HE LOTTERY TICKET.

AMES LANNING was a mechanic, a young, honest man, whose highest ambition was to gain a comfortable home for himself and wife, and to be it well of by his neighbors. He ilt himself a house, and there mained upon it a mortgage of but this sum he hoped to pay in years, if he only had his health. d calculated exactly how long ld take him to clear off this inance, and he went to work with s open.

evening James came home to his more thoughtful than usual. oung wife noticed his manner, e inquired its cause.

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

, I'll tell you, Hannah," re- the young man, with a slight tion in his manner. "I have just hinking that I would buy a lotcket."

nah Lanning did not answer imely. She looked down and ed the silken hair of her babe, was chirping like a little robin arms, and the shades of her ne features showed that she king time to think.

w much will it cost?" she asked, eth, looking half timidly up into band's face.

enty dollars," returned James, to assume a confidence which not feel.

have you made up your mind it?"

, I think I shall. What do you bout it?"

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

hy so?"

many reasons," returned his n a trembling tone.

would not offend her husband, e shrank from giving him adich he might not follow.

e first place," she said, "I think hole science of lotteries is a bad nd then you have no money to

just look at the prizes," said drawing a "scheme" from his "There is one prize of $20,000, of $10,000, another $5000, and something tells me that if I ticket I shall draw a large prize. just think, Hannah, how easoxit pay all up for my house, have a good handsome

young man spoke with much and assurance, but he saw was a cloud upon his wife's

seems to me that the chance of g a prize is very doubtful," said she took the scheme. are many thousand tickets to be

band tried hard to snatch the and Hannah laid it aside.

think I shall run the risk," re- James, glancing once more over and resting with a nervous upon the figures which repre- the higher prizes. "There's he drew about $800 a year

es, I know it," said Hannah, with warmth than she had before sted, "and what has become of money? You know he has ered it all away. Ah, James, is of no use unless we come ly by it.

nestly?" repeated the young man. y, there is nothing dishonest in g a prize in a lottery."

think there is," kindly, but emly, replied the wife. "All f hazard, where money is at re dishonest. Were you to prize of $20,000, you would housand men of $20 each; or you would take from them or which you returned them no st. Is it not gambling in every the word?"

s! You look upon the matter rong a light."

ps I do; but yet so it looks to hat you may draw some one st lose; and perhaps it may be e who can afford the loss no han you can. I wouldn't buy et, James. Let us live on the s of our honest gains, and we happier."

Lanning was uneasy. He had er for his wife's arguments; no answer that could spring moral convictions, and he let er drop. But the young man t drop the siren from his ll the next day his head was prizes," and while he was at he kept muttering to himself, thousand dollars," "Ten thousands," "Five thousand dollars."

e went home the next night most unhappy with the ne- dy into which he had thrown The tempter had grasped and whenever he thought ry, he saw nothing but piles d silver. In short, James d made up his mind that he the ticket. He went to the where he had already $120 ward paying off the mort- his house. The lock clicked arting sound, and when he k the cover he hesitated. He his wife, and he saw that she

sure I shall draw a prize" with a faint fading smile. four half dollars from the ut them in his pocket. His ttings. She played with her s, for she did say more on the subject. that little pile of gold sacrifices and how she had been happy in an day when the poetry to all their cares. She ase to the places of gold 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 upon the subject, and she let the affair go to 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 that 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, 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 if he could only get back his $20 he would buy no more; but he would not rest under his loss. He was determined to make one more trial, and he did so. This time he purchased the 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 $20 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 $20. 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 had the sixth ticket—"Mr. Rowse has been here to-day after the 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 morrow 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 beside 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 my heart is 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 worse calamities 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 $15 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 its horror is lost in this happy moment," said Hannah, looking up with a smile.

"Its 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."

"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.

Are Americans Popular in England?

