CHARLOTTE MESSENGER.

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NEVER SATISFIED.

In winter, when the nights are long,
And Boreas rules—a cruel king—
We long and linger for the spring,
And dream we hear the bluebird's song.

In spring, when days and nights are even,
And storm and sunshine strive together,
We weary of the changing weather,
And sigh for summer's fervid heaven.

In summer, when the nights are brief,
And days are long, and glow with heat,
We chide Time's slowly moving feet,
And long for autumn's falling leaf.

In autumn, when with even beam
The balance holds both night and day,
We sigh that summer goes, and say
"The winter comes; we sleep and dream."

Where is the season of content?
Where is the hour of perfect peace?
Alas, the search may never cease
Till all the days of life are spent!

—*Frank J. Ottarson, in Clipper.*

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

My name is Roderick McStivers, and I'm a native of the good old town of Tadmouth; I'm forty years old, if I'm a day, and, if I do say it, as good-looking for my age as any man you ever set eyes on. Twenty years ago I was fully as handsome as I am now, and at that time I was engaged to the charming Mary Black, the belle of Tadmouth. That was the beginning of all my woe—that engagement. I was poor then (I own the largest boot manufactory in Tadmouth to-day), and the Lord only knew when I should be able to marry Mary. But she said she didn't care; she could wait two or three centuries just as well as not, if I'd only be true to her meantime.

"Those were days when my heart was volcanic," but the old gentleman's pulpitator was as hard and cold as a cast iron grindstone. The paternal Black did not believe much in love, you see.

He had married for money, and, in his opinion, that was the only thing worth marrying for; and so, instead of throwing his child away upon a miserable vagabond like myself, he very unceremoniously showed me the door one evening, and the very next day brought a lover of his own choosing home to Mary. The lover's name was Bunsby, and he rolled in gold, metaphorically speaking; owned a fine house in New York, and had horses, carriages and servants "too numerous to mention." Oh, why should I linger over this period of my existence. I'm sure I don't know why, and hang me if I do.

You guess the rest. Mary was dazzled with her new lover's wealth. She forgot poor Roderick McStivers, and married Thomas Bunsby, Esq., and I—I, alas, was not invited to the wedding! Anything more heartless than the above can scarcely be imagined. I suppose I might have "gone into mourning." They told me I couldn't be a nun on account of my sex.

"Oh, what shall I do?" I asked, in a voice that sounded horribly strange, notwithstanding that it was my own. I defy you to tell me what I did do. In the light of my twenty years' experience, I am convinced that I did the best thing I could under the circumstances. I married my boarding mistress. She was thirty-five and I was twenty years of age; she was—

A maid unmatched in manners as in face,
Skilled in each art, and crowned with every grace.

And, though I never learned to love her extravagantly, I must confess that she could make the best apple dumplings that I ever ate. In the course of time I became a father. A daughter was born to us, and we called her Julia, after my grandmother, who was the most beautiful woman in the country, to judge from the portrait now before me. My daughter looks much as her grandmother did at her age. Well, as I said, a daughter was born to us and a son was born to Bunsby, and they called him Tom. We heard of the last mentioned even up here in Tadmouth, but for years and years I never saw either Mary or her son, notwithstanding they used to visit her father quite often while the old gentleman lived. But at last Mr. Black was gathered to his fathers, and at about the same time my wife was gathered to her mothers, and I was left alone with my little Julia. I was rich then—the wealthiest man in Tadmouth—and I had built me a fine house, the same that I have lived in ever since, with my little Julia as housekeeper. Well, how things will come about! Last summer young Tom Bunsby came out to Tadmouth and put up at the hotel—they have quite a number of summer boarders there—and the first thing the young man did was to fall in love with my daughter Julia. Of course the poor fellow was not to blame. He couldn't help it, for she was the most bewitching little woman that you ever saw, notwithstanding that old McStivers is her father.

He saw her first at a picnic, danced with her, kissed her in the ring, and walked home with her at night. I remember the evening very well. I was sitting in my library, smoking a cigar and thinking of the late Mrs. McStivers—oh, those apple dumplings! my mouth waters every time I think of them—when, the windows being open, I heard voices at the door. I knew it was Julia, and I knew she had a young fellow with her, and, tear my wig, if he wasn't begging for a kiss.

How silvery sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears.

I remarked confidentially to McStivers. In about five minutes Julia came in blushing like a ten-acre flower garden, and looking as lovely as a fairy queen.

