MY OWN ILLINOIS

BY EVA KATHARINE CLAPP. s many a pleasant land that lies r the sky unfurled.

Under the sky intrilei, Countries fair, whose beauty rare Is the theme of half the world. But in each wanders's heart of hearts, Could his true chuice be known, Ever you? If hid inserfibed the name Of the knut he calls his own. And to ne, there is as hawning melody, In the soft, sonorous title of My My Own Illinois.

I claim for her to legends Like the German for his Rhine, She does not boast the eldesic palm, Nor yet the gothic pins Not blonde, nor dark brunnets, Not blonde, nor dark brunnets, The temperate charm that is her own Her lovers ne'er forget. No fiere extremes alloy The hope inspiring ar that sweeps Don vn-haired maid

Own Illinois.

Illinois. How blithely of the fortilised a Thomatin breases blow Across the level corn lands, Whore a nation's harvests grow. The royal Mississippi laves Her golden sunset side; Gardinoise and the side of the side of the Accornal to Pride; Her stately Garden City Lowers With worthy pride up-bony Above all would be rival States We Men Thinois,

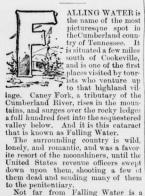
Illinois, Denas State, the glint of thy wild flower The song of thy wild bird. Were of color, rait of music, All my childhood saw or heard; Thrilling, like scenis of partalise, Across these dusty years, That tromble into tears. Untouched by bitterness, and, like Achild's kiss, sweet and loy. Drifts back the dream of tunocence in More Illinois,

When on me dawns that fateful hour-The Archer Death's own lime-Porchance his shaft may still this heart But I pray that my freemloss dust may sleep Where his soug of reckless joy The blackbird pipes to the pro-bud of the sought of the soul In my Dillinois, Chricaco, III.

CHICAGO, III.

AT THE OPEN WINDOW.

#### BY WILL HUBRARD KERNAN.



United States revenue oncers swept down upon them, shooting a few of them dead and sending many of them to the penitentiary. Not far from Falling Water is a deep, precipitous ravine, the sides of which are covered with pines and an impenetrable undergrowth of vines and shrubbery. The density of the foliage hides the bottom of the ravine from view, but if you follow a dim bridle-path trending from the road, you will find that it leads to the door of an old cabin sur-rounded by a stake-and-rider fence, half hidden by blackberry bushes, assafras, and weeds. This cabin was the home of old McI-ton, a moonshiner, and his family, un-til the spring of 1879. The still was located within a stone's throw of the house, between two gigan-tic bowlders, and so cleverly was it hidden by the roeky walls that towered up on three sides of it, and so cur-tained in was it on the remaining side by the vines that fell in green festoons from the gray ledges of free-stone above, that the old moonshiner felt imself perfectly safe from the priving eyes of both officers and informers. Due evening about dark, asold Melton sat in the gallery of his cabin, drawing consolation alternately from a stone fug and a corn-cob pip, he was salited by a young man on horseback, who had ridden up from the right and whose face betrayed an expression of keen annoyance. "Hello!" cried the horseman, drawing

Tace betrayed an expression of keen annoyance. "Hello!" cried the horseman, draw-ing rein, "can you tell me how far it is to Cookeville?" "Bont for miles, stranger," replied Melton, rising to his feet and slonehing forward. "Hey yo lost yer bearing?" "Yes; went down to old Davenant's to collect a bill this morning and —" "Long Jack Davenant's, stranger?" "Yes; up at the head of Caney Fork, and —" "Yo' will." "I tell you, pop, I wont." "Yo' wuthless wench! I'll larn ye who's boss. I'll beat you till the blood runs down yer legs, so he'p me!" Running to a distant corner of the main room he caught up a gnarled hickory cane and hastened back to the kitchen.