As a matter of fact, no English politician ever thinks of mentioning the United States in the speech without some complimentary adjective, and the British public, which has long ceased to be the most stolid public in Europe, and become instead, thanks to cheap reading, one of the most hysterical and sentimental, always cheers heartily any allusion to "our cousins beyond the sea," and agrees rapturously with the speaker that "blood is thicker than water." An American who tries to persuade himself that his country has a political foe in England had better stay in America if he wants to keep his faith whole. It would hardly survive a fortnight in England itself. Englishmen bear no grudges. They are as proud of Washington as Americans themselves; most of them are not even aware that there was such a thing as the War of 1812; while they quite cheerfully admit that all through the Civil War and the Alabama business they were in the wrong, and were rightly made to pay for it. In the visitors' room at the Reform Club on Pall Mall you will find over the mantlepiece a facsimile of the Declaration of Independence, and above it medallions of Washington, Lincoln and Grant. There is something rather fine in a people that can thus candidly publish and acknowledge two of the greatest blunders in their history. But the British have grown into a big habit of always exempting Americans from the ordinary divisions of nationality. Cecil Rhodes was far from being the only Englishman whose patriotism went beyond the empire, and included the race. The least imaginative Londoner feels himself and his country in a very special degree united to America. It is the nation of all others he would most like his own to be on friendly and even intimate terms with.—Sydney Brooks, in Harper's Weekly.

Telephone Troubles in Abyssinia.

In Abyssinia there are at the present time 800 miles of telephone wires already erected, and about 1000 miles in course of construction. The contractor has had almost every imaginable trouble to contend with. Tremendous rainfalls were the first source of damage, washing out miles of pole line. Scarcely had this damage been made good when the poles again began to fall. This time the cause was termites, or white ants. The destruction was stopped by erecting iron poles, but the latter proved very attractive to the natives, who tore them out and converted them into tools. This has been stopped by royal decree, and the principal trouble encountered now are elephants, who use the telephone poles as scratching posts, thus knocking them down, and monkeys, who find the wires delightful swings. The rapid growth of the jungle also gives some trouble, and makes it necessary to keep a party of men constantly employed cutting away the young growth.

Canada Pushing For Business.

The Canadian Government, says the Westminster Gazette, has had built in Glasgow a traveling "stand," such as is commonly used at exhibitions, for the purpose of touring the country, advertising the advantages of life in the Dominion. The wagon is now in Edinburgh. From there it is to travel through a large part of Scotland. The exterior of the wagon is painted bright vermilion, with appropriate mottoes, and when it comes to a standstill the sides and ends throw up, converting it into a stand, on which are shown specimens of the products of the colony. By means of the stand it is hoped to reach remote and otherwise inaccessible parts of the country.

A FILIPINO TEACHER.

A Filipino Teacher.

The advancement of education among the Filipinos under American influence is rapidly progressing. Not only are there now a large number of American teachers in the islands doing daily excellent work, but the number of well-qualified Filipino teachers is constantly increasing. Among these Miss Pilar Zamora, whose portrait appears here, is of especial interest just now because she is in charge of the model school on the Philippine Reservation at the St. Louis Fair, and has been largely instrumental in the collection of exhibits for the educational display at the Exposition. She is a native Filipino, about twenty-five years old. She graduated from the Collegio de Santa Rosa, a Jesuit institution. After American occupation she took an English course, graduating in 1902, and assuming charge of the Santa Cruz school in Manila. Later she was transferred to the Manila Normal College. Miss Zamora believes thoroughly in having American methods and the American language instituted in the islands for the education of the natives

FILIPINO ARCHERS.

—From The Century.

The Daughter of a Tagalo Chief, With Brother and Servant.

Filipino Archers

Archery has been practiced in the United States at intervals, in a desultory way, and on two or three occasions has seemed on the point of becoming popular. About 1830 it must have been practiced here to a considerable extent, judging from the trade catalogues and manuals published about that time by the dealers in archery goods. Again about 1875 there was a revival of the sport in this country, and in 1879 there was formed a National Association, which has held its annual contests since, though public interest in the sport has not been sustained.

The Potomac Archery Club, of Washington was organized in 1879, and is one of the few clubs that have kept up an organization. Archery is still practiced in the Philippine Islands, as shown by the accompanying cut.

JAPANESE INFANTRY IN FIRING ORDER

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

The Highly Developed System of Technical and Trade Schools Which Equip For a Commercial or Mechanical Career the Student Not Designed For a Profession.

THE system of industrial education in Germany, which has attained a high state of development, is made the subject of an interesting report by United States Deputy Consul Meyer at Chemnitz. This is the first of a series of consular reports on specialized educational facilities which have contributed so largely to the phenomenal success of the German Empire in manufactures and commerce.

At the base of the German educational edifice lie the Volksschulen, or common schools. Attendance at the Volksschule is compulsory between the ages of six or seven and fourteen.

