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THE BEAUTIFUL SONG.

There's a song in the air!
 There's a star in the sky!
 There's a mother's deep prayer
 And a baby's low cry!
 And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing.
 For the manager of Bethlehem cradles a King!

There's a tumult of joy
 O'er the wonderful birth,
 For the Virgin's sweet boy
 Is the Lord of the earth.
 Ay! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing.
 For the manager of Bethlehem cradles a King.

In the light of that star
 Lie the ages imparted;
 And the song from afar
 Has swept over the world.
 Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing!
 In the homes of the nations, that Jesus is King!

We rejoice in the light,
 And we echo the song
 That comes down through the night
 From the heavenly throng.
 Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel bring.
 And we greet in his cradle our Savior and King!
 —Anon.

Number 777.

There was a time when lotteries were very common things, quite legal, and by no means disreputable, and when very worthy people bought tickets and made no secret of the matter.

It was a good while ago, of course, and you would have to look long for the worthy gentleman who one night about dark walked into a lottery office for the purpose of buying a ticket. He had tight boots and light trousers with straps, and the fur collar of his coat stood up above his ears, and he wore that awful thing, a stock, about his throat, and he was in the height of that year's fashion, and was regarded by those who met him rather with admiration than with the stare of astonishment, with which we should greet him now—with which, indeed, we should greet any of the ladies or gentlemen of that year; the first habited as above, with curly bell-shaped hats upon their heads, and twisted canes in their hands; the latter in coal-scuttle bonnets and leg-of-mutton sleeves, and two straight breadths and two gores in their skirts, which were short and showed low slippers and silk stockings, and with long stringed work-bags on their arms, and big parasols over the big bonnets, before which hung for modesty's sake, curtains of black or white lace which they called veils.

Mr. Rogers, for that was this gentleman's name, stepping up to the counter, asked to look at tickets. Perhaps he held the superstition that there was luck in odd numbers, for as soon as they were spread before him he decided on the number seven hundred and seventy-seven; paid its price and walked off with it in his waistcoat pocket. As he turned the corner the big poster on the wall seemed to be written especially for him.

"Capital prize, ten thousand dollars. Tickets five dollars each. Don't delay." "I had a dream that meant luck last night," said Mr. Rogers to himself; "and I have a fancy that I shall draw the great prize. That's a splendid number."

Then he turned another corner, and spied a face peeping out of the window of a small brick house. The face of Mrs. Rogers, who feared that Mr. R.'s favorite dish was spoiling.

"That reminds me," said Mr. Rogers. "I must not tell Esmerelda. The luck will be spoilt if one tells of the ticket; and she'd talk so much of it—women will talk so much."

So Mr. Rogers drank his tea and said nothing of the lottery ticket, which he hid at the bottom of his trunk, a bulging, hair-covered thing, with T. R. on the side in brass nails.

But, though he said nothing, his mind was full of it; he thought of that capital prize of ten thousand dollars while he ate his breakfast; he dreamed of it; he dreamed it. He was a schoolmaster, and while ruling the boys' copy books and setting copies for them he was so filled with the idea that all the boys who had reached P had Prize written for them, and all the boys who had come to D had Draw, Draw, Drawing before their eyes, while those with T's copied Tick, Ticket, Tick, Ticket, all the writing hours.

Little Mrs. Rogers, who was much younger than her husband, saw that something was on his mind, but did not dare to ask what it was. He tossed and turned in his sleep, and scribbled sevens on the newspaper, and on the backs of letters, and even wrote the magic figure on his nails with lead pencil. And once, in a moment of excitement, caused by somebody asking the first day of the month, said with great fervor:

"And I only wish it was the first of next month!"

"Why, dear?" asked Mrs. Rogers.
 "Oh," said Mr. Rogers, "it's—it's my birthday, you know."
 "Oh yes, so it is," said Mrs. Rogers, "but I never knew you cared for birthdays, my dear."

And Mr. Rogers, did not tell her that the lottery drawing took place on the first of September.

It was breakfast time when this remark was made, and Mrs. Rogers sat over the table long after her spouse had left, wondering what sort of present she could make him for his birthday. She had not a penny of her own, nor had she any means of earning one; and to send a man a birthday present for which the bill must come into him might not be considered a delicate attention even from a wife.

"I don't suppose I can give him anything nicer than a pen-wiper or a pin cushion," she said with a sigh; "I'll do that at least."

