

## Deliver Us from Evil.

THE operating theater was packed with lookers-on.

Mr. Menzies' operations were far-famed. Pending the arrival of the patient from the anaesthetic room on the other side of the passage, the great surgeon stood washing his hands and talking to his dressers.

An enthusiast himself, he always inspired his subordinates with enthusiasm and his daring and success as an operator made him the envy and admiration of all his juniors.

His fine but stern face relaxed into a smile over the naive remarks of one of the students, and a little laugh even broke from his lips. It was unusual for Mr. Menzies to laugh; he was known as a grave, silent man, and the lines of his face were severe, though there was a great kindness in his keen gray eyes, and his rare smile was particularly charming. The world in which he moved knew well enough what it was that had carved the sternness into what had been so pleasant and bright a face, knew what had caused the look in his eyes which never wholly left them.

The world had been loud in its commiseration, a year before, when Mr. Menzies' wife had left him and their 3-year-old daughter for another man, who had been the great surgeon's friend. Equally loud in its expressed sympathy, but the surgeon had made all such expressions an impossibility.

To no living soul had he ever spoken of the blow which had ruined his happiness, and no living soul had even ventured to touch upon the subject to him.

He faced life sternly now. Instead of smiling as before, that was all; and he flung himself, heart and mind, into his profession, giving apparently no thought to anything beyond it, except to his small daughter.

The child went with him everywhere, and was even now sitting in the carriage, in the hospital courtyard, gravely and intently scanning the people who passed to and fro in the full sunshine.

There was a sudden lushing of the busy talk in the operating theater, as the patient was wheeled in and lifted upon the table, and the surgeon moved forward.

"Patient quite ready, sir," said the house surgeon respectfully.

The surgeon did not even glance at the face of the man upon the table, but proceeded to examine the seat of the injury, asking a few terse questions as he did so.

"Come in early this morning, you say?"

"Yes, sir, only just conscious enough to tell us he was run over."

"Poor fellow! well it is quite obvious what must be done. It is a case of life or death. The only chance of saving him is to operate at once."

The clear, decided voice could be heard all over the theater, the strong, steady hands were watched eagerly from every corner as they began their work with no hesitation, no uncertainty of touch.

For a quarter of an hour Mr. Menzies worked on in silence, broken only by an occasional short word to the dresser beside him.

As usual he was absorbed in the task before him, every other thought for the moment relegated to the back of his mind. Outside, in the courtyard, his little daughter sat in the carriage watching the pigeons strutting to and fro in the sunshine, and the people who passed in and out of the great doors, watched over herself by the coachman, who adored every hair of the curly head, and worshiped the ground that was walked upon by her tiny feet. There was nothing the small girl enjoyed more than coming to the hospital "to wait for father." It gave her a delightful sensation of being grown up, added to the delight of the long drive sitting beside father, and holding his hand and chatting to him upon the many and varied incidents of the route.

She glanced up at the windows and wondered where father was just that very minute, and whether he would come soon. Then she turned her eyes back again to the pigeons in the sunshine, strutting boldly up and down underneath the feet of the passers-by.

Upstairs, in the theater, there was a breathless silence.

The most critical moment of the operation had been reached, when the surgeon paused for a moment to glance up the table at the face of the patient, and to ask a question of the house surgeon.

But the question was only half uttered, his words broke off suddenly, and a student, more observant than his fellows, noticed what a curious grayness overspread his face.

"Something gone wrong over the anaesthetic," the thought flashed through the student's brain, but even as the flash of thought came, he saw Mr. Menzies pull himself together with a

strange, jerky movement, and heard him say quietly:

"Patient all right, Lettesdate?"

"Quite right, sir." The house surgeon's voice was brisk and confident. The student wondered idly what had made the usually calm Mr. Menzies break off in that sudden, irrelevant manner, then his wonderings were forgotten in the absorbing interest of the operation.

The surgeon had turned quietly back to his work, and, with steady fingers that never faltered or wavered, was going on with his task. But his soul was in a tumult; his brain was on fire. The helpless man lying before him—the man whose life lay in his hands—was the friend who one short year before had stolen from him his wife and his happiness, the friend who had been worse than an open enemy. Some long-forgotten words swung through his brain as his fingers moved mechanically in their work.

"If it had been an open enemy that had done me this dishonor, I could have borne it. But it was even thou, mine own familiar friend."

"Mine own familiar friend?" A queer look flashed into the gray eyes; he raised them suddenly and glanced again at the patient's white face. It was so very white that, except for the faint breathing that was just audible, you might have supposed that the one lying upon the table was dead. Dead? The word sprang into Mr. Menzies' mind, following quickly upon those words, "Mine own familiar friend."

