

## THE CALL.

I walked with one whose child had lately died.  
We passed the little folk in the street, at play,  
When suddenly a clear voice "Father" cried;  
The man turned quick and glad; sighed; moved away.

I spoke not, but 'twas given me to discern  
The love that watches through th' eternal years;  
God surely so must start and quickly turn  
Whenever the cry of "Father" strikes his ears.

—Good Words.

## When the Heart Is Young

YOU refuse to marry her," exclaimed Sir Charles Waidegrave, stopping in his walk to face his rebellious son. "What do you want? Eva Grantholm is beautiful. Her face and figure are perfect. That she is wealthy should be no disadvantage in the eyes of your father's son. Egad, Harvey," he added somewhat more mildly, "when you have come to my years, the age of discretion for a Waidegrave, you will understand that a substantial bank balance is not the least asset in many a fair lady's claim to beauty."

"Not in my eyes," retorted Harvey Waidegrave. "When I choose a wife I shall certainly not consult her banker before I allow my heart to throbb for her."

Sir Charles curled his lips superciliously, but his voice betrayed his anxiety as he replied: "Am I to understand from your remark that your heart is already in the throbbing state; that the lady is already found? If so, I warn you that in this matter I have made my stand. Either you marry Eva or—I need not put the threat in words. I have no wish to quarrel with you, Harvey," he added somewhat sadly, "but I love the home that I was born in and it has pleased me to see my sentiments shared by you. It would kill me to see the place in strangers' hands, to know that you would not be its master. That is what your refusal means to me—to you. That my extravagances have brought our fortunes to this pass does not help to make the matter less bitter to me."

Harvey's handsome face softened. "The very reason you have given, dad, is the one which impels me to pursue the course which I have chosen. Practically penniless, possessed of nothing but an honorable name, I shall not stoop to sully it by bartering it for money. With regard to your other question, although I do not think you put it seriously, so far I have seen no girl with whom I would wish to share that name."

His words appeared to afford his father satisfaction, for laying his hand upon his son's arm he said pleasantly: "Until then the threat I made just now is held in reservation, and perhaps before that time the discretion I speak of may have come."

"You condemn me to a long course of celibacy, dad," laughed Harvey. "If I have to wait till your age."

"My age? You speak as if I were a rival to Methuselah. I was 49 last March, and do not feel a day older than when I was the age you will be next month. Egad, boy, if you dare to tease me about my age I may enter myself for the matrimonial stakes against you and back myself to carry off the prize."

"So far as I am concerned," retorted Harvey, his eyes twinkling with merriment, "you would have no cause to fear, but even supposing we were both to run, who knows what the lady might have to say? Her feelings would have to be consulted. Beauty and money, the combination, as you say, is peerless. She may know her value and not let herself be won."

Sir Charles gazed amusedly at his handsome son.

"Upon my word, Harvey, were I to close my eyes I might wonder if you were my son. When I was your age every girl was to be won."

"I challenge you to win her," answered Harvey smiling. He believed that Sir Charles was jesting, and was well pleased to find the conversation which had begun so ominously brought to an end so pleasantly.

"At my age undoubtedly it will be a sacrifice, but with an undutiful son who absolutely refuses to aid me I shall have to make it and pursue the matter to the end. What that end may be thirty days will prove; but come, Harvey, it is time to dress for dinner. The thought of what I have embarked upon will make it a pleasure to me. Old as I am, I will let you see that I have not forgotten how to woo. The lesson may be useful to you."

The dinner gong had sounded. Impatiently Sir Charles fretted about the room, for young as he considered himself he had reached an age when dinner becomes an important event in the daily round of life.

"See if Miss Grantholm is coming, Mary," he began querulously, when the door was thrown open and Eva was ushered in. His sentence ended abruptly in a scarcely restrained exclamation of admiration.

"I am afraid I am late," she said with a smile to Sir Charles, which instantly caused any recollection of his late impatience to disappear, "but if you will forgive me I shall make amends in future."

"So draw her arm through his, and let Harvey follow with his sister he had to catch his father's answer;

evidently it pleased her, for she laughed merrily, but pleasant as the laugh was it jarred on Harvey.

Somewhat discontentedly he took his place opposite her at the square table, but sullenness was not a natural attribute of his, and throwing it off he endeavored to talk on topics likely to interest her; but although Eva answered frankly, she made no effort to pursue the subjects, but turned at once to Sir Charles and listened with sparkling eyes to his discursive stories of the days when he was in the guards.

A quite unusual frown marred Harvey's face as dinner ended. Sir Charles, with old-fashioned gallantry, opened the door for Miss Grantholm, and laying his hand on his heart bowed deeply as he did so.