"Oh, papa! I've had such a splendid time!" said she, throwing herself into my arms and kissing the cuticle off from my right cheek.

"Yes, I should think so, particularly during the last five minutes," I remarked.

"Oh, father!" and she hid her face in my whiskers.

"Who was it, my dear?" I inquired.

"Mr. Thomas Bunsby."

"Tom Bunsby!" I yelled, springing to my feet, while my eyes rolled fearfully.

My daughter fell at my feet the picture of terrified terror or horrified horror; I can't tell which.

"Girl!" said I, in a voice of thunder and lightning, "did you know Tom Bunsby's father?"

"No-o."

"Or his mother?"

"No."

"Or his grandfather?"

"No."

"I'm sorry," said I, making a terrible effort to calm myself, "I'm very sorry that you didn't know his grandfather, very sorry, indeed; because the old gentleman kicked me out of his front door once for daring to make love to his daughter; and, by Jove, girl, if young Tom Bunsby comes here to see you I'll serve him in the same manner. Oh, revenge is sweet—'tis sweet."

Julia got up then.

"Can I go now, father?" she asked.

"Yes; but remember, no more of Tom Bunsby. Good-night."

Time passed on and Julia seemed the same as usual. Whether she saw Tom or not I did not know at the time, though I have since learned that they were in the habit of meeting quite frequently. No, I did not know that they met, but I suspected that they might, and to prevent any chance of an elopement I never allowed Julia to go out in the evening unless I went with her, and at 10 o'clock every night the doors and windows were all made fast against burglars and lovers, and we slept secure until morning. You perceive by this that I am not one of those who wait until the mare is stolen before locking the stable. Well, it was one night about a month after that, after locking up the house as usual, I retired to my room, and, disrobing this lovely form of mine, crept into bed. I had just finished my first nap, and had turned over for the second, when the door-bell rang. And how it did ring. Egad! I thought they'd pull it down. Was it fire, burglars, or did somebody mistake my house for the doctor's? I didn't stop to think, but throwing on my clothes in the shortest possible time, I rushed downstairs and threw open the door, holding my revolver straight out before me as I did so.

"A note for you, sir," said a small boy, handing me a folded paper. My first thought was that it was a telegraphic dispatch.

"Anything to pay?" I asked.

"No, sir," and the boy vanished in the thick darkness. Closing the door, I tore open the note and read:

MR. MCSTIVERS—Your daughter will elope to-night with Tom Bunsby, if she has not already. If you find her not in her room, run to the hotel—room fifteen, first flight. Adieu. JOE KERR.

All the tiger in the McStiverses was aroused. I dashed madly upstairs, and, throwing open Julia's door, rushed in. Alas! I was too late. She was gone—the bird had flown. She had not been in bed that night. I did not continue the search there, but flew on the wings of the wind out of the room, out of the house and along the street till I reached the Tadmouth hotel. The clerk was dozing in the office and did not see me when I entered. I did not speak, but crept cautiously upstairs and along the corridor until I reached No. 15.

"Death to Bunsby," I muttered through my clinched teeth.

Oh, how ferocious I must have looked. My blood curdles even now while I think of it. I knocked at the door.

"I will call him out and shoot him in his tracks," said I. But no one answered the knock. I tried the door. Ha, it was unlocked. I entered the room. The above four words are of terrible import, and I want you to consider them well. The gas was burning, but all was still, save the soft breathing of a sleeper, sitting in a rocking-chair, and whose face was hidden from me by the back of the chair. I sprang forward, seized an arm and with the celerity of lightning yanked the sleeper into the middle of the floor. The ex-sleeper screamed. I yelled once, and then, with a musical groan, fell to the floor, tearing my hair as I went.

"Roderick!" said the screamer.

"Oh, heavens! where am I? Ma-mary, is it you? Where is—is Bunsby?"

"Dead."

"And you?"

"I'm a widow; and you?"

"I'm—I'm a widower," I answered, with a groan.

"I always loved you, Roderick," said she.

"And you are just as handsome as ever," said I.

"You acted very rudely to-night," said she.

"Very much so," said I. "Where is your son?"

"I know not. He loves your daughter and she loves him—and I love you."

Mary blushed.

"And Bunsby's dead?"

"Bunsby's dead!"

"Mary," said I, "may I be a second Bunsby—that is—oh—ah! will you be mine?"

She threw herself into my arms. Just then I heard footsteps; I turned, and saw Tom and Julia standing at the door.