"Yes; up at the head of Canege Fork, and —..." "Hyd dian't yo' turn to the left when yo' came to Squar Mills' place?" "I did; but I took the wrong road out in that confounded flat woods." "Jesso, jesso! Been thar myself! "This a puzzle to a stranger. An' wind sheil I call yer name?" "Wilford—Harry Wilford." "Any relation t' the Wilfords down t' Smith's Fork?" "No; my home is in Nashville Am a professional man there. Had to look after a farm of mine down in DeKahl County, and so Leoneluded to ride up here and collect a bill from old Dav-enant before I went back to Lebaaon. The old man wasn't at home, though. By the way, could I find a place here or hereabout to stay all night? I't will rain long before I can reach Cooke ville." "I dunno. Pr'aps Henry Q. could keep yo."

in homespun. She rose as Wilford came in, responding to his bow with a queer little bob of her head, and then withdrew into the kitchen. The room in which Wilford found found to her a new form the body of the set.

Caught Napping.

withdrew into the kitchen. The room in which Wilford found himself was large and trinly kept. A bedstead stood in one corner, while a row of rush bottom chairs, a table and a spinning-wheel completed the stock of furnitare. On the log walls of the cabin were tacked a few unframed photographs of family relations, while on the mantel was a little mirror in a pine-cone frame.

photographs of family relations, while on the mantel was little mirror in a pine-cone frame. Mrs. Melton returned presently, and began to spread the table for supper. While bringing in the last dishes, a large, boay, and sallow girl ran into the room, her garments dripping with rain and elinging close to her stalwart frame. "Whoop-ee! but wusn't I skeered!" The lightnin'struck a tree not..." She stopped short on seeing Wil-ford, her eyes flashed with anger, and she ran out of the room as un-eerenoniously as she had come into it. "Thet thar's my darter Nance," re-marked old Melton; "an' she's the smartest gal in these hyar mountings. She wus sorter set back when she seed yo', but she'll come'in arter erwhile an' play us a chune on the organ-ette, Nance is." "Supper's ready," vonchasfed Mrs. home of **I'd** a knowed nut a come ter-this." The party went back to the cabin, and at daybreak Wilford prepared to start with his prisoner for Cookeville. They had proceeded less than twenty yards from the door, when the sharp report of a rifle was heard, and Wilford reeled from his saddle—dead. At the same moment the white, tense desperate face of Nance vanished from the open window.

Nance is a powful hand at the organ-ette, Nance is." "Supper's ready," vonchsafed Mrs. Melton, in a high, cracked voice. "Sit Har, stranger, an 'reach fer yo'self." Old Melton bowed his head, said grace with all the gravity of a minis-ter, and then plunged headlong into a discussion of religion. "I blong to the Baptisses, I do. Tilda-thet's my wife thar-she blongs to the Hardshell Baptisses, I do. Tilda-thet's my wife thar-she blongs to the Hardshell Baptisses, I de no-'countest church in these hyar moun-'countest church in these hyar moun-tings. Nance thar's been a threathin' ter jine the Methodisses, but if she do 111 drob her till she cain't holler." The wife made no reply to the fling at her faith, but Nance glared at her father, and then, bringing her fist down on the table so flercely that the dishes danced at I don't jine.-Til jine.-Til be dammed ef I don't jine!" and training over her chair she fied the room, bang-ing the door behind her as she went.

Caught Napping. Stranger—Beg pardon for interrupt-ing. but you probably noticed in the papers this morning that Lord Nabob, who is on a visit to this county, met with an accident in the park yester-day. He is a stranger here, and some prominent citizen like yourself should see that he receives proper atten-tion. 

but \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ is to be the probably noticed in Stranger\_You probably noticed in the paper, too, that six persons were injured yesterday in a subway ex-plosion. "Why, yes. Were there any lords among them? "Possibly. No telling. Two men were killed yesterday by electric wires." "I noticed that: but \_\_\_." "I noticed that: but-"



Old Melton said nothing, but he clinched his teeth with an ominous sig-"And a number of persons were

Supper over and the table cleared off,
 Supper over and the table cleared off,
 the old man went to the kitchen door and called for Nance.
 "What do yo' want?" inquired the circle

"I want to yo' to come an' play us a chune on the organette." "I wont."

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THROTTLING MELTON, HE DASHED HIM AGAINST THE ROCKY WALL."

