

he had three cents, and I knew if he went off, his old horse wouldn't bring me that,) I'd do it. Well, he launches out the coppers and hands them to me and I takes hold o' the rope to hold the critter—though he looked more like an animal in danger of taking root on the ground right where he stood, than moving of his own free will. He hadn't been gone up the steps more than two minutes, when he threw up the window over my head and told me 'to let the old horse go to the devil—for he didn't want to see him or his bags again.' I didn't stop to be told a second time, but hitting the critter a kick, set him moving, while I stopped and wondered what the fellow had got since he went up. So, thinks I, I'll see; and climbed up the stairs after him. At the top was a door set all round with red and green paste-board signs, with 'Lottery Office' on it as large as life. Over the door was, 'Wheel of Fortune,' 'The Mint,' 'The way to Wealth,' 'The Ladder to Riches,' and all such things. I wa'ked in, and there I saw this ragged chap lolling over a pile of gold and silver and bank notes that two chaps were counting out to him as fast as they could move their fingers, and there wasn't fingers enough at that for all the money heaped up before 'em. Well, the old fellow looked like a basket of smiles! He no sooner saw me than he sung out, coming and hugging me round the neck!"

"Hurrah, I've drawn a prize—ten thousand dollars! down cash! Hurrah!" and he run back to his money again.

"A prize," said I, staring at the gold.

"Yes, sir," said a man who had been writing, and came up to me, as perlite as a pair of tongs bowing to a poker, "this gentleman has drawn a prize of ten thousand dollars. He came in here two weeks ago and bought it—saying it was the last money he had, and he had been four months getting that; and now to-day he has brought his ticket and finds himself a rich man, as if by magic. You had best purchase a ticket, Sir—Whole's, \$16; halves, \$8; quarter's, \$4; eighth's, \$2." And he shoved in my face a little pile of blue and red tickets.

"Money down, fifteen per cent off, the very hour the prize is drawn. Best buy, Sir! No way like this to get rich!"

"I tell you, Donald, the sight o' the gold made my eyes water; and when I thought if only I had sixteen dollars how rich I could be, I began to make up my mind to try and raise the wind. While I was thinking about it, and gloating on the money the ragged fellow was tying up in a pocket handkerchief they sold

him, I began to think you would like to know this; and as you had plenty o' money you wouldn't mind sixteen dollars, you might as well try your luck. So, I said, I'll tell you as it when you come to market this morning; and you see, Donald, I've been as good as a word."

"I thank you, Jamie, indeed, and in truth," said Donald, warin'ly grasping his hands; "then I doubt if it would be right to venture a lottery. It is a species of gambling I'm thinking."

"No more than if you buy a calf for five dollars, and keep and fat it till it nets you for as a beeve. It is venturing a little to recover more. Come, let us have one more drink! Here, Burling, give us two more glasses—brandy."

"No, Jamie, indeed!" protested Donald, though fainter than he had done at first, at the one glass he had indulged in had weakened his resolution, and increased his thirst; while at the same time, it had, from his uniform sobriety, flown into his head, and added to the excited hopes, created by Jamie's narrative, made him a "little happy." Jamie saw this and felt that he had to make use of but a little more persuasion, after the ale should be brought to induce him to drink a second time with him for next to his fondness so characteristic of inebriates, of having some one hob and nip within his cups, he felt as degraded drunkards all do, a pleased revenge in bringing a steady and steady acquaintance of better days down to his own bestial level.

"But I cannot venture a lottery, Jamie," said, after Burling had placed on the table replenished glasses; "it is a sin, and God would not bless it."

"None of your Methodistical cant, no, Donald; you would over-reach a neighbor on a fair bargain, and never think to ask God forgiveness for it in your go-to-bed prayers. Here you've only got to plunk the hard portion of your own honest earnings, and wait the turn of a wheel to know if you are to be won twenty thousand or a hundred thousand dollars."

"But I can't play in a lottery, for it, Jamie, it goes again' my conscience. I should not enjoy the wealth come of gambling. It's a great temptation to an honest man, then, Jamie."

"And many an honest man hath suffered himself to be tempted and thanked Heaven for it! But never mind, let it go; I only thought to do you a favour, knowing you worked