THE ROANOKE NEWS. a got up then and there and preached a

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1895.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL.

Have you thought, in your moments of trinupli, O you that are high in the tree, Of the days and nights that are bitter-So litter to others and me? When the efforts to do what is elever Result in a failure so sad, And the clouds of despondency gather And dim all the hopes that we had?

applanding Your greatness, whatever it be, Of the tears that in silence were falling-Yes, falling from others and me? When the bardest and latest endeavors Appeared to be only in vain, And we've curtained our eyes in the night time

Indiff rent to waking again?

For it wants but little reflection, And you'll be the first to agree That the favors in which you are basking Are darkness to others and me. And it's bard when you lie in the sun shipe

Of fortune so smiling indeed, If you have not a thought for the many Who'll never-ean never succeed.

How "Ruby" Played.

"HOT MUSIC ON THE HALF SHELL FOR TWO."

Jud Brownin, when visiting New I paid my money and jest come a nigh York, goes to hear Rubinstein, and gives the following description of his playing :

Well, sir, he had the blamedest, big gest, cattycornedest planner you ever laid eyes on; somethin, like a distracted bil-me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or liard table on three legs. The lid was die. hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been he'd a tore the entire inside hop light ladies and tip toed fine from elean out, and scattered 'em to the four end to end of the key board. He played winds of heavon.

don't interrupt me. When he first sit of heaven was lit, one by one; I saw the down, he 'peared to keer mighty little stars rise. The great organ of eternity bout playin,' and wisht he hadn't come began to play from the world's end to He tweedle leedled a little on the treble, the world's end and all the angels went and twoodle codled some on the base- to prayers. * * * * Then the just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws music changed to water, full of feeling for being in the way. And I says to that couldn't be thought, and began to the man sittin' next to me says I : "What drop drip, drop drip, drop, clear and sort of fool playin' is that?" And he says, "Heish" But presently, his hands of glory. It was sweeter than that. It commenced chasin' one another up and was as sweet as a sweet heart sweetened down the keys, like a parcel of rats scampin' through a garret very swift. silver and seed of diamonds. It was too Parts of it was sweet, though, and re- sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. minded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' Rubin he kinder bowed like he wanted the wheel of a candy cage.

"Now," I says to my neighbor, "he's showin' off. He thinks he's a doin' of it, but he ain't got no idee, no plan no breath. Then he got mad, He run his nothin'. If he'd play me a tune of some fingers through his hair, he shoved up kind or other I'd-"

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impatient.

home, bein' tired of that faolishness, her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched when I heard a little bird waking up her ears, and he scratched her cherks away off in the woods, and call sleepy- until she fairly yelled. He knockt her like to his mate and I looked up and see down and he stampt her shameful. She that Ruby was beginning to take some bellowed, she bleated like a calf, she interest in his business, and I sit down howled like a hound, she squealed like a

better surman than I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blaune thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bir. It was happier to be mis rable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. 1 hung my head and pulled out my handkershief, and bl wed my nose loud to keep me from orvin'. My eyes is weak onyway, I didn't want anybody to be a gazin' at measurvin', and its nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me mud as Have you thought, when the world was blaces. 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. Pearod to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the tace, 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 lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he gave 'em no rest day or night; he set

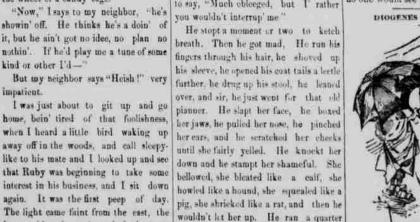
> bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped spang onto my seat, and hollered: "Go it Rube !" Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me and shouted, "Put him out ! put him out !" Put your great grandmother's grizzly gray greenish cat into the mid-ile of next

> every livin' joint in me a goin', and not

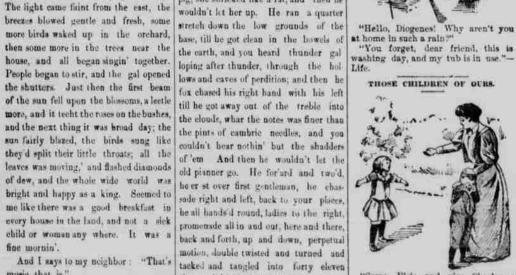
month !" I says, "Tech me if you dare!

naturally better than women? With that some several policemen run Jack-No man ever had seven devils up, and I had to simmer down But I cast out of him. Jess-No-o; they've got 'em yet could a fit any fool that laid hands on Truth.

