His First Deposit.

When I go into a bank I get rattled. The clerks rattle me; the wickets rattle me; the sight of the money rattle me; everything rattles me. I went to the wicket marked "Accountant." The accountant was a tall, cool man. The very sight of him rattled me.

"Can I see the manager?" I said, and added, solemnly, "alone." I don't know why I said "alone."

"Certainly," said the accountant, and fetched him.

The manager was a grave calm man. I held my $56 clutched in a crumpled ball in my pocket.

"Are you the manager?" I said.

"Yes," he replied.

"Can I see you?" I asked, "alone." I didn't want to say "alone" again, but without it the thing seemed self-evident.

The manager looked at me in some alarm. He felt that I had an awful secret to reveal.

"Come in here," he said, and led the way to a private room. He turned the key in the lock.

"We are safe from interruption here," he said, "sit down."

We both sat down and looked at one another. I found no voice to speak.

"You are one of Pinkerton's men, I presume," he said.

He had gathered from my mysterious manner that I was a detective. I knew what he was thinking, and it made me worse.

"No, not from Pinkerton," I said, seeming to imply that I came from a rival agency. "To tell you the truth," I went on, as if I had been prompted to lie about it, "I am not a detective at all. I have come to open an account. I intend to keep all my money in this bank."

The manager looked relieved, but still serious. He concluded now that I was a son of Baron Rothschild or a young Gould.

"A large account, I suppose," he said.

"Fairly large," I whispered. "I propose to deposit $56 now and $50 a month regularly."

The manager got up and opened the door. He called to the accountant.

"Mr. Montgomery," he said unkindly loud, "this gentleman is opening an account, he will deposit $56. Good morning."

I rose. A big iron door stood at the side of the room.

"Good morning," I said, and stepped into the safe.

"Come out," said the manager coolly, and showed me the other way.

I went up to the accountant's wicket and poked the ball of money at him with a quick, convulsive movement, as if I were doing a conjuring trick.

My face was ghastly pale.

"Here," I said, "deposit it." The tone of the words seemed to mean, "Let us do this painful thing while the fit is on us."

He took the money and gave it to another clerk. He made me write the sum on a slip and sign my name in a book. I no longer knew what I was doing. The bank swam before my eyes.

"Is it deposited?" I asked in a hollow vibrating voice.

"It is," said the accountant.

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COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

(CONTINUED.)

"Yes, that is to say, if you do not meet with somebody whose waltzing you prefer to mine."

"I have often wished I were a man," I say, as we turn back into the drawing-rooms, "but I never wished it as heartily as I do to-night. Even that silly-looking boy, propping himself up against the door yonder, is free to choose his partner, while I have to wait until some one or other condescendingly fetches me out."

"But you can always say 'No!'"

"Not in the face of this half-filled programme," I say, glancing down at it where it sprawls widely open across the front of my dress. "It looks very like an advertisement, does it not?"

"Shall I tell you something?" says Paul, looking down upon me with half-pleased, half vexed eyes. "It is great nonsense; but then you like nonsense, do you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I heard one man say to another a moment ago: 'Does any one know who is that pretty little creature in the poppies?' And the other answered: 'No, but I'm determined to be introduced to her before I am half an hour older.'"

"You are making it up!" I say, quickly. "Did you think it would please me?"

"Nell," said Milly's voice behind me, "I have brought some gentlemen to introduce to you," and she goes through half a dozen introductions and sails away. My card is produced, and duly written upon by them all, then they make their bows and retire.

"I should not know one of them again if it were to save my life, so it is to be hoped that they will claim me all right," I say, with some dismay as they vanish.

"I don't think they will forget," says Paul, crossingly. "And now, here comes St. John to fetch you; it was the third waltz you promised was it not?"

"Good-bye. I think, Miss Adair," says ..., and I put my hand under his arm and go away, with a rueful look at Paul.

John Peel is ringing forth in glorious fashion as we enter the ballroom. Can anything be more maddening, I wonder, than good music and a bad partner? Lord St. John does not wait for an opening, but gripping me round the waist, plunges wildly into the melee. On watching him I had been struck by the way in which he appeared to run away from his partner; on careering with him, I find that—proud and happy as I should be to be left out of his grasp altogether—there is no such luck for me; he holds on to me like grim death, and without any regard to my squalls or my blows (as a poet once wrote of a victim very little worse off than I), and that fast as he tears round me I am forced into very similar and indecently hasty appearance of likewise tearing round him.

"Stop!" Very, loudly, when we have upset our fourth couple, and only saved ourselves from rolling upon their prostrate forms by a succession of aerial bounds that would not have done discredit to Taglioni. "Stop!" And, being tired by his exertions, he looses me, and I tumble into a chair, and go very near to weeping.

There is a smile on the countenance of the lookers on; the very wall-flowers are grinning; nasty little wretches, who would not object to be twirled round like mops, rather than not dance at all! Examining into the extent of my injuries, I find that I have a lump on my forehead that will probably be black and blue to-morrow, a partially skinned arm, and a tolerably severe cut over my left elbow, which I have indeed, been using as an active weapon of offense and defense, as is the wont of woman in a ball-room skirmish.

"Poor little soul!" says Paul's voice beside me, and, looking up with eyes that are filled partly with anger, partly with tears, I see that his face is dark with wrath, and that his glance at Lord St. John is not of a very friendly character.

