

The more advanced young ladies are of course not ignorant of their powers in this particular, and upon its proper exercise in relation to the Temperance cause, there depends an issue, the importance of which language is too poor, too feeble to pourtray. Our younger ladies are not without this influence. The power of a gentle and kind sister over a brother of her own age, or even of greater age, has been exemplified in too many instances to need proof. Girls! Girls! the full and final success of our noble cause depends largely upon the opinions you express and promulgate. The happiness of a dear brother, cousin, or friend in this world, and the next, may be shaped by your zeal, and your pleadings for Temperance. Be with us, not merely in decision but in action. Sow this good seed with winning smiles and gentle graces. Plead for the widow and the orphan with heart and eye. Be with us, O be with us, earnestly and lovingly, and in your various spheres, from tender age to blooming womanhood, your influence will be like the dew upon the mown grass—quiet but effectual!

The Lottery Ticket.

(Concluded.)

We might have supposed that the Trudges, being now rich, and having attained what seemed the summit of Mrs. Trudge's ambition, were perfectly happy. But this was far from being the case. They lived in a fine house, made a great dash, were admitted into what is called good society, and fancied that they were exciting the envy and admiration of the whole town of Buckwheat. But with all this show of bliss, there were drawbacks to their felicity.

In the first place, as to Tom,—or Squire Trudge, as we must now call him,—he was a simple-minded, sensible fellow, and but for the example and influence of his spouse, he had borne his prosperity without intoxication. Indeed, as it was, he behaved with considerable propriety. He spoke to his neighbors, as he met them, much as before, and when he could get from under his wife's supervision, he would stop and chat familiarly with old intimates. He demeaned himself modestly, and seemed little elated with his good fortune. He was kind-hearted, and ready to befriend the needy; but still, he had many sources of vexation.

His restless helpmate insisted that he should dress "as became his station;" and accordingly he was compelled to wear tight shoes, which pinched his corns terribly, and kept him in an almost constant state of martyrdom. When he walked abroad, he put his foot to the ground as gingerly as if he were stepping on eggs. He was required to have his coat in the fashion, which trussed him up about the arms, and made those limbs stand out upon each side of him, like a couple of pump-handles. His neckcloth, of pure white, (as was the fashion then,) was lined with what was called a pudding; and to please his dame, who had a nice taste in these matters, he tied it so tight that it threw the blood into his face, and gave his ruddy complexion a liver-colored hue.

Nor was this all poor Tom had to endure. He was constantly "hatchelled" as to his manners, somewhat after the following fashion: "My dear Trudge," his wife would say to him, "do now try to be a gentleman. Pray wipe your nose with your pocket handkerchief, and not with your fingers! Turn your toes out, man,