

THE LIVING LANDMARK.

Of our swift passage through this scenery
Of life and death, more durable than we,
What landmark so congenial as a tree,
Repeating its green legend every spring,
Type of our brief but still-renewed mortality.

Men's monuments, grown old, forget their names
They should eternize, but the place
Where shining souls have passed imbibes a grace
Beyond mere earth; some sweetness of their fames
Leaves in the soil its unextinguished trace,
That penetrates our lives and heightens them or shames.
—James Russell Lowell.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

JAMES LANNING was a mechanic, a young, honest man, whose highest ambition was to gain a comfortable home for himself and wife to be thought well of by his neighbors. He had built himself a house, and there still remained upon it a mortgage of five hundred dollars; but this sum he hoped to pay in a few years if he only had his health. He had calculated exactly how long it would take him to clear off this incumbrance, and he went to work with his eyes open.

One evening James came home to his supper more thoughtful than usual. His young wife noticed his manner, and she inquired its cause.

"What is it, James?" she kindly asked. "Why, I never saw you look so sober before."

"Well, I'll tell you, Hannah," returned the young man, with a slight hesitation in his manner. "I have just been thinking that I would buy a lottery ticket."

Hannah Lanning did not answer immediately. She looked down and smoothed the silken hair of her babe, which was chirping like a robin in her arms, and the shades of her handsome features showed that she was taking time to think.

"How much will it cost?" she asked, at length, looking half timidly up into her husband's face.

"Twenty dollars," returned James, trying to assume a confidence which he did not feel.

"And have you made up your mind to buy it?"

"Well, I think I shall. What do you think about it?"

"If you should ask my advice, I should say not to buy it."

"But why so?"

"For many reasons," returned his wife, in a trembling tone.

She would not offend her husband, and she shrank from giving him advice which he might not follow.

"In the first place," she said, "I think the whole science of lotteries is a bad one; and then you have no money to risk."

"But just look at the prizes," said James, drawing a "scheme" from his pocket. "Here is one prize of twenty thousand dollars, another of ten thousand, another five thousand, and so on. Something tells me that if I buy a ticket I shall draw a large prize. And then just think, Hannah, how easily I could pay all up for my house, and perhaps have a good handsome sum left."

The young man spoke with much earnestness and assurance; but he saw that there was a cloud upon his wife's brow.

"It seems to me that the chance of drawing a prize is very doubtful," said Hannah, as she took the scheme. "Here are many thousand tickets to be sold."

The babe tried hard to snatch the paper, and Hannah laid it aside.

"I think I shall run the risk," returned James, glancing once more over the paper, and resting with a nervous longing upon the figures which represented the higher prizes. "There's the Barney; he drew about eight hundred dollars a year ago."

"Yes, I know it," said Hannah, with more warmth than she had before manifested, "and what has become of the money? You know he has squandered it all away. Ah, James, money is of no use unless we come honestly by it."

"Honestly?" repeated the young man. "Surely, there is nothing dishonest in drawing a prize in a lottery."

"I think there is," kindly but emphatically replied the wife. "All games of hazard, where money is at stake, are dishonest. Were you to draw a prize of twenty thousand dollars, you would rob a thousand men of twenty dollars each; or, at least, you would take from them money for which you returned them no equivalent. Is it not gambling in every sense of the word?"

"Oh, no! You look upon the matter in too strong a light."

"Perhaps I do; but yet so it looks to me. What you may draw, some one else must lose; and perhaps it may be some one who can afford the loss no better than you can. I wouldn't buy the ticket, James. Let us live on the products of our honest gains, and we shall be happier."

James Lanning was uneasy. He had no answer for his wife's arguments; at least, no answer that could spring from his moral convictions, and he let the matter drop. But the young man could not drive the siren from his heart. All the next day his head was full of "prizes," and while he was at his work he kept muttering to himself, "Twenty thousand dollars," "Ten thousand dollars," "Five thousand dollars," and so on.

