

"MY TENNESSEE"

The following beautiful lines on Tennessee were written by Gen. Albert Pike, the distinguished Mason and poet, who died recently at Washington City. They were published in an autograph edition of General Pike's poems, copies of which are very rare:

Landward and swift the seabird flies,
Dipping his strong and nervous wings
In the blue waves as home he lies,
A truant, from his wanderings,
He goes to seek his gentle mate;
His young, with longing eyes that wait;
So would I fain haste home to thee,
My own, my native land, my Tennessee!

Existence! 'tis but toil and strife,—
Yet I'll not murmur or repine,
So that the sunset of my life,
Sweet day, be clear and calm as thine;
So that I take my last, long rest,
Dear native land in thy loved breast;
Land of the gallant and the free!
My own, my native land, my Tennessee!

The sunset flings upon the sea
Its golden gush of life and light;
The waves with pleasant melody,
On white sands are sparkling bright;
Old ocean, 'round his many isles,
Like a fair infant sleeping, smiles;
So would I sleep, and dream of thee,
My own, my native land, my Tennessee!

Tall mountains with their snowy cones,
Far inland, bathed in sunshine, blaze;
Like gray-haired giants in their thrones,
Crowned with the young dawn's golden rays,
Toward them I lean, and fain would lie
At the feet of those that pierce thy sky.
Thou dearest land on earth to me
My own, my native land, my Tennessee!

"I WISH I WAS A GENERAL."—A STORY FOR BOYS.

BY EMMA J. GRAY.

"If wishes were horses,
Beggars might ride."

"Have you ever heard that, Jo?"

"Heard it, what kind of a bringing up has a fellow had, do you think? You know well enough that ever since I was in knickerbockers, that immortal rhyme has been drilled into me. I'm sick and tired of sermonizing, and all I have to say, is if you don't wish for something grand, something beyond you, you will never amount to anything."

"That is true, Jo, but wishing without action will not accomplish much. I've heard you make at least twenty wishes this morning. One, 'I wish I was rich,' just as though that were anything new; all boys wish that. Then you wished you were somebody great, somebody famous, Caesar or the Czar of Russia, or the President of the United States. Then you wished your father could only let you have a college education so that you might be a lawyer. And then to go on to smaller matters, you wished it was Christmas, so that you might have vacation. And lastly, you wished you were a fine bicycle rider, so that you might win the prize in the coming race. I tell you, old fellow, I long ago learned such a wholesome lesson on the wishing point, that it made me over new, so to speak."

"How so, John? now I am interested, for I thought you had been perfect from your youth up."

"Well, to begin with the beginning and make an out-and-out confession, I'll have to introduce you to my Uncle Charles. I wish you knew General Jourdain; I know you would like him even if he is an odd-looking man; he was once very handsome. He is too sensible to think he is handsome now, though, for there is no denying that he's fat. He says it is constitutional, and maybe it is. I notice he is very uncomfortable, short of breath, you know; gets a red face in climbing up the stairs to the elevated road, and all that, but he's jolly and good, and says he wants me to be a manly man, and I am going to try my best to please him. You know I am not as rich in relations as you are, for my parents died when I was a baby, and I never had either brothers or sisters; perhaps that's one reason I think so much of you, Jo. Well, to go on with my story, when I was about twelve years old I went to visit for a week at my Uncle Charles's home. He was delighted to have me with him, and I never tired of his companionship, or of looking at his soldier's uniform, his sword, and his medals. One day I said to him, 'Oh, Uncle, I wish I were a general,' and he replied, 'There is no reason why you cannot be one, my boy, if the right material is only in you.'"

"What do you mean by right material, Uncle?" I inquired.

"Why, humility, obedience, courage, honesty, truthfulness."

"I did not know that soldiers were ever humble."

"You must be humble enough to enter the lowest ranks, obedient

enough to follow orders, courageous enough to face any emergency, honest enough to submit to pain rather than to steal, and truthful enough to never soil your lips or conscience with a lie."

"Then my Uncle told me of his own boyhood, of his poverty, his hindrances, his temptations; and I saw that the rank of General did not come by wishing, but by the greatest endurance, study and hard work. I tell you what, Jo, as I listened to his story I felt so ashamed, and so small, I thought I would like to crawl away in a hole, any where, almost, if I could only hide, for you know my Uncle is such a noble, grand man. Then, too, my Uncle told me of our great inventors, officers, rulers, whom the world is delighted to honor, and I saw that wishing had but little to do with their achievements and successes. I saw I had to buckle on my armor and go to work."

"That night I could scarcely sleep; I kept thinking how insignificant Uncle must think me, for I knew I had wished for this, that, and the other thing in his presence, and so when I did sleep I dreamed that I was in the woods, and I thought that all the bushes and trees were waving, and one big branch seemed like a long, bare arm beckoning to me. I felt an awesome, queer, uncanny feeling, and I was sure I was losing my way. I saw one and another path, but which one to take I knew not, when suddenly I heard a laugh; this frightened me so much that I jumped; then a voice said, 'You little goosey-gander, what a brave soldier you would make, to be sure, afraid of a little laugh;' and then I heard ha! ha! ha! and what seemed to me to be the most uproarious laughter, the shout of a hundred fairies. Soon a tiny old woman approached me, saying, 'I am a fairy queen. Ask for whatever you may wish while you are in my domain.'"