And then she rummaged out of her bag of odds and ends black cloth and scarlet velvet and a few gold bonds—gilt, rather—and hid them at the bottom of her work basket. There were only three days between that and the first of September; and when she had remembered the design of a fine pen-wiper—a butterfly, gorgeous with red and black wings and the gold eyes and body, she set to work on it diligently; and needing a card for the centre of the affair, peered into boxes and drawers, until at the bottom of Mr. Rogers' hair trunk she found the very thing she wanted, a yellow, dingy, thumb-marked thing with 777 upon it, and made use of it at once. Then sweetly smiling and quite unconscious of what she had done, she finished off the pen-wiper with antennae of gold thread and hid it until the birthday should dawn.

On that day, the wonderful first of September, Mr. Rogers arose betimes; so did his wife. She presented him with his pen-wiper, he accepted it with a kiss, and pretended to feel thankful, though it only reminded him of his desk, his copies the slavery of his life.

Now that the time had come, he felt sure that he had only squandered money; that 777 was a blank. He dreaded the knock of the news-carrier—the glance at the column of the paper in which the prizes would be published. He groaned and hid his face in his hands.

"Are you ill, dear?" asked Mrs. Rogers.

He only groaned again. But at this moment came the paperman's knock, and with a sudden revulsion of feeling he rushed to the door. He took the paper into his shaking hands and spread it on the table, and the first words that met his eyes were:

777. CAPITAL PRIZE \$10,000.
 The effect of this announcement on Mr. Rogers was tremendous. He started to his feet and danced about the room. He shouted "huzzah!" and gave three cheers, as though he had been at a political meeting. Then he rushed to the table where boys' copy books lay piled, and seizing one by one flung them into the open grate yelling:

"No more school teaching. No more slavery. Huzzah!"
 While Mrs. Rogers, weeping and wringing her hands, besought him to come to his senses, and felt fully assured that her husband had suddenly become a raving maniac. Finally he finished by throwing the butterfly pen-wiper on the top of the pyre, and falling into a chair weeping.

Then little Mrs. Rogers came out of her corner, and with both arms about his neck, besought him to tell her what ailed him.

"Seven hundred and seventy-seven! Capital prize!" said Mr. Rogers. "I've drawn it, Esmerelda."

"Esmerelda rushed for the paper, found the list of prizes, read the announcement and sat down, gasping for breath.

"That's why you burned the copy books," she said. "But, oh, why need you have burned my pen-wiper? It was so pretty I thought you'd care for it. I declare I could save it. I believe it is only scorched."

But Mr. Rogers was not quite himself. "Hang pens, pen-handles and pen-wipers!" he said, and jammed his boot-heel into the coals. "I'll never touch one again!" Mrs. Rogers felt hurt, but still she made allowance for her husband; and the fact of the prize was just beginning to dawn upon her.

"Are you sure?" said she. "Oh, do show me the ticket! Perhaps you've made a mistake. Seven hundred and—Oh, dear, I can't find it."
 "I'll show you," said Mr. Rogers, wiping his forehead. "Here Esmerelda."

He walked into the little bedroom, and knelt down by his trunk. He felt down to the bottom. He felt at the sides. He tossed things out. He glared wildly.

"It's here," he said. "I know it's here; but—I can't find it."
 "Oh! Rogers," cried his wife, "what is it like? Tell me!"

"Yellow—square—dirty. Esmerelda, you haven't done anything with it?"
 Esmerelda gave a shriek. She flew towards the gate.

"The pen-wiper—save it!" she screamed.
 "Hang the pen-wiper!" cried Mr. Rogers, and he jammed his heel into the coals once more, and the flames burst hot and red over the half-burnt butterfly and consumed it in an instant. "Can't you think of anything else but that confounded pen-wiper? The ticket! Look for it Esmerelda!"

"It's in the butterfly. How did I know? You never told me I thought it was an old card!" said Esmerelda. "Oh, why didn't you save it?"

"In the butterfly? What butterfly?" cried Mr. Rogers, staring about him.
 "Butterfly pen-wiper!" cried Mrs. R., and fainted away in the corner.
 It happened to be a Saturday. The school had holiday. All day long the master sat and stared at the fire. All the day long his wife wept and bemoaned herself. He took no pity on her. He said:

"I hate you, and never can forgive you!" And she thought of suicide.
 They had no dinner. At night she made tea, and they drank it with averted faces. Then she crept away to her little spare bed-room up stairs, leaving him by the fire.
 The church bells rang sweetly, but neither of that wretched pair went to

church. It never could be forgotten, that miserable Sunday, by either of them; and worst of all, Monday morning was coming, and the school boys and the work of the day. About dusk Mr. Rogers he thought him to walk out. Generally they walked out together. Now Mrs. Rogers sat and heard the voices of the holiday-making people in the street, and felt, as she said to herself, as though she were divorced. When Mr. Rogers returned his tea was on a stand, and Esmerelda was shut up in the spare bedroom again.