Dead—well, if the patient were dead, there would be one villain less in the world; the wrong would have been revenged—if the patient who lay so still and white were still forever in death.

The surgeon's eyes went back to their work; his steady fingers never relaxed their task; there was no outward sign of the tumult within his soul, save a certain tightening of his lips.

"Dead!" The word surged to and fro in his brain, until he could see it actually dancing before his eyes. The man whom he had cursed so bitterly—the man who had vanished from his life a year ago—was helpless in his hands, absolutely at his mercy, and, if the knife slipped, ever so little, by the fraction of a hair's breadth, the faint breathing would cease—and—the life that had ruined his life's happiness would go down into silence.

I was so easy, too—so absurdly easy! The operation was one of extreme delicacy. If it failed, no one would ever blame the surgeon! Few men besides himself would even have undertaken it, still fewer would have been able to carry it to a successful termination.

To fail meant such a tiny, tiny shifting of the instrument he handled with such skill and care. The most critical moment of the whole operation was approaching. There was a breathless silence in the theater, and across it the whisper of one student to another was distinctly audible.

"By Jove, he has got a tough job there!"

Then the stillness became almost tangible again as the steady fingers went on with their work.

As though it had been yesterday, instead of a year ago, there rose before Mr. Menzies' eyes a sudden vision of the last day on which he and the patient had met. He saw his wife's drawing-room, flooded with the sunshine, and his wife smiling up into his face, with laughing eyes. The fragrance of roses pervaded everything; she had always loved roses; and a vivid recollection came to him of great roses upon the tables. A mass of gorgeous red ones had caught the flashing sunlight and shone blood-red in its gleams. She had had a big pink one at her belt; and she had held out to him a dainty orange-colored bud. "For your button-hole, dear," she had said softly.

Beside her stood the man who now lay unconscious under his hands, and their two laughing faces rose up and mocked him with their falseness.

Such a little slip of the hand, so easily compassed, and the life of the man before him would slip forever into silence, and revenge was sweet.

His lips tightened, his eyes grew hard.

"Wrong? absurd!" There was no wrong in avenging your honor. Heaven had thrown this man in his way, the vengeance was meant to be. It was childish, ridiculous, to draw back now, when the game was in his hands.

His lips had tightened till they looked like a thin mand of steel, his eyes were for the moment devilish.

For what seemed to him like a century, but what was in reality a quarter of a second, his hand stayed it work, and the patient's life hung in the balance. Then all at once the tense look on his face relaxed, his hand moved on steadily, firmly, surely and only that

again one student more observant than

the rest, noticed that he was white to the very lips.

"Strain too much for him," was the thought in the young man's mind; "no wonder he feels bad; that was a nasty moment, a slip of a hair's breadth, and good-by to the patient."

"Never saw anything like it," another student murmured; "the finest bit of operating anybody could wish to see. That fellow ought to be grateful to Menzies."

Perhaps there was a little surprise in the minds of all those in the theater that day, that Mr. Menzies did not improve the occasion by a lecture upon the case. Indeed he uttered no syllable during the remainder of the operation, and never once again did he raise his eyes to the face of the patient.

"Get Mr. Stiles to see the case now," he said briefly; "I—I shall not be able to come down to-morrow."

Outside, in the June sunshine, his little daughter awaited him as he came down the hospital steps, and as he stepped into his carriage she slipped her hand into his.

"Are you tired, daddy dear?" she said; "you are ever so white."

"Very tired, my darling," he said, mechanically, and his voice shook.

"And you're cold," the child went on, "I felt you shiver, though the sun is as hot—as hot—!"

Another shiver ran through the surgeon's frame.

"Yes, I think I am cold," he said. Perhaps—

He broke off abruptly, "I have—had a hard time," he finished after a pause.

"Poor daddy," the child whispered. Her soft hand held his more closely, and her little forehead puckered itself into anxious lines as she looked into her father's white face and tired eyes.

Loving little soul! All the way home she wondered what could have made her father so terribly unlike himself that afternoon; all the evening she watched him with tender, anxious eyes, pondering the problem still. But perhaps she wondered most of all when, as was her wont, she said her prayers beside him, and at the end of the Lord's Prayer he whispered, in a strangely broken voice:

"Say again, 'Deliver us from evil,' say it—for for all who are tempted." And the golden curls fell over his trembling hand as she whispered, softly: "Deliver us from evil."—The Argosy.