"You should have taken better care of Miss Adair," he says, sternly. "Do you see how you have hurt her?"

Poor little Lord St. John! He has no idea but that he has distinguished himself in a very spirited and successful manner, and is mopping his forehead preparatory to doing it all over again.

"Is she tired?" he asks, with genuine astonishment. "And we got on so well, too!"

"She is too tired to dance the rest of this waltz," says Paul, impatiently. "Miss Lester is not dancing, I see. Why do you not ask her?"

Lord St. John is essentially docile, he always does as he is bid; so he fetches the young lady, and starts off again with much zeal if little discretion.

"I should like to thrash that little fool," says Paul, looking at my scratched arm, and making a sudden movement toward it that he as quickly checks. "Dairy-maids should be his partners, not delicate little things like you."

"I have one mercy to be thankful for," I say, sitting up and putting my hand to my head to see if my poppies still bloom there, "he did not let me down!"

"Take me back to Milly, please, before my partner comes to fetch me."

On our way Silvia passes us on Viscount Lindsey's arm. His sallow face is alight with admiration.

"He seems to admire her very much," I say.

"He loves every pretty woman he sees," says Paul, with a queer smile, "whether she be white, brown, or black. If the love of woman is really a 'liberal education,' then he reflects great discredit on your sex, child; for the older he gets the worse he grows."

I am scarcely by Milly's side when Sir William Adens comes to claim me for the Lancers, and I find myself excellently well amused, for he turns out to be a fool of the finest quality and most exquisite water. All through these sober, decorous old Lancers he amuses me charmingly; for fools may be divided into two classes—those who know it, and those who do not. My partner is of the latter class; and therefore, since his silly remarks are always uttered with a perfect air of good faith and are neither recalled nor repented, he is boundlessly fresh, inexhaustibly amusing, as no wise man could be with solid reason, admirable logic, and weighed pro and con.

The dance over, we go into the hall, and so to the refreshment-room, where he leaves me in a comfortable chair, and departs in search of claret-cup. Close to me a group of men are discussing the charms of their late partners, with a freedom that they ... might those ladies, if they were by to hear.

"Give you my word of honor, Dalrymple," says one, "she had an entirely new set for this evening. Only had a very few teeth left—remaining stumps were taken out yesterday—new set put in this morning—here to night!"

"I don't believe any mortal woman could stand ..."

"The lady's immortal, my dear fellow," says the first speaker. "For I know it to be a fact. She's engaged, too. Rather awkward person to kiss—eh? Things may come to a dead lock."

"Or set-jaw."

"I hope this is all right," says Sir William, appearing before me, "I did not quite like the flavoring, so I have been showing the butler how to improve it."

So that accounts for the disgusted expression on Birkhead's face. Evidently he does not appreciate a fool as keenly as I do!

CHAPTER X.

Supper is over, and I have danced a great many dances with partners, good, bad, and indifferent; have been startled, amused, pleased at the pretty speeches made to me, and which I have tried hard to convince myself are not meant in the very least (though in my secret soul I do believe that a few of them were not spoken in jest but in earnest); and now we have escaped out of the crowded, noisy rooms, Paul and I, on to the terrace, where couples are walking up and down in the clear white light of the moon, making love, as they used to in the golden age—for it, Corydon to Phillis, and sometimes—alas for the order of things!—Phillis to Corydon.

The night is very lovely, more like an August one than September, the air is so warm, and the perfume of the flowering myrtle wanders abroad so sweetly. Turning the corner of the house, we come to a stone parapet, that overlooks the flower-garden, dappled all over with flowers and melting imperceptibly into the woods, that in turn seem to merge themselves into the sea. From the bed of mignonette below comes up to us a pure, fresh breath, that recommends itself more favorably to me than any of the voluptuous heavy perfumes of the hot-house flowers left in the room behind us.

"I wonder if Juliet had a bed of mignonette?" I say, looking out at the silver streak of sea beyond the dusky woods.

"I dare say. What made you think of her?"

"This parapet and the flower garden stretched out below. I can almost fancy I hear Romeo calling:

'Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo;'

and Juliet calling back:

'My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite.'"

"Do you think any girl could love like that nowadays, Nell?"

"Was she not very quick?" I ask, doubtfully; "do you not think it was strange she should have fallen in love with him all at once like that?"

"It is a poor love that is afraid to discover itself as soon as felt," he says, "and that beats about the bush until it is certain of the same being returned. I believe that the strongest and most enduring love is that which is sudden, or 'fallen into.'"

"I am glad they both died," I say; "perhaps if Romeo had lived he would have loved some one else and spoilt the whole story."

"Yes, I think he would have forgotten in time and loved again, as you say; why should he not? Do you believe that a man cannot care as much the second time as the first?"

"I do not know about men," I answered; "I only know that a woman could not. Juliet would have had no second lover, I am very sure."

"If you had been Juliet," he says, stooping his head to look into my face, "and Romeo had died, what would you have done?"

"I should not have killed myself, but I should have loved him dead as passionately as I had loved him living; and no word of love from another should ever have shamed his memory."

"I am going to ask you a question, child; an impertinent one you will no doubt consider it, but I will have an answer: Have you ever had a lover?"

My heart stands still as I lift my eyes to him, standing there by my side. For a moment I hesitate; then, for speaking the truth has always come more naturally to me than to tell lies, I answer, "Yes."

He turns away. "They are all alike," he mutters, half aloud, "all alike! And he makes love to you, I suppose?"