"Where's Nance?" he demanded of

the state

35

"Yes, but the lord —" "Yes, but the lord —" "Ah yes. The Lord wills, and we must bow; but our families should not be forgotten, sir; and as we are hour-ly exposed to these dangers, I thought possibly you might wish to get in-sured in the 'Sure-Pop Life and Acci-dent Company,' of which I am an agent."—New York Weekly.

Got Used to It. "Can I use your telephone a minute?" she asked, as she ran into a neighbor's on Second avenue with a shawl over her head. her head. "Oh, certainly." "I am going to give a party next week, and I want to invite a few friends." "Yao 90"

aenus. "Yes?" "It is to be a very select party." "Yes?" "Only my friends." "Yes?" "And, therefore, you-you won't

"And, therefore, you—you won't be—..." "Angry if I am not invited, nor won't consider it checky if you use my tele-phone to invite others? Oh, no. Any-one who keeps a telephone in the house for use of the neighborhood soon gets used to anything. Why, a man came in here the other day and used the lino to call my husband up from town and dun him for a bill! Go ahead and call up the sub-office." — Detroit Free Frees. np ... Press.

# Found Wanting.

Found Wanting. If a servant obeys orders as far as he can, and does his work correctly as far as he goes, what more can be expected? And yet the result is not always satis-factory, even to reasonable employers. The Boston *Courier* has a story of a woman who own a very large and hand-some dog, of which she is very fond, and perhaps a little proud. The other day she sent him out to the stable to be weighed, confiding the operation to new servant, who looked upon the powerful animal with considerable awe, and apparetly with some real affec-tion.

and apparetly with some real affec-tion. The man was gone a surprisingly long time, but at last reappeared, and announced that the dog weighed one hundred and twenty pounds. "One hundred and twenty pounds!" repeated the lady. "Are you sure you weighed him right? He must weigh more than that." "Oh, yes, marm; sure an' I weighed him right, but I could't get him all on

Stargerred to his feet.
"What is hit, daddy? Why don't 'o' speak?"
It was the daughter who spoke—it was the bruised and bleeding daughte bold man, and kissed his wrinkled singer the spectra of the spectra 'Hit's all up with we'uns. This feller's a detective."
"I knowed hit, daddy—I knowed hit He's been prowin' round hyar all dion-Bound Mockeries."
The kowed hit, daddy—I knowed hit hood on yo' hands. But," and she issed the words through her a the's date proving who hads. But, " and she issed the words through her a the size of the data wanned yo' when I went hins at ta daybreak Wilford prepared to start with his prisoner for Cookeville. They had proceeded less the the data at styw which shows are will not had and a sty which when the wharp roport of a rifle was heard. Mockeries.
The astrowed hit 'd come tein and at daybreak Wilford prepared to start with his prisoner for Cookeville. They had proceeded less the data at styw which shows are senterprising as our own. The arti-less nease senter in a lard at styw which shows are senterprising as our own. The arti-less houses are made in direction of a rifle was heard in the bolt natural and a styw which shows and il more or less bounds are odds and and in one the white, tomse data the some moment the white, tomse data the some moment white, tomse data the some moment white, tomse data before the was heard from the board and and a styw which shows and a lin ore or less bound with metal-tarbies one sees in first-less houses are made and in more or less bound with metal-tarbies one sees in first-less houses are made and in more or less bound with metal-tarbies one seed in a strow with metal-mad a strow with metal-tarbies are going out of ukie, but this

l all more or less bound with incen-rble tops for dressers, mantels and cen-tables are going out of date, but this

# 1 "Printy 1

style of trimming is still popular in grave-Plain oak is the most popular is given in Plain oak is the most popular style of furniture at present, and takes the lead in the sixteen different kinds of wood now in themarket. Complete chamber sets in ash, we have the set of the set of the set of the result of the set of the set of the set of the function of the set of the set of the set of the function of the set of the set of the set of the function of the set of satinwood, butternut, and olive can be found at the leading turniture houses in the city. The second second second second second second reverence over all the others, said a sales-man in a Wabash avenue house. This is the case with the masses, as well as our more aristocratic customers. Fancy carved work in chamber suits is no longer in de-mand, and some even prefer the duil shellar finish instead of polished goods. In dining-room furnishings the chairs are not so high-backed as formely, and house the square ones are still being used. The va-riety of sidebaards is now so extensive that the people are no longer building them into their houses, as they can but any style they want ready-made. One of the very latest novelies is the genideman's Oriental shaving cabinet. It is called the solven is naving cabinet. Such will be ont soon. The cabinet is of antique onk, sixteenth

