

TIME TO GO.

They know the time to go!
The fairy clods strike their resplendent hour
In field and woodland, and each punctual dower
Bows at the signal an obedient nod
And hastens to bed.

The pale anemone
Glides on her way with scarcely a good night;
The violets to their purple high capitation;
Hand in hand, the daisy columbines,
In hithermost lines.

Drop their last courtesies,
Flit 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 pond and raises golden eyes
To court the golden splendour of the skies.
The sudden signal comes, and down she goes
To and fro.

In the cool depths below
A little later, and the stars blue
Depart in crowds, a brave and cheery crew;
While golden red still wide away and gay,
Turns him away.

Flits his bright parols,
And, like a little hero, meets his fate.
The centurion, very proud to sit up late,
Next follow. Every fern is tucked and set
Northward.

Downy and soft and warm,
No little seedling voice is heard to grieve
For make complaints the folding woods beneath;
No lingering daisy to stay, for well they know
The time to go.

Teach us your patience, brave,
Dear flowers, till we shall dare to part like you,
Whining "good-bye," sure that his clock strikes true
That his sweet day augurs a sweeter tomorrow,
With smiles, not sorrow.

A TERRIBLE CONFESSION.

For many a long year I have carried it close locked within my heart, till it has seared both heart and brain. After begging and praying for a week they have at last allowed me pen and ink; here on this untouched white paper I can tell it all. Alice Walton was my first and only intimate friend. We were fast friends from the beginning, for she was of a sweet, guileless and clinging nature. I was naturally secretive, strong, self-reliant, and somewhat disposed to dominate those with whom I was brought in contact.

My friendship for Alice surprised myself quite as much as any one else, and I was quite as much at a loss to understand it.

Alice Walton was like a lily—fair, slender and lovely, with dove-like eyes, and hair like corn silk. I was as dark as a Spanish girl, with hair like midnight, and lustrous black eyes; and many an admirer has told me in the days of my prime that no Spanish girl could compete with my beauty or with my grace. But they were not beyond the competition of one fair girl, and she won, right under my fine eyes and in the face of my rich southern beauty, the only man whose love I craved—the one heart for which I would so gladly have exchanged my own.

When we finally said "good-bye" to school I made an express stipulation that Alice should come and stay a month with me, after she had first returned home and remained a week with her own friends. I counted the days till she came, for I really loved the girl, and longed to share with her, as a friend, a new and delicious joy which she had never known. A far-off cousin of my mother—so far as to be no relation at all—had come in my absence to spend the summer with us. Of course I had heard of him in my letters from home, and was somewhat disappointed at the prospect of having him there during Alice's stay, for hearing him always referred to as mother's cousin of course, I fancied him old and gray haired.

My satisfaction equalled my surprise when, on meeting Arthur Godfrey, I found him to be a young man of twenty-five, handsome, accomplished, gay, good humored—in short, my ideal of an elegant, well bred and refined gentleman. I was pleased enough then to call him cousin; and as I learned to know him better, more than pleased to remember that he was only a cousin by courtesy. I loved Arthur Godfrey. I believed I loved him from the first, although I did not then understand my own feelings; and I had but little doubt but what he responded to the feeling.

He was more than kind and gentle in his manner. Besides an affectionate regard for me, I thought I detected in his manner a certain deference which to my mind, indicated the tender devotion of a lover. I knew he had never cared for any woman before he met me, and I knew that I was beautiful—what woman is unconscious of her own charms? And so I felt justified in believing that Arthur cared for me, although no word of love had yet passed between us.

I told Alice nothing of this. I reserved my innocent triumph to be given in confidence during our first evening together; and, though I would have preferred to present Arthur as my affianced lover, which I almost regarded him as being, I quite intended to confess to her frankly the love for him which I had scarcely confessed to myself.

