good times come!

-F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

## Beyond the Green-Baize Door.

There was a mystery beyond the green-baize door; tangible or intangible nobody knew, since no one but Mr. Blakely ever saw the inside of the door which shut his private room at Messrs, Blakely and Stephen's bank from the narrow passage connecting it with the general offices. We were so accustomed to the green-baize door, and to the rule that no one was to ap and to the rule that no one was to approach it, that we did not often give the mystery much thought. Even Mr. Sharsley, the head cashier, was not permitted access. Clients and callers of all kinds Mr. Blakely invariably interviewed in another room, where he was summoned by an electric bell connected with the green room, as we used to call it.

There was nothing strange in the baize door itself; a plain green door, with a brass handle, which in no way influenced the secret springs by which the door opened and closed. Brass-headed nails marked the outlines of neaded nais marked the outlines of the door's panels. A less suggestive door never swung on hinges. Yet for ten years (the length of time I had been at the bank) that door had pos-sessed the most melancholy and uncanny influence over the bank's staff, from cashier to charwoman. But no

one knew why.

Mr. Blakely was sole proprietor of the bank, which was the only one in town and showed every semulance of the soundest financial basis; and the magnificence of his income was clearly displayed at Somers Towers, his splendisplayed at Somers I owers, his spiendid residence two miles out, where, at the time of this story, he lavished the luxuries of life upon his second wife, a very lovely and proud young lady half his own age—or 25.

Mr. Blakely was a man strangely devoid of sevent vicities, considering

devoid of eccentricities, considering his conduct concerning the baize d o.; the chief faults the bank staff found with him were his indefatigability, and that whenever there was business to be done in London-selling or buying stock, buying cash, etc.—he invariably attended to it himself.

I was seated at the desk of the head cashier, who was away on a short holi-day, one morning in September, when one of our clients entered the counting

house.
"Mr. Boyton, look here," he said, slipping a crown-piece upon the counter. "Where did you get it?"

I took up the coin and rang it. It

rang unmistakably true.
"What's wrong with it?" I inquired, examining it closely without noticing any defect. "Did I give it to you?" "Yes. Look at the edge; the letters

are missing—it's quite smooth,"

He was right; the edge was as smooth as that of a four-shilling piece. I weighed it and found it true weight. and it properly resisted the other

"It's perfectly good," I said. doubt it is of an experimental mint, and got into circulation by mistake.

ow will you have it?"
"I don't care; half-crowns." I passed bim the money, and, as he went away, I slipped the crown into my pocket, intending to keep it as a curiosity. But, later in the day, when Mr. Blakely was in the office, I showed

it to him. His handsome dark face clouded as he took it and examined the edge.
"How did we come by it, Mr. Boyton?" he asked. He immediately resumed his natural easy manner when I explained that I had passed it out

and had it returned. "Curious!" he muttered. "One of an experimental mint, for it's dated 1896. Do you think we've any others

"No; I have been through them."
"Strange! Well, I'll keep it. It is "Strange! We probably unique.

paid myself the five shillings I tilled for the coin, and forgot the matter forgot it entirely until some weeks later, when Mrs. Blakely, to the utter astonishment of the bank's staff,

turned up an hour or so before luncheou time.

Up to that time, although she had been married more than ten months, Mrs. Blakely had never been inside Now she drove up in her the bank. carriage, came in proudly and asked

or Mr. Blakely.

I replied that if she would step into the waiting room I would summon him in the usual way.

"No. Show me into his private

I am Mrs. Blakely," she said,

hastily.
"I recognized you, madam," I replied. "But the rule is that all visitors, whoever they may be, are to be shown into the waiting room, where Mr. Blakely will interview them."
"Nonsense!" she ejaculated. "Such puls do not refer to Mr. Blakely's

rules do not refer to Mr. Blakely's wife. The room is at the end of the passage, is it not?"

passage, is it not?"
"You are putting me in an awkward
position," I replied. "I am not allowed to let visitors approach the

green-baize door—"
"Ah! Her proud eyes flashed. "So
there is a green-baize door which no

neglecting an old-established rule. On the other hand, I offend you. On the other hand, I offend you. Pray step into the waiting room, where Mr. Blakely will join you in less than half the time we have spent in argument.

ment. When Mr. Blakely came, he did so in his habitual leisurely manner, and he walked into the waiting room, leav-

ing the door ajar.
"Mr. Blakely," she said, haughtily,
"I have been insulted by one of your
clerks. He refused to admit me to your room, although he knew me."
She paused in a way that seemed to tell me she was looking at him search-

"My dear girl," he replied, tenderly, "what has come over you? You're not like yourself, Mary. What is it? And what has brought you here so unexpectedly?"

