

dancing in the hail shower ; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintery world ; and waving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven ; all checkered over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction.

Still always it is beautiful, this life-giving water ; no poison bubbles on its brink ; its foam brings not madness and murder ; no blood stains its liquid glass ; pale widows and starving orphans weep no burning tears in its depth ; no drunken, shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in the words of eternal despair. Oh, my friends, would you exchange for it demon's drink, alcohol !

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### REASONS FOR DRINKING.

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*Mr. A.*—Drinks because his doctor has recommended him to take a little.

*Mr. B.*—Because his doctor has ordered him not, and he hates such quackery.

*Mr. C.*—Just takes a drop because he's wet.

*Mr. D.*—Drinks because he's dry.

*Mr. E.*—Because he feels a something rising in his stomach.

*Mr. F.*—Because he feels a kind of sinking in his stomach.