"Yes, indeed!" I say, with a rueful sigh, given to the memory of how bootless that love-making has proved.

"And do you like him?"

There is a confident, half-teasing ring in his voice as he asks the question, and I turn my head away, ruffled and hurt. Shall I talk over George's true, honest love?

"Nell!" he says, coming round to the other side, and looking into my averted face, "did you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Confess, now, that you do not care a straw for this—this Lubin?"

"Do I not?" I answer, roused by his tone and the slighting allusion to my absent lover, who is so leal to me, and to whom I—"There you are quite mistaken; I like him very much indeed: next to my own people I don't know any one whom—"

"Next to your own people!" he says, with a queer smile, "Would you not put the man you loved before?"

"That would entirely depend on who he was. If he were a selfish person—"

"If? Have you not made up your mind, then?"

But I do not answer him. I slip from his side and run fleetly away, and reach the ball-room before he can overtake me: certainly it was a narrow escape at the time.

"This is our waltz," he says. "Are you too tired to dance it?"

"No." I put my hand in his arm, and go back to the ball-room.

Faster and faster goes the music, quicker and quicker go the flying feet; all are enjoying it with a zest that nothing, save the knowledge that it will be quickly over, could possibly give. Into the feet of some of the middle-aged waiting folk the music gets, and partners being forthcoming they essay a turn or two, at first with some shyness, much as Mr. Aminadab Sleek and Lady Creamly did in "Home," then with vigor; finally they revolve with much enjoyment, perfect in the steps of thirty years ago.

"Oh, this last dance! The light, the music, the perfume of the flowers, the long harmonious movement, they are woven into one exquisite sensation that blooms for a little space and dies. And now all too soon, the waltz ceases, and delivers over the girls to the custody of their mothers, and they go away torn, spoiled, draggled, with all the carefully built-up finery of a few hours ago in ruin! It is always wretched work seeing the last of everything—the light put out, the daylight on weary faces, and the winding up. So at the foot of the stairs I say good-night to Paul. But he does not take my hand, and as I turn away he walks along by my side.

"Good-night," I say, wearily, as I reach my door. "Oh, I am so sleepy!"

"Good-night," he says; then pressing both my hands against his lips, "good-night little Nell!"

CHAPER XI.

Nine o'clock is striking as I open my eyes, brightly, broadly awake, and rested. Sleep is a cunning fellow; he knows when his subjects have had enough of him, and when he strikes them with his fairy wand, crying, "Awake!" they only are wise who leap up and begin their day; it is the foolish ones who do not know what is good for them, that turn away from the light, heavily courting the slumber that is not necessary, therefore will not refresh them.

Looking out of the window I discover, that the morning is perfect: never did Nature wear a fairer robe than she had put on to-day; and I long to be out, assisting at her morning show, brushing the dew from her meadows with hurrying feet, smelling at her freshly-opened buds and flowers, taking a long draught of her beautiful, vigorous, healthy life. I have some difficulty in getting my breakfast, to which is added one welcome and one unwelcome addition in the shape of a letter from Jack and another from George. I read Jack's, the other will keep. The dear boy is coming home for a few days the end of October; he is very busy, he says, and will be very glad to see me again.

Down-stairs I meet nobody save sleepy servants, who look, poor wretches! as though they had not been to bed at all. As I open the glass door of the drawing-room, a cold, sweet breath of the sea comes faintly up to meet me, and seems to die pleasantly on this warmer air that creeps about the sunny terrace and south side of the house. On the upper terraces, and in the glades that the sun's eye cannot reach, since the screen of leaves above is so thickly woven, the hour might be six o'clock in the morning, not ten, and there is yet some of:

"That same dew that sometimes on the buds
Was wont to swell with round and orient pearl."

And of the few scanty autumn flowers left I make myself a posey and fasten it in my belt.

I wonder why one feels so much brisker, fresher, brighter, in time of autumn than in time of spring, which is so infinitely lovelier and more grateful to us? Somehow these trees, whose leaves are dying in such splendid livery of gold and sepia, crimson and brown, strike no pang to our hearts; they do not suggest unpleasant thoughts of our decay; on the contrary, we walk erect, and cheat ourselves with the vain belief that, though all things fade, yet do not we; or, at least, not now. How we cling to our little atom of life, that is so small and yet so huge, and, placed directly before our eyes as it is, assumes grand proportions that block out the far-off and dimly seen plains of eternity—very misty, very vague, they look to our earthly, filmy eyes.

I have fallen on sad thoughts this bright morning. Am I not, indeed, becoming somewhat sentimental? a state of mind for which I have a most hearty contempt. I will go to the kitchen garden and search for figs and pears. I have eaten three treacly-sweet figs, and am investigating the Marie Louise pears, when a voice behind me says, "Good-morning!" I turn round, and there stands Paul Vasher. Is he shod with the shoes of silence, or does he wear goloshes? for I never heard him coming.

"Good-morning!" I say, holding out my hand. "I thought you were still in bed, or out shooting."

"Luttrell is lazy this morning," he says, "and nobody would turn out. Have you breakfasted?"

"An hour ago," I answer, looking at my watch; "it seemed a crime to stay in on such a morning as this, so I got out as quickly as I could."

"I hope you slept well?"

"I always do; always, that is to say, when I have nothing on my mind."

"Well, I did not sleep at all."

"Why did you not?"

"I began to think, and then it was all over."