"Did you not hear what I said, Richard? Surely, the fact that I have

Richard? Surely, the fact that I have been insulted is reason enough for the change you remark."

"But not reason for your advent, since you must have been insulted through coming here," he responded, with his usual promptness.

"Since when her your wife been

"Since when has your wife been denied the right to enter your private room?" she demanded.

"Ever since she wrongly assumed that she had such a right, Mary. My clerks have their orders; they obey them. You cannot blame them for up-holding rules I myself have framed. Come, dear, be reasonable. What do you want? I am very busy this morning. The market is very unsteady just

At this juncture it struck me that it was incumbent upon me to let them know in some way that they could be overheard, or else to get out of ear-shot. While undecided which course to take, I heard what aggravated my indecision.

"Tell me, Richard; had you known I was coming, would you la e allowed your clerk to deny me access to your private room?" Mrs. Blakely inquired, somewhat sternly it seemed to me.

"Did you come here to ask me that?'

"Answer me, yes or no!" she in-

"The rule is of many years' standing, Mary," he said, deliberately. "If it were set aside for you it would be the thin end of the wedge; my room would no longer be private."

"You indorse your cle k's insult?"
"I uphold my clerk who upholds the bank's rules."

She was evidently nonplussed for the moment by the fine fencing, for

she paused.

"If you have any shopping to do in town" he said "you night some back town," he said, "you might come back in an hour, when I shall be free to drive home with you."
"Richard," she said, quietly, "I

married you, not for your money, but because I loved you. I loved you before a younger man because I believed I could trust my whole soul to you. We have been married—how long?— We have been married—how long?—ten months; and until within a few hours my confidence in you has been unshaken. You let me into all your secret hopes and fears; you kept nothing from me. Suddenly I hear a strange story about a mysterious green-baize door, which no one but yourself is allowed to approach. I call the carriage and drive here to fathom the depths of the mystery which I fancied was only imaginary. But I am fancied was only imaginary. But I am more than amused now; I am piqued; my confidence in you is at stake. me see into the room which no other person but you has ever entered, and I'll go home."

"You are the first person to suggest I was disappointed with his decision, as I wanted the coin myself. It was against my principles, however, to protest. I went back to my desk, repaid myself the five shillings I tilled of being disturbed at all hours of the day." day.

"Will you let me see? I don't doubt you—why should I? But I am determinedly inquisitive. Will you show me the room?'

"Not today, dear, I am very busy."

I felt her brush past me as she came out of the room, and saw her walk round the desks, her lips tightly compressed and her head very high.

The following morning when I turned up at the bank the porter met me with the inquiry, Had I seen anything of Mr. Blakely? No? Strange! No one had seen him since the bank closed the night before. He was not in the bank—had not been home—indeed. deed, it was Mrs. Blakely who had driven down the first thing to inquire about him; and no one had seen him.

about him; and no one had seen him.
"Was he on the premises when you locked up?" I asked.
"Can't say; shouldn't think so," the porter replied. "I left the side door on the latch until seven, as usual, and

then bolted up, expecting ne must have gone—generally goes before that, you know, sir. He must have gone, for I rung his bell again and again

"Ah! Her proud eyes flashed. "So there is a green-baize door which no one approaches? I interrupted you, sir."

"I was saying, madam, that if I let you pass, I offend Mr. Blakely by last to leave, I believe?"

"Yes, madam; but I have not seen Mr. Blakely since he put you into your carriage yesterday."
"That decides it," she muttered. "Something has happened to him in his room. The door must be forced. Parter go for a carnenter!"

Porter, go for a carpenter!"
"You take the whole responsibility
of forcing the green-baize door?" I
suggested.
"The whole responsibility," she re-

plied, and turned away impatiently. When the carpenter arrived Mrs. Blakely led him to the door and ordered him to force it. He smiled grimly, as he looked the door up and down. He sounded it with a mallet,

and his jaw fell.
"Iron!" he said, laconically. "'Tism'

my job; you want a blacksmith."

The porter was sent off in the carriage to fetch a smith. When the man riage to fetch a smith. When the man arrived, he eyed the door critically and looked dubious.