"The deuce!" cried Tom.

"No, no, it's my father!" said Julia. "Oh, father, won't you forgive us?"

There was a queer twinkle in her eyes when she said that.

"Forgive you for what?"

"For marrying Tom. I'll promise not to do it again."

"And will you forgive me for marrying his mother, as I mean to do to-morrow?"

"Oh, will you, pa?"

"I will if somebody'll tell me who wrote that note to me to-night," said I.

"I wrote it," replied Tom, with a laugh. "Julia was hid in her closet when you went to her room, and when you rushed out of the house she followed you, met me, the minister was waiting, and we were quickly made one flesh. But how came you in this room?"

"The note said I should find you here."

"Yes, I thought you would like to see my mother, though she didn't know you was coming. But how did you get in?"

"I forgot to lock the door," said Mary.

"How lucky," said I. "We'll have another wedding to-morrow. And now good-night."

I kissed Mary and the dear children—bless them!—and then, taking my hat, returned to my home, a much happier man than I had been in years.

There was a wedding next day, a quiet affair, and then a short tour.

At present we are all at home—Tom, Julia, Mary and I—and if you don't believe my story, just come down to Tadmouth and inquire. Everybody knows me here.

The World's Greatest Desert.

The desert of Sahara, according to an address by Professor Guida Cora to the Italian Geographical society, has a total area of 3,700,000 square miles, not more than one-fifth of which is covered by sand. The mean elevation of the desert is from 1,300 to 1,650 feet above sea-level, but its mountain chains attain a height of from 6,550 to 8,200 feet. In some parts rains occur only once in twenty years, while in others there is a regular rainy season. While the temperature rises to 122 degrees, it sometimes falls below twenty degrees, and snow and ice cover the summit of the highest mountain summits during several months of the year. The animals and plants are of much interest and importance. The human population numbers about 3,000,000, and the desert contains towns of from 5,000 to 10,000 inhabitants.

Parliament is the pow-wow behind the throne.

Risky Marksmanship.

Dr. Frank Powell, of Lacrosse, Wis., who has an extensive practice as surgeon and physician, has likewise attained celebrity as an expert marksman with either rifle or pistol. For some unexplained reason he has received the sobriquet of "White Beaver," and by that sobriquet he is familiarly known throughout the Northwest. Recently a party of grangers from Minnesota sought him out, and for their edification, and especially that of one of their number who fancied he "could shoot some," the doctor gave a display of his prowess. After having rapidly, at a distance of about twenty yards, fired six shots from his rifle against the edge of a silver quarter inserted in the target, imbedding it deeply in the soft pine plank, his friend Richardson, says the Lacrosse *Sunday News*, placed himself in front of the target with a stump of a cigar in his mouth; this the doctor shot away, leaving barely an inch between R.'s lips. White Beaver then laid his rifle aside, and, producing a caliber 22 pistol, placed upon the head of his assistant a pint bottle cork; a report, and the cork was blown to pieces. Then a peanut shell was placed upon R.'s nose; a shot, and that, too, lay scattered upon the floor. Taking a knife blade he fastened it firmly against the target. Upon each side of the blade he placed a tiny bell; then calling his office boy, he placed between the youth's fingers his Masonic ring, previously covered with a piece of white paper. Between the boy and the target Richardson stood with a cigar in his mouth. Stepping back fully fifty feet, White Beaver raised his rifle, and with an "All ready, steady," to his assistants, fired; a report, and simultaneously two sharp rings from the bells. The ball was found to have passed through the finger-ring, snuffed the ashes from R.'s cigar, and splitting upon the knife blade, had glanced and rung both bells.

Origin of the Barber Pole.

In the records of the English parliament for the last century we read that Lord Thurlow, when he opposed the surgeons' incorporation bill in the house of peers, on July 17, 1797, stated that by a statute still in force the barbers and surgeons were each to use a pole. The barbers were to have theirs blue and whited striped, with no other appendage; but the surgeons', which were the same in other respects, were likewise to have a gallipot and a red rag to denote the particular nature of their vocation.

The origin of the barbers' poles is to be traced to the period when the barbers were also surgeons and practiced bleeding. To assist this operation it became necessary for the patient to grasp a staff; a stick or pole was always kept by the barber-surgeon, together with the fillet or bandage he used for tying the patient's arm. When the pole was not in use the tape was tied to it, that they might be both together when wanted.

