

MY OWN ILLINOIS.

BY EVA KATHARINE CLAPP.

There is many a pleasant land that lies Under the sky of this world...

I claim for her no legends, Like the German Rhine, She does not boast the classic palm...

How blithely o'er her fertile fields The prairie breezes blow Across the level corn lands...

Dear State, the glint of thy wild flower, The song of thy wild bird, Were of color and of music...

When on me dwains that fateful hour— The Archer Death's own time— Perchance his shaft will still hit heart...

CHICAGO, ILL.

AT THE OPEN WINDOW.

BY WILL HUBBARD KERMAN.

ALLING WATER is the name of the most picturesque spot in the Cumberland country...

The surrounding country is wild, lonely, and romantic, and was a favorite resort of the moonshiners...

Not far from Falling Water is a deep, precipitous ravine, the sides of which are covered with pines...

This cabin was the home of old Melton, a moonshiner, and his family, until the spring of 1879.

The still was located within a stone's throw of the house, between two gigantic boulders...

"Hello!" cried the horseman, drawing rein, "can you tell me how far it is to Cookeville?"

"Yes, went down to old Davenant's to collect a bill this morning and—" "Long Jack Davenant's, stranger?"

"Where's Nance?" he demanded of his wife. "She done put out while yo' was lookin' fer yer stick, was the answer."

"No; my home is in Nashville. Am a professional man there. Had to look after a farm of mine down in DeKalb County, and so I concluded to ride here and collect a bill from old Davenant before I went back to Lebanon."

"I dunno, P'raps Henry Q. could keep yo'." "Who is Henry Q., and where does he reside?"

"Henry Q. Clark, yo' know. Lives 'bout a quarter 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."

"A blinding flash, a thunder-peal and a driving torrent of rain interrupted the speaker." "Wall, I say, Mr. Wilford, if that are's they way ther Wilford's trigwine ter act, I low yo'd better stay with we uns."

your home. She rose as Wilford came in, responding to his bow with a queenly little bob of her head...

"What is hit, daddy? Why don't yo' speak?" It was the daughter who spoke—it was the bruised and bleeding daughter who now flung her apron around the old man...

"Whoop-ee! but wasn't I skeered!" The lightning struck a tree not—"She stopped short on seeing Wilford, her eyes flashed with anger, and she ran out of the room as unceremoniously as she had come into it."

"That thar's my darter Nance," remarked old Melton, "an' she's the smartest gal in these hyar mountings. She was sorter set back when she seed yo', but she'll come in arter er while an' play us a chune on the organette, Nance is."

"Supper's ready," vouchsafed Mrs. Melton, in a high, cracked voice. "Sit thar, stranger, an' reach fer yo' self." Old Melton bowed his head, said grace with all the gravity of a minister, and then plunged headlong into a discussion of religion.

"I belong to the Baptisses, I do. Tilda—thar's my wife thar—she belongs to the Hardshell Baptisses, the no-contest church in these hyar mountings. Nance thar's been a threatenin' ter jine the Methodisses, but if she do I'll drub her till she can'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 fiercely that the dishes danced, she cried: "I'll jine—I'll jine—I'll jine—I'll be damned if I don't jine!" and turning over her chair she fled the room, banging the door behind her as she went.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Cookeville?" "And a number of persons were run over." "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 humbly exposed to these dangers, I thought possibly you might wish to get insured in the 'Sure-Pop Life and Accident 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 room in a Wabash avenue house in the city. The top is surmounted by a small mirror set in a carved frame and hung on swivels. It is a handy thing to have in the house, especially in chambers, and not so extensively used as formerly, and the round dining-table takes the lead, though the square ones are still being used. The variety of sideboards is now so extensive that the people are no longer building them into their houses, as they can buy any style they want ready-made.

"Another cabinet is a combined barber-shop, wardrobe, dressing-case, and chiffonier, of antique oak, with iron trimmings and carved doors. It is considerably larger than the Oriental cabinet and it combined a folding-bed along with the other conveniences would be about a complete chamber-set for a bachelor's quarters."—Chicago Herald.

"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 satisfactory, even to reasonable employers. The Boston Courier has a story of a woman who owns a very large and handsome 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 a new servant, who looked upon the powerful animal with considerable awe, and apparently with some real affection.

"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 couldn't get him all on the scales." "Practical." According to the philosophers everything 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 is concerned.

The daughter of the rector of a parish in East London over the border taught the choir boys a new tune at a Mouday evening's rehearsal, to be sung on 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. I've 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 current coin and reissue it stamped with his own image." "EXPERIENCE in business teaches a man that too many debtors don't pay."

CRAZY FOR ANTIQUES.

CHICAGO FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS FORCED TO ODD CONCEITS.

Everybody Apos the Fashions Popular with a Race Who Have Long Been Fond for Warm—Some of the Antiques After All, but Builders Beware, Oxidized Shams, and Iron-Bound Mockeries.

IXTEENTH century oak with oxidized metal trimmings is the very latest novelty in parlor and living room furniture, and nowhere in the country are these back-number conceits reproduced in such profusion as by the Chicago manufacturer.

Stranger—Beg pardon for interrupting, but you probably noticed in the papers this morning that Lord Nabob, who is on a visit to this country, met with an accident in the park yesterday. He is a stranger here, and some prominent citizen like yourself should see that he receives proper attention.

Business Man (much flattered)—Really, I had not thought much of it, but— Stranger—You probably noticed in the paper, too, that six persons were injured yesterday in a subway explosion.

"Possibly. No telling. Two men were killed yesterday by electric wires." "I noticed that; but—" "We find that plain oak polished has the preference over all the others," said a salesman in a Wabash avenue house in the city. "This is the case with the masses, as well as our more aristocratic customers. Fancy carved wood in chambers is no longer in demand, and some even prefer the dull shellac finish instead of polished goods. In dining-room furnishings, chairs are not so much used as formerly, and the round dining-table takes the lead, though the square ones are still being used. The variety of sideboards is now so extensive that the people are no longer building them into their houses, as they can buy any style they want ready-made."

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UNCLE JERRY TODD'S DUTY.

ODD—MORNIN'.

Uncle Jerry Todd, a young fellow, said to his neighbor, "I've got a new mornin' on me, and I'm goin' to be a teacher." "What's that?" asked the neighbor. "I'm goin' to be a teacher," said Uncle Jerry. "What's that?" asked the neighbor. "I'm goin' to be a teacher," said Uncle Jerry.

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FADS OF NEW YORK WOMEN.

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How the Joke Was Evened.

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