"About bills?"

"No," he says, smiling; "what made you think of bills, of all things?"

"Because they keep"—I am about to add, "mother awake," when I stop short.

"Child," he says, looking down at me, "what a merry, heart-whole laugh you have! Any one could tell you had never lost yourself."

"Lost myself?" I repeat; "what is that?"

"Never been in love," he says, slowly, and with an odd hesitation in his voice—odd by reason of his being usually so self-contained, proud and cold.

I turn away my head that he may not see how the color goes out of my cheeks. I am glad he thinks me so safe and untouched. No woman should wear her heart upon her sleeve for every eye to look into.

"Do people give up laughing when they fall in love?" I ask. "I should have thought it would be the reason why they should all be happier. My sisters never wore long faces when they were engaged, I do not think I ever saw any other lovers, unless indeed one can call Silvia and Sir George lovers."

"And are they not?"

"I don't know."

My thoughts go back to that moonlight night at Charteris four years ago, when a man and woman stood face to face and wished each other a bitter, long farewell—ay, they were lovers; and a hot sharp pain rushes through my heart that I know well enough is jealousy.

"Mr. Vasher," I say, stopping short, while the blood leaps into my face and mounts to my very brow, "I have something to tell you—something I ought to have told you long ago." He does not answer but I see him draw in his breath and set his lips hard, and in his eyes there is a look of strong, eager expectation. "That night, at Charteris, when you had an interview with Sylvia, I was hidden close to you, and saw and heard everything."

"Is that all?" he cries, with a quick gesture of relief, and yet a certain shame in his face. "I thought you were going to tell me— So you heard our farewells, child; were you sorry or did you laugh?"

"It was nothing to laugh at," I say, seriously; "but I have always wanted to tell you. I felt such a sneak, but it was not my fault, and I thought I should vex you so by walking out in the middle. I wish I had never been there."

"Do you?" he says. "Why?"

"Until then I had believed in love, and that it lasted. Now I know better; and that, however hotly a man may worship a woman to-day, he forgets her to-morrow."

"Not if she is worthy," he says. "Would you have him pour all his treasures into the sea? A man must be true to himself first, his love afterward."

"And I cannot understand this distinction," I say, looking down at my flowers. "If I ever loved anyone, and afterward he proved unworthy, I should not let that turn me back. I should go on loving just the same."

"Because you have a sweet and unselfish nature, while I am selfish through and through," he says, slowly. "It is a cowardly thing, is it not, to be so careful to assure one's self against loss? But I have always felt that on the woman I married depended the making or marring of my life, and—still in my own interests, of course—watched natures as narrowly and carefully as a man would look to the joints of his armor, before going into a battle, on the issue of which his life depended. Do you blame me that I will not sacrifice my life—I have only one, remember!—simply to gratify a woman's caprice? Can you show me a greater misery than to be bound to a person one can neither trust nor respect? With me worth ranks before beauty."

"I cannot argue," I say, slowly; "I can only feel; and it seems to me that lovers once, who love each other, should be lovers always; nothing but death ought to come between."

"Then Silvia and I should be lovers now?"

"If you have loved her really, I think you would be loving her still, faults and all."

"Faults?" he repeats. "You don't understand. What if I give you the key to the puzzle? What if I tell you Silvia's beauty moves me not a jot? Why it is as impossible to me to have any love for her as to breathe life into dry-as dust bone? Shall I tell you a story? You may suppose it to be my own, or that of any one else, just as you please."

We have come to a gnarled old garden-seat, that is set where the eye can view the garden and woods with a glimpse of the sea below, and we sit down.

"Once," he says, leaning toward me, and watching my face, "a man wandered over the world, searching in cultured gardens and wayside roads, at the gates of palaces and the doors of the poor, for a certain spotless, delicate flower. He saw many very like the particular blossom he was seeking, but there was always some trifling flaw, or speck, or stain, and he passed them all by, for he said to himself, I know that this flower exists, for other men have found it, and why should not I? And at last to him also came the happy hour, and he found it. Long and carefully he watched it, lest after all it should be no more perfect an faultless than the rest; but at last he put out his hand, and, with a great rejoicing in his heart, plucked it. It was but freshly in his hand, he had scarcely tasted of its sweetness, hardly felt his soul filled with its exceeding beauty, its petals had not withered with neglect or been scorched by the hot breath of passion, when a chance blow struck it; and, lo! the dazzling whiteness fell from it like a veil, and there it lay, robbed of its deceitful mantle, lovely still, but speckled, tainted, soiled. No one but God knows what that man felt then. He had sought for it so long, exulted in it so deeply; he could have laid his life on its perfect purity and soillessness, and now, broken and shamed as it was, he loved it still, though he knew he could never lay it on his breast, never wear it through life, as his glory and pride; and therefore, though it nearly cleft his heart in twain to leave it, he cast it from him, and went his way alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DID IT ONCE.

He Was a Man Who Never Made the Same Mistake Twice.

The glove was a small glace kid of a delicate tan color. It lay just outside the entrance to one of the big State street stores and both the men saw it at the same time.

"It's a pretty little trifle, isn't it?" said one of them, turning it over with his walking stick and looking at it critically. "Are you a married man? If you are you had better take it home to your wife; she might be able to find a mate to it."

"Say," he said, with a sickly smile, "you don't happen to be in a state of double blessedness yourself, do you?"

"No," replied the first speaker, half regretfully.