Alice was a week later than she had promised, and came unexpectedly when she did come, arriving the day before

that on which she had told us she was coming. There was no one to meet her at the station; but she had been such a favorite on her previous visits that she was known to all the neighborhood, and a neighbor, who had by chance been at the station when she arrived, brought her over to us. The first I knew of her arrival was when she ran up to me where I sat with Arthur, listening while he read Tennyson in that fine, rich voice that had become the sweetest music of my life. She flung her arms about my neck and embraced and kissed me with child-like enthusiasm. I then turned to introduce her to Arthur.

He had risen and stood gazing on her with a face illuminated with admiration—such an expression as he had never turned on me in what I thought his most fervent moments of devotion. I turned cold all over, and I felt that the color had left my face; but I struggled to retain my composure and presented them to each other. Then I turned to look again more closely at Alice.

Her gaze met his with a sweet frankness that half reflected his admiration, and the pink in her cheeks deepened to a blush.

They would love each other—they did already. I saw it and felt it then, as well as when I finally knew it by strong, passionate and ardent words; and already the dark fires of jealousy consumed my soul. I helped Alice unpack her trunk and sort her things and fold them away in the bureau drawers, or hang them up in the closet, as required; but I spoke no word of the tender confession of my love for Arthur, which I had been so long to tell her of—neither then nor any time. I never spoke of it.

The days glided by fast enough, though to misery they often drag. But my heart and brain were on fire, my thoughts flew wildly in every direction, and were so constant that I seemed always busy.

One evening in the twilight, before the lights were brought in, I sat sad and wretched in our great long parlor, in a deep armchair in a corner of the room besides being concealed in the gloom, when Arthur and Alice entered from the garden, where they had been walking among the roses for the past hour. I was too listless and miserable—besides being horribly jealous—to care whether I played the eaves-dropper or not; so I kept quite still, although I knew that I would be the listener to a lover's *tele-tele*.

"But, Arthur," said Alice, apparently continuing a conversation, "I thought when I saw you two together, that first day when I came, that you and Evelyn were lovers."

"We have never been so, my darling. You are my first and only love."

I think he drew her toward him then, and kissed her. Of course he did, though I could not see them, for my chair was turned from them and I dared not move. Presently Alice spoke again:

"Of course it is fortunate for me, Arthur, dear, that you should prefer my poor beauty to Evelyn's, but you know I can scarcely understand any man knowing her well and seeing her constantly without falling in love with her." "Well, sweetheart, if I had ever known her well enough not to feel afraid of her, and grown accustomed to her style of beauty, perhaps it is just possible I might have fallen in love with her if I had never seen you, my darling."

The blood seemed to rush back upon my heart and then surge up into my brain; there was a singing in my ears, and I heard no more.

When I returned to consciousness of what was going on about me, they were gone; but I had heard enough—too much!

Till those last words of Arthur's, I had tried to bear my misery bravely in dumb despair. I had persuaded myself not only that he had not loved me but never could have loved me; that Alice was the only one he ever could have loved at all, and so I must try to bear my anguish and my disappointment as best I could—but now! Those words from him let loose a fury in me! Had he never seen her he might have loved me—his own lips had said it. Heaven knows what wild and monstrous thoughts pursued each other though my frenzied brain then. I had not hated her till now, but I hated her from that moment—wished her dead, and would have laughed and rejoiced to see her die!

The moon had risen and was flooding all the world outside in silvery light, when Alice came into the room, and approaching me gayly, cried:

"Do come down to the lake. We might have a lovely row by moonlight, for I promised not to go to bed till Arthur came back—so I could say good-night again," she added, blushing brightly. "He has gone to the town with your brother. They must be back soon, but

we might have time for a row on the lake before they arrive—do come."

I rose without a word, wound the scarlet scarf on the back of my chair about my head and neck, and prepared to accompany her.

The lake was less than ten minutes' walk from the house and all the way there Alice kept up such a run of careless talk that, in the exuberance of her spirits, she didn't notice that I had scarcely spoken at all. When we had launched the little boat and jumped in to her, of course I did all the rowing, for the delicate snowflakes of hands that held Alice's oars merely toyed with their work. But I bent to mine with a will, and being strong and muscular, although only a slight girl, we were soon far out on the water. We were nearly half way across when Alice said, suddenly, after some minutes' silence:

"Evelyn, do you know the people about here say this lake is bottomless just half way across? Isn't it absurd—a little lake like this?"