He had changed the tune again. He soft and low and solemn. I heard the Played well? You bet he did; but church kells over the hills. The candles unnel? Penelope-Yes to say, "Much obleeged, but I' rather He stopt a moment or two to ketch



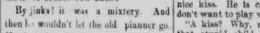


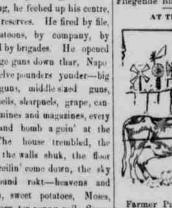


music, that is." But he glared at me like to cut my throat

Presently the wind turned; it began He f. hed up his right wing, he feched to thicken up, and a kind of gray mist came over things; I got low spirited feehed up his reserves. He fired by file, directly. Then a silver rain began to he fired by platoons, by company, by fall. I could see the drops touch the regiments, and by brigades. He opened ground; some flashed up like long pearl his cannon-seige gans down thar, Napo ear rings, and the rest rolled away like loons here, twelve pounders youder-big round rubies. It was pretty, but melan- guns, little guns, middle sized guns, choiy. Then the pearls gathered them- round shut, shells, sharpnels, grape, canselves into long strands and necklacts; inter, mortar, mines and magazines, every and then they melted into thin silver livin' battery and homb a goin' at the streams, running between golden gravels, same time. The house trembled, the and then the streams joined each other lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor at the bottom of the hill, and made a come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky brook that flowed silent, except that you split, the ground rokt-heavens and could kinder see the music, specially earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, when the bushes on the banks moved as ninepences, glory, ten penny nails, Samp the music went along down the valley. I son in a simmon tree, Tump Tompson in could smell the flowers in the meadow. a tumbler cart, roodle oodle oodle. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds raddle udie udie-udie-raddle addle adsing. It was a foggy day, but not cold die--riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle reddle cedle The most curious thing was the little cedle cedle -- pr-r-rilang ! Bang ! ! ! ! white angel boy like you see in pictures, lang! per-lang! p-r-r-r-r ! Bang ! ! that run ahead of the music brook and led it on, and on, away out of the world, bodily into the air and he come down where no man ever was, certain. I could with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten see that boy just as plain as I see you. toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking Then the mooolight came without any every single, solitary key on the planner sunset, and shone on the graveyards, at the same time. The thing busted where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went off into seventeen hundred and black, sharp top trees splendid marble forty two hemi demi semi quivers, and I houses rose up, with fine ladies in the know'd no more'. fit-up windows, and men that loved 'em, When I come to, I were under ground but could never get a nigh 'em; who about twenty foot, in a place they call played on guitant under the trees, and Oyster Bay, a treatin' a Yankee that I made me that miserable I could have never laid oyes on before, and never exeried, because I wanted to love somebody. peet to again. Day was breakin' by the I didn't know who, better than the men time I got to the St Nicholas Hotel, and

motion, double twisted and turned and thous.ud double bow knots. By jinks! it was a mixtery.





-What hind of an animal is that? -St. Louis Republic

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was ang! per-lang! p-r-r-r-r ! Bang ! ! ! affected to an alarming degree, appetite With that bang ! he lifted himself fel away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him. Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill. had a running sore on his log of eight years standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnics Salve and his leg is and went over the wall, and between the fifty-seven thousand, five hundred and O., had five large fever sores on his leg doctors said he was incurable. On bottle of Electric Bitters and one box of

Bucklen's Arnies Salve cured him entirely. Sold by Wm. Cohen drugist.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she eried for Castoria. Ledge you my word I did not know my when the became Miss, she chung to Castoria.