"I thought not," went on his companion, compassionately, "or you wouldn't suggest any such move as that. You see, I am married and know how it would work. You pick up the glove and keep it yourself if you want to and then step aside here and I will tell you something that you can store away in your memory and perhaps use to good advantage some time. I once found a glove like that and, thinking, as you do, that my wife might be able to make use of it, I stuck it in my pocket and took it home. That was pretty soon after I was married. You will observe that I refrain from doing so now."

"Well?" queried his chance acquaintance, "what happened?"

"Yes," pursued the married man, "that's it; what happened? By the time I got home I had clean forgotten all about that glove. Chicago temperature was giving an exhibition of some of its most daring acrobatic feats at that time, and the light coat I wore when I found the glove was as ineffectual as a piece of gossamer would be in keeping out the cold which followed close on the heels of that blistering day. So I hung the garment up in a closet, and when I next remembered its existence it was under very distressing circumstances. It was about a week later. I had bought theatre tickets and hurried home filled with pleasurable expectations of an evening's enjoyment. When I reached our hotel door I found that my wife had gone and neither the proprietor nor the clerk nor anybody else connected with the establishment could give me the slightest information as to where she had gone or when she was coming back. Now, that might be an every-day performance for some women, but during all the time we had been married my wife had never before gone away without leaving an explanation of her absence, and it worried me not a little.

"I ate my dinner, then went up to our rooms again and commenced to ransack the place for a message from her. In a very short time I found what would not have escaped my notice at first had not my wits been swallowed up in surprise. On one corner of the table was my light coat, and lying close beside it was that everlasting glove and a note from my wife telling me that in looking over my clothes she had found a tell-tale glove which clearly explained everything to her. Her life was blighted, she said, and she was going home to her mother. The old folks live down at Streator and I followed her on the next train. If you would believe me, so firmly was the idea imbedded in her brain that that little yellow affair was a memento given me by some other woman that I had to plead like a lawyer for a month before I could get her to come home with me. Sometimes I fancy that to this day she believes I was deceiving her. At any rate, I would just as lief you would keep that piece of finery yourself."

The unmarried man smoothed out the dainty thing, thoughtfully folded it and put in it his pocket.

New Designs in Skirts.

The skirt is the important part of the costume nowadays and has added wonderfully to the amount of dress goods now necessary. The regular godet or organ plait skirt is very stylish, but is not fit for a dress that one expects to do much sitting in. This is from four yards and a half to eight yards in width, and the best dressmakers now interline the entire back with haircloth, and either face the remainder of the skirt twenty inches deep with it or interline the remainder with grasscloth, which must not be confounded with haircloth. The godet plaits at the back require an elastic band ten inches below the belt and caught across each plait. All skirts for the street should clear the ground. If a skirt is interlined with haircloth it should have an inch extra length allowed, as haircloth does not give nor sag like an ordinary lining. A tiny band of flexible steel covered with webbing is sometimes run in between the lining and interlining of skirts an inch from the edge. Sometimes a second and even a third row is used, placing them two inches apart. Skirts that open on the left side are less apt to sag than if opened in the centre back. The pocket is placed in the side back seam on the right, and should be faced with the material. Bind skirts so that the velveteen binding just projects beneath the edge of the dress goods; hem down the upper edge and press. Baste the binding to the skirt before stitching it and the upper edge down before hemming.

The Pota'o Cure.

An Eastern man who has been indulging in cucumbers, or something else, relates the following incident as a matter of personal experience:

"One time, about two months after I had signed the pledge, I had a craving for a drink of whisky so strong that I could see nothing but drinks about me, and felt that I must have at least one drink. I told a friend of my state of mind.

"He said, 'You need not drink. I can tell you of a substitute that will stop your discomfort. Get a raw potato and a bowl of ice water, peel the potato and cut down one end of it to a size convenient to take in the mouth. Dip the potato in the ice water and suck it every time you think you must have the whisky.'

"I did as he advised. I took the bowl of ice water and the potato and placed them on the table at the head of my bed and would dip the potato in water and place it between my lips every few minutes until I fell asleep. I awoke free from any desire to drink whisky and have been free from it ever since. That one treatment has eradicated my craving for whisky for all the time that has since elapsed."

The knell of Dwight and gold cure preparations is sounded. The syringe is to be laid aside, and suffering, bibulous humanity can now turn to a cold murphy and a glass of ice water and be cured.

A Rival Skirt.

A skirt that will rival the godet shape among conservative people and those wishing one comfortable to sit in is cut with the usual front, side and back gores and darts at the belt, with a width of four yards to four and a half. It is interlined with grasscloth, or only the back is interlined and a canvas facing twenty inches wide finishes the front and sides. The back is laid in two box-plaits at the belt, which are only pressed, not caught into position. This came from the English ladies' tailors and can be recommended for outing, general wear, traveling and such wear. When last year's gowns are made over, the skirt is always scanty, which can only be obviated by side panels of the second material or an entire new front. Cotton dresses have a gored front and sides and full gathered back. At the belt the front and sides are fitted to the figure by a few gathers or darts; the former is better, however. Skirts are seldom trimmed, though French dressmakers are hinting at such bands to come. Even the full skirts are becoming to large figures when left untrimmed, as they draw attention from the figure in place of accentuating the wearer's size. As stylish skirts are too heavy to lift comfortably they must be cut reasonably short.

