CHARLOTTE MESSENGER.

VOL. I. NO. 22. CHARLOTTE, MECKLENBURG CO., N. C., NOVEMBER 18, 1882. W. C. SMITH, Publisher.

Times and Seasons.

There's a time—the proverb tells us—
For all things under the sun;
Even so may be proper seasons
For good works to be done,
And for good words to be said.
In the fear lest I or you
May miss the happy occasions,
Let us here note down a few.

When the trees are heavy with leaves,
When the leaves lie underfoot,
When fruit on the board is frequent,
And while there is rind or root;
When the rain comes down from the heavens,
When the sun comes after rain,
When the autumn fields are waving
With the weight of golden grain;

When the hills are purple with heather,
When the fells are black with cold,
When the larches are gay with their tassels red,
When nuts are shrivel'd and old;
Whenever there's growth in the spring-time,
Or June close follows May,
And so long as the first of January
Happens on New Year's day;

When mushrooms spring in the meadows,
Or toadstools under the trees,
When the gnats gyrate in the sunshine,
When the oak-boughs strain in the breeze;
In the days of the cuckoo and swallow,
When the sea-gulls flee the foam,
When the night-jar croons in the gloaming,
Or the owl goes silently home;

When the lake is a placid mirror,
When the mountains melt in mist,
When the depths of the lake are as pillars of gold
On a floor of amethyst;
When a rainbow spans the morning,
When the thunder rends the night,
When the snow on the hills is rosy red
With the blush of the wakening light;

When the soul is heavy with sadness,
When the tears fall drop by drop,
When the heart is glad as the heart of him
Who climbs to a mountain-top;
When youth unrolls like a bracken-frond,
When age is grandly gray
As the side of a crag that is riven and scarr'd
With the storms of yesterday:—

Believe that in all of these seasons
Some good may be done or said,
And whenever the loving thought and will
Are loving enough to wed;
And well is it with the happy heart
That hath thoroughly understood
How the "time for all things under the sun"
Is always the time for good.

—*W. J. Linton, in St. Nicholas.*

Getting Into Society.

"I tell you, Jack, the farm is not your vocation. I become more and more convinced of the fact every day, and less contented with the life we are leading."

Breakfast was over, and we stood on the farmhouse portico arm in arm. On the sill sat baby, screaming with delight as she fed a pair of pet pigeons from her dimpled hands.

Our breakfast had been a delicious one—coffee clear as amber, bread like snow, and steak done to a turn.

All about us was a green tangle of sweetbrier and honeysuckle; the sun was just rising above the mountain peaks, and the morning air was sweet and fresh, and filled with exquisite woodland odors, and musical with the song of birds. We could catch a glimpse of the barn and the poultry-yards from where we stood, and hear the plaintive lowing of the kine and the dreamlike tinkle of their bells.

I felt a vague sort of conviction that Jack had but little sympathy with my spirit of discontent, yet I was determined to carry my point if possible.

"You are dissatisfied with your lot—I see that plainly, Nell," said Jack, a trifle sadly.

"Oh, nonsense!" I put in. "Not with my lot, nor with you, only with the farm, Jack. I'm tired to death with this prosy, humdrum life, and I hate to see you delving and toiling like a slave from one year's end to another. You were born for something better, Jack—something grander and nobler. Fancy a man of your abilities sowing grain and digging potatoes and raising stock to his life's end!"

"But, my dear," suggested Jack, "one must live and have bread and butter."

"To be sure, Jack; but why not earn it in a more genteel fashion?"

"Honest labor is always genteel, Nell."

"Oh, pshaw! you understand me, Jack. I mean that you have capacities for something better. You only cling to the old farm to please your father, when you could do a hundredfold better elsewhere. And, besides, where is our society in this place, Jack? What chance is there for our children as they grow up?"

Jack laughed as he glanced down at baby, who was struggling furiously to get a pigeon's head in her mouth.

"Ah, Nell, that is looking so far ahead," he said; "and, my dear, you seem to forget that I have lived here all my life!"

"No, no, I don't forget. And pray what have you done, Jack?"

"Led an upright life and married yourself in the end."

"But you didn't pick me up among the clover-blossoms, Jack, don't forget that. You found me in town, and Jack, dear, I'm anxious to get back to my native element. I'm tired of all this. You can get on ever so nicely in town, Jack, and there we can get into society."

"I'm not overfond of society, Nell."

"Oh, but you should be for my sake, Jack. I'm fond of it. I hate to live like a hermit. Why, Jack, if we desired to give a little party to-morrow we could not for lack of guests."

