

## Sunday

## Reading.

Deliver us From Evil.

The operating theatre was packed with lookers-on.

Mr. Menzies's operations were far-famed. Pending the arrival of the patient from the anæsthetic 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 has been loud in its commiseration, a year before, when Mr. Menzies's wife had left him and their three-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 expression 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 smilingly 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 hushing of the busy talk in the operating theatre, 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 theatre, 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 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 at 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 theatre, 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 anæsthetic," 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, Lettedale?"

"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.

"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's 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 avenged—it—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.

It 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 breathing silence in the theatre, 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 but yesterday, instead of a year ago, there arose before Mr. Menzies's 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 the 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 in her belt; and she held out to him a dainty orange colored bud. "For your buttonhole, 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.

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 its 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-bye 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 theatre 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 tomorrow."

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 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 he whispered softly—"Deliver us from evil."

James Newboy

"See that young Arab curled up in the doorway? That's wicked Jim." Little more than a kid, but he's been in jail fifteen times. Foxiest little chief down town. He's a case for you."

A policeman crossing City Hall Park, New York, one chilly morning, met a city missionary and gave him this introduction to his new 'case.'

The missionary thanked his informant, and immediately walked over to the shivering boy.

"Good morning Jim! Had your breakfast?"

"Nary a crumb."

"Neither have I. Come on!"

"What'd I want o' me? I aint been hookin' nothin'."

"Never mind. We'll go in here, and see if we are hungry. By and by we can talk."

The gentleman led his suspicious captive into a restaurant, where the sight and smell of good cookery very soon produced their expected effect. Seated with his new friend at a neat table in one of the alcoves the ragged youngster expressed himself in a long whistle.

"Golly! What a snap!"

A hot breakfast and a few kind inquiries loosened his tongue more freely; but he was shy of 'Sunday school fellers,' and frankly said so.

"Taint no use. All the perlice knows Wicked Jim. Can't nobody make me any better."

"God can."

"He don't care."

"Yes, He does. He cares for all the wicked Jims in the world. He brought things round so that I should happen along here and find you this morning; and He'll make a good boy and a good man of you, if you ask Him."

"There aint no way for me to git a livin' but just et al."

"Tut, tut, my lad! Not so fast. We'll change all that. You give a good try yourself, and there's hands and hearts to help you up."

Warmed and fed, and presently washed and clothed at the mission,—for his rescuer had no mind to let him slip away,—the young vagabond looked in the glass and took his first lesson in self-respect.

It was a step toward character. He went higher when the honest ways to 'git a livin'' were opened to him. The touch of love and goodness killed the notion that 'God don't care.'



## Ancestral Cleanliness.

Proverbial for its thoroughness. Pearlina users admire the pluck that a woman needed to get such cleanliness in such laborious ways. No excuse for lack of cleanliness now. Pearlina has changed the situation. Thorough cleanliness, with ease, comfort, safety, economy, and time to spare—by the use of Pearlina. A modern woman does her work in a modern way—with Pearlina. 573

Millions NOW USE Pearlina

"Now," said the missionary, "let us hear no more of Wicked Jim. From this time you are James Newboy. Shed the old life as your old clothes. Good-bye to the thief forever."

It cannot be said that all this newness came at once to the little ex-outlaw; but faith and perseverance conquered, and the good man won the bad boy. Better than the mere animal gratitude that remembers a kindness, the sense of a Christian friendship awoke a conscience in the homeless wail, and established a spiritual tie.

This explains why James Newboy is today living his name—as entirely as he has outlived his nameless past. The degraded are no strangers to him, for his hand and voice are at their service, but they never hear him talk of Wicked Jim.

To exploit one's criminal history as a 'frightful example,' or for stage effect, is the frequent temptation of reformed speakers, but James Newboy borrows nothing from such heroics.

## A JUMPING BALL PLAYER.

How His Remarkable Feats of Agility Demoralized the Opposing Team.

"One of the most remarkable baseball players that I ever knew," said the man with the sandy whiskers reminiscently to the man with the sun-burned neck, "was a tall young man by the name of Bump McWhirter. If he could have been persuaded to adopt the national game as a profession he would have made a fortune. He played first base one day for the Hurling Lulacs, the team of which I was for seven years an active member. Besides having unusual fielding abilities, he was a marvelous jumper. The running high jump was his strong point, and it was an easy task for him to jump his own height from the ground. As he was six feet two, you can see that it was a pretty big jump."

"The day he covered first for us, the opposing team was the Rustling Hustlers. The Hustlers hadn't lost a game that season and, as you can readily imagine, we were pretty anxious to take them into camp. In the first inning nothing happened that was particularly startling. The first man up for the Hustlers knocked a line ball over first. It looked good for a single, but Bump leaped about four feet into the air and gathered it in. The next one made a bit to right, but our right fielder was a lively fellow and threw the batter out at first. The third man knocked up a little fly which he was unfortunate enough to get under when it came down, and he was out because he was hit by a batted ball. This retired the side."