"Yes, but it's terribly deep, and we are directly over the spot now which the country folks declare goes right through to the other side of the world."

"How perfectly ridiculous—just as if that was possible. But don't lean over in that way, Evelyn. If you upset the boat the lake is deep enough to drown us, even if it doesn't go quite to the other side of the world."

"What nonsense, Alice. When I bathe here I often swim as far out as this and back again just for exercise."

"Very likely, my fair Amazon; but as I can't swim, I prefer not to take my bath so far away from shore—ah!"

A loud shriek from Alice as I bent still further over, and in the next moment we were struggling in the water, and the boat floated from us, bottom upward. I thought for one moment I saw the white face of Alice above the water, but in the next instant it was gone, and though I think I regretted my act as soon as it was accomplished, I could do nothing to save her. But I shrieked for help.

My brother and Arthur, who had just arrived at the edge of the lake, plunged in and swam to our assistance. With some difficulty—I presently lost my consciousness—I was brought to land. But from that hour no mortal eye has looked upon her.

THE APPROPRIATIONS.

Ten of the regular appropriation bills were passed by congress, and show an excess over the total of the same bills at the last session of \$2,398,393.94. The army bill and the river and harbor bill failed. The following summary gives the history in brief of the bills of the present session:

THE PENSION BILL.	
Reported to the house.....	\$25,533,500 00
Passed the house.....	28,333,500 00
Passed the senate.....	28,333,500 00
As it became a law.....	28,333,500 00
Law of last year.....	25,533,500 00
Reduction.....	1,000,000 00

THE POSTOFFICE BILL.	
Reported to the house.....	\$32,985,625 00
Passed the house.....	32,221,618 00
Passed the senate.....	34,935,500 00
As it became a law.....	33,267,300 00
Law of last year.....	34,585,701 00
Reduction.....	1,318,401 00

THE FORTIFICATION BILL.	
Reported to the house.....	\$250,000 00
Passed the house.....	250,000 00
Passed the senate.....	350,000 00
As it became a law.....	300,000 00
Law of last year.....	315,000 00
Reduction.....	15,000 00

THE CONSULAR AND DIPLOMATIC BILL.	
Reported to the house.....	\$1,137,085 00
Passed the house.....	1,137,085 00
Passed the senate.....	1,138,097 00
As it became a law.....	1,136,845 50
Law of last year.....	1,187,197 50
Reduction.....	50,352 00

THE LEGISLATIVE, EXECUTIVE AND JUDICIAL BILL.	
Reported to the house.....	\$14,266,655 50
Passed the house.....	14,525,935 50
Passed the senate.....	16,311,986 80
As it became a law.....	15,314,960 30
Law of last year.....	1,537,960 00
Reduction.....	58,999 70

THE MILITARY ACADEMY BILL.	
Reported to the house.....	\$265,161 00
Passed the house.....	265,161 00
Passed the senate.....	299,505 00
As it became a law.....	286,604 00
Law of last year.....	299,065 00
Reduction.....	3,461 00

THE INDIAN BILL.	
Reported to the house.....	\$4,448,699 12
Passed the house.....	4,439,499 12
Passed the senate.....	5,154,935 69
As it became a law.....	4,751,499 12
Law of last year.....	4,572,762 01
Increase.....	178,737 11

THE DEFICIENCY BILL.	
Reported to the house.....	\$1,427,197 48
Passed the house.....	1,246,377 58
Passed the senate.....	3,315,054 42
As it became a law.....	2,398,956 33
Law of last year.....	2,908,177 69
Reduction.....	509,221 56

THE NAVAL BILL.	
Reported to the house.....	\$12,492,952 00
Passed the house.....	12,497,952 44
Passed the senate.....	17,049,952 40
As it became a law.....	15,549,952 40
Law of last year.....	12,742,155 40
Increase.....	808,797 00

THE SUNDRY CIVIL BILL.	
Reported to the house.....	\$14,948,795 46
Passed the house.....	15,446,807 35
Passed the senate.....	18,968,947 77
As it became a law.....	17,590,229 32
Law of last year.....	15,351,474 58

SUMMARY OF BILLS FOR 1877-8.