When he went home the next night he was almost unhappy with the nervous anxiety into which he had thrown himself. The tempter had grasped him firmly, and whenever he thought of the lottery he saw nothing but piles of gold and silver. In short, James Lanning had made up his mind that he would buy the ticket. He went to the little box where he had already one hundred and twenty dollars laid out toward paying off the mortgage from his house. The lock clicked with a startling sound, and when he threw back the cover he hesitated. He looked at his wife, and he saw that she was sad.

"Oh, I'm sure I shall draw a prize!" he said, with a faint, fading smile.

He took four half eagles from the box and put them in his pocket. His wife said nothing. She played with her babe to hide her sadness, for she did not wish to say more on the subject. She had seen that little pile of gold gradually accumulating, and both she and her husband had been happy in anticipating the day when the pretty cottage would be all their own. But when she saw those four pieces of gold taken away from the store, she felt a foreshadowing of evil. She might have spoken again against the movement, but she saw that her husband was sorely tender on the subject, and she let the affair go into the hands of fate.

A week elapsed from the time that James bought his ticket to the drawing of the lottery, and during that time the young man had not a moment of real enjoyment. He was alternating between hope and fear, and therefore his mind was constantly on the stretch.

At length the day arrived. James went to the office and found that the drawing had taken place, and the list of prizes had been made out. He seized the list and turned away, so that those who stood around should not see his face. He read the list through and through, but he searched for his number in vain! It was not there. He had drawn a blank! He left the office an unhappy man. Those twenty dollars which he had lost had been the savings of two months of hard labor, and he felt their loss most keenly.

When he returned home that night he told his wife that he had lost. She found no fault with him. She only kissed him, and told him that the lesson was a good one, even though it had been dearly bought.

But James Lanning was not satisfied. He brooded over his loss with a bitter spirit, and at length the thought came to him that he might yet draw a prize. He wished that he had not bought the first ticket, and he thought that if he could only get back his twenty dollars he would buy no more; but he could not rest under his loss. He was determined to make one more trial, and he did so. This time he purchased a ticket without his wife's knowledge. The result was the same as before. He drew a blank!

"Forty dollars!" was a sentence that dwelt fearfully upon the mechanic's lips.

"Oh, I must draw a prize!" he said to himself. "I must make up what I have lost. Let me once do that, and I'll buy no more tickets."

Another twenty dollars was taken from the little bank, another ticket was bought, another blank was drawn. At the end of three months the little bank was empty, and James Lanning had the last ticket in his pocket. Ah, how earnestly he prayed that that last ticket might draw a prize! He had become pale and careworn, and his wife—poor, confiding soul—thought he only repined because he had lost twenty dollars. When she would try and cheer him he would laugh, and try to make the matter light.

"James," said his wife to him one day—it was the day before that on which the lottery was to be drawn in which he held the sixth ticket—"Mr. Rowse has been here to-day after his semi-annual interest. I told him that you would see him to-morrow."

"Yes, I will," said James, in a faint voice. "Yes, to-morrow I shall see him."

Young Lanning thought of the lottery, and of the prize. This was his sixth trial, and he felt sure that he should draw.

The morning came, and when James Lanning returned to his home at night he was penniless! All his golden visions had faded away, and he was left in darkness and misery.

"James, have you paid Mr. Rowse his interest yet?" asked Hannah.

The young man leaned his head upon his hands and groaned aloud.

"For heaven's sake, James, what has happened?" cried the startled wife, springing to the side of her husband and twining her arm about his neck.

The young man looked up with a wild, haggard expression. His lips were bloodless, and his features were all stricken with a death-hue.

"What is it? Oh, what?" murmured the wife.

"Go look in our box—our little bank!" groaned the poor man.

Hannah hastened away, and when she returned she bore an empty box in her hand.

"Robbed!" she gasped, and she sank tremblingly down by her husband's side.

"Yes, Hannah," whispered the husband, "I have robbed you."