When the young student reaches his tenth year, a very important age has been attained from the point of view of education. At this age his parents must decide upon the general form of education which they desire their offspring to receive. Their means and position in life will largely determine the decision as to whether it will be merely a primary education (in the Volksschule), a secondary education (in the Hohere Schule), or a higher education (in the Hochschule). If a primary education is decided upon the child continues in the Volksschule. If a secondary education, or perchance, a higher education, is to be given, then the tenth year marks the time when the child leaves the Volksschule and enters some secondary institution, such as a gymnasium, realgymnasium, or ober-realschule; or a progymnasium, real-progymnasium, or realschule; or a trade or technical school of secondary rank; or a private institution which has been ranked by the state as a secondary school. The secondary schools offer courses of either nine or six years.

While the child is pursuing his course in the secondary school, another decision must be made which involves not only the means of the parents, but also the natural aptitudes and abilities of the child. If the means are limited, then very likely a course in a secondary school with a six years' course will be pursued by the child after the attainment of the tenth year, or probably a course in a trade school or secondary technical school, in preparation for some profession in middle life, such as that of artisan, skilled textile worker, or lower engineer or mechanic. If sufficient means are at hand, then the son will be prepared for a higher education, which will be either classical (gymnasium), leading to some higher profession, like theology, medicine or law; or semi-classical (realgymnasium), also leading to some higher profession; or non-classical (ober-realschule), in preparation for a business career, for a course at some industrial high school, or, less frequently, for medicine or law.

The age of fourteen, the year at which the Volksschule is, as a rule, completed, marks another turning-point in the educational career of the child. The boy may enter either a general continuation school (allgemeine fortbildungsschule) in which are repeated and expanded some of the most necessary studies of the Volksschule, or he may enter one of the two classes of industrial continuation schools—a general industrial continuation school (gewerbliche Fortbildungsschule) or a commercial continuation school (kaufmannische Fortbildungsschule).

German, drawing and arithmetic are the three great branches taught in the continuation schools, though more advanced work in geometry, physics and chemistry is given in a few of the best schools. To these studies must be added instruction in such subjects as possess a particular value to a local industry or industries. The commercial continuation schools distinguish themselves from the general industrial continuation schools in that they emphasize the commercial studies—viz., correspondence, bookkeeping, languages, commercial arithmetic, commercial geography and office work.

It is important to note that the child first comes in contact with the system of industrial education after graduation from the Volksschule. In some states it is permissible to substitute a special trade school (gewerbliche Fachschule) for a continuation school, particularly for persons preparing for a profession. Furthermore, a primary commercial school, a primary textile school, or school for mechanics or for locksmiths, etc., may be substituted for the continuation school. As a rule, however, these special trade schools, even if elementary, require the completion of some continuation school for admission, to insure proper maturity of mind in the study of a profession.

Here, then, is the end of the educational career of a child destined for nothing more than a primary education. The Volksschule course, plus a compulsory, or rarely optional, continuation school course, or, in substitution, some industrial continuation or trade school course, is the sum total of a primary education in Germany, which is completed at the age of fifteen, sixteen, or at times seventeen years.

China and Manchuria.

A correspondent in the London Times says that the Chinese care nothing for the provinces of Manchuria. They form no part of the eighteen provinces which fill the Chinese conception of his native land, though they gave birth to the ruling dynasty. This indifference may be real and may account for the ease with which the Russians have overrun the country; yet Manchuria is worth fighting for.

"To Learn to Ride a Horse."

A curious example of French administrative red tapeism is related by the London Auto. Stern, the jockey, who rode the winner in the Grand Prix de Paris, is about to enter upon his year's military service. His request to be enrolled in a cavalry regiment has been refused on the ground that "a year is not long enough in which to learn to ride a horse."

TO MAKE WALKING EASY.

Who has not at one time or another experienced the tortures of walking in uncomfortable shoes, and who has not more than once wondered why some growing genius did not present to suffering humanity a remedy for the many evils that do beset the feet?

What seems to be a solution of the trouble will be found in a newly-contrived shoe which has for its purpose

THE EASY-WALKING SHOE.

the comfort of the wearer first, last and all the time. As will be seen by the picture the sole is so constructed that elasticity and ventilation are given with each movement of the foot. The shoe yields to the inclination of the instep in walking, and the compression and depression of the sole successively forces little draughts of air beneath the inner sole. It is said that this new shoe is highly recommended from a sanitary standpoint.

THE ORIGIN OF GENIUS.

Mystery Surrounding the Cause of Greatness in Men.

