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GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY JANUARY 4, 1893.

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THE INSPIRED MUSICIAN.
A Christmas Story.

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Sand.
I observed a locomotive in the railroad yards one day.

It was waiting in the roundhouse, where the locomotives stay; it was waiting for the journey, it was waiting for the journey, it was waiting for the journey.

It appears that locomotives cannot always get a trip. On their slender iron pavement, cause the wheels are apt to slip.

And when they reach a slippery spot, their tactics they command, and to get a grip upon the rail they sprinkle it with sand.

It's about this way with travel along life's slippery track. If your load is rather heavy and you're always sliding back.

So, if a common locomotive you completely understand, You'll provide yourself in starting with a good supply of sand.

If your track is steep and hilly and you have a heavy grade, And if those who've gone before you have the rails quite slippery made, If you ever reach the summit of the slippery table-land,

You'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather and discover to your cost That you're liable to slip on a heavy coat of frost,

Then some prompt, decided action will be called in demand, And you'll slip away to the bottom if you haven't any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's shoddy road, If you're firm beneath the "sifter of ambition's shoddy road,"

And you'll reach a place called "Fulfillment" at a rate of speed that's grand, If for all the slippery places you've a good supply of sand.

—(Reprinted from "The Register.")

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most beautiful being—with the possible exception of her mother—that he had ever seen.

One day in early autumn he sent her on an errand to the picture store. Had it been cool enough to necessitate the wearing of a wrap he would have gone himself, but it was such a glorious afternoon and Celeste needed the airing. She wore a quaintly picturesque frock which fitted her straight young figure divinely. In the matter of gawing only they practiced no economy. Pierre himself selected Celeste's frocks and they were made by the day dress-maker who occupied the room across the hall from them.

On that afternoon more than one fashionable dame turned her head to look after the bright vision and wonder who she was. At the picture store the proprietor, who was a connoisseur of beauty, made her uncomfortable by his constant stare.

When she had gone he turned to a by-stander and said: "If her father wasn't such a confounded idiot, he'd paint her in some original pose and make his fortune. But men must always go galavanting away from home in search of the beautiful and good. Wingfield is a talented fellow, but I suppose he'll go on painting landscapes and ideal heads to the end of time."

Celeste was walking rapidly homeward when something caught her eye that caused her to stop abruptly. She was in front of a music store inside of which someone was singing part of an opera to their own accompaniment. She stood there listening until the music ceased. See had forgotten where she was and her cheeks flushed and her eyes filled with tears.

An old gentleman, seated in a carriage by the curbstone, watched her with attentive interest. No line of her lovely face was lost to him.

When it was all over Celeste went pantingly homeward. In the studio parlor Pierre sat listlessly, brush in hand. Celeste did not wait to give him the picture dealer's message; she hastened to the piano, and lifting the lid put her fingers on the keys and burst into a flood of song. The curtains were drawn back, and with the sunshine streaming over her she looked like a girl thrilled with divine inspiration. Pierre looked on like one dazed. Then, as though inspiration was in the air, a brilliant idea flashed through him. "Why not paint Celeste as she was now? What could be more grandly beautiful?"

"Celeste! Celeste!" he almost shrieked "could you keep that expression until I catch it? If you can fame and fortune await us."

Celeste caught the idea. "I will try," she answered, and grew instantly still. But as though it had been stricken there by lightning the expression remained—not tense, as though it were affected, but with the rarest of divinities upon it. For the first time she felt content with what she had done. Her through many generations enabled her to do the work effectively. And in the long years of his work Pierre had never felt his blood thrill before as it thrilled then.

Until the light died from the skies he worked with the madness that is born only of inspiration. And not only then he worked but through many weeks that followed. Those were times of fasting in the dingy rooms. Neither Celeste or Pierre seemed to care for anything beyond the picture.

At last the time came when Pierre was putting the finishing touches on it. It was the first thing he had ever done with which he dared feel entire satisfaction. Celeste was as enthusiastic as he.

"Darling Pierre, am I really that beautiful, she asked, flushing. Pierre made no answer; only gazed at her adoringly.

"What will you call it?" Celeste went on after a moment's pause.

"Inspired musician," said Pierre.

It was two days before Christmas that it was sent to the picture dealer's. When the picture dealer saw it his enthusiasm was boundless. He grasped Pierre's hand warmly in the excess of his feelings.

"The most beautiful thing I ever saw!" he exclaimed, "except the model. Mark my words, it will prove the turning point of your fortune."

Early on Christmas Eve there was a knock at Pierre's parlor door. It proved to be one of the household servants bearing a card. "The gentleman would like to see you at once if you are not engaged," he said in that tone affected by servants in the presence of poor persons, above them in station.

Pierre read the card. He could scarcely believe his eyes.

"Mr. J. Wentworth de Lancy." That was the name of the world-famous millionaire art critic, whose opinions were waited for eagerly even at the salon.

He was in an inward tumult. He glanced ruefully around the ugly room and at the unfortunate pictures that adorned the walls. Then he eagerly exhibited the card to Celeste who was seated calmly on the piano stool. Then the door opened and Mr. de Lancy entered. He was the same elderly gentleman who had watched Celeste on that eventful afternoon when she had stood before the music store.

He went straight up to her and grasped both of her hands in his. "I recognized your face the instant I saw the picture," he said, without explanation. Then he turned to Pierre.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Wingfield. Such perfect expression I never saw before on canvas. How did you ever manage to catch it?"

