

Deliver Us from Evil.

HE 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 kind in its consideration, a year before, when Mr. Menzies' wife left him and their 3-year-old daughter for another man, who had been the great surgeon's friend. Equally kind 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 ever ventured to touch upon the subject to him.

He faced life sternly now, instead of smilingly as before, that was all; and he hung 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 hushing 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 and watching the sunshine and the people who passed in and out of the great doors, who adored every hair of the curly head, and worshipped 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, Lettesdale?"

"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 revented—if—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 tightness 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 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 fall 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.

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 band 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," an other 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. Her little forehead puckered itself and her anxious lines as she looked into her father's white face and tired eyes, the faint 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:

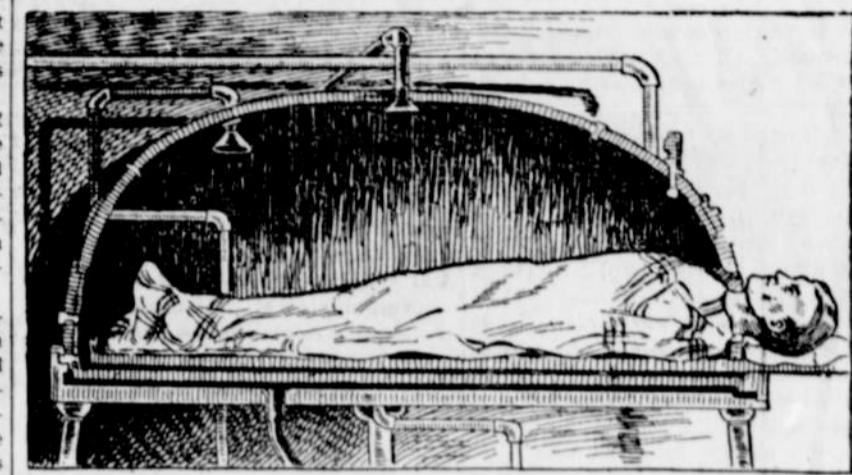
"Say again, 'Deliver us from evil, say it—for—for all who are tempted.' And the golden curls fell over his trem-bling hand as she whispered, softly, 'Deliver us from evil.'—The Argosy.

BAKING HUMAN BODY

MAN WHO IS ROASTED IN A GREAT OVEN.

Subjected to Intense Heat in Hope of Curing a Grave Malady—His Limbs Were Ossified by an Attack of Rheumatism.

Once in every twenty-four hours Aaron Palmer is baked alive in the great oven of the Bellevue hospital, in New York City. At a temperature of from 350 to 400 degrees he is allowed to roast in the oven for from half to three-quarters of an hour. Then he is removed, thoroughly massaged, and placed in the sun, where a brooding process is begun. And all because he is afflicted with arthritis deformans. Translated that means that he has gout. Not the plain gout that many suffer, but an acute rheumatic gout, which has practically ossified his limbs, so that for over three years his legs and arms were as hard as marble, being frightfully wasted and distorted, and absolutely incapable of any movement or feeling. His condition was pathetic in the extreme and it was only a question of time when the dread paralysis would enroach further upon his body, until it affected some vital organ and thus put an end to his life.



AARON PALMER UNDER TREATMENT AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

It was death that Palmer has been waiting for during these years of suffering. When he was first taken to Bellevue there was some hope of saving his life, but that hope speedily departed when it was found that by no means known were the doctors able to stimulate a perspiration in any of the affected parts. Meanwhile the disease was spreading slowly and surely, and at last hope of stopping it was entirely abandoned. Vapor, Russian and Turkish baths failed to aid. Applications of heat were absolutely useless and recourse was even tried in wrapping him up in blankets and placing his feet as near as they could be placed with safety to a red-hot stove. None of the means tried seemed powerful enough to affect in the slightest the dread malady which afflicted him. Had it not been for the placing of the great new ovens in the hospital he would shortly be a corpse. Now, however, there is hope of saving his life. More than this, there is every prospect not only of stopping the encroachments of the disease, but of relieving parts already affected. Indeed, the ossification, if it can be so spoken of, has been removed from his arms entirely except from the fingers, and his legs have been revived from thigh to knee. With continued treatment it is expected that the calves and fingers and feet will be saved, and that Palmer will be able to resume his daily life where he left off four years ago, a cured and healthy man.