"A long job!" he said.
"Break it down then!" cried Mrs. Blakely. "But waste no time."

The smith bared his arms, and, ordaring Mrs. Blakely. the porter, and

The smith bared his arms, and, ordering Mrs. Blakely, the porter and myself to give him space, picked up a heavy hammer. He tapped the doorgently in various places until it rang thinner than elsewhere. Then he swung his hammer and struck the door heavily, just in the exact spot, again and again. For five minutes he dealt a rapid fire of blows, and then the door began to tremble, then to shake. Finally, after ten or twelve minutes, it gave a shudder and came forward, swinging on its hinges.

Mrs. Blakely darted forward and stopped. Six feet farther down the narrow passage another door ob-

stopped. Six feet farther down the narrow passage another door obstructed the way. She signed impetuously to the smith, who stepped forward and shivered the lock of the second door, which was only light wood. All was darkness beyond the door.

I turned to Mrs. Blakely, who stood gazing in wonderment into chaos.

"Porter," she said, in a hushed voice, suddenly turning her ashy face

suddenly turning her ashy face towards the light which crept down the passage from the farther door, "get me a lantern. Then you can both leave us. Mr. Boyton's will be all the help I need."

When the porter returned she took the lantern from him, and watched him retreat down the passage into the counting house.

"Prop the door so that it won't il," she said. I did so, and, returning to her side,

took the lantern from her.
"You had better not come, madam," I said.

"I am coming," she replied, calmly. We passed through the doorway and into a small, dark room, poorly furnished with a little office furniture and littered with papers. There was no sign of Mr. Blakely. The one window in the wall was high up; its glass was fastened, and the blinds were pulled, "Look!" cried Mrs. Blakely. "Look! A trap-door!"

I crossed to her, and glancing down saw a square had been cut out of the carpet, in the centre of which was a ring by which I raised a trap.

Looking through we saw a ladder leading down to darkness.

"Go on, sir; go on," said Mrs. Blakely, in a hollow voice. "We must

Going carefully down four rungs of the ladder I held the lattern out at arm's length and surveyed the scene. A stone-walled chamber stretched

A stone-wated chamber stretched before me like a large vault. In one wall was a low, barred door; in a corner was a small furnace. A peculiar-looking machine stood in the middle of the vault, and upon a ledge of its frame rested a row of silver coins

Irame rested a row of silver coing.

"Go on," said a voice above me.

I went down, and, stepping as I thought to the ground, my foot encountered something soft. I sprang aside, avoiding it, and saw the body of Mr. Blakely huddled up in a broken bundle.

"Don't come; for pity's sake don't come!" I cried to Mrs. Blakely. But already she was half-way down the ladder. In another moment she had stepped upon her husband's body and

stepped upon her husband's body and had shrieked.

"Ah, me; ah, me!" she moaned, propping the nodding head upon her knees with frenzied tenderness.

"Richard, husband! You did not merely dream—you lived your crimes that night—and now! Oh, Mr. Boyton, do you understand all this? My husband is a felon! Deal, my heart is deal. But he is well dead better dea! But he is well dead, bester dead. This is his secret! Last night—the night before he was restless in the night before he was too his sleep, he talked of coining, yes of coining—coining silver coins and reaping profit—profit. You're a liar,' he cried once in his sleep, the coins are good—equal to the Mint's. The Mint makes profit on its silver coins, and why not 1? He said that, and, as I lay awake, I hoped he merely dreamed—I knew he dreamed. But Yes, yes, and if you lived these hands should kill you for the ignominy and shame! Richard, oh! Rickard, Richard!'

. . . . . . Little beyond evidence of identification and as to the cause of death was given at the public inquest held upon the body of Richard Blakely, but the police pursued the matter to some length in the hope of discovering the men who must have helped the banker

in his secret silver mint. The police found the door in the opened upon a narrow subter ranean passage, running to a cottage hard by. But when the police raided the cottage they found it completely deserted. Their theory is that the banker's assistants went to the vault, found their employer lying at the foot of the ladder with his neck broken;

and realizing that exposure must follow, they took flight without delay.

Beyond the police, only Mrs. Blakely and myself know the true secret that hid beyond the green-baize door.—

Tid-Bits.

## DR. TALMAGES SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED

Subject: The Gospel's Triumph—Victories of the Christian Religion Depicted— Transformations Wrought by Christ's Teachings—Drunkards Reclaimed.

