

"Tom won't listen to it," she answered gloomily.

"Well, I wouldn't ask him. You keep the money, and goodness knows it's as much yours as his, for you've worked hard enough for it. Buy a lottery ticket, and don't tell him that you have it. If it turns up a prize, I bet he won't fuss about your gettin' it."

Linda made no answer, but her mind was made up. She thought of the anger of her husband if he ever found out that she had disobeyed him, but her mania was too strong upon her for her to weight it in the balance. Of course the ticket she bought came up a blank, but the gambling demon had taken possession of her, and month after month the hoard diminished, and she grew fiercely eager to redeem her losses and prevent discovery.

One morning her husband came in smiling and jubilant.

"I've just been paid for Ross's big house I've been building," he cried laughing. "That's \$300 clear, little woman, and I want you to come back to your old self, and give up pouting. Thought I had forgotten you, didn't you, and all the time I've been working and planning to give you a surprise?"

"You remember Lawson's beautiful house you used to long for? Well, I bought it this morning, and with this three hundred and the money we've saved up we've got very nearly enough to pay for it cash down. Get out the pocketbook, deary; I'm in a hurry to get back and get the bill of sale made out. My God! What is the matter with you, Linda?"

White-faced and wild-eyed, Linda had thrown off her husband's hand, and stood there trembling in every limb and gasping to breath.

"I've been too sudden with my good news, dear," he said tenderly, trying to take her in his arms.

But she struggled from his grasp, and covered her face with her hands.

"There's no money left!" she cried wildly. "I spent it all for lottery tickets. I thought I must win at last, and I took it, and took and lost every time."

At first he did not seem to comprehend the meaning of her words, but, as it broke upon him, he put his hand to his weakened heart, and with a gasping sigh sank on a seat which stood near. It was all over in a minute, poor Tom's hope and despair, and death; but as the miserable woman, with a piercing scream, fell on her knees beside him, and took the dead hand, which had worked so faithfully for her, in her own, she realized the evil she had wrought—the evil which is wrought day by day by the lottery in once happy homes and united hearts, the evil whose end no man may see.—*The Household*.

A LITTLE MAIDEN'S PLEA.

RECITATION.

1. I'm only four years old,
Yet I'm old enough to say,
If we truly love our Saviour,
His words we will obey.
2. When He went from earth to heaven
He gave this last command:
"Go preach the Gospel message
To every tribe and land."
3. All can not cross the ocean;
But our work right here is found;
So I'd like to ask the president,
To "pass the hat around."—C. S. C.
—Sel.

BAD READING.

The other day a little fellow sat reading a book, when suddenly he saw his father coming along. He put the book out of sight, and stood up in great confusion, waiting for his father to pass by. Now, I didn't like that, and I herewith advise that boy, and all other boys, never to read anything they are ashamed of. Open out every page you read, full and free, in God's light and presence, as you must, and if it is not lit to be opened so, do not read it at all.

Bad reading is deadly poison, and I, for one, would like to see the poisoners—that is, the men who furnish it—punished like any other murderers. Yes, and more, it's far worse to kill the soul than to kill the body.

In my opinion parents are not half watchful enough in this matter, and if I were you, young folks, I wouldn't stand it.

LEARN TO BE SELF-RELIANT.

People who have been bolstered up all their lives are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes, they look around for something to cling to or lean upon. Once down they are utterly helpless, and can never find their feet again without assistance. Such silken fellows no more resemble self-made men who have fought their way to position, making difficulties their stepping stones, and deriving determination from defeat, than bushes resemble oaks. It is unwise to deprive young men of the advantages which result from energetic action, by assisting them over obstacles which they ought to be able to surmount alone. Did a man ever learn to swim well who placed his whole confidence in a cork jacket? The assistance may be of advantage for a few lessons, but he who would learn to take care of himself must cast aside all such supports.