The Disease Held Him Fast. Twelve years ago Palmer was first afflicted with rheumatism. He grew worse in spite of the various treatments which he underwent. Finally his legs and arms began to draw up and shrivel, and it was not long ere he was a helpless cripple. No thought of sending him to the hospital occurred to his family until four years ago, when he was suddenly affected by the disease of his limbs. First his feet were affected. And then the calves and hands. There seemed every prospect of the whole body succumbing to the fearful trouble and great interest was manifested by physicians to see how long he could live. When his feet were first deadened they were affected as though frozen. They became as cold as in death and then gradually stiffened. No strength was sufficient to move them. Then, as the ankles and calves followed, recourse was taken to the various processes recited above to see if something could not stave off the trouble. Finally, when the thighs were similarly stiffened, it was impossible for him to do else than breathe and absorb his food. The arms were next starting much more rapidly and in less space a month the entire limbs were rendered useless. It was at this stage that the baking process began. None of the doctors really thought any effect could be produced upon Palmer. It was a month before the slightest encouraging sign was seen. It was noticed during this time, however, that no ill effect was produced, so treatment was persevered in. After this length of time a single drop of perspiration was noticed on one thigh, so small that it was feared that it might be water dropped upon him by some means. However, the next day more beads appeared, and from that time on a perspiration was steadily induced. There was no let up, and it was not a fortnight before the flesh became soft and pliable, although there was still no evidence of power. It was not until recently that any power was developed and then only by constant massaging. As the arms were affected quicker than the lower limbs, so they yielded more readily to the treatment. They were in due course treated similarly. When once the disease began to be disipated in them it was speedily conquered. Less than three weeks ago they were still held in the marble grasp. To-day all but the fingers had been released.

The fingers and toes are now drawn up against the palms of his hands and soles of his feet. The flexion of the calves has become pliable and soft and the knees are almost released from their captivity. In another fortnight it is expected that everything, except

possibly the digits, will be well again. The cause of the trouble has been a deposit of calcium salts in the tissues covering the bones in the parts affected. The flesh has fallen away until the man has become little better than a skeleton, except for his trunk. His weight was down to eighty pounds, and the limbs were reduced to half their usual size. Since the restoration of power he has taken on flesh rapidly in the relieved parts, and he now weighs over a hundred pounds. His normal weight since the beginning of his illness until the ossification began was about 120 pounds. Before he was taken ill he weighed 160 pounds. Palmer is a produce dealer living in New York.

HORSES NOT AS HARDY AS MEN.

Sieges and Battles Show the Animals Succumb to Hunger and Fatigue. There have been many instances in which fights have been lost or won according to the number and condition of the horse engaged. When the siege of Plevna commenced the Russians were bringing all their stores and food from Sistova by the aid of 60,000 draft horses, and at the end of the siege it was found that no less than 22,000 of them had died from hard work and exhaustion. The want of rest and food tells on a horse far more than on a man, for in the case of the latter there are the stimulating influences of patriotism, the glory of victory, and other

feelings which are non-existent in the nature of a horse. Quite half the horses in England sent to the Crimea never returned, most of them having died from hard work and starvation. Indeed only about 500 were killed in action. So reduced and starved have the poor beasts become on occasions of this kind that they have been known to eat one another's tails and to gnaw the wheels of the gun carriages. Napoleon took with him across the Niemen 60,000 cavalry horses, and on his return in six months he could only muster 16,000. More than half the horses which were engaged in our Egyptian war of 1882 were disabled; 600 of those were killed, and only fifty-three slain in action. In the Afghan war of 1838 it is said that 3,000 camels and half the horses engaged were lost in three months. It will thus be seen that actual fighting does not claim so many horses as starvation and overwork. Defective shoeing, sore backs, want of food and rest, and other similar causes far toward rendering horses useless for practical warfare. One more and important cause needs careful attention, and it is the danger of injury horses run when being shipped across the sea. They are in constant motion, they continually fall—many of them to be trampled to death—and the rest become frightened, kick and batter one another about, and are rendered useless. As an instance of this, it was found that one regiment on the way to the Peninsula war was deprived of just half its horses on the voyage—Golden Penny.

