she will draw a deep and just conclusion. Ask her how she formed it. A she cannot answer the question. A philosopher deduces inference, and his inference should be right; but he gets to the heart of the matter, if I may say so, by slow degrees, mounting step by step. She arrives at the head of the staircase as well as he; but whether she flew there or not is more than she knows herself. While she trusts her instinct she is seldom deceived, and she is generally lost when she begins to reason.

The Suburbs of London.

As for the river, in talking about London suburbs we should have come to that first of all. The Thames is the great feature of suburban London; and these neighborhoods are, for the most part, worth describing only as they bear some relation to it. Londoners appreciate their river in the highest degree; and they manifest their regard in a thoroughly practical fashion. They use the Thames; it might almost be said they abuse it. For they use it, I mean, for pleasure; for above Chelsea bridge there are happily few traces of polluting traffic. When once indeed, going up the stream, you fairly emerge from the region of the London bridges, the Thames turns rural with surprising quickness. At every bend it reaches it throws off something of its metropolitan degradation; with each successive mile it takes on another prettiness. By the time you reach Richmond, which is only nine miles from London, this suburban prettiness touches its maximum. Higher in its course the Thames is extremely pretty; but nothing can be so charming as what you see of it from Richmond bridge and just above. The bridge itself is a very happy piece of picturesque. Sketches and photographs have, I believe, made it more or less classical. The banks are lined compactly with villas embowered in walled gardens, which lie on the slope of Richmond hill, whose crest, as seen from below, is formed by the long bosky mass of Richmond park.
To speak of Richmond park is to speak of one of the loveliest spots in England. It has not the vast extent of Windsor, but in other respects it is quite as fine. Its poor work talking of English parks, is as complete an entertainment as you are likely to find. It is rounded off by your appreciation of the famous view of the Thames from the windows of the inn—the view which Turner has painted and poets have versified, and which certainly is as charming as possible, though to an American eye it just grazes a trifle painfully, the peril of over-romanticism. But the river makes a graceful conscious bend, and wanders away just as complete an entertainment as you are likely to find. It is rounded off by your appreciation of the famous view of the Thames from the windows of the inn—the view which Turner has painted and poets have versified, and which certainly is as charming as possible, though to an American eye it just grazes a trifle painfully, the peril of over-romanticism. 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