"Dear me, Nell, why I could muster scores."

"Of a certain sort, yes; but I don't want them Jack. I'm a little peculiar in my notions. I want no society but the best; the—the—sort of society one gets into in town."

"Fashionable society, Nell."

"Well then, why not? You have means, Jack, and I flatter myself that we are fitted to move in any circle. Why should we bury ourselves in this wilderness?"

"Our means are not inexhaustible, Nell."

"I'm aware of that, Jack, but we've enough for a start, and Vanborough offers you a good place in the bank."

"At a limited salary, Nell."

"Oh, yes, but you can work your way up, Jack; right up to the topmost round of the ladder. Do let's go, Jack! I've lived here to please you ever since our marriage; I think you can afford to please me a little now."

Jack sighed as he looked out upon his ripening grain fields, but he drew me close to his heart and kissed me.

"That's true," he said; "you can't be expected to care for the farm as I do, Nell. I promised to make you happy when you consented to become my wife, and I'll try and keep my word. You shall have it all your own way, Nell."

The continuous dropping of water wears away the solid stone. I had conquered my husband at last, and the desire of my heart was about to be accomplished.

When Jack once made up his mind to do a thing he did it with all his might. The matter was soon settled. Cherry Hill, as we called the farm, was sold at a great sacrifice, and one fine sunny morning we turned our backs upon the breezy mountain summits and golden grain fields, and journeyed cityward.

"I'm afraid you've made a big mistake," said Jack's father, as he bade us good-bye, "you'd better have stuck to the farm. You remember the old saying about rolling stones?"

"I don't believe in old sayings, sir," I answered, loftily; "and I think I can appreciate my husband's abilities better than any one else can."

"All right; I hope you won't find yourself mistaken, my dear. Good-bye to both of you. Whatever you do, care well for the little one. I'm afraid she won't like the change. If you happen to tire of town and fashion don't forget that a welcome always awaits you at home."

Jack's heart was too full for utterance.

"Thank you, sir," I said, "but we shall not get tired."

Our new home in Penryth was a stylish residence in a fashionable block. We established ourselves in the principal hotel, and then set about the task of furnishing the house.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Vanborough, the banker's wife, dropping in for an early call, "don't dream of such a thing as ingrain carpet. Get brussels, by all means, good English brussels. You'll find it much cheaper in the end, and besides it is so much more stylish."

We hearkened to our friend's advice and laid our rooms with brussels, and the cost ran up into hundreds.

Then furniture we got to match, Mrs. Vanborough and several other friends aiding us in our selection, and all sorts of pretty, costly bric-a-brac, and real lace curtains, and a new cottage piano. My old instrument was too plain and clumsy for the new establishment.

There is a curious sort of excitement in spending money, which seems to drive the most sober and economizing people desperate, when they once get at it. Jack had always been the most careful of men, counting the cost of everything as he went and saving every stray penny.

Once in the vortex of city life his prudence was speedily changed into a sort of recklessness. After the first few days, and by the time our new home was ready to receive us, he actually seemed to take delight in seeing his money go.

"We've got snug quarters here, Nell, by George!" he said, looking through the extravagantly furnished rooms with admiring pride. "No one in town can outshine us, not even Vanborough himself. It has lightened our purse a good deal, I'll admit, but what does that signify? What good comes of having money unless one enjoys it?"

"We must try and save up a little now, Jack, since we are fixed so nicely," I said, feeling somewhat terrified at his growing recklessness.

"Pshaw, child! Whoever heard of a banker's clerk saving anything. If we make both ends meet it will be more than I look for."

"My dear," said Mrs. Vanborough, when we were pleasantly settled in our handsome house and had hired a couple of servants "I suppose you will want to give some sort of a party now. Suppose you let it be an informal reception, with cards and coffee for the old people, and ices and fruits and dancing for the young ones? That would do nicely. You can throw your parlors into one, and the new carpets will not get much injured. I'll help you to order your refreshments, and Cecelia will write out your invitations for you. She's an excellent judge as to whom it is expedient to invite."

I mentioned the matter to Jack when he came home, and he entered into the spirit of the affair with great excitement.

"To be sure, my little wife, have a party by all means. When one's in Rome, one must do as Romans do, you know. Don't spare expense either, my dear; we must make as good a show as other people. And I shall take it upon myself to order your costume. I want you to look as grand as a little empress."