centionan's Oriental shaving caomer. At a called the sentieman's eabinet to distinguish it from the ladies' shaving cabinet, which will be ont atoon. The cabinet is of antiquo onk, sixteenth century inhis, four foot high and two foot wide, fitted with drawers and bokeroner. The top is surmonthed by a small mirror ret in a carved frame and hung on swivels, and is mounted on rollers so that it can be worved at will. If the content doesn't want to shave in a certain room he can worve at will. If the content doesn't want to shave in a certain room he can the top is a machine into another part of the of oxidized brass, the hinges which are on the locker extending half way across the door.

door. Another cabinet is a combined barber-shop, wardrobe, dressing-case, and chiffonler of antique oak, paneled, iron trimmings, and carved doors. It is con-siderably larger than the Oriental cabinet

TY JES A PA Y Night

Alcive and if it combined a folding-bed along with its other conveniences would be about a complete chamber-set for a bachelor's quity in the line, but analler than the other two, standing on raised legs handsomely carved and mounted with polished metal. For the encouragement of Chicago litor-ations firm turns out sixty different siyles in writing-tables. They range from the massive office-desk to the dates trend on per uned paper. All the known timber musceptible to the designer and cabinet-maker's at enter into the composition of these tables. The handsomest are of an tique oak, until lately used only in odd

As used in Prohibition States. 

yours since last December, but i wouldn't have found it if you hadn't been the brute that you are."
 Stunned, confused, the old man staggered to his feet.
 "What is hit, daddy? Why don't yo's peak?"
 The was the daughter who spoke—it was the bruised and bleeding daughter who now flung her apron around the old man, and kissed his wrinkled face.
 "Hit's all up with we'nns. This feller's a detective."
 "I knowed hit, addy—I knowed hit. How ar all day."
 The wood hit, addy—I knowed hit.
 The source hit we'nns. This feller's a detective."
 "I knowed hit, addy—I knowed hit.
 The source hit we'nns. This feller's a detective."
 The wood hit, addy—I knowed hit.
 The source hit we'nns. This feller's addition we have an only the base of the construction of the only content we have an only the base of the construction of the only content we have a hit. Addy is the content we have a hit. This feller's base and hit. This feller's base a carbon of the content we have a hit is and the ar all day."

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# UNCLE JERRY TODD'S DUTY.



Western part of Kan-sas.
"Bein' as I'm one o' the skule. boa'd in this descritei, an' bein' as yer her been wrestlin' with ther kids o' Big Wolf Purary now fur nigh onter four months, with nary a visit frum me, I jest kinder concluded ter drap in an' see yer her colduned young crit-ters a spell this mornin'."
"Yer see, I'm gol-durned pertickler an' conscientions-like erbout doin' my jurty be detreation," proceeded Undel Jerry, seating himself on the end of a much-whittled bench and discharging a volley of tobacco jnice that bespat-tered the legs of a desk and the bare foct of a grinning urchin hard by.
"When my neighbors 'beted undel yuring be detreation," in your of the part of the legs of a desk and the bare foct of a grinning urchin hard by.
"When my neighbors 'beted me ter be aboard member'o' Big Wolf Purary Destric' I done gin my word ter do my juty straight an' simple, an' atraight an' simple I'm aimin' ter do it. EO, as Sary Mariar was a mite grunty this mornin' an' wanted me ter go down ter Doe Duffer's ter git a matter o' calo-mile fur her stummick, I jest made up my mind ter come by ther skule house, discharge my juty straight an' simple here, then go on an' git ther medicine of Doc, an' git home fur dinne.". And he emphasized his remarks with an-other robust expectoration that made the unlucky urchin draw up his feet out of danger's way, something as a crawfish does.
Breing the urchin's squirming, and observing the general titter i was co-casioning throughout the school, Uncle Jerry's straight and simple dury moved him. Yer orto keep him straight in his seat, and not low 'en ter giggle. I's powerful bad el left ter go un-curbed in a skule. When I went ter skule back in Injiany, I tell yer I wan't lowed ter wriggle all over like ther make ther leetle acts o' yer kids lost enough. Then leetle acts is what leads tor big ones. It's wealt 'm net your teacher, your wan't me sed on' as I come in her the maken' o' me. Teacher, yer wint wateh ther l