Pension bill.....	\$25,533,500 00
Postoffice bill.....	33,276,390 00
Fortification bill.....	300,000 00
Consular and Diplomatic bill.....	1,136,847 50
Legislative and executive bill.....	15,314,960 00
Military academy bill.....	286,604 00
Indian bill.....	4,751,499 12
Deficiency bill.....	2,398,956 33
Naval bill.....	15,549,952 40
Sundry civil bill.....	17,590,229 32

Total of ten bills.....	\$119,129,938 87
Total of same bills last year, 116,757,642 93	
There were passed.....	

IN ADDITION TO THESE, two small bills, the house deficiency bill, \$139,254.98, and the printing deficiency bill of \$450,000. The house committee on appropriations attempted a reduction of about \$300,000 in the naval appropriation, but failed in the effort. The bill as passed appropriates about \$700,000 more than last year's bill, but this is \$2,500,000 less than Robeson and the senate would have had it. The senate attempted to raise the amount of the pay of the navy over a million dollars above

THE HOUSE FIGURES, but they split the difference, and fixed it at \$600,000. The house sought to fix the item for the bureau of equipment and recruiting at \$700,000, but finally allowed \$970,000. Of this amount \$10,000 is immediately available for provisions and clothing. The item for the bureau of construction and repair is \$1,750,000, which is almost exactly one-half less than the senate demanded. The item for the bureau of engraving is \$942,000, for which the senate demanded \$2,000,000.

THE MAIN POINT on which the senate yielded was its demand that \$1,500,000 for construction and repair and \$750,000 for engineering should be immediately available. This would have helped out Mr. Robeson and the new administration beautifully, but they yielded to prevent an extra session. The bill is in all its minor details the same as the bill last year. The house yielded the scheme for a mixed commission on the navy, which was Whitthorne's pet hobby, and which was attached to this bill.

THE GREATEST VICTORY OF THE HOUSE was on the post-office bill, which they succeeded in reducing a million below the appropriation of last year, in spite of the growing demands of the department. The senate undertook to pass in this bill subsidies of half a million for the Pacific mail steamship company's Asiatic line, and the same amount for the mail service between New Orleans and Rio Janeiro. The schemes were two of the greatest jobs that appeared in congress, and their defeat was a great good fortune for the country. The second one was merely a cover for a sale of one or more iron steamships by John Roach, of Philadelphia, the provision being that the ship should be "accepted" by some naval officer to be appointed by the secretary of the navy. The following are

THE PRINCIPLE ITEMS of this bill: Compensation of postmasters, \$7,250,000; payment of letter-carriers, \$1,825,000; rent, light and fuel, \$400,000; clerks in post-offices, \$3,340,000; advertising, \$60,000; stationary, \$55,000; miscellaneous incidental items, \$80,000; inland mail transportation, \$9,250,000. Of this amount the bill says \$150,000 may be used for

THE FAST MAILS.

The department demanded \$250,000. Other items are as follows: Compensation to railway post-office clerks, \$1,225,000; route agents, \$1,000,000; mail-route messengers, \$150,000; local agents, \$110,000; mail messengers, \$670,000; mail-bags and bag catchers, \$200,000; manufacture of stamps, \$150,747; manufacture of stamped envelopes and newspaper wrappers, \$600,000; manufacture of postal cards, \$300,000; transportation of foreign mails, \$250,000.

THE AMOUNT ACTUALLY APPROPRIATED and available under this bill in excess of the revenues of the department is \$2,932,725. The amount of \$6,000 is appropriated to continue the post-office commission, so-called, and the bill instructs the postmaster-general to cause a careful inquiry to be made into the compensation paid to clerks in post-offices with a view to more equitable adjustment and reduction thereof. He is also required to inquire into the number of letter-carriers in cities, and to reduce the number of them and the number of deliveries to the reasonable requirements of the public service. The effort to reduce the pay of the carriers in this bill failed entirely.