The stricken wife gazed upon her husband with a vacant look, for at first she did not comprehend; but she remembered his behavior for weeks back; she remembered how he had murmured in his sleep of lotteries and tickets, of blanks and prizes, and gradually the truth broke in upon her.

"I have done it all, Hannah," hoarsely whispered the condemned man,

when he saw that his wife had guessed the truth. "All, all has gone for lottery tickets. The demon tempter lured me; he held up glittering gold in his hand, but he gave me none of it. Oh, do not chide me! You know not what I have suffered—what hours of agony I have passed—and you know how cold is my heart now. Oh, my wife, would to God I had listened to you!"

"Ah!" calmly whispered the faithful wife, as she drew her hand across her husband's heated brow. "Mourn not for what is lost. I will not chide you. It is hard thus for you to lose your scanty earnings, but there might be many calamities worse than that. Courage, James; we will soon forget it."

"And Mr. Rowse will foreclose the mortgage. You will be homeless," murmured young Lanning in broken accents.

"No; I will see that all is safe in that quarter," added Hannah.

At that moment the baby awoke, and the gentle mother was called to care for it. On the next day, at noon, Hannah Lanning gave her husband a receipt for fifteen dollars from Mr. Rowse.

"Here," said she, "interest is paid. Now let us forget all that has passed, and commence again."

"But how—what has paid this?" asked James, gazing first upon the receipt, and then upon his wife.

"Never mind."

"Ah, but I must mind. Tell me, Hannah."

"Well, I have sold my gold watch."

"Sold it?"

"But I can buy it back again. The man will not part with it, if I want it. But I don't want it, James, till we are able. Perhaps I shall never want it. You must not chide me, for never did I derive one iota of the pleasure from its possession that I now feel in the result of its disposal."

James Lanning clasped his wife to his bosom, and he murmured a prayer, and in that prayer there was a pledge.

Two years passed away, and during that time James Lanning lost not a single day from his work. He was as punctual as the sun, and the result was as sure.

It was late on Saturday evening when he came home. After supper he drew a paper from his pocket, and laid it upon the table.

"There, Hannah," said he, while a noble pride beamed in every feature, "there is my mortgage. I've paid it—every cent. This house is ours; it is our own house. I've bought it with dollars, every one of which has been honestly earned by the sweat of my brow. I am happy now."

Hannah Lanning saw that her husband had opened his arms, and she sat down upon his knee and laid her head upon his shoulder.

"Oh, blessed moment!" she murmured.

"Yes, it is a blessed moment," responded her husband. "Do you remember, Hannah, the hour of bitterness that we saw two years ago?"

The wife shuddered, but made no reply.

"Ah," continued the young man, "I have never forgotten that bitter lesson; and even now I tremble when I think how fatally I was deceived by the tempter that has lured so many thousands to destruction."

"But his horror is lost in this happy moment," said Hannah, looking up with a smile.

"It's terror may be lost," resumed James, "but its lesson must never be forgotten. Ah, the luring lottery ticket has a dark side—a side which few see until they feel it."

"And are not all its sides dark?" softly asked the wife. "If there is any brightness about it, it is only the glare of the fatal ignis fatuus which can only lead the wayward traveler into danger and disquiet."

"You are right, my dear wife. You were right at first. Ah," he continued, as he drew the faithful being more closely to his bosom, "if husbands would oftener obey the tender dictates of the loving wife, there would be far less misery in the world than there is now."—Waverley Magazine.

Japs Learn Western Ways. Japanese journalism is developing on Western lines and with surprising rapidity. The events of the present war are responsible for extras which are sold on the street in the American fashion. The newsmen run barelegged with a sort of napkin around the head and a small bell at the belt, which rings as they go.

When the war news is lively the extras come out in a correspondingly lively manner, one after the other, and are liberally patronized. The sensational reporter has appeared there, as well as the female journalist, and things are "whooped up" more than they used to be. One consequence of this is that journalism here and there begins to pay, where formerly it had to be subsidized as a matter of patriotism and public spirit. There is an English column in all the papers and English is studied in all the schools.