akule oold visits ther skule. Then yee orto show more respect for yer teacher than ter wiggle an 'giggle that away. Allus respect an' obey yer teacher. "Teacher," he continued, facing the young pedagogue, "I felt it my juty straight an' simple to make a few ro-marks. A few remarks keerfully drapped at ther right time may be of ontoid beneriti ter both teacher an youngster. That was what the old felters who use ter asvere on ther des-trict boards in Injiany 'lowed. Now, kids, yer kin see what a attentive, good little boy I must a-been ter pay so strict attention ter what my elders said. Ef 1'd giggled an' wiggled an' acted oneivilized, like some 'yer, I wouldn't a-been able ter a-tole yer this day. It pays ter notice an' imertate yer elders. "Another thing I feel it my juty to speak of. This 'ere is fast becomin' a age o'slang. Childurn, don't slang; teacher, don't set ther example. It would be a onpardonable sin fury er ter do so. Be keerful o'yer language. Agin yerll not be apt ter fall inter thet av-ful habit o' usin'slang stid o' English, what this destrie wants taught an' practiced right here on Big Wolf Pur-ary. I repeat, teacher, childurn, don't slang! " Thope as yer kin all tumble ter ther shang! " Thope as yer kin all tumble ter the rotume on ya rackit on this subject, with-out any furder words frum me; fur I must be goin' on ter Doc's fur Say: Bet in conducion, I'll jist say: Set are the set on ter set sone set. Set

wheels. STATION-MASTER—Come, come, my good man, you mustart's walk on the track. Tramp (disgustedly)—The con-ductor says I can't ride, and you say I can't walk. What's your blamed old road here for, anyway? WILLIE—I wonder why I can't make my kite fly? Elder sister—Perhaps the caudal appendage is dispropor-tionate to the superficial area. Willie —I don't think that's it. Thelieve there isn't weight enough on the tail. MBS. STATESMAN—Do you know, sir,

## FADS OF NEW YORK WOMEN.

HINGS a wom-

Their Idiatic Affectation of Esthetici

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answer, but "What'll you have'?" never does. PUTIN' a patched dime in the collec-tion box is like buyin' a scalper's ticket to heaven. SOUP a la Jay Gould—take a little stock, six times as much water, and then put in the lamb. TEACHER — " 'Anonymous' means without a name.' Give an example, Miss Griggs." Miss Griggs—"My baby sister is anonymous." LOAFER — How are you? Just thought Td drop in a while to kill time. Busy Man—Well, we don't want any of our time killed. BRown—How time files. Jenkins—I am not aware of its speedy passage. B.—Then you have not a note to pay. J.—No; I hold yours. BLooDGOOD—Silby always reminds me of a breeze that comes before a summer's rainstorm. Travis—Why? "Because," answered Bloodgood, "he is so fresh."

is so fresh." "This is a little late for you to be out, isn't it. Peck? Aren't you afraid your wife will miss you?" Mr. N. Peck-I hope she will. She can flings hings pretty straight, though.

pretty straight, though. MRS, HINTON (recently married)— Did you know my husband was very ill? Miss Carrington—I suppose he must be, my dear. Before he married you he told me I had broken his heart. VISITOR—(to bereaved widow)—Your husband, 1 understand, was killed in a factory? Widow—Alas, yes; poor dear William was reckoned a smart man, but he didn't know much about fly-wheels.

keep yo." "Who is Henry Q., and where does he reside?"