Then Pierre told its history from first to last as directly as though the eminent critic had been a life-long friend of his. When he had finished Mr. de Lancy said:

"Well, you are certainly a most talented pair. Miss Celeste, you possess the true spirit of the musician, while you, Mr. Wingfield, I do not hesitate to call a genius. And that masterpiece saw its birth in this dark room?" he added, after a pause.

"Yes," said Pierre, smiling. He did not think it a breach of etiquette on the part of the interrogator.

"Well, it would give me much pleasure to see you installed in brighter apartments at an early date as possible. And, as for you, Miss Celeste, if your father will consent, I would like to have the pleasure of placing you under the chaperonage of my daughter, the Baroness von Eint, in Berlin, until you have perfected yourself in music. From now henceforth may I consider you both my special friends?"

And then followed a long conversation on art matters between the men. Finally Mr. de Lancy said:

"Well, as I have an engagement at twelve I had better be leaving. May I call again before I leave the city this evening? I would like to hear then, my dear, your decision about accompanying me to Germany in the spring. But how stupid of me to forget my errand here. I came Mr. Wingfield, to inquire what you would take for your picture?—as I would like, if possible, to purchase it at once. Would you listen to an offer of ten thousand dollars?"

Pierre was nothing of a financier and consequently showed no reluctance to closing the bargain at the price. In fact he accepted the check with something very like childish eagerness, while Celeste held her breath.

In a minute the door closed and the famous man was gone.

Over The Cliff.

As we got out of the ravine, which we had followed back into the mountain for a mile or more, with the ascent so steep that our horses could hardly make their way, we found ourselves on a bare plateau a mile long and one-fourth of that distance broad. What made the width was another ravine to the north. The level began just where we ascended and ran to the west. It ended on the brink of a cliff 150 feet high. Sixty of us had been detached from the main command and sent up there to drive off the dozen Indians who had a plunging fire. The ground was covered with grass and as clear as a floor.

We had formed two lines across the width of the plateau and were advancing before the Indians took the alarm. Their first move was to charge us, but we knocked over four and stopped them. Then all but one leaped from to the north. They had an almost perpendicular descent of 70 or 80 feet, and we afterward found two of them dead at the bottom of the gulch. The exception was Little Eagle, a grandson of Sitting Bull. He was a young man about 18 years old and already boasted of having killed three white men. He was mounted on a splendid pony, and as he found himself out of and deserted he uttered yells of defiance and began to ride back and forth across our path and fire at us with a navy revolver. His Winchester, as we afterward discovered, had fouled and been thrown away as useless.

Lieutenant Davis instantly recognized the young chief and called upon us not to fire. If we could take him prisoner he would prove a valuable hostage. The lines advanced at a walk, every man with his carbine to his face, and thus we slowly pressed him to the west. He fired as many as 20 shots from under his pony's neck, and his bullets wounded two troopers and three horses. His only possible hope of escape was to dismount and go over the bank of one or the other of the ravines, but he was too proud to attempt it. It would be a disgrace to him to lose his war horse—a stain he could never hope to wipe out.

"Little Eagle, I know you!" shouted our officer. "You are a brave young chief, and I want to save your life. Surrender, and you will be well treated!"

"I know you also, Long Legs!" replied the boy "but you cannot make me prisoner! I have no more bullets, and I am only one to many, but you cannot take me!"

As we advanced he retreated. Any one of us could have shot him dead as we pressed him back, for he was only 200 feet in front of us. He fully realized that the game was to force him to the edge of the cliff, and that if he charged us a score of ounce bullets would make him a target. Twice more the Lieutenant called to him, but he only returned mocking replies. When another hundred feet would have brought him to the edge of the cliff he wheeled horse, took a firmer seat in the saddle, and with a warwhoop which could have been heard a mile away he drove the animal straight for the cliff.

"Shoot! Shoot his horse!" shouted a dozen men in chorus, but before any man could pull triggers horse and rider had disappeared.

Three hundred men in the camp below saw them come down. The horse turned over and over in the air, but the young chief clung to his seat. As they struck the ground he was underneath and got the full weight of the horse. Both were killed on the instant. When we got down the body of the boy was stretched on the grass with almost every bone broken and many of them protruding from the flesh. His face had escaped without a mark, and it was that grim smile of delight which told us as plainly as print that he had outwitted us in yielding up his brave young life.

M. QAD.

With many clergymen, public speakers, singers, and actors, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the favorite remedy for hoarseness and all affections of the vocal organs, throat, and lungs. Its anodyne and expectorant effects are promptly realized.

Backward, Turn Backward!

The following pitiful wail is credited to a Republican editor, and respectfully referred to his comrades in the consomme:

Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight, give us a victory just for to-night; wipe from our features the torrent of tears, backward, roll backward, O tide of years; turn back the clock till it reads '88, blot out the present unmerciful fate; give us some hope for this nation's concerns, change the returns, Mister, change the returns. Backward, flow backward, O stream of the age, seasoned to-night with Republican rage; blot from our vision stuffed prophets and crow, choke off Democracy's buster and blow; jerk from despair a few fragments of hope, "keep a good eye" as we roll down the slope; never mind now—it's too late—what a scoop! Bring us the soup, Mister, bring us the soup.

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