"But Jack," I suggested, timidly, "we are spending a great deal of money."

"Oh, well, never mind. It will all go, anyhow, one way or the other, and we might as well enjoy it. You've always wanted to get into good society, Nell, and you're fairly in now, and it won't do to let people see that you are cramped for money. Let's make the most of it while we've got it."

My heart ached a little; and in the midst of all the flare and flutter of preparation, I was conscious of a vague feeling of regret whenever I recalled the quiet months of my early wifehood spent at Cherry Hill. Jack had seemed such a different person in those days—so strong and steady and self-reliant; and now he seemed to take as much pleasure in life's frivolities as I did. With the foolish inconsistency of my sex, I sat down and cried over the consummation of the very hopes which I had cherished so long.

But, despite my tears, our reception went on and it turned out to be a great success. The best people in town honored us with their presence, and everything, thanks to Mrs. Vanborough's foresight, was carried out in the most lavish and elegant manner.

"By George," said Jack, "this sort of thing is jollier than the old farm. I see now, little wife, that you were right, always right."

I would ten times rather he should have upbraided me for what I had done.

The winter that followed was exceedingly gay. We were invited everywhere, and our house was constantly filled with guests. Balls, soirees, kettledrums and the opera, seemed to engross every hour. Jack and I seldom had a quiet moment together, yet he seemed to enjoy it with his whole heart.

When spring came our last surplus dollar had been expended, and we were solely dependent on Jack's monthly salary.

The warm weather came on, and baby soon fell ill. I hoped day by day that Jack would say something about going back to his father's for the summer, but he did not even hint at such a thing.

The days grew longer and warmer. The sun shone down with a pitiless splendor, and the paved streets seemed like heated brass.

Our fashionable friends fluttered off like summer swallows, and we were left almost alone.

"Couldn't you manage to make a little trip to the seashore, my dear?" Mrs. Vanborough had suggested, and Jack had caught at the idea with eagerness.

"We might, Nell. I think we can. I'll try and borrow a few hundreds somewhere."

"Oh, Jack, no, no!" I sobbed out in my remorse and despair. "I won't go to the seashore. You see how ill baby is. Oh, Jack, ask your father to let us return home."

"Oh, you wouldn't be satisfied, Nell, if we went back. It is dreadfully stupid down there these summer days, with the haymaking, and the reaping, and all that sort of thing. We should never be able to endure it now."

I said no more. The long, bright, burning days wore on, and our bills ran up higher and higher, and baby's little breath seemed to grow weaker and weaker, and poor Jack himself began to look dreadfully ill and worn. And one afternoon he was sent home in a carriage, quite unconscious, stricken down by a sudden fever.

I put my pride aside then and wrote a letter to Jack's father.

"Jack and baby are both ill, and we are sick and tired of this life. Pray forgive us, and let us come home."

The very next day the dear old gentleman arrived, but the bailiffs and the officers of the law were there before him. The rumor that we intended to leave town had got out, and our creditors rushed in, anxious to secure the lion's share of our effects. The Brussels carpet, the handsome furniture and costly bric-a-brac all went under the hammer at a disastrously low figure.

"Never mind," said my father-in-law, not a shadow of reproach on his kind old face; "let them squabble over it if they will. We must get our sick ones home."

As we got Jack into the carriage, and with his poor hot head upon my face, and baby in my arms, I turned my back upon the scene of my short-lived triumph.

"We are going back to Cherry Hill," said the old gentleman, as in the dusk of the golden day we drove through the dewy stillness of the mountain ravine. "The old home has been waiting for you all these months. I was pretty sure you'd want to come back."

I could not utter one word in answer. A great full moon was rising above the mountain peaks as we reached the house. Not the smallest thing was changed. The great red roses bloomed on the terrace, the bees droned in their hive and the cattle-bells tinkled in the barnyard. The doors stood wide open. We carried Jack in and laid him down in the broad, breezy room that had been our bridal chamber.

He opened his eyes and drew a deep, quivering breath, as the mountain breeze touched his throbbing head.

"Nell, where are you?" he said. "Surely this must be home?"

"I am here, Jack," I answered, through my tears, "and this is home, dear; old Cherry Hill."

"Thank God!" he murmured, and fell back upon the pillows, and I saw great tears trickling slowly from beneath his closed eyelids.

Beyond the open window, in the silver glory of the rising moon, the old grandfather sat, with baby at his feet, half hidden in the rank, cool grass, and even at that late hour the pigeons came fluttering round her as of old, and she screamed with rapture as she clutched at them with her thin little hands.

