

A Remedy.

An agent approached a prominent man and urged him to take a life policy. The answer was :—

"What do I want life assurance for!"

"Why," responded the agent, "to protect your wife in case of your death."

"Yes," responded the merchant, "and give her the chance to go off and get married to another man; I can't see it."

"Well," says the agent, "I will tell you what to do. My company pays suicides. You had better assure your life and then go hang yourself and give her the chance to marry a decent man."

"Do you mean to insult me, sir?" said the man. "If not, what do you mean?"

"Just this," responded the agent. "Other men insure, some of whom are better off to-day than you are. Hasn't she always been a true wife to you and a faithful mother to your children? Has she not made your home bright and cheerful, and the best place on earth? A man who will talk about his wife as you have about yours, to a comparative stranger, ought to assure his life, hang himself, let her collect the assurance and marry a decent man."

This was a new idea and set the man to thinking, with the result that he took a policy for a large amount. — Business.

Senatorial Dissipation in Kentucky.

One of the campaign stories that floated through the cloakroom yesterday related to Senator Fairbanks, of Indiana, and Governor Shaw, of Iowa. According to the story, these two Republican orators were stumping Kentucky.

After a successful meeting, the Kentucky colonel who had the two Republican statesmen in charge, invited them into the hotel barroom for some refreshments.

"What'll you have?" he asked Senator Fairbanks.

"A little cold Apollinaris," was the reply.

"And you?" said the host to Governor Shaw.

"I think I will have a glass of butter-milk."

The barkeeper turned to the Kentuckian. "What shall I give you, colonel?" he asked.

The Kentucky gentleman heaved a long sigh. "Under the circumstances," he said, "I think you can give me a piece of pie." — Washington Post.

Indian Summer.

Like maid who, on the very eve

Before her wedding vows, arrays
Herself to take one last sweet leave
Of girlhood thoughts and girlhood days,
Dreams soft the earth, in garments rich
That heighten all her virgin charms,
Ere she the threshold crosses which
Bestows her on old Winter's arms.

Or like a young squaw, who with red
And yellow pigments stripes her skin,
And patiently awaits the tread
That him who seeks her, ushers in,
To-day the earth, in colors all
Barbaric, gorgeous, thick-spread o'er,
A stoic rapt, expects the call
Of Winter at the wigwam door.

—EDWIN L. SABIN.

The Unassured Man.

Lives of such men all remind us
We can make our lives like theirs,
And departing leave behind us
Nothing for our wives but tears.

—Life Insurance Independent.

Michigan's Monthly.

The Monthly Recorder is the title of a folder issued by the Michigan Branch. It takes the form of a familiar chat from the manager, Mr. John A. Tory. It is brightly written and should do much to keep the agency force in touch with the State office.