

insures.

And it's not his pills and tonics, but the heart of him that cures.—Edgar A. Guest.

OUT TO MEET THE MORNING

Out to meet the morning with the spirit of the child,
Out to meet the morning with a heart that's beating
wild.

Not its dread and danger and its shadow and its fear,
But out to meet the morning with its laughter and its
cheer.

Out to meet the morning, and no matter what it brings,
A voice that tells of battle or a voice that softly sings.
Out to meet the morning 'mid the roses or the dust,
To lead the dance to duty with the melody of trust.
Out to meet the morning with the faith that all is well,
The sunlight on the summit and the shadow in the dell.
Out to meet the morning with a heart to meet the work
And nothing that can daunt you though a thousand
tempters shirk.—Baltimore Sun.

THE UNDYING FLAME

In a certain Kentucky town Uncle Ike, a local character of color, was doing odd jobs for a gentleman when he was seized with colic in its most violent and painful form. His employer went to his relief with the only aid in liquid form he could find on the premises, the same being a bottle of tobasco sauce.

Uncle Ike swallowed a large spoonful of the stuff and returned to work, weeping copiously.

A few minutes later the gentleman went to look for him and found him doubled up in the hayloft.

"Ike," he inquired, "how do you feel now?"

"Mos' daid, boss!" was the plaintive answer.