Buying a Fan. Miss Katharine Lee Bates, who spent some months in Spain last year, declares that the dark-eyed damsels of the fan and lace mantilla are quite as charming as tradition has pictured them. Ignorant they commonly are their education being of the most meager, but they are not dull. They are quick-witted, high-spirited and affectionate, and are possessed of a grace of speech and manner which rarely deserts them. Nor do they reserve their pretty ways only for the ballroom or the parlor; even ordinary shopping is lifted into a scene of elegant comedy by the manner in which it is transacted. This is how a Spanish senorita bargains for her fan:

There is nothing sordid about it. Her haggling is a social concession that at once puts the black-eyed young salesman at her mercy.

"But the fan seems to me the least bit dear, senor!"

"Ah, senorita! You do not see how beautiful the work is. I am giving it away at six pesetas."

She lifts her eyebrows half-increduulously, all bewitching.

"At five pesetas, senor."

He runs his hand through his black hair in chivalrous distress.

"But 'tis peerless work, senorita! And this other, too. I sacrifice it at four pesetas."

"You will let me have the two at seven pesetas, senor?"

Her eyes dance over his confusion. He catches the gleam, laughs back, throws up his hands.

"Buena, senorita! At what you please!"

And the senorita trips away contented with a sharp bargain, although—Spanish gallantry, even when genuine, goes farther on the lips than otherwise—the price was probably not much more remote from what pleased the smooth-tongued clerk than from what she pleased.

Had Head It. "Did you read my latest novel, entitled 'A Terrible Experience'?" asked the novelist.

"Yes, answered the bluntly candid friend, "and that's what it was."—Washington Star.

It is the experience of older married women that a bride is about six weeks in descending from the pedestal to a foot stool.

A girl never looks so killing as when a man accidentally steps on her dress skirt.

DISPENSED WITH A BLACKSMITH

How Arizona Cowboys Punched Holes in a Wagon Tire.

"Up at my camp near the Four Peaks," told Jim Bark, the well-known cattleman, "the boys are all handy with a rifle. We've a lot of guns up there. The old-fashioned black powder Winchester has been discarded and nothing but the best goes. Most of the new guns were bought during the Spanish war, when we would experiment all day with tree trunks and rough trenches, learning the art of war at home. We found that a bullet from one of the new Winchester, driven by smokeless powder, was good for four feet and more of pine timber, and for more than an inch of iron. I thought the boys had done about everything in the shooting line that could be done long ago, but I was mistaken."

"I sent them up a wagon. In hauling down some firewood they broke the bolsters all to splinters. The bolsters held up the wagon bed, you know. Well, the boys figured out all right the rebuilding of the wooden parts, but came near being stumped on the iron fixings. They got some old iron wagon tires and cut them in proper lengths, but hadn't a way that they could see to punch the necessary bolt holes. Finally the question was solved. One of the boys carefully marked the places for the bolts, stood the piece of tire against a tree and put a bullet, .30 caliber, through the tire at each place marked. It was a novel sort of blacksmithing, but it worked."—Arizona Graphic.

THEIR DRINK IS MADDENING.

Native Tipple of the Filipinos Is a Horrible Concoction.