AN IRISH REVIEW says that in Dublin society the professional classes are everything and the commercial classes nothing; that wealthy tradespeople are always persistently endeavoring to gain a social footing in Dublin, but are sternly resisted by the "professionocracy," that no seamstress works so hard as the wives of rich Dublin traders trying to fight their way into the charmed ring of lawyers and doctors.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE RICH.

The following is from an article by Dr. Holland, in Scribner for March:

True amusement is of two kinds, viz., active and passive. The active and weary man and woman—those who exhaust every day their vital energies in

work—take naturally to passive amusement. A lady of our acquaintance, engaged daily in severe intellectual tasks, says that nothing rests her like seeing other people work. For this she goes to the theater, and the play upon her emotions there rests, and recreates her. Indeed, it is the emotional side of the nature, and not the active, which furnishes play to those who are weary with the use of their faculties. This fact covers the secret of the popular success of what is called emotional preaching. People who have been engaged all the week in exhausting labor of any kind do not take kindly to a high intellectual feast on Sunday. They want to be moved and played upon. This rests and interests them, while the profound discussion of great problems in life and religion wearies and bores them. They are not up to it. They are weary and jaded in that part of their nature which such a discussion engages. The emotions which have been blunted and suppressed by their pursuits are hungry. So every form of amusement that truly meets their wants must be emotive, and must leave them free to rest in those faculties which are weary.

On the other hand, the young, who are brimming with animal life, and who fail to exhaust it in study, call for active amusements, and they must have them. And here the parent is in danger of making a great mistake. Unless a boy is a milk-sop, he must do something or die. If he cannot do something in his home, or in the homes of his companions, he will do something elsewhere. It is only within a few years that parents have begun to be sensible upon this matter. The billiard-table, which a few years ago was only associated with dissipation, now has an honored place and the largest room in every rich man's house. The card-table, that once was a synonym of wickedness, is a part of the rich man's furniture, which his children may use at will, in the pursuit of a harmless game. A good many manufactured sins have been dethroned from their fictitious life and eminence, and put to beneficent family service on behalf of the young. Athletic sports, such as skating, boating, shooting, ball playing, running and leaping, have sprung into great prominence within the past few years—amusements of just the character for working off the excessive vitality of young men, and developing their physical power. This is all well—a reform in the right direction. Much of this is done before the public eye, and in the presence of young women, which helps to restrain all tendencies to excesses and dissipation.

The activities of young women take another direction, and nothing seems to us more hopeful than the pursuits in which they engage. The rich young woman in these days, who does not marry, busies herself in tasteful and intellectual pursuits. The reading-club, the Shakespeare club, the drawing class, and kindred associations, employ her spare time; and now there is hardly a more busy person living than the rich woman who is through with her boarding-school. The poor, who suppose that the rich young woman leads an idle life, are very much mistaken. The habits of voluntary industry now adopted and practiced by the young women of America, in good circumstances, are most gratefully surprising. One of them who is not so busy during the winter that she really needs a recuperating summer, is an exception. Our old ideas of the lazy, fashionable girl must be set aside. They are all at work at something. It may not bring them money, but it brings what is much better to them—the content that comes of an earnest and fruitful pursuit. It may take the form of amusement, but it results in a training for self-helpfulness and industry.

So, while not much can be done for the adult in this matter of amusement, much is done for the young, and much that will help to give us a generation of older men and women, who will not be content with the poor business of killing time. For it must be remembered that while the young women "assist" at the athletic games of the young men, the young men are indispensable to the intellectual associations of the young women. They meet together, and stimulate and help each other; and it does not seem possible that either party should ever subside into those time-killers who haunt the clubs established for men, or those jaded women who drag themselves around to dinners and lunches and thronged assemblies.