I arose softly and fell on my knees beside Jack's low pillow.

"Oh, Jack," I sobbed, "I have been so wicked. Forgive me, Jack, forgive me. I am so glad to be at home again."

His worn face grew radiant, and his dear arms held me close.

And then and there, clasped to my husband's heart, in the safe, sweet shelter of the home he loved, I understood all the past.

"You didn't mean it, Jack," I whispered. "You only pretended to enjoy it all to please me."

He smiled at me with his grave fond smile.

"And, oh, Jack, our money is all gone, and—"

He silenced me with a kiss.

"No matter, little woman, the lesson we have learned has been cheaply bought. We shall not care to leave the safe old mountain nest in search of fashion and society again."

I could not answer. I heard my baby cooing to the pigeons in the grass, and sat there, clasped in Jack's forgiving arms, the happiest woman the world held.

It is the young girl of engaging manners who naturally becomes engaged first.

So Goes the World.

When I wear the cap and bells,
Many friends have I:
Unto careless, merry hearts,
Merry hearts reply.
Just as this old earth of ours
Dimples in a hundred flowers,
When above, in summer's hours,
Laughs a summer sky.

When grief bides with me, alas!
Not a friend have I;
Sad hearts meet on every side
With a cold "Good-bye."
Just as this old earth of ours
Parts with all the drooping flowers,
When above, in autumn hours,
Glooms a somber sky.

—*Margaret Eytinge.*

HUMOROUS.

A St. Louis horse chews tobacco. We have often seen a fast driven horse smoke.

Some tramps refuse to eat chops because they are so suggestive of the woodpile.

Hindoo girls are taught to think of marriage as soon as they can talk. American girls are not. They don't require teaching.—*Philadelphia News.*

An exchange asks, "Where do the hats go?" Well, some go to the attic, but the most of them go out with their owners. Ask us an easy one.—*New York Commercial.*

It is not good to take tea in the middle of the day. The man who tried it, in an Austin grocery store, when he thought the clerk was not looking, is our authority.—*Siftings.*

Bumbleton had a severe strain on his conscience the other day. He aims to be the most honest of critics, and on being asked by the father of an animated fog-horn how he liked his daughter's voice, he replied: "She sings like a Patti-(under his breath)-gonian!"—*Musical Herald.*

Paris wit: The inexpert huntsman having missed five partridges in succession, blazes away at a sixth and cries exultingly to the gamekeeper: "There! I hit him! I saw the feathers fly! Didn't they?" The gamekeeper: "Yes, sir, they flew—they flew off with the bird!"

A South End man has taught his dog, when offered sausage, to smell of it and then turn away with a mournful howl, and when he goes into a butcher's shop where there are a lot of folks, offers the dog a sausage and the dog does the act, it is awful embarrassing for the butcher, and, if he gets a chance, he kicks the dog.—*Boston Post.*

Blotting paper was discovered in 1455. Previous to that, when a man dropped a splotch of ink on the lower left hand corner of his paper, he would give it a lick with his tongue toward the upper right hand corner and make a better picture of the comet of 1880 than any that has yet appeared in the illustrated papers.—*Norristown Herald.*

When we see the young man of the period, with the cutaway coat, his ears sheltered from the cold north wind blasts by the broad expanse of collar, his two watch chains, but no watch, his pointed shoes and intellectual eye-glass, his tootsey-wootsey cane and pan-cake hat, we realize that the $84,000,000 annually expended in educating the American youth is little enough.—*Rochester Express.*

General Terry says that those Indians who have been placed upon farms and given cows to tend are perfectly wrapped up in their occupation, and show no disposition to go on the war path. Naturally. The man who has three or four cows to keep track of has all he wants to do without going scalp-hunting; and besides, after an experience in circumventing the cussedness of a cow, Indian fighting must be a mighty tame and uninteresting business.

The *Scientific American* says: "An invention that will be appreciated by travelers who play chess en voyage is that reported from Berlin of an iron chess-board, with magnetized men, that will hold in place, no matter how often the ship or the car rolls over." When a ship rolls over a few times, or when a car gets to the bottom of an embankment, we can imagine how much a traveler will appreciate an iron chess-board with magnetized men. —*Texas Siftings.*

The Minneapolis *Tribune* says that goats are the best land cleaners known. It mentions that a herd of 1,000 entirely cleared a piece of brush land, consisting of 500 acres, in three years. So complete was the work that not a vestige of undergrowth was left.