The revival of interest in Chopin, to the appearance of a biography and a discussion of his place among musical composers, has also called attention to the fact that there is also no discoverable origin of his genius. His parents, while not of the lowest peasant class, were not remarkable people, nor did any of his brothers or sisters display any marked characteristics to distinguish them from the average human kind. Chopin, however, from infancy, gave evidence of superior musical development. He speedily distanced his instructors upon the piano, wrote such difficult music that he was compelled to devise his own method of fingering, and improvised long before he knew anything of technical counterpoint and harmony. His genius was intuitive. No one can tell whence it came. All delighted in its manifestation.

What is true of Chopin is true of nearly every other genius the world has known. A family pursues its commonplace existence for several generations, and then, without any apparent reason, a son or daughter, endowed with faculties quite foreign to parents and relatives, mounts to the highest pedestal of fame. Genius, however, does not beget genius, and so, as soon as nature has sported with the one shining example, the glory dies away, and once more the dead level of common humanity is resumed.

There was not, for instence, a gradual ascent to nor an equally even descent from the height which Shakespeare reached. He stands alone, with nothing before and nothing after. Neither his father, a reputable merchant in Stratford, nor his mother, the daughter of a respectable landholder, was apparently destined to give to the world so great a son. Wagner's father was the clerk of a police court, although he passionately loved the theatre, and his mother possessed no especial gifts. Beethoven's father was an ordinary musician and his mother was the daughter of a cook. The list might be indefinitely extended, including great leaders of men like Mahomet and Napoleon; or poets, from Homer to Tennyson; or painters, from Raphael to all the famous artists of the present day.

In all of these men the mystery of genius was present. Its presence excited curiosity, as well as admiration, and yet its cause remained a sealed book. All that is said and written is mere guesswork. No one knows what peculiar convolution of the brain, what particular activity of undiscovered cells, makes the poet, the musician, the artist, or the general. We say that a man is a born poet or a born musician, and there we pause. Science brings nothing definite to our aid, and leaves the curtain darkly down.

While it is true, as Carlyle said, that genius is capacity for taking infinite pains, it is also true that no amount of labor can supply the missing element of genius. A man who lacks the vital spark at his birth might as well accept the place which nature has assigned him. It is not for him to be great. Perhaps the time will come when the researches of the scientists will reveal to us how geniuses are made, discovering the conditions which create the wonderful gifts which make the whole world bow in admiration. Until then, however, the mystery of genius must be ignorantly worshiped.

It is even poor consolation to agree with Schopenhauer that there is a touch of genius in every man. He argues that unless this were the case, it would be impossible to explain the love of humanity for art and music and all the concrete manifestations of beauty. At the same time this is merely the statement of a fact, not the discovery of a cause. With the birth of every genius the eternal riddle presents itself unsolved. Some of these days when the world is not so wholly given over to materialism, as it is today, some rare, ethereal, spiritual mind may grasp the secret. Meanwhile, we of the grosser flesh can simply wonder and adore.—Washington Post.

Whalebone.

There may not at first sight seem to be any necessary relation between a lady of fashion in London, Paris or New York and a bowhead whale tumbling and diving in Arctic seas, says the London Graphic. Nevertheless the one is steadily, if unconsciously, extirpating the other. It is the bowhead which yields whalebone, and such is the demand of corset manufacturers for this material that the source of supply bids fair to be exhausted. No satisfactory substitute has yet been devised, and the consequence is that the bowhead whale is at the present in the same perilous position in which his brother, the sperm whale, found himself before the advent of petroleum gave him a fresh chance in the struggle for existence. Last year's catch of whalebone reached only 70,000 pounds, as compared with two or three times that amount in previous years; one-half of the ships engaged in the industry came back "clean." The price has naturally shot skywards. Whalebone, which a few years ago cost eight shillings a pound wholesale, has this year cost thirty shillings, and the corset makers will have to pay forty shillings or more.

Formerly whalebone had other uses besides the improvement of the female figure, but with the diminution of the supply it came to be practically monopolized for the purposes of fashion, and even in that limited field it is now available only for the most expensive wares. The prospect is not encouraging either for the bowhead whale or for the dress reformer. There is reason to fear that both will shortly be extinct.

A Fact in Evidence.

Dr. Waldo, city of London Coroner, said in a lecture recently that a weapon in the hand of a man who had been murdered is always tightly grasped, so that the fingers sometimes have to be severed before it can be released. In the case of suicide there is no grasp at all.

Yawning as a Cure.

For some maladies physicians recommend yawning. They say that muscles are brought into play during a yawn that would otherwise never get any exercise at all.