Sir Charles' face was beaming as he resumed his chair. Filling his glass he held it in the air.

"Miss Grantholm, Harvey. A You-trance, my boy," he added merrily, as he placed the empty glass upon the table.

"A You-trance," cried Harvey mockingly.

"You mean to enter for the prize," cried Sir Charles, but his voice showed no enthusiasm.

"I did not say so," retorted Harvey coldly, though his pulse was running at twenty over normal rate. "In the meantime you have the advantage, and—"

"I mean to keep it," said Sir Charles dryly, as the sound of music reaching them, he left the room.

Harvey lingered over his wine. "The mere fact that I am practically penniless debars me from wooing her," he muttered gloomily.

Sir Charles had left the door ajar and the pure rich tones of a rich contralto voice were borne into the room. An ardent lover of music, Harvey listened entranced, then, unable to keep away, he in his turn entered the drawing room to find his father hanging over Miss Grantholm and urging her to sing again.

Day after day passed and Sir Charles was constantly at Eva's side, while Harvey studiously tried to avoid her company, but without avail. Her laugh in the garden, her voice in the hall, irresistibly drew him to her side. He knew he loved her, that no other woman could occupy the place she had taken in his affections, but he feared his love was hopeless and steeled himself to regard her as his future step-mother. The thought made his blood curdle, but a word, a smile, from her was sufficient to make hope rise within him, and for the time being he would forget his father's more successful wooing. With such a word and smile she greeted him one afternoon when he found her seated in the garden. She made room for him by her side, but somehow conversation seemed to fail them.

"I hope you have enjoyed your visit," he said lamely, for she was leaving on the morrow. "We shall miss you."

"I am glad of that," she answered hesitatingly, "for your father has asked me to—"

She paused abruptly and a dainty blush rose to her cheeks, but Harvey's face had suddenly become white and strained.

"Has asked you to—?" he repeated, his voice trembling. "To come back again," she said, with a little nervous laugh, "and I have promised to come; that is, if you and Mary will be glad to have me."

Her eyes were fastened on the ground, but she stole a hasty glance at him and saw the misery upon his face.

"My father has asked you to return; does that mean?"—he hesitated to ask the question which was life or death to him—"that some one here has gained your love?"

It was not the question she had expected him to ask, and her face was almost as pale as his as she forced her lips to answer. The word came faintly, feebly, but Harvey heard it and it was "Yes."

He had been holding his stick with both hands across his bent knee, and although the strong word broke in half his face showed no sign of the pain which cut his heart.

"It is far too cold for sitting out of doors," sounded Sir Charles' voice from twenty yards away. Before Eva could stop him Harvey had leaped to his feet and joined his father.

"So you have gained the prize," he said hoarsely. "Allow me to congratulate you. Beauty and money, youth and love, a prize worth winning."

Sir Charles stared at him with undisguised astonishment.

"What does this pleasantry mean?" he whispered angrily, looking to where Eva sat. Then, placing his arm through Harvey's he led him out of the room.

"You conceal your joy admirably," continued Harvey sneeringly.

"What joy?" asked Sir Charles, fearing his son's reason had been suddenly affected.

"You need not conceal it; Miss Grantholm has just told me that she has accepted you."

"The deuce she has!" exclaimed Sir Charles, blushing under the tan of active service. "An hour ago she told me no, decidedly."

"She refused you?" cried Harvey, hardly believing that he heard aright. "yet she is coming back."

"Miss Grantholm has the good sense not to allow my mistimed proposal to stand between her and your sister's friendship; she knows I am a gentleman and will not presume again."

"But—she said—that you—that some one here had won her love," stammered Harvey. "Are you sure you have not misunderstood her?"

Sir Charles smiled grimly. "She made it very clear." Then his lips relaxed into a well-pleased smile. "You love her, Harvey. Love makes one cowardly, but were I in your shoes I should require no incentive from my father to send me to the woman who has confessed her love for me."

Without a word Harvey left his father's side, and ten seconds later he had found Eva still seated where he had found her.

"My father has sent me back to you," he said gently, and as he spoke he took her hand in his. She made no effort to withdraw it, and his courage rose.

"You told me some one had won your heart, the heart which I would give my life to win. My fears told me that all hope of happiness for me was dead, but now I have come back to ask you if you spoke the truth—to tell you that I love you. Darling, I have loved you from the moment I saw you."

"Yet you said you would not stoop to woo me, that your name should not be sullied by sharing it with me," she said, but there was no anger in her tone.

"What nonsense is this, Eva? Who has dared to credit me with such an insult to you?"