### Poking Fires for a Living.

The trades of London are many, and some of them seem very strange to an American. One occupation by which a score of Britons are said to earn their livelihood is that of "poking fires." It is thus described by a London exchange, and whatever else may be thought of the story, it speaks well for the Jews of England as faithful keepers of their law.

By the Rabbinical law, no Jew is allowed to kindle or mend any fire on the Sabbath; and in certain places in England, where Jews are very numerous, this prohibition makes it necessary that persons shall be employed from sunset on Friday to the same hour on Saturday, in going from house to house lighting fires and lamps, and attending to them.

One woman in the East End of London often has as many as fifty houses to attend to, and draws small fees from each of them. It is not long since a male "fire-poker" in that quarter died worth more than three hundred pounds, which he had saved out of his earnings.

It often happens at the East End that a strict Jew goes out into the street and says to some Christian passer-by, "Would you be so kind as to come indoors and light my lamp? The 'fire-poker' has failed me."

Many a tip do the police constables get for services of this kind. One of them said that he had received scores of small presents for putting kettles on the fire.

### The Secret of Success.

An anecdote of Bishop Thomas W. Dudley reveals, in his own words, the secrets of his success: When it was first known in the city in which he was settled that he was to go to Kentucky, some of his friends were disposed to be critical. "You are not going to Kentucky, are you?" asked one. "Yes, indeed."

"Do you know what kind of a State that is? I saw in the paper that one man killed another in a Kentucky town for treading on a dog." The bishop said nothing, and the man continued impatiently: "What are you going to do in a place like that?" "I'm not going to tread on the dogs!" was the calm reply.

### Peat Fibre in Textiles.

The manufacture of textiles from peat fiber has been introduced into Sweden. The fibers, produced from peat by a mechanical process, can be mixed in the proportion of 75 per cent. with pure wool for the manufacture of yarn similar in appearance to common woolen yarn.

### Nothing to Criticise.

Wise—"They'll never get women to join the army."  
Mrs. Wise—"Indeed! And why not?"  
Wise—"The uniforms are all alike!"—Puck.

No professional man lives so much from hand to mouth as the dentist.

### THE UNLUCKIEST WOMAN.

Fickle Fortune Frowns Upon La Belle Brooks-Vincent.

The unluckiest woman in the world is believed to be La Belle Brooks-Vincent, who has returned from the Klondike to Seattle, Wash. During the past six years she has seen more fluctuations of fortune and undergone more hardships than usually fall to the share of most people during a long life. Disappointment and failure seem to follow her in every undertaking, but she shows no discouragement and bravely adapts herself to changes of circumstances. She was born in luxury and highly educated. During her senior year at Ypsilanti College, Michigan, she met Benjamin Mason, a wealthy retired merchant, old enough to be her father, and married him. The marriage was an unhappy one, and after a few years the young wife was granted a divorce and given the custody of her young son. The husband signed contracts giving large sums of money instead of all-



LA BELLE BROOKS-VINCENT.

money and settled \$24,000 on the boy. Subsequently La Belle married L. O. Vincent, a musician and song writer. This second marriage was also a failure, and a short time after the couple separated. Vincent died. Mrs. Vincent then indulged in speculation and lost heavily on her investments. She sold her property in Michigan for \$18,000 and went to Seattle. The gold fever seized her. She plunged into speculation again and took the largest stock of staples and machinery ever transported to Alaska in a single venture. She there fell into the hands of a sharp trader, who through misrepresentation, beat her out of everything that she possessed and who then incited a strike among her former employes, whose wages had not been paid. Many suits for wages and other debts were begun against her and her counsel advised her to avoid them by returning to the States. With \$200, all that remained of her fortune, she commenced the journey on a dog sleigh, her only companion being an Indian who could not speak English. Her creditors learning of her departure sent officers after her. She was brought back to Dawson City and placed in jail. Through the aid of a friend she was released from prison and enabled to return to Seattle, where she arrived friendless and penniless.

### Life-Saving Suits.

There is always a fascination about life-saving clothes, for there is, somehow, a latent feeling of nervousness and a desire to be provided against possible emergencies among most people who "go down to the sea in ships."

The latest of these suits, intended to be used in the event of a shipwreck, consists of a very simple though in many ways liberally appointed costume. A pair of watertight trousers of India rubber, lined with wool, make up the lower garment, which is joined near the waist by a bladder of rubber, and when inflated surrounds the whole of the upper part of the body nearly to the shoulders.

What its proportions are can be gathered from the fact that at the highest part the diameter is over six feet. This India rubber is covered with some waterproof material, and the upper part is fastened round the chest by means of a strap.