Both rose next morning unrefreshed and miserable. She felt like a animal; he as the very vengeful ghost of a foully murdered man might be supposed to feel. He asked himself aloud a number of singular questions.

As: "Why do men marry idiots, who make pen-wipers of ten thousand dollars?"

"Why don't she poison me; better than beggar me," he said still to himself, still aloud, "but she shall suffer for this."

And then Mrs. Rogers wept; her poor eyes bulged out of her head. There was a big swollen vein down the middle of her forehead. She was the most wretched of little women.

As he sipped his coffee, and she cried, the morning paper flew into the window which stood open. It was the carrier's way of saving time.

It fell at Roger's feet. He took it up and opened it with a bitter remembrance of his last opening the paper. And these were the first words that met his eyes:

"Special Announcement.—The managers of the Eagle lottery desire to rectify a grave mistake in Saturday's report. No 777 did not draw the capital prize. It was drawn by No 775. The fault was the printer's."

"Hang the printer!" cried Mr. Rogers. "Esmerelda!"

"Oh!" said Esmerelda.
 "I forgive you, my dear," Mr. Rogers. "I'll never say another word about it, never."

"Oh, how noble!" sobbed Mrs. Rogers. Then Mr. Rogers went to his schoolboys and his copies, and the boy who had come to F had 'Fool, folly, foolish, foolishness,' on the top line of his book; and the boy who had come to I, wrote 'Idiot, idiots, Idiot, idiots,' after his master's pattern, all the writing hour.

Old Buildings.

Speaking of the Tower of London, the Builder says: Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who has done so much to unravel its mysteries and strange histories, contends strenuously that even as to "length of days" the Tower of London "has no rival," even among palaces and prisons; the origin of it, as he maintains, being like that of the "Iliad and the Sphinx"—lost in the nebulous ages, and in times long, very long, before our definite history took shape. Old writers date it from the days of Caesar—a legend taken up by Shakespeare; indeed the name of Caesar's Tower remains in popular use to this very day. A Roman wall can even yet be traced here to some parts of the ditch, and certainly some of the existing wall masonry of Roman wall building "precedent." It is mentioned, too, in the Saxon Chronicle. A Saxon stronghold may indeed have existed on this very spot whereon the Tower stands. But the main and central building, as we before said, the White Tower, was commenced by William Norman, and the series of apartments in Caesar's Tower were certainly built in the early Norman reigns, and actually made use of as a royal residence by our Norman kings. What, then, says Mr. Dixon enthusiastically, can Europe show to compare against such a tale? Why, most surely nothing. Set against the Tower of London, with its eight hundred years of historic life, its nineteen hundred years of traditional fame, all other palaces and prisons—for it must not be forgotten that it was both the one and the other—appear like things of an hour! Very, very true, and what a thousand pities it then is that we can not indeed, see all this "antiquity"—or at any rate the remains of it. But, alas! It may be interesting to note a few of the olden things of continental fame and antiquity. The oldest bit of palace in Europe would seem to be that of the Burg in Vienna, date of Henry III.; the famous Kremlin, Moscow, and the Doge's Palace, Venice, are of the fourteenth century. The Seraglio, Stamboul, was built by Mahomet II. Next, the oldest part of the Vatican commenced by Borgin, whose name it bears. Then the old Louvre, commenced in the reign of Henry VIII.; The Tuilleries, in that of Elizabeth. The Spanish Escorial belongs to the seventeenth century, while such palaces as those of Athens, Cairo, and the Hirsiaid Teheran, are all of them of quite modern date, so that it is no idle boast, the hour antiquity of the London Tower Palace. Then, again, as to the "prisons," none of them, with the single exception of St. Angelo, Rome, can compare with the Tower Prison. The never-to-be-forgotten Bastille, of which, by the way, there are some curious records on paper, is a thing of the past, as all know. The Bargello is a museum. The Bargello is a museum. The Piombi, of poetic fame, are removed from beneath the Doge's roof. Vincennes, Spandau, Spielberg, Madgeburg, are all modern compared with it. Again, we wish to see this old Tower of London and compare things.

Garden hats and Maria Antoinette flats of Leghorn brad or of chip, with very wide flax brim of equal width all around, but curved to droop in front and back.

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