"Who is Henry Q., and where does he reside?" "Henry Q. Clark, yo' know. Lives bout a quarter out on the Cookeville road yander," pointing to the left. "Henry Q.'s rich.—Henry Q. is. His house must 'a' cost a cool five hundred. Jest foller that....."

A blinding flash, a thunder-peal and a driving torrent of rain interrupted

a driving the speaker. "Wall, I say, Mr. Wilford, if thet are's ther way ther weather's regwine ter act, I low yo'd better stay with we'uns. We hant much 4 offer, but sech ez we hev yo're welcome to,"

we'man. We haint much t offer, but sech ez we hev yore welcome to," Wilford leaped from his saddle, threw the reins over a sapling bough, and bounded gracefully over the grass into the cabin. He was a tall, slender, handsome young fellow, with blonds hair, a beardless face, and large, blue, winning eyes, that sparkled with humor or scintillated with wrath according to bic subtraced by

varying moods. Irs. Melton was sitting before the Mrs huge fire-place, industriously dipping snuff. She was a lank and angular woman of forty, barefooted and dressed

"Where's Nance?" he demanded of his wife.
"She done put out while yo' wus lookin' for yer stick," was the answer.
"The shui! 'III ind her an' wallop her like I would a dog."
"Stay, sir!" eried Wilford, as Melton opened the door. "Stay, sir! Surely you wouldn't strike a woman?"
"I wouldn't, eh? I'II whip her like a dog, I tell yo'. Stand back!" and tearing himself loose from the grasp of his guest, he rushed out into the hight.
Suddenly a wild scream rang high over the roaring of the wind in the pines—a scream so pitful that Wilford rushed off in the direction from whence it came.
"Help! help! help!" "Help! help! help!"

It was a woman's voice—Nance's voice—and Wilford hurried forward hrough the blinding rain and dark-less of the wretched night, till he stood in front of the towering boulders that shut is the atill

ness of the wretched night, till he stood in front of the towering boulders that shut in the still.
"Damn yo!" he heard Melton pant, "yo'll digrace yo'self an' yo' fambly afore strangers agin, will yo'? Yo'll in the struck his daughter a fearful low, causing her to reel forward at the feet of the young man.
"Dog!" cried Wilford, "devil! Take that "and throttling Melton, he dashed him against the rocky wall and struck he cloud use it, Wilford wrested it from his hand, and knocked him headong in the shelt of the shelt." "Ha if eried Wilford, as a vivid flash of lightning revealed the character of the still.
"Ha if eried Wilford, as a vivid flash of lightning revealed the character of the still." "A monshiner, I teo. I thought as much," and taking a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, he classed them on the wrists of the prostrate man.

prostrate man. "You will come with me," he con-tinued, dragging his prisoner into the open air. "You will come with me. I have been looking for this still of

at too many debtors don't pay.

the scales.

### Practical.

According to the philosophers every-thing has two uses, a lower and a higher. Some very common people find this out for themselves, so far, at least, as the practical application of it

least, as the practice of a is concerned. The daughter of the rector of a parish in East London-over-the-border tanght the choir boys a new tune at a Monday evening's rehearsal, to be sting on the following Sunday. Sunday

we the following Sunday. Sunday morning came. "Well, Johnny," said Miss X.--, "I hope you haven't forgotten the new tune, for we depend much on you." "Naw, mum, not a bit. Twe been a skeering the crows with it all the week."

The only privilege of the original man is that, like other sovereign princes, he has the right to call in the cur-rent coin and reissue it stamped with his own image.

EXPERIENCE in business teaches a

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Maria's calonile, an 'kan't stay longer ter reitirate my remarks. "But in conclusion, TII jist say: Set a good example, teacher, hev a keer ter yer acts an' words; an', yer kids, mind yer elders, shun slang, an' now, while yer young an' full o' sap, light in; put in yer best licks at larnin'-larn so much as ter make yer dads an' mams plumb'shamed o' ther ignurance-an' git thar, Eli'" And with his "duty" thus discharg-ed, Uncle Jerry Todd left teacher and pupils to their anything but sober re-flections. They had food for thought for the rest of that term.-Chicago Ledger.