The effect of the so-called American saloon on the Filipinos is not nearly as bad as the effect of Filipino liquor on American soldiers. In fact, the former is distinctly superior to the latter, since American liquors do not produce madness, George Hobart, a regular army man, who has just returned from Manila to his home at Indianapolis, says of the Filipino booze: "It is not least that it drives the soldiers crazy. It's just simply 'beno.' Absinthe is not in the same class. It looks like water and tastes like fluorine," he says, "and when the boys can't get beer or whisky they buy 'beno' from the natives. It takes a pint of it to make a drinking man drunk. The third or fourth consecutive drunk makes a blooming idiot out of the victim. The soldiers crave it after they have once tasted it. Out on the lines the boys never get beer or whisky and when the natives sneak this 'beno' into camp the fellows buy it."

"In the southern islands, where the demand is not so great, the natives sell it for 3 cents a canteenful, but around Manila the demand is so great that the price has been raised to 50 cents. After a man drinks about a pint of the stuff he begins to get silly, but he recovers in a day or two. Then he will want more of it and if he can't get it he will go mad. Then the officer has to shake him and he is sent to the hospital for the insane at Washington. They tell me that the poor fellows who have been taken there will never get well."—Omaha Bee.

NOTHING IF NOT REALISTIC.

What the Present School of Writers Appear to Be Aiming At.

The russet sparrow sat on the roof and blinked at the setting sun. After down the alley a lone ragman drove his cart slowly along and chanted his plaintive wail. The wind moaned through the chimney pots, the red sun looked dimly down through the smoke and the russet sparrow sat on the roof and blinked at the setting sun.

The russet sparrow sat on the roof and blinked at the setting sun. Sadly the stray policeman in the gray distance swiped an orange from the barrow of a passing coster and peeled it with a grimy hand. He was thinking, thinking. And the dead leaves still choked the tin spout above the rain-water barrel in the backyard.

The russet sparrow sat on the roof and blinked at the setting sun. Adown the gutters in the lonely street ran murky puddles on their long, long journey toward the distant sea. Borne on the wings of the sluggish breeze came a far-off murmur of vagrant dogs in fierce contention and life was hollow mockery to the homeless cat.

And the russet sparrow sat on the roof and blinked at the setting sun.—London Answers.

Coughs.

Every person who coughs should not alarm himself with the idea that he is in a bad way. Experience has convinced us of a fact that there are two distinct kinds of coughs—one proceeding from an affection of the lungs and air tubes, as in a cold, the other proceeding from effervescence in the stomach. The lungs cough is a symptom which all know to require attention lest serious consequences ensue. The stomach cough is a much more simple matter, and may easily be got under control by the food and drink which are put into the stomach effervescing, and producing an irritation. A knowledge of this fact ought to lead persons so affected to ponder a little on the nature of their ailment and the tone of their digestive powers.

Friday Is All Right.

Friday as an unlucky day has lost its grip. Superstition regarding beginning great enterprises on that day is fading away. Great steamers start on long voyages on every Friday in the year, Good Friday included. Journeys of all sorts begin on Fridays, and the sixth day of the week has no more terror now to the average man than the first day of the week. People even get married on Friday. There are multitudes who make their advent into the world on that day, but that is not their fault.

Searchlights Required at Suez. In order to facilitate navigation of the Suez canal at night the company has ordered that no ship shall go through the canal at night unless equipped with a searchlight sufficient in power to light up the channel at least 4,000 feet ahead, in addition to electric lights sufficiently powerful to light up a circular area around the ship of about 700 feet in diameter.

A girl never looks so killing as when a man accidentally steps on her dress skirt.

ANEC DOTE INCIDENT

It is recorded that a Scottish innkeeper once said of the late Duke of Argyll: "His grace is in a verri delectable possession whatever. His pride of intellect will no' let him associate with men of his ain birth, and his pride of birth will no' let him associate with men of his ain intellect."

There is no German town in which anti-British feeling is so strong as in Catholic Munich. The other day a priest, walking along one of the principal streets, noticed some hats exposed in the shop-window of an English hatter. He entered and exclaimed, indignantly: "Take away those hats!" "Why, pray?" inquired the hatter. "They are blasphemous!" replied the priest, seizing one of them and exhibiting the name of Christie to the amazed hatter.