Reschings—Branage Sections (1997). Washington, D. C.—The antagonists of the Christian religion are in this sermon of Dr. Talmage met in a very unusual way, and the trumphs of the Gospel are depicted. The text is Ezekiel xxi., 2i. "He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver."

Two modes of divination by which the king of Babylon proposed to find out the will of God. He took a bundle of arrows, put them together, mixed them up, then pulled forth one, and by the inscription on it decided what city he should first assault. Then an animal was slain, and by the lighter or darker color of the liver the brighter or darker prospect of success was inferred. That is the meaning of the text. "He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver." Stupid delusion! And yet all the ages have been filled with delusions. It seems as if the world loves to be hood winked, the delusion of the text only a specimen of a vast number of deceits practiced upon the human race. In the lutter part of the last century Johanna Southcote came forth pretending to have divine power, made prophecies, had chapels built in her honor, and 100,000 disciples came forward to follow her. About five years being speechless, according to the tradition, he healed the sick, and artised the dead, and preached virtue, and according to the myth, having deceased, was brought to resurrection.

The Delphic oracle deceived vast multitudes of people; the Pythoness seated in the temple of Apollo uttering a crazy jargon from which the people guessed their individual or national fortunes or misforfortunes. The utternness were of such a nature that you could read them any way you wanted to read them.

But there are those who say that all these delusions combined are as nothing compared with the delusion of the Christian religion of the Christian religion. That delusion has already surrendered to the deusion of the Christian religion, and if the lind of the care of the sea, and when he world—the, delusion of the C

electric champion of liberty, enslaved by this delusion, so that he says, "The book worth all other books put together is the Bible." Benjamin Rush, the leading physiologist and anatomist of his day, the great medical scientist—what did he say? "The only true and perfect religion is Christianity." Isaac Newton, the leading philosopher of his time—what did he say? That man surrendering to this deursion of Christian religion, crying out "The sublimest philosophy on earth is the philosophy of the Gospel." David Brewster, at the pronunciation of whose name every scientist the world over uncovers his head, David Brewster saying, "Oh, this religion has been a great light for me, a very great light all my days!" President Thiers, the great French statesman, acknowledging that he prayed whon he said, "Il nvoke the Lord God, in whom I am glad to believe." David Livingstone, able to conquer the lion, able to conquer the panther, able to conquer the savage, yet conquered by this delusion, this hallucination, this great swindle of the ages, so when they find him dead they find him on his knees. William E. Giadstone, the strongest intellect in England, unable to resist this chimera, this fallacy, this delusion of the Christian religion, went to the house of God every Sabbath and often at the invitation of the rector, read the prayers to the people. If those mighty intellects are overborne by this delusion, at the invitation of the rector, read the prayers to the people. If those mighty intellects are overborne by this Christianity what chance is there for you and for me? Besides that, I have noticed that first rate infidels cannot be depended on for steadfastness in the proclamation of their sentiments. Goethe, a leading skeptic, was so wrought upon by this Christianity what has weak moment he cried out, "My belief in the Bible has saved me in my litreary and moral life." Rousseau, one of the Beripures a marker has a sent and the word have been aftengant to find the world have been aftengant to find hit has a sent and the w

## A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

A Modern Instance—An Army Officer
Who Believes the Liquor Traffic is a
Great Curse to Our Soldiers—It is the
Enemy of Discipline.

Who said Jim's dead?
I guess there's some mistake.
It don't seem more 'n six months agc.
An' 'tsint above a' year, I know,
That I bid him good-bye, an' said to him,
''Let's take a drink fer friendship, Jim
Jest one 'er the old time's sake."

Jim shook his head, 'n' said
He hed never teched a drop;
That he'd promised his mother he wouldn't drink,
An' he 'lowed she'd cry, 'n' what 'ud she
think
If she knowed he had broke his word,
had Jim,
An' she a lovin' 'n' trustin' him,
An' Jim her support an' prop.

But I laffed 'n' chaffed,
'N' called him some names, ye see,
'N' 'lowed that such 'fraidies wa'nt worth no price, That he wouldn't be likely to cut much

ice,
If he hadn't more man inside of his
clothes
Than to want ter refuse a partin' dose
With an old time friend like me.