The country has 600 newspapers in all, and several of them have respectively a circulation exceeding 100,000 copies. As guides and directors of public opinion they are perhaps not inferior to our own. Altogether Japanese journalism, in its infancy, has a bright future before it and will likely keep pace with the progress of the country it serves.

What He Took Comfort In. The ark had just landed. "There is one comfort, anyway," remarked Noah, "there isn't any old salt left to tell me he was in a worse storm thirty years ago."

With a thankful sigh he proceeded to unship his cargo.—New York Tribune.

Boys And Girls

Table Manners.
The bluejay is a greedy bird; I often watch him eat.

When crumbs are scattered from our door he snatches all the treat.
He drives the smaller birds away, his manners are so rude—
It's quite a shocking thing to see him gobble down his food!
And sometimes, when I'm not polite, I hear my mother say,
"Why, now I see a little boy who's eating bluejay way!"

The sparrows are a noisy set and very quarrelsome.
Because each hungry little bird desires the biggest crumb.
They scold and fight about the food, all chirping "Me! Me! Me!"
And sometimes when we children are inclined to disagree
About the sharing of a treat, my mother says, "Why you are acting now the very way the silly sparrows do!"

The jolly little chickadees are perfectly polite.
They never snatch, they never bolt, they never, never fight.
They hold the crumbs down daintily with both their little feet,
And peck off tiny little bites—we love to watch them eat!
And when my sister's good at meals, my mother says, "I see
A little girl who's eating like a darling chickadee!"
—Good Housekeeping.

Something Queer.



O. I will tell you something.
That's queer as it can be.
Altho' of me there is but one.
My Mother says I'm three!

Billy Visits the Farm.
Dear Johnny: I have cum down to Unkel Ned' farm. Consin Jim kin make picters which I send some of to you.

Me and you was way off when we ust to feel sorry for the poor country Boys who never see's nothin' nor has eny fun, but jist to Work all the time frum before day light in the Morning till the cows is milked and put back in the Pastur at night. We was "barkin' up the Wrong tree," as unkel Ned would say, fer the boys in the Country has more fun than a lot.

Unkel Ned asked me if I liked to fish and he sed that when we got the Weeds all hoed out of the corn field and the wheat cut and the clover Hay hauled and Stacked and the Fence fixed round the wood lot and some other things we'd take a half day off and go fishin'.

Aint I lucky to have a unkel who lives in the Country and wants to see a little boy Enjoy hisself?

When we got in sight of the House I saw Aunt Mandy out at the Kitchen door lookin' fer us. I guess she don't ferget when she was a Little Boy herself fer she put two kinds of pie on my plate.

We had lots of fun yesterday in the hay field. It don't grow in Bales but in Hay Cocks. Unkel sez its lots of fun haulin' them into the barn where they won't be stole in the winter time. Little Ephraim the daky laffed when Unkel sed this.

Ephraim don't liv here. He jist visits. I'm going to hunt Bugs with him tomorrow. He likes bugs.

The hay isn't all put away as sum is kept to fill the feather beds with.

The daky kid ast me if I wanted to ride the white horse. So I got on him. His name is Old Sal. Unkel sed hitch a hay Cock to her and they put a chain around a hay Cock and hitched it to the horse.

The daky kid said get up, and Old Sal started off with the hay cock.

"Purty soon I herd an awful buzzin' an' looked round an' see a quart of bumble bees comin' out of that hay Cock. I knowed if they stung Old Sal she'd run off an' smash things, so I whipped her up an' tried to git away, but I tell you its purty hard to run

LITTLE STORIES AND INCIDENTS

That Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers.

away from a bumble bees nest when your hitched to it. I guess them bees was mad at me fer haulin' their House away, fer one bee got on Old Sal and the other '999 tackled me.