Col. W. O. Telford tells a good story of a light-colored mulatto who wandered into one of the restaurants of Washington, D. C., the other day. When a waiter intimated to him in the gentlest way that he could not be served there, this conversation ensued: "Wha' can't I be served heah?" "It is against the rules." "Guess you tek me fo' a colored man." "Aren't you?" "Me colored? No, sah, I se uh Malay." "Malay, eh. Let's see; where do the Malays come from?" "Why, uh, from Malasia, ob course."

When Charles Dudley Warner was editor of the Hartford Press, back in the '60s, arousing the patriotism of the States by his energetic appeals, one of the type-setters came in from the composing room one day, and, facing Mr. Warner, said: "Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army." With mingled emotions of pride and responsibility Mr. Warner replied that it pleased him that the man felt the call to duty. "Oh, it isn't that," said the truthful compositer, "but I'd rather be shot than set your copy."

Not long ago Sir William Vernon Harcourt dined on an English man-of-war, and a storm coming up, the captain, who was a very small man, persuaded him to occupy his state-room for the night. The steward was not notified of the arrangement, and the following morning at 6 o'clock he brought a cup of coffee to the captain's door. Knocking twice without receiving a reply was most unusual, so he hastily pushed open the door and inquired: "You wish your coffee this morning, sir?" Sir William gave a snore, and the steward was amazed to see a huge figure turn over under the bed-clothes. Sir William went the cap and saucer, and the frightened sailor tore off to the sun-glass office. "For heaven's sake, sir," he gasped, "come to the captain! He's speechless and swollen to ten times his natural size!"

John Allen, whose career in Congress has made the little town of Tupelo famous, tells an amusing story of a negro epicure who caught a fine large possum. He skinned, dressed, and hung it before a blazing fire under a spreading tree, and while it was baking to a delectable brown lay down on the ground and went to sleep beside it. About the time the possum was done, a sick little darkey happening that way stole the possum and ate it up. Then he took the bones and laid them down in front of his sleeping brother, greased his lips with possum grease, and smeared possum grease over his fingers. When the owner of the possum awoke he looked about dazed and surprised to find his piece of resistance gone, but the bones lay in front of him, he saw the grease upon his fingers, and tasted it upon his lips. "Is it possible," he said, "I dun eat dat possum when I sleep? I small possum, I see 'possum, an' dar is de bones. It certainly do look lik' I mus' hab eat him, but fo' my constn'tion dun eany ole 'possum I ever did eat befo'."

HOW FAR PARENTS MAY ASSIST.

Court Decides When a Daughter May Be Influenced to Leave Husband.

Justice Savage of the Maine Supreme Court has handed down a decision in the case of Grant Oakman vs. James F. Belden and others, which is of interest to lawyers and others. Oakman is the husband of the defendant's daughter. He sued his wife's parents, alleging that they had persuaded his wife to leave him. Their answer to the suit was that he had abused his wife and she had gone home to her parents by their consent and that they should keep her as long as she wished to remain with them, because they had done no more than, as parents of the young woman, they had a right to do.

At the trial, which was before Judge Eperly, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff and an exception was filed. The decision from the law court is as follows:

"Kennebec, ss. Oakman vs. Belden et al. Rescript, by Savage, J. A parent may not with hostile, wicked or malicious intent break up the relations between his daughter and her husband. He may not do this simply because he is displeased with the marriage or because it was against his will or because he wishes the marriage relations to continue no longer. But a parent may advise his daughter in good faith and for her good to leave her husband, if, on reasonable grounds, he believes that the further continuance of the marriage relations tends to injure her health or destroy her peace of mind, so that she would be justified in leaving him. A parent may in such case persuade his daughter. He may use proper and reasonable arguments. Whether the motive was proper or improper is always to be considered, whether the persuasion of the argument is proper and reasonable, under the conditions presented to the parent's mind, is also always to be considered. It may turn out that the parent acted upon mistaken premises or upon false information, or his advice and his interference may have been unfortunate; still, if he acts in good faith for the daughter's good, upon reasonable grounds of belief, he is not liable to the husband, and in this action a husband seeks to