On a person coming to be bled the tape was disengaged from the pole and bound round the arm, and the pole was put into the person's hand. After the operation was concluded the tape was again tied upon the pole, and the pole and tape were often hung at the door for a sign or notice to passers-by that they might there be bled. Doubtless the competition for custom was great, for our ancestors believed thoroughly in bleeding, and they demanded the operation frequently. At length, instead of hanging out the identical pole used in the operation, a pole was painted with stripes around it, in imitation of the real pole and bandage, and thus came the sign.

That the use of the pole in bleeding was very ancient appears from an illumination in a missal in the time of Edward I. In other ancient volumes there are engravings of the like practice. "Such a staff," says Brand, who mentions these graphic illusions, "is to this very day put into the hands of patients undergoing phlebotomy by every village practitioner."

A Matrimonial Division.

A man and wife who had lived together in this vicinity nearly thirty years got to quarreling, and it was arranged to have a board placed in the center of the bed as a sort of dividing line. This lasted some time, until one morning, when the old man was lying about half asleep, the old lady peered over the board and ejaculated: "Bless his dear old heart!" The husband, starting up, said: "Do you mean that?" The answer was in the affirmative, and the old fellow roared: "Take away the board!"—*Eureka (Nev.) Leader.*

STORY OF THE LITTLE RED HEN

This is the story my grandmother told,
One day, when the wind and the weather were cold;
You have read it before, perhaps, dozens of times;
Will you hear it again in the simplest of rhymes?

"Who'll sift the flour?" cried the little red hen;
"We need some more bread."
"I w-o-n-t," "I w-o-n-t," all the rest of the ten
Quite lazily said.
"Well, then, I will!" To the pantry she went
That very same hour.
And merrily sang, on her task still intent,
Till she'd sifted the flour.

"Who'll stir in the yeast?" cried the little red hen,
"And who'll knead the bread?"
"I won't," "I won't," all the rest of the ten
Quite angrily said.
"Well, then, I will," and she worked so fast
That the loaf looked light,
When placed in its shining pan, at last,
To rise through the night.

"Who'll kindle the fire?" cried the little red hen,
"Who'll bake the bread?"
"I won't," "I won't," all the rest of the ten
Quite suddenly said.
"Well, then, I will," and she wiped the dust
Till the oven was clean.
And the loaf, when baked, had the nicest crust
That ever was seen.

"Now the work is done," cried the little red hen,
"Who'll eat the bread?"
"I will," "I will," all the rest of the ten
Very eagerly said.
"No, indeed, you won't, as you've said before,
I'll eat it myself."
And she left the loaf, after locking the door,
On the closet shelf.

Then the nine who'd been lazy and sullen and cross,
Went up to the attic and wept o'er their loss.

—*The Independent.*

HUMOROUS.

A pickpocket never lets his right hand know what his left hand doeth. —*Boston Post.*

Vanderbilt has bunions. A man rich as he is can have anything.—*Lowell Citizen.*

It is a very small potato, either in the animal or vegetable world, that is most likely to be mashed.

The real glove fight occurs when a woman tries to put a No. 6 glove on a No. 7 hand.—*Boston Bulletin.*

Some of our wealthy business men want rest, but it is the rest of the earth.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

A servant girl recently astonished a druggist's clerk by asking for porous plasters with holes in them.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Money is called the great circulating medium because men have to circulate lively to get a medium amount of it. —*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

A French lady, during the siege of Paris, driven by famine to eat her pet dog, as she was finishing exclaimed: "Poor thing, how he would have enjoyed picking these bones!"

Mrs. Smith, triumphantly—"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world!" Mr. Smith, cynically—"Yes, indeed, my dear; and that's just why the world is so deuced badly governed."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Victim (to dentist)—"Good heavens! man, that is the second sound tooth you have pulled." Dentist (to victim)—"I beg your pardon, sir; but as you had only three when I commenced, I think I shall make no mistake this time."—*The Judge.*

Write, we know, is written right
When we see it written write.
But when we see it written wright,
We know it is not written right.
For write, to have it written right,
Must not be written right, nor rite.
Nor yet must it be written wright,
But write, for so 'tis written right.

Some time ago a druggist in Bursiem, England, had carelessly served a customer with poison instead of magnesia. He summoned the bellman as soon as the mistake was discovered and sent him about the streets warning the unknown purchaser not to use the deadly drug. This is a rather novel way of neutralizing personal terror, as it may be called, but it was successful.