There are several pockets in this outer covering, in which are placed a convenient spirit flask, as well as receptacles for biscuits and chocolates, a lamp, and a pistol to be fired to attract the attention of a passing vessel, and also an air pump—like that used for inflating tires—by which the suits filled with air and given its necessary buoyancy.—London Answers.

A woman works hard cleaning up the house all day, and all the difference an unappreciative husband sees is that the sewing machine stands where the organ used to be.



Don't complain if you lose your temper. You are probably better off without it.

Some people have so much patience with themselves that they never succeed in anything.

Jinks—There's one good thing about spoiled children. Binks—What's that? Jinks—One never has them in one's own house.

"I don't see what you like about this flat, Clara." "Well, Clarence, it is the only one we've looked at that fits our Navajo rug."—Chicago Record.

A false front: "Pa, our new dog is awful d'ceitful." "How, Tommy?" "Why, when he barks at people he wags his tail."—Chicago Record.

Teacher (suspiciously)—Who wrote your composition, Johnny? Johnny—My father. Teacher—What's all of it? Johnny—No'm; I helped him.—Truth.

Fair Painter—I hope you don't mind my sketching in your field? Farmer—Lord, no, missie! You keep the birds off the peas better'n a ordinary scare-crow.

"Sure, Pat, and why are ye wearin' yer coat buttoned up loike that on a warm day loike this?" "Faith, yer riveness to hold the shirt Oi haven't got on."—Punch.

"Now, honestly, Maud, didn't Jack propose last evening?" "Why, y-e-e-s! But how did you guess?" "I noticed that you didn't have that worried look this morning."

Real Cruelty: "Oh, mummy, do come and speak to Johnny; he's treading on all the worms in the garden." "How unkind!" "Yes, and he won't let me tread on any."—The King.

Visitor—What was the matter with the man they just brought in? Doctor—Stuck his head through a pane of glass. Visitor—How did he look? Doctor—His face wore an injured expression.

Curious Villager—Ay, Sandy, an' ye wis wounded at Magersfonten? Whit wis ye struck wif? Sandy (tired of answering questions)—I was struck wif wonder when I kent I wisna killed.

Evidence: Friend—I suppose the baby is fond of you? Papa—Fond of you? Why, he sleeps all day when I'm not at home, and stays up all night just to enjoy my society!—Brooklyn Life.

Magistrate—Do you mean to say such a physical wreck as he is gave you that black eye? Complaining Wife—Shure, yer worship, he wasn't a physical wreck till he gave me th' black eye.

"Papa," said Willie, "why did you buy a golf coat?" "To play golf in, my son," said Mr. Willis. "Did you need it?" "Of course I did." "Then I need a topcoat to play tops in. I seen 'em advertised."

Teacher (endeavoring to explain the meaning of the word "harness")—What does your father put on the horse? Small Boy (his face brightening)—Please, sir, 'e puts on all 'e can if 'e thinks it'll win.

At the Summer Hotel: "Who is that good-looking young waiter who is tossing the plates across the room? Is he a student, too?" "Yes, He holds the record in Harvard for discus-throwing."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Natural Reaction: "Hi Tragedy—I understand the audience last night was very cold? Lowe Comedy—They were at first, but when they began to recollect that they had paid good money to see the show they got hot."—Philadelphia Press.

Earmarks of Literary Ability: "Did that critic write any favorable comment on your novel, Belinda?" "Oh, yes; he said my father had once met the Prince of Wales and that we had always moved in the best society."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Feminine Butter: "And now, children," said the teacher, who had been talking about military fortifications, "can any of you tell me what is a butterfly?" "Please, ma'am," cried little Willie, snapping his fingers, "it's a nanny-goat!"—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Brown—I must be going back to the city at once; I've had three letters from my husband in two days. Mrs. Gray—Why, you poor dear! I know just how you feel; two would be suspiciously attentive—but three! I really am afraid he has been doing something very reprehensible.—Brooklyn Life.

The following birth notice recently appeared in the columns of a Kansas paper: "Born, to the wife of Jim Jones, a boy. The boy favors his old dad in several ways, viz.: He is bald, has a red nose, takes to a bottle like a bum-blebee to a lump of sugar, and makes a lot of noise about nothing. Selah!"—Exchange.

The Virtuous Clerk: "Sign your name here," said the chief conspirator, "and the money will be paid you at once." "Sooner than let my good right hand sign that iniquitous document," said the virtuous government clerk, "I would cut it off! But, fortunately, I am left-handed." And he signed it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.