The best agricultural minds of the country are almost uniformly of the opinion that the great bulk of the tillers of the soil have little conception of its nature, ingredients or possibilities, and that by their practices they prove themselves about as ignorant of best methods as the Africans are of the Greek language. This is truly a severe arraignment. In proof they cite the facts that the surface is now just scratched over, seed planted and a crop expected with little or no cultivation. To make crops sure, millions of dollar are annually expended for plant food in the form of commercial fertilizers when, as chemical analysis has shown, a bountiful Providence has already stored up in average soil to the depth of a foot potash, nitrogen and phosphoric acid enough to last more than a thousand years of cropping. This, with what food some plants gather from atmosphere and what plant roots pump up from greater depths than a foot, make an everlasting supply. But it was left in a form unavoidable all at once lest improvident man should permit it to go to waste. He must labor to prepare it for use and thus obey the injunction to "earn thy bread," etc. But to shirk this responsibility he ignores the wealth beneath his feet, and pays money for that of which he has an abundance.

BUSINESS TROUBLES.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREDICTS GREAT GENERAL PROSPERITY.

He Says We Are at the Opening Door of Good Times—Why so Many Men Fall by the Wayside—The Value of a Human Soul.

New York, July 7.—In his sermon for to-day Dr. Talmage, who is absent on his western lecturing tour, chose a subject of universal interest—viz, "Business Troubles"—the text selected being Ezekiel xxvii, 24, "These were thy merchants in all sorts of things."

We are at the opening door of returning national prosperity. The coming crops, the re-establishment of public confidence and, above all, the blessing of God will turn in upon all sections of America the widest, greatest prosperity this country has ever seen. But that door of success is not yet fully open, and thousands of business men are yet suffering from the distressing times through which we have been passing.

Some of the best men in the land have faltered, men whose hearts are enlisted in every good work and whose hands have blessed every great charity. The church of God can afford to extend to them her sympathies and plead before heaven with all-availing prayer. The schools such men have established, the churches they have built, the asylums and beneficent institutions they have fostered, will be their eulogy long after their banking institutions are forgotten. Such men can never fall. They have their treasures in banks that never break and will be millionaires forever. But I thought it would be appropriate to-day, and useful, for me to talk about the trials and temptations of our business men and try to offer some curative prescriptions.

In the first place, I have to remark that a great many of our business men feel ruinous trials and temptations coming to them from small and limited capital in business. It is everywhere understood that it takes now three or four times as much to do business well as once it did. Once a few hundred dollars were turned into goods—the merchant would be his own store sweeper, his own salesman, his own bookkeeper; he would manage all the affairs himself, and everything would be net profit. Wonderful changes have come; costly apparatus, extensive advertising, exorbitant store rents, heavy taxation, expensive agencies are only parts of the demand made upon our commercial men, and when they have found themselves in such circumstances with small capital, they have sometimes been tempted to run against the rocks of moral and financial destruction. This temptation of limited capital has ruined men in two ways. Sometimes they have sunk down under the temptation. They have yielded the battle before the first shot was fired. At the first hard dun they surrendered. Their knees knocked together at the fall of the auctioneer's hammer. They blanched at the financial peril. They did not understand that there is such a thing as heroism in merchandise and that there are Waterloos of the counter and that a man can fight no braver battle with the sword than he can with the yardstick. Their souls melted in them because sugars were up when they wanted to sell and unsalable goods were on the shelf and bad debts in their ledger. The gloom of their countenances overshadowed even their dry goods and groceries. Despondency, coming from limited capital, blasted them. Others have felt it in a different way. They have said: "Here I have been trudging along; I have been trying to be honest all these years. I find it is of no use. Now it is make or break." The small craft that could have stood the stream is put out beyond the lighthouse, on the great sea of speculation. He borrows a few thousand dollars from friends who dare not refuse him, and he goes bartering on a large scale.

He reasons in this way: "Perhaps I may succeed, and if I don't I will be no worse off than I am now, for $100,000 taken from nothing nothing remains." Stocks are the dice with which he gambles. He bought for a few dollars vast tracts of western land. Some man at the east living on a fat homestead, meets this gambler of fortune and is persuaded to trade off his estate for lots in a western city with large avenues, and costly palaces, and lake steamers smoking at the wharves, and rail trains coming down with lightning speed from every direction. There it is all on paper. The city has never been built, nor the railroads constructed, but everything points that way, and the thing will be done as sure as you live. Well, the man goes on, stopping at no fraud or outrage. In his splendid equipage he dashes past, while the honest laborer looks up and wipes the sweat from his brow and says, "I wonder where that man got all his money." After awhile the bubble bursts. Creditors rush in. The law clutches, but finds nothing in its grasp. The men who were swindled say, "I don't know how I could have ever been deceived by that man," and the pictorials in handsome wood cuts set forth the hero who in ten years had genius enough to fail for $150,000.

And that is the process by which many have been tempted through limitation of capital to rush into labyrinths from which they could not be extricated. I would not want to chain honest enterprise. I would not want to block up any of the avenues for honest accumulation that open before young men. On the contrary, I would like to cheer them on and rejoice when they reach the goal, but when there are such multitudes of men going to ruin for this life and the life that is to come, through wrong notions of what are lawful spheres of enterprise, it is the duty of the church of God, and the ministers of religion, and the friends of all young men to utter a plain, emphatic, unmistakable protest. These are the influences that drown men in destruction and perdition.