"Bump McWhirter was the first man up in the second, and the pitcher gave him four wide ones. Bump started for first and never stopped running until he reached home. Of course nobody opposed his way to first, and when he started for second the second baseman was ready for him with the ball. But Bump gathered himself together and bounded over his head. He was running hard and had no trouble in clearing the short stop in a like manner. The third baseman, however, has discovered Bump's game, and he did a little jumping act of his own when he saw him coming for third, thinking to touch him in midair. But Bump saw what he was doing and dove under his legs and touched third. By that time third baseman had recovered from his surprise, McWhirter was sprinting toward the plate. The catcher saw him coming and sat down on the plate with the ball and calmly awaited his arrival. For a moment Bump was stumped. When he saw the turn events were taking he started back for third, and the catcher, true to his baseball instincts, ran after him. Then Bump suddenly turned and, with a graceful leap, cleared him and walked across the plate."

"The Rustling Hustlers were for a time so dazed that they could do nothing but walk around and rub their eyes and look foolish. They were so unstrung by Bump's tactics that they completely went to pieces and we easily defeated them by the score of 49 to 2. Throughout the game Bump succeeded in working the pitcher for passes to first, and every time he jumped his way around the bases."

"You know that a base on balls exempts a man from a time at bat, so at the end of the game Mr. Bump McWhirter had the record. At bat, 0; runs, 7."

## FLASHES OF FUN.

"Why did the police let that scorching go?"

"He proved that he was taking a brick of ice cream home to his wife."

He—Women don't stand by each other. She—Pardon me but that's not so. I've refused many a man who afterward made some other girl a splendid husband.

Mr. I. N. Venter of Waverly, writes: "I have invented a folding bed. Please tell me how to get it in the paper?"

Fold bed. Unfold paper. Then wrap.

Clevertown—Miss Peterkin is going to be married. What shall I send her, appropriate for a wedding present?

Dashaway—Oh, anything she doesn't want.

"Why, didn't he stack the cards or ring in a cold deck or something like that?"

"Well, if that ain't egotism! You don't suppose he'd go to all that trouble for you, do you?"

"The courts will back us up in making cook pay for all the china she has smashed for us."

"That may be, but the courts won't hunt up another cook."

"The powers are getting quite close to the capital of China," said the Horse Editor.

"Yes; they're near enough to peek in," added the Snake Editor.

Mr. Timmid—I don't suppose it would be proper for me to kiss you on such short acquaintance.

Miss Innit—No, I suppose not; but isn't it too bad we haven't been acquainted longer?

"Do you think he played a perfectly fair game?" asked Willie Boye after he had lost all his money to one of the leading crimson Gulch.

"What do you mean?" asked Three-finger Sam.

"I s'pose dese folks knows what is an' what ain't when dey talk about de survival of de fittest," said Uncle Eben. "But I must say I has my faith in dat theory shook when I strike a chicken coop dat de yuthuh folks done selected over beto! I arrived."

Little City Girl—How funny! You get your milk from a cow and we get ours out of a can.

Little Country Girl—But it's just the same kind of milk.

Little City Girl—Oh, no; I noticed a great difference right away.

He—I want to get a lady's belt.

Clerk—Yes sir. What size?

He—Well, you've got me there. I don't know the size, but she's pretty plump.

Clerk—Too bad, you—

He (suddenly brightening)—Ah! Just measure the length of my arm.

Customer—When I went home and poured your berries out in a dish a big spider jumped out.

Dealer—How big was the spider mn'am?

Customer—Oh, as big as a berry, sir.

Dealer—Well, I will give you another berry for the space the spider filled.

First Kentucky Native—I hear Dean Jasper was struck by lightning while on his way to church.

Second Native—Yes, the ways of the Lord are past finding out!

First Native—True; but then thar's no telling whether the deacon was going thar to pray or shoot!

"I see you're advertising for a boy. How'll I do?"

"You look all right. How are your teeth?"

"My teeth? They're perfectly sound. You can look at 'em."

"Yes, I see. Well, you won't do. I want a boy who will take part of his pay in dental work."

"No," said the lady prisoner, "I cannot show you the bottle in which I carried the vitriol, as it was broken in the affray, but before I used it I had it photographed. I will give you one of the pictures at once!" Such thoughtful appreciation of the demands of journalism was sure to raise in behalf of the accused a powerful influence not to be ignored.

Then She Would.

Hostess—Won't you ask your wife to play for me, Mr. Phoxy?

Mr. Phoxy—No, but I'll get her to do it.

Hostess—Why—er—how do you mean? Mr. Phoxy—I'll ask her not to.

"We are all Eve's Daughters"

Sighed a pretty woman, whose husband had just scolded her for catching cold by attending a Christmas dance in a low-necked dress. "Then Adam's son's Cough Balsam must be the very thing to cure you," said a witty bystander. 25c. all Druggists.