recover from his wife's parents damages for the alienation of her affections. It is held by the court that an instruction to the jury, in substance, that 'if the separation of the plaintiff's wife from her husband was the result of the active interference of the defendants, either by threats, persuasion or arguments, then the defendants were liable, placed upon the defendants a much more grievous burden of justification than parents ought to be compelled to bear and was erroneous. The court discovers no error in the other rulings complained of.

"Exceptions sustained. New trial granted."

RAISED THE MINISTER'S FEE.

Sporting Bridegroom Would Not Be Outdone by a Rival.

Relating his experiences as "A Missionary in the Great West," Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady tells of two weddings in the same town on the same day—one in the morning and one in the afternoon—at which he officiated: "The first wedding fee I received was \$10—a very large remuneration for the place and people. After the second wedding the best man called me into a private room and thus addressed me: 'What's the tax, parson?' 'Anything you like, or nothing at all,' I answered. I have frequently received nothing. 'Now,' said he, 'we want to do this thing up in proper shape, but I have had no experience in this business and do not know what is proper. You name your figure.' I suggested that the legal charge was \$2. 'Pshaw!' he said, 'this ain't legal. We want to do something handsome.' 'Go ahead and do it,' I said, whereupon he reflected for a moment or two and then asked me how much I had received for the wedding of the morning. 'Ten dollars,' I replied. His face brightened; here was a solution to the difficulty. 'I'll see his ante,' he remarked, 'and raise him \$5,' whereupon he handed me \$15.'—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Change for the Better.

One of the many encouraging marks of progress brought into relief at the recent Methodist general conference in Chicago was the great advance which has been made in late years by the colored pastors of the church. Some of them are now able to make most eloquent and telling speeches, while almost all of them give evidence of sound education. A Southern member of the conference was greatly impressed by this change for the better.

How different it was, said he, in the days when I first went South! Shortly after my arrival I attended a colored conference as the representative of my college. I had made a speech, and a good colored brother got up to reply.

"We has a most splendid oration, college," he said, "with a corosal corpse uh teachers, uh which our brother heah is a faith sample."

As he pointed to me, sitting like a mere ghost in my chair, and called me a "faith sample of the corpse uh teachers," the humor of the situation overcame me. He was speaking more truly than he realized. And yet the man who made that speech persevered in his ministry, got a good education, and is to-day a scholarly and most efficient pastor.

The First Shock of Battle.

Men even of the strongest nerves and the most undoubted pluck do not feel quite comfortable when, for the first time, under fire, it is no dissonance to his manhood if the heart of the young soldier beats "double quick" in his maiden battle. This feeling soon wears off.

During the war in the Crimea the men in the allied army were often heard speculating on the eve of a conflict, upon the probability of obtaining certain articles of clothing, of which they stood in need, from the bodies of the Russians they expected to slay. They never seemed to take into consideration their own chances of being knocked over and stripped by the Russians. The cool and systematic manner in which they provided themselves with footwear is worthy of note. When a French or English soldier, on the lookout for "unconquered trifles" after a battle, deserted on the field a corpse of an enemy whose boots seemed likely to suit him, down he lay on his back, and putting his soles against those of the dead man, ascertained by that mode of measurement whether the articles were near enough to a fit to be worth the trouble of removal.

Moon Blindness.

A curious case of "moon blindness" is reported from Boston. It occurred in a sailor nineteen years of age, who had slept on deck between 2 and 4 a. m., while somewhere between the equator and 5 degrees north latitude during the first week in June, 1885. It is the custom of the sailors to carefully protect their eyes from the moon's rays while sleeping on deck, but the man had uncovered his face during sleep. Between 7 and 8 o'clock the following evening he had difficulty in seeing his way about, although the