Again, a great many of our business men are tempted to over-anxiety and care. You know that nearly all commercial businesses are overdone in this day. Smitten with the love of quick gain, our cities are crowded with men who want to be rich at all hazards. They do not care how money comes, if it only comes. Our best merchants are thrown into competition with men of more means and less conscience, and if an opportunity of accumulation be neglected one hour some one else picks it up. From January to December the struggle goes on. Night gives no quiet to limbs tossing in restlessness; nor to a brain that will not stop thinking. The dreams are harrowed by imaginary loss and flushed with imaginary gains. Even the Sabbath cannot dam back the tide of anxiety; for this wave of worldliness dashes clear over the churches and leaves its foam on Bibles and prayer books. Men who are living on salaries or by the cultivation of the soil cannot understand the wear and tear of the body and mind to which our merchants are subjected, when they do not know but that their livelihood and their business honor are dependent upon the uncertainties of the next hour. This excitement of the brain, this corroding care of the heart, this strain of effort that exhausts the spirit, sends a great many of our best men, in middle life, into the grave, their life dashed out against money safes. They go with their stores on their backs. They trudge like camels, sweating from Aleppo to Damascus. They make their life a crucifixion. Standing behind desks and counters, banished from the fresh air, weighed down by carking cares, they are so many suicides. Oh, I wish I could to-day rub out some of these lines of care; that I could lift some of the burdens from the heart; that I could give relaxation to some of these worn muscles. It is time for you to begin to take it a little easier. Do your best, and then trust God for the rest. Do not fret. God manages all the affairs of your life, and He manages them for the best.

Consider the lilies—they always have robes. Behold the fowls of the air—they always have nests. Take a long breath. Bethink betimes that God did not make you for a pack horse. Dig yourselves out from among the hogsheads and the shelves and in the light of the holy Sabbath day resolve that you will give to the winds your fears and your fretfulness and your distresses. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. Having food and raiment, be therewith content. The merchant came home from the store. There had been a great disaster there. He opened the front door and said in the midst of his family circle: "I am ruined. Everything is gone. I am all ruined." His wife said, "I am left." And the little child threw up its hands and said, "Papa, I am here." The aged grandmother, seated in the room, said, "Then you have all the promises of God, besides, John." And he burst into tears and said: "God forgive me, that I have been so ungrateful. I find I have a great many things left. God forgive me."

Again I remark that many of our business men are tempted to neglect their home duties. How often it is that the store and the home seem to clash, but there ought not to be any collision. It is often the case that the father is the mere treasurer of the family, a sort of agent to see that they have dry goods and groceries. The work of family government he does not touch. Once or twice in a year he calls the children on a Sabbath, when he has a half hour he does not exactly know what to do with, and in that half hour he disciplines the children and chides them and corrects their faults and gives them a great deal of good advice, and then wonders all the rest of the year that his children do not do better when they have the wonderful advantage of that semi-annual castigation.

The family table, which ought to be the place for pleasant discussion and cheerfulness, often becomes the place of perilous expedition. If there be any blessing asked at all, it is cut off at both ends and with the hand on the carving knife. He counts on his fingers, making estimates in the interstices of the repast. The work done, the hat goes to the head and he starts down the street, and before the family have arisen from the table he has bound up another bundle of goods and says to the customer, "Anything more I can do for you to-day, sir?" A man has more responsibilities than those which are discharged by putting competent instructors over his children and giving them a drawing master and a music teacher. The physical culture of the child will not be attended to unless the father looks to it. He must sometimes lose his dignity. He must unlimber his joints. He must sometimes lead them out to their sports and games. The parent who cannot forget the severe duties of life sometimes, to fly a kite, and trundle the hoop, and chase the ball, and jump the rope with his children, ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredeemable solitariness. If you want to keep your children away from places of sin, you can only do it by making your home attractive. You may preach sermons and advocate reforms and denounce wickedness, and yet your children will be captivated by the glittering saloon of sin unless you can make your home a brighter place than any other place on earth to them. Oh, gather all charms into your house! If you can afford it, bring books and pictures and cheerful entertainments to the household. But, above all, teach those children, not by half an hour twice a year on the Sabbath day, but day after day and every day teach them that religion is a great gladness, that it throws chains of gold about the neck, that it takes no spring from the foot, no blitheness from the heart, no sparkle from the eye, no ring from the laughter, but that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." I sympathize with the work being done in many of our cities, by which beautiful rooms are set apart by our Young Men's Christian Associations, and I pray God to prosper them in all things. But I tell you there is something back of that and before that—we need more happy, consecrated, cheerful Christian homes everywhere.

Again I remark that a great many of our business men are tempted to put the attainment of money above the value of the soul. It is a grand thing to have plenty of money. The more you get of it the better, if it come honestly and go usefully. For the lack of it sickness dies without medicine, and hunger finds its coffin in the empty bread tray, and nakedness shivers for lack of clothes and fire. When I hear a man in canting tirade against money—a Christian man—as though it had no possible use on earth and he had no interest in it at all, I come almost to think that the heaven that would be appropriate for him would be an everlasting poorhouse. While, my friends, we do admit there is such a thing as the lawful use of money—a profitable use of money—let us recognize also the fact that money cannot satisfy a man's soul; that it cannot glitter in the dark valley; that it cannot pay our fare across the Jordan of death; that it cannot unlock the gate of heaven. There are men in all occupations who seem to act as though they thought that a pack of bonds and mortgages could be traded off for a title to heaven, and as though gold would be a lawful tender in that place where it is so common that they make pavements out of it. Salvation by Christ is the only salvation. Treasures in heaven are the only incorruptible treasures.