When I got back unkel Ned and that Black kid was laffin' fit to bust. I wonder if they knowed them bees Lived there?

I'm standin' up and eatin' my meals ofn the top of a rain barrel now. Your Friend, BILLY.
—P. S.—Kin you cum down?—Chicago Journal.

Our 9,000 Coast Lights.
There are 9,000 burning lights and signals stretched along the American coasts, forming a perfect link, so that the navigator need be beyond sight of one of the beacons. One thousand of these are located on the Atlantic coast, 1,500 are scattered along the rivers and inland water ways, 500 on the great lakes and 200 on the Pacific coast.

FIRST LUCIFER MATCHES.

Were Placed on the Market in 1827 and Called Congreves.

The first really efficient lucifer match must be put to the credit of John Walker of Stockton-on-Tees, who, in 1827, placed them on the market under the name of "congreves," in compliment to Sir William Congreve, the inventor of the war rocket. These matches were sold for a shilling a box, which contained, besides a few dozen of the matches, a little piece of folded sandpaper, through which each splint of wood had to be drawn before it could be made to inflame. An original tin box stamped with the royal arms and bearing the word "Congreve" is preserved as a curiosity in one of the London museums.

As in the case of all other industries, this was initiated by hand labor alone. The splints of wood were no doubt originally dipped in the igniting composition one by one; but subsequently they were tied up in bundles and dipped en bloc, the workman giving each bundle a twist with his hands so that the end of each splint would be free to move to a certain extent, and absorb a little more of the compound than it would if kept quite still. The next advance was to fix the splints in a frame so that each was separated from its neighbor, and this frame containing about 1,500 matches, would be brought down on a marble slab upon which the composition was spread. The tipped matches, still in their frame, would then be dried in air for a few hours, and afterward placed in a heated chamber to complete their desiccation. Manual labor is now almost wholly dispensed with in the manufacture of matches. The employment of yellow phosphorus for the charging of matches made the industry a very unhealthy one, and the work people, if not in the best of health, ran the risk of contracting a terrible disease known as necrosis of the jaw-bone, the vulgar name for which was "phossy jaw." With improvements in manufacture this evil has now been eliminated.—Chambers' Journal.

USED ONE PEN FOURTEEN YEARS

Louisville Man Carried a Knife 18 Years and a Pencil 5 Years.

The constant use of a pen point for fourteen years, a penknife eighteen years, an ordinary indelible lead pencil five years and a key ring nineteen years to the ordinary person sounds incredible, but such is the case with Cad Burba, a clerk in the general customs office here.

Mr. Burba, who was in the drug business at New Hope for more than ten years, is now using constantly a pen point he secured, second hand, while in the drug business, and since he has been at work for Uncle Sam he has continued to use it, preferring it to any other. During that time he has worn out two penholders, but the point is still in the prime of condition, kept so by the care bestowed upon it by its owner.

A fellow clerk was discussing the matter of care of pens yesterday, when Mr. Burba remarked that any pen, or article, or any kind, would last for years if given the proper care. To prove his claim he drew from his pocket a knife which he had carried eighteen years. The blades gave evidence of numerous whettings, but not a gap or break could be seen. The knife, Mr. Burba said, had done a full share of work since he had owned it, and is good for many years yet.

After exhibiting the knife, Mr. Burba drew forth a key ring bearing the date of 1885. It is a souvenir of the Louisville exposition, was purchased as such by Mr. Burba during the festival occasion, and has since done constant service. Mr. Burba has a special pocket for all these articles, and they may always be found there. He says he never breaks the point from a pencil, never loans it but that he watches it closely, and sees to it that it does not get away; never leaves the pencil, key ring or knife lying on his desk, but replaces them in their respective pockets when not in use, and by such inviolate system and care he always has them about him.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Don't blame woman for being vain; she is only what man has made her.

POINTS WHEREIN THEY DIFFER.