"At once I exclaimed: 'I wish to be the oldest General living.' And there I was, a general in very truth, but so old I could scarcely see, so deaf I could scarcely hear; I was dressed in a costume similar to my Uncle's. My hands were wrinkled, a long beard hung over my breast, but it was as white as snow. My mouth felt so queer that I lifted my hand to discover the reason, and alas! my teeth were all gone. I tried to walk, but I was so stiff I could scarcely place one foot before the other. 'Oh, what a fool I have been,' I thought, 'if only I were a boy again!' 'Oh, Uncle Charles, Uncle Charles!'" I screamed.

"Why my boy, what is the matter, you were groaning and moaning so in your sleep, I thought something must be wrong?" were his words.

"Wasn't I grateful, though, to find it was only a dream. It seemed too good to be true, to learn that I was really a boy again, that life was before, and not behind me. I tell you, Jo, I could scarcely wait for day to come, to get at positive work. And since that horrible nightmare, which taught me the silliness of wishing, I have been a changed boy, and I do not think I will ever fall into that purposeless talk again. But you don't like sermons, excuse me, Jo."

"You are a good fellow, John; I should not be worthy of friendship such as yours, if I did not benefit by what you have told me. I will try to follow your example. What do you say to our both being manly men?"

"Those words have the right ring." And so saying, the two friends walked off arm in arm.

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You will have to give me another room, I guess," said a congressman to the hotel clerk. "What's the matter? Aren't you comfortable where you are?" "Well, not exactly. That German musician in the next room and I don't get along well. Last night he tooted away on his clarinet so that I thought I never would go to sleep. After I had caught a few winks I was awakened by a pounding at my door. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Of you please,' said the German, 'dot you would senore der same key. You was go from B flat to G, and it spoils der moosic.'"—Boston Journal.

The Tennessee Methodist.

We have made an arrangement by which we are enabled to club the Tennessee Methodist and the STANDARD at \$2.50 per year for both papers, or \$1.25 for six months. The Tennessee Methodist is the official organ of the Tennessee Conference, and splendid church paper.

His History is Briefly Told.

Chicago Tribune.

After several days of thought he discovered a sure way to make money, and, like other men, he was in a hurry to try it.

He made haste to insert an advertisement something like the following in several country weeklies:

"Sure way to kill potato bugs; send twenty two-cent, postage stamps to X. Y. Z., for a receipt that can not fail."

Then he hired a dray to bring his mail from the postoffice, and had 10,000 of his receipts printed. Inside of two weeks something like 6,000 or 7,000 farmers had contributed twenty two-cent stamps each for the printed receipts.

Then several of them bought clubs and railroad tickets, and started out to interview the advertiser. At his office they were informed that he had left to attend some business in Europe, and he was not expected back. All he had left was a package of 3,000 or 4,000 slips of paper, on which was printed the following:

"Put your bug on a shingle. Then hit it with another shingle."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 829 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Harry—"Still an M.D.?" Pillsbury—"No. Gone to the other extreme."

H.—"What do you mean?" P.—"I'm operating a dyspepsia factory."

H.—"The Dickens!" P.—"Yes, I'm proprietor of a railroad restaurant and my partner is a specialist in stomach disorders. We're getting rich."

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A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

For Sale By Richey & Bostick.

The People's Roads.

Knoxville Tribune. In the estimation of the Tribune there is no subject that is of graver importance to the present and future prosperity of the American people than the improvement of wagon roads. We do not make any exceptions. It was long since remarked that there could be no better measure of the civilization of a people than its public roads. But they are more than a mark and a measure, they are likewise the natural means by which civilization is developed. No roads, no barter, no trade, no commerce, no social intercourse, no civilization. Given good roads, each and all follow. We do not now speak of railroads, but of wagon roads, the truly public roads that belong to the people and the only roads that are used for the benefit of the people. These roads are of incomparably more importance to the mass of the people than the railroads. They cost more, they cover immeasurably longer lines of travel and incomparably more freight is hauled over them. To improve them, therefore, would be to benefit the community in more ways and to a far greater extent than to correspondingly improve the whole railway system. To macadam the main country roads of the United States would add immensely more to the wealth, comfort, convenience, trade and commerce of the people than to double track with steel rails and equip in first-class style every railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Sour faced woman—"You get right out of here or I'll call my husband." Tramp—"Y'r husband ain't at home." "How do you know he ain't?" "I've allers noticed, mum, that w'er a man is married to a woman like you he never is at home except at meal times."—New York Weekly.

A child three and a half years old had been taught by his mother a text in the morning: "Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." At night, at the end of his prayers, he, unasked, repeated the text in the following form: "Wash my heart, O God, and hang it out to dry."

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