Have you ever ciphered out the rule of loss and gain the sum, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" However fine your apparel, the winds of death will flutter it like rags. Homespun and a threadbare coat have sometimes been the shadow of coming robes made white in the blood of the Lamb. The pearl of great price is worth more than any gem you can bring from the ocean, than Australian or Brazilian mines strung in one carcanet. Seek after God, find His righteousness, and all shall be well here; all shall be well hereafter.

Some of you remember the shipwreck of the Central America. That noble steamer had, I think, about 500 passengers aboard. Suddenly the storm came, and the surges trampled the deck and swung into the hatches, and there went up a hundred voiced death shriek. The foam on the jaw of the wave! The pitching of the steamer as though it were leaping a mountain. The dismal flare of the signal rockets. The long cough of the steam pipes. The hiss of extinguished furnaces. The walking of God on the wave! The steamer went not down without a struggle. As the passengers strained themselves in rows to bale out the vessel, hark at the thump of the buckets, as men unused to toil, with blistered hands and strained muscle, tug for their lives. There is a sail seen against the sky. The flash of the distress gun is noticed; its voice heard not for it is choked in the louder booming of the sea. A few passengers escaped, but the steamer gave a lurch and was gone! So there are some men who sail on prosperously in life. All's well; all's well. But at last some financial disaster comes—a euroclydon. Down they go! The bottom of the commercial sea is strewn with shattered hulks. But because your property goes do not let your soul go. Though all else perish, save that; for I have to tell you of a more stupendous shipwreck than that which I just mentioned. God launched this world 6,000 years ago. It has been going on, under freight of mountains and immortals, but one day it will stagger at the cry of fire. The timbers of rock will burn, the mountains flame like masts and the clouds like sails in the judgment hurricane. Then God shall take the passengers off the deck, and from the berths those who have long been asleep in Jesus, and he will set them far beyond the reach of storm and peril. But how many shall go down will never be known until it shall be announced one day in heaven. The ship-wreck of a world! So many millions saved! So many millions drowned! Oh, my dear hearers, whatever you lose, though your houses go, though your lands go, though all your earthly possessions perish, may God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, save all our souls!

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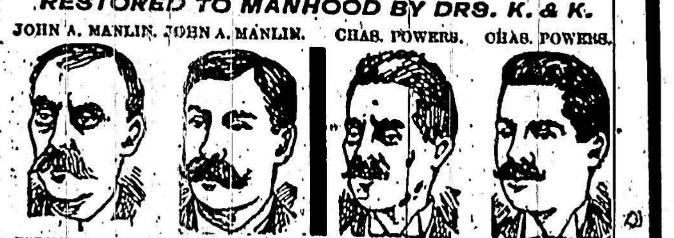

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John A. Manlin says:—"I was one of the countless victims of early ignorance commenced at 15 years of age. I tried seven medical firms and spent $900 without avail. I gave up in despair. The drains on my system were weakening my intellect as well as my sexual and physical life. My brother advised me as a last resort to consult Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. I commenced their New Method Treatment and in a few weeks was a new man, with new life and ambition. This was four years ago, and now I am married and happy. I recommend these reliable specialists to all my afflicted fellowmen."

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"The vices of early boyhood laid the foundation of my ruin. Later on a "gay life" and exposure to blood diseases completed the wreck. I had all the symptoms of Nervous Debility—sunken eyes, emissions, drain in urine, nervousness, weak back, etc. Syphilis caused my hair to fall out, bone pains, ulcers in mouth and on tongue, blotches on body, etc. I thank God I tried Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. They restored me to health, vigor and happiness." CHAS. POWERS.

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MRS. JAMES McRITCHIE AND DAUGHTER.

A leading local physician, whose profession takes him among the children of the various public institutions, remarked to the writer, that one would hardly believe that so many children were affected by nervous troubles, which sap the system and prevent proper development. In many cases the doctors are powerless to cure these troubles. They can relieve the suffering little ones, but in South American Nervine we have a medicine that does more than simply give relief. Its peculiar strength is that it completely cures where physicians relieve. A case in point came to us the 24th ult., in a letter from Mr. James W. McRitchie of Bothwell, Ont. He says:—"My daughter Maggie, aged 9 years, was afflicted with nervous fainting spells for over a year, which left her in such a condition of weakness afterwards that the child was practically an invalid. We tried several remedies and doctored with her in one way and another, but nothing gave relief. Seeing South American Nervine advertised, as particularly efficacious in nervous diseases, I decided on trying it for her, and I must say that I noticed a decided change in my daughter for the better after she had taken only a few doses. As a result of using this medicine, she is now entirely free from those fainting spells and possessed of that life and brightness that is the happy lot of childhood. I am satisfied it is an excellent medicine for any nervous weakness. My experience has been further supplemented in the fact that my wife has also been using South American Nervine for indigestion, dyspepsia and nervous prostration, and has found very great relief."

Whether the patient be man or woman, young or old, South American Nervine provides a complete medium for restoration to health. It is a medicine differing absolutely from every other. A cure is effected by application to the nerve centres of the human system, and science has proved that when these nerve centres are kept healthy the whole body is healthy. For these reasons failure is impossible.

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