'N' Jim gave in, did Jim,
'N' drunk quick, 'n' held his breath,
I sald, "Here's luck to ye, old fel',"
'N' Jim said, "Better say luck to——,
Well,
I never had heard Jim swear afore;
Then he went like shot outside the door,
With a face white 'n' scared as death.

Who said Jim's dead?
I guess there's some mistake.
Drunk'? Killed a woman crossin' the
track?
His mother? Run his engine smack
Into an open switch, 'n' then
Was killed himself 'n' the fireman?
Mighty quick work things make.

Sorry fer Jim, fer him
'N' me was sorter chums one time.
I'low that Jim got swamped on drink
'N' yet he wa'nt the feller you'd think
That 'ud go to extremes—but one can's

Just a year ago. I remember well, Jim thought drink was bad as a crime! —S. B. McManus, in Ram's Horn

—S. B. McManus, in Ram's Horn

A Touching Incident.

I have read of a town meeting in Pennsylvania where the question of license was to be decided, writes a correspondent of the Herald and Presbyter. As the question was about to be put there arose from one corner of the room a miserable female, wrinkled and gaunt, and stretching out her arms in a shrill voice she cried: "Look upon me. You all know or once did. You all know that I was once the mistress of the best farm in the township. You all know too, I had one of the best—the most devoted of husbands. You all know how I had five noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know toy lie in a row side by side, in yonder churchyard; all—every one of them illing a drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe—excess alone ought to be avoided, and they never acknowledged excess. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and prospects with dismay and horror; I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to ward off the blow. I tried to break the spell—the delusive spell—in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved husband and sons. I begges. I prayed; but the odds were against me." And, with her arms flung high, and her volce raised to an unearthly pitch she exclaimed: "I shall soon stand before the tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch she exclaimed: "I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God—I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all?"

She spoke and vanished. But when the chairman put the question, "Shall any license be granted for the sale of spirituous liquors?" the response was unanimous—"No!"

uous liquors?"
mous-"No!"

Avoid alcoholic drinks if you want to insure yourself in these torrid days against heat prostration. Whisky is first a stimulant and then a depressant. It overworks the heart for a time, and then there is languor due to lack of material on which to labor. Vitality is lost and probably at the critical time. Under the influence of liquor the mind is deceived as to the real condition of things. Temporarily stimulated by its action, a man is liable to expose himself more than he ordinarily would, or to exert himself more than is needful. Heat prostration or direct sunstroke is the result.

A curious phase of the whisky drinking habit is that its victims imagin or try to make themselves believe that liquor may be used in all emergencies. In whiner they use it to protect them against the cold, and in summer its refrigerating qualities are extolled. But those who put any thought into the matter may see for themselves the absurdity of such conflicting

thought into the matter may see for themselves the absurdity of such conflicting claims.

As a matter of fact, neither in summor nor winter is alcoholic drink necessary. nor winter is alcoholic drink necessary. Those who abstain from its use, utterly, are happier and healthier than the people who look upon it as a panacea for all ills, and who use or abuse it accordingly. Try letting it severely alone and notice the beneficial results.

## Crimes Traced to Drink.

Crimes Traced to Drink.

Liquor seiling among the Indians has been pretty weil suppressed. For sixty years the Government has attempted to enforce prohibition among its wards in Indian Territory. Congress made it a penal offense to carry whisky or any other intoxicating liquor into an Indian reservation, and a similar penalty was imposed upon its sale to Indians anywhere. To enforce this law the courts have been increased and hundreds of deputy marshall have been employed both in the Territory and along the border.

Years ago, when the Indians were practically alone upon their reservation, it was a difficult task to control their thirst for fire water, but when \$50,000 white men were added to the population the problem became almost impossible of solution. If he can be kept sober the Indian makes a good citizen down there, but when he gets a few ounces of fire water into his veins all his savage instincts and passions are aroused and he becomes a demon. Ninety-five per cent. of the crimes of all kinds committed in Indian Territory can be traced to drink and nearly all the business of the courts by provided by the whisky pedders.

The saloon is an incubus upon all indus-

The saloon is a legalized drunkard fac-Don't try to quarantine the saloon, but help to kill it.

By their fruits ye shall know them—apply this to the saloon.

oly this to the saloon.

In the keen competition of life men cannot afford to indulge in liquor.

If the saloon is wrong, as all admit, car any amount of money make it right?

License is not intended to stop the li-quor traffic, but to perpetuate it by law.