

hospitals in New York, it appeared that the visceral lesions of alcoholic origin were more prominent than those of tuberculosis.

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The Music of the Whistle.

You won't find no man fonder much
Of music sweet than me.
The hummin' of the butterfly
An' of the bumble bee,
The laughter of young children,
An' the shouts of schoolboys gay;
In music sweet; each 'nough to chase
The blackest care away;
But there ain't no kind of music
Kin my ear so quick unlock
Than the music of the whistle
When it blows at 6 o'clock.

I love to hear the music of
The organ in the church;
An' the robin singing sweetly
On his swayin' hazel perch;
An' the babble of the brooklet
As it ripples 'mong the trees;
An' the soft, angelic whispers
Of the scented evenin' breeze;—
But b'gosh! there ain't no music
Gives my ear a sweeter shock
Than the music of the whistle
When it blows at 6 o'clock.

Oh! I tell you, when a man is
Nigh to threescore years and ten,
An' he keeps his shovel movin'
All the day 'gainst younger men;—
When his poor old back is breakin'
An' his head awirlin' goes,
An' he feels his heart agoin'
Downward, downward to his toes,
There's no sweeter kind of music
In all Mother Nature's stock
Than the music of the whistle
When it blows at 6 o'clock.—Selected.

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Natural History.

They were admiring the rattlesnake in the state museum, and had been informed that it was much in need of live rats.

"Will he swallow a rat whole?" questioned one.

"Naw," growled the custodian. "We have to take 'em out of the holes first."
—Indianapolis News.

An Expert's Opinion.

Mr. Archibald C. Haynes, of New York, has a life assurance creed, a part of which we give. He says: "Within the last twenty years I have placed life assurance to an amount aggregating upwards of one hundred million dollars, and I was able to attain this result because I believe that 20 per cent. of every man's income, if invested in life assurance, will accomplish better investment results than the same amount individually invested over a similar period of time; that, in addition to the comforting assurance of benefit to his family in case he be taken away from them, there is no investment which gives such large results from small outlay, or such permanent satisfaction, as life assurance."

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Each Should Live For Something.

Live for something, have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view;
Drifting like a helpless vessel
Thou canst ne'er to life be true.
Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
Might have long been riding safely,
But they drifted with the tide.

—Robert Whitaker.

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It takes two for a kiss,
Only one for a sigh;
Twain by twain we marry,
One by one we die.

Joy is a partnership,
Grief weeps alone;
Many guests had Cana,
Gethsemane had one.
—Frederick Lawrence Knowles.

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Lady Tourist: "This must be a very healthy village. Now, what may the death-rate be?" Old Inhabitant—"Wonderful steady, ma'am, wonderful steady. One death to each person—right along."