One of the Sex Contrasts American Women Unfavorably with English.
Despite all the loudly expressed opinions to the contrary, nothing can touch the really smart English woman as one sees her at the Carlton or at Prince's at the luncheon hour. There is a bewitching, graceful femininity about her that is in evidence in every detail of her costume and a certain something that, for lack of a better word, we must call refinement.

Our most charmingly gowned women in America have all a tendency to extravagance in dress and ornament.

The well-dressed English woman is simple in her style, despite her frills, and it is only in the evening, when she puts on her low-necked gown, that she allows any of the daring extravagance that one sees so freely displayed at our fashionable hotels on Fifth avenue where women meet for luncheon.

Then, the English woman's face is patrician even when she is far from beautiful. The finely modeled noses and chins, the long, slender necks are the rule, and, although good eyes and mouths are not so plentiful, the clear lines of the faces under the frilly hats are very satisfying from an artistic standpoint.

Our bifurcated girl and our gentlemanly young business woman, in her stiff collar and her four-in-hand scarf, have, of course, stood for something fine, vigorous and gloriously independent.

We have chummed with our masculine kind to an extent that has made the most popular type of society girl, the racy, washing woman who above all scorns any suspicion of being an ingenue.

Many of our younger matrons have astonished our younger groups by affecting the style of the most popular actress or opera singer in the manner of coiffure or of corsage. It has been absolutely impossible to detect the difference between the successful demimonde and the society leader, so far as either dress or manner is concerned.

And, at the same time, the English woman of society is inclined to be fast, but she is never unfeminine. For that reason she never suggests that under her baby lace hat and its chin ties lurks the same deviltry, coquetry and desire for the subjugation of man that first possessed Mother Eve and broke up the light housekeeping in Eden.—Life.

INTERCEPTED THE CZAR'S MAIL.

Convincing Proof of the Bondage of That Ruler.

A very striking proof of the Czar's bondage was recently afforded when the Czar dispatched one of his personal favorites, a certain M. Kloppoff, into the central provinces of Russia to report on the true condition of affairs there, about which he had previously received official information. He desired to test the accuracy of bureaucratic reports, but he knew that letters from M. Kloppoff direct to him would inevitably be opened and suppressed if they contained statements of which officialdom disapproved. In order to avoid this espionage, he ordered M. Kloppoff to mail his reports in small envelopes of the pattern used for private letters, not straight to the palace, but to the address in St. Petersburg of a certain General Hesse. General Hesse was entrusted with the secret, and he undertook personally to carry all the letters received from M. Kloppoff to the Czar. M. Kloppoff went on his mission, but out of eighteen letters which he posted to General Hesse for the Czar only five reached their destination. A strong ruler would doubtless make a vigorous effort to liberate himself from this tyranny, but the Czar is essentially a weak man. The unhealthy, pale, almost gray color of his complexion betrays his want of physical health and strength, while the amazing inconsistencies of his reign indicate successive surrenders to conflicting influences. It is characteristic of his weakness that he never strikes out a new line of thought or action on his own initiative, and that his decision on any given question of policy is nothing more than the choice which of two or more courses recommended to him by different advisers shall be followed. He is never a leader like the German emperor, but is continually being led by some influential man or group of men.—Success.

ARIZONA'S AGATE BRIDGE.



A NATURAL CURIOSITY.
In the "Petrified Forest" of Arizona there is a natural bridge, across a narrow canyon consisting of the petrified, or agatized, trunk of a tree, 111 feet in length. The petrified trees in this region are believed to have flourished in the Triassic age. Most of them are allied to the Norfolk island pine (Araucaria) of to-day, but some resemble the red cedar. Prof. O. C. S. Cartor thinks that the petrification was due to soluble silicates derived from the decomposition of the feldspathic cement found in the sandstone of that locality.

Removing Battle Scars.
British officers are having the scars of face wounds removed by the use of light rays. The London Mail says: "The custom is rapidly growing of surgeons sending their patients to have the scars left by operations removed."