

THE UNSUCCESSFUL.

Have you thought, in your moments of triumph, O you that are high in the tree, Of the days and nights that are bitter— So bitter to others and me?

How "Ruby" Played.

"HOT MUSIC ON THE HALF SHELL FOR TWO."

Jud Brown, when visiting New York, goes to hear Rubinstein, and gives the following description of his playing: Well, sir, he had the blindest, biggest, catyornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; something, like a distracted billiard table on three legs.

He had changed the tune again. He had light ladies and tipped fine from end to end of the key board. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit, one by one; I saw the stars rise.

"Now," I says to my neighbor, "he's showin' off. He thinks he's a doin' of it, but he ain't got no idea, no plan no notion." If he'd play me a tune of some kind or other I'd—

But my neighbor says "Heish!" very impatient. I was just about to get up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and call sleepily to his mate and I looked up and see that Ruby was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the first peep of day.

The light came faint from the east, the breeze blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all began singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms, a little more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashed diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman any where. It was a fine mornin'.

And I says to my neighbor: "That's music, that is." But he glared at me like to cut my throat.

Presently the wind turned; it began to thicken up, and a kind of gray mist came over things; I got low spirited directly. Then a silver rain began to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl earrings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklers, and then they melted into thin silver streams, running between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing. It was a foggy day, but not cold.

The most curious thing was the little white angel boy like you see in pictures, that ran ahead of the music brook and led it on, and away out of the world, where no man ever was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards, where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall, and between the black, sharp top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the fit-up window, and men that loved 'em, but could never get a sigh 'em, who played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could have cried, because I wanted to love somebody. I didn't know who, better than the moon's suitors did.

got up then and there and preached a better sermon than I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep me from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway. I didn't want anybody to be a gain' at me a suivilin', and its nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me and as blazes. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. Pared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hit up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball all a goin' on at the same time. He fit into them keys like a thousand of brick, he gave 'em no rest day or night; he set every livin' joint in me a goin', and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped spang onto my seat, and hollered: "Go it Ruby!"

Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me and shouted, "Put him out!" I put him out!

Put your great grandmother's grizzly gray greenish cast into the middle of next month!" I says. "Tech me if you dare! I paid my money and just come a nigh me!"

With that some several policemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I could a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

He had changed the tune again. He had light ladies and tipped fine from end to end of the key board. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit, one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end and all the angels went to prayers. * * * * * Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop-drip, drop-drip, drop, clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweet heart sweetened with white sugar mixed with powdered silver and seed of diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin he kinder bowed like he wanted to say, "Much obliged, but I rather you wouldn't interrupt me!"

He stooped a moment or two to catch breath. Then he got mad. He ran his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat tails a little further, he drug up his stool, he leaved over, and sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her ears, and he scratched her cheeks until she fairly yelled. He knocked her down and he stamped her shameful. She bellowed, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and then he wouldn't let her up. He ran a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the base, till he got clean in the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the billows and cares of perdition, and then he fox chased his right hand with his left till he got away out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He forard and twod, he r-st over first gentleman, he chasade right and left, back to your place, he all hands round, ladies to the right, promenade all in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty eleven thousand double bow knots.

By jinks! it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He f-ed up his right wing, he feched up his left wing, he feched up his centre, feched up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon-wige guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve pounders yonder—big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, sharpshooters, grape, canister, mortar, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor came up, the ceiling came down, the sky split, the ground rakt—heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, ten penny nails, Sampson in a simon tree, Pump Tompion in a tumbler cart, riddle oodle oodle oodle riddle ude ude ude—riddle oodle oodle oodle—p-r-r-r-r! Bang! ! ! ! lang! per-lang! p-r-r-r-r! Bang! ! ! ! With that bang! he lifted himself bodily into the air and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single, solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand, five hundred and forty-two heni dome semi quivers, and I know'd no more.

When I come to, I were under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, a troatin' a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to again. Day was breakin' by the time I got to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and I under my my ward I did not know my name.

A MIGHTY LONG TRAMP.



—Demorest's Magazine.

STILL IN POSSESSION.



Jess—How do you argue that men are naturally better than women? Jack—No man ever had seven devils cast out of him. Jess—No-o; they've got 'em yet—Truth.

GATHERING UP EVIDENCE.



Perdita—Were you ever kissed in a tunnel? Penelope—Yes. Perdita—Were you frightened? Penelope—Yes; I was awfully afraid no one would see us.—Brooklyn Life.

DIAGNOSE UP TO DATE.



"Hello, Diogenes! Why aren't you at home in such a rain?" "You forget, dear friend, this is washing day, and my tub is in use.—Life.

THOSE CHILDREN OF OURS.



"Come, Elsie, and give Charley a nice kiss. He is crying because you don't want to play with him." "A kiss? Why, mamma, what does that stupid child know of a kiss?"—Pilegische Blaetter.

AT THE COUNTY FAIR.



Farmer Pumper (in the milk business)—What kind of an animal is that?—St. Louis Reoublic.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

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Table with columns for Train No., Station, and times for northbound trains.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Table with columns for Train No., Station, and times for southbound trains.

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Table with columns for Dated, Train No., and times for Petersburg & Weldon R.R. southbound.

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