# How the Joke Was Evened.

How the Joke Was Evenes. We had a new master in W—— Aca-demy, New Hampshire, says R. Red-wood, in the New York Mercury, when I was a pupil there not many years ago, with whom we promised ourselves some sport, before we got through with him the first morning be faced us in

isn't weig ht enough on the tail. MRS. STATESMAN—Do you know, sir, that you came home last night in an ut-terly disgraceful condition? Mr. States-man (swallowing about a quart of wa-ter)—"Woman, do you know that the time of year has arrived when the country"has to be saved again? MRS. SKINNPHLINT—Josiah, don't you think Johnny's hair needs cutting? MR. SkinNPHLINT—Josiah, don't you think Johnny's hair needs cutting? MR. SkinNPHLINT—Josiah, don't you think Johnny's hair needs cutting? MR. SkinNPHLINT—desks. (Resuming his paper)—How long is it till Christmas? A little over five weeks. (Resuming his paper)—All right, TII give him a haircut for a Christmas present. A COMPLICATED FUNERAL.

A COMPLICATED FUNERAL. O bury my arms in dear Maxico. And bury my heart in the South. O bury my legs in the State of New York, In Georgia please bury my mouth. For I heve been married at least four times. To spouses who've laid down their fives, And now that I'm dead I wish to be

At the side of my various wives. At the side of my various wires. BRown-And so you have got a first-rate cook? What paper did you adver-tise in ? Fogg-Didn't advertise in any. My wife told Mrs. Gray we wanted a girl, but made her promise not to tell anybody. "Well?" "Well, we had the door-bell ringing for a fortnight from morning till night. No less than a hundred applications for the place."

A WOMAN who favors equal suffrage wants to know if it is a crime to be s' woman. No, but it is not manly. We will say no """ We

Look at the Works. This is a plainer-looking watch, than any which I have shown yon," said a silversmith to a customer lately, "The case is not handsome, but the works are fine. It will not vary its rate of running for months at a time. "The chaeper watches are more showy outside, but they are loosely made. You will find that dust and runt will soon clog their works and in a little while, owing to some trilling defect in the machinery, they will not move at all. There is nothing in which you schoosing a watch." The choosing a watch." The neo of a popular x'rench story expresses this idea with a good deal of humoron force. "If I want to buy a watch," said he, "I take thome on trial for a year, and if does not please me I can send it back. But I can't kach har on trial to see how she will go! If she does not kee or sweet voice of a girl that here the car such more as a with the does not please me I can send it back. But I can't kach har on trial to see how she will go! If she does not kee now she will go! If she does not kee now she will go! If she does not kee or sweet voice of a girl that here ty face or sweet voice of a girl that here the action where as a wite. Ho looks at the case of a watch, which is showy and handsome. But is there no defect in the works? Math of malicious sarcasm, of those line, there is no sending her mone is sufficient as one of these fullations areas and it wheels in married life. Or, a young girl finds a lover witty, handsome, courtoous; he is a good tennis player or sings a comic song very effectively. She fancies herself madly in love with him. The fact that he drinks, or is sellish and indolent, or treats his did with m. The fact that he drinks, or is sellish and indolent, or these fullations and which result in weariness and utter wrethedness! The works are not filly adjusted, they wear out with incessant friction, and at last, perhaps, stop altor with its as the task perhaps, stop altor with dives.

which, but is smallered none, and two ruined lives. Most readers of the *Companion* probably are either married or hope to be married happily at some future day. Their old friend has but one word of advice on this most momentous of all

subjects: The beauty or costliness of the case matters but little. Look at the works. —Youth's Companion.

Handsome Is as Handsome Does. Robson-Where are you bound? Remsen-Up to ask my pretty cou-

Remsen-Up to ask my pretry cou-sin to marry me. Robson-Well, good luck to you, Remsen-Thanks, dear boy. Robson (an hour later)-Well, did your pietty cousin say yes? Remsen-No: the homely thing re-fused me.—Judge.

THE parent who sends his son into the world uneducated and without skill in any art or science does a great injury to mankind as well as to his own immily, for he defrauds the comunity of a useful citizen and bequeaths to it a muisance.