She laughed merrily. "It is useless to deny it. I heard you and your father talking; I heard you say the words you now so indignantly deny."

In an instant it came back to him. "I forgot," he said sadly, "but if you heard you know my reason. My love has made me forget lack of fortune. I had no right to speak."

"It is no lack in my eyes," she whispered tenderly.

Forgetting all else save that she loved him his arm passed round her and he pressed his lips to hers.

"I meant to teach you both a lesson," she whispered ten minutes later, "but you have taught the teacher what it is to love."—The Tattler.

### BUDDHIST HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

Temple Erected at the University of Pennsylvania.

The Sommerville Buddhist temple in the University of Pennsylvania museum comprises the most complete and elaborate representation of a Buddhist house of worship ever set up outside of the countries where Buddhism is the prevailing religion, says the Booklovers' Magazine. Buddhists frequently visit the temple and spend hours there. Three images in the temple, those of Fudo, Kongara and Saitaka, were procured by Prof. Sommerville from the famous Koyasan temple in Kishu, Japan. The most artistic piece in the temple is a vase of bronze flowers, which came from a temple at Kioto and is nearly four centuries old.

In this curious temple Japanese residents in Philadelphia, and chance pilgrims in the city, gather at times to pray for victory for the arms of the Mikado. They find themselves in an atmosphere so like that of the land of the lotus that they can easily imagine themselves transported to their island home, worshipping at the familiar shrine of earlier days.

Not a single article necessary to support this illusion is missing. Buddhas of various sizes smile benevolently and eternally at the visitors to the temple; lotus plants, symbolical of the life that springs from a lowly beginning to a splendid flowering, give color to the scene around the altar; gods little and big, and of various stations in the hierarchy of Japanese deities, rest on their pedestals within the rail and smile or threaten according to their mission.

At the outer gateway of the temple are seen two life-size figures of semi-mendicant fruit sellers, constructed with the wonderful fidelity to nature for which Japanese artists are noted. At the inner gates two gigantic statues stand, with great muscular arms uplifted in an attitude suggestive of vengeance should any visitor misbehave. These are the Gods of Silence found at the entrance to Buddhist temples. Their threatening attitude is to command all intending worshippers to leave levity behind when they cross the sacred portals. Within the gates is a cistern and towel rack, where the worshippers pause to cleanse their feet and hands and rinse out the mouth, while behind this is to be found the temple proper.

The World's Largest Orchard. America claims that the largest orchard in the world is in Missouri. It is the great Winans orchard, near Marshfield, in Webster County. There are 86,000 apple trees, 10,000 peach trees, and 10,000 pear trees, just at proper bearing age. The acreage covered is 1,240, and it is estimated that the orchard is now worth \$408,000. There are to-day in the county 1,000,000 bearing trees.

Why don't these rising people get to the top?

## Science AND Invention

A highly finished "sun chariot," lately found in a moor of Scotland in Denmark is thought to be at least three thousand years old.

The most prized of the singing insects of Japan is a black beetle called "susumushi," or "insect bell." Its droning resembles the dainty sound of a sweet-toned silver bell.

During the past year it has been discovered that the chalk pits at Chidhurst, England, are ancient British cave-dwellings, dating back some 2,000 years. The inhabitants evidently set themselves down through narrow shafts, some of which are 85 feet deep. A labyrinth of passages and chambers exists, and in the midst of them is a large circular apartment supposed to have been a druidical temple. In the ceiling of one of the passages the leg of a huge Ichthyosaurus is to be seen, partly uncovered. The body of the monster is embedded in the chalk rock.

Mariners have been unable to determine latitude and longitude when the horizon was hidden, even though sun, moon or stars might be shining. Commander Campbell Hepworth, C. B., has now made it easy to obtain the altitude of any heavenly body without seeing the natural horizon. He attaches to the sextant an artificial horizon, which consists essentially of a contact maker operated by a plummet and so adjusted that the circuit will be closed and a bell rung when a slit of the horizon glass is in alignment with the observer's eye and the sensible horizon.

Experiments are under way at the agricultural-bacteriological station at Vienna, Austria, to increase the quantity of iron carried in certain plants, with a view to the effect on the human system when those plants are used as food. Artificially prepared foods containing iron do not always produce the desired effect, because the iron is not completely assimilated. This difficulty, it is thought, may be avoided by causing plants to take up an increased quantity of iron during their natural growth. By adding hydrate of iron to the soil in which it was growing, the experimenters have succeeded in producing spinach containing a percentage of iron seven times as great as that found in ordinary spinach. It is believed that the process will prove successful with other ferruginous plants.

A clear statement of the relation of wave length to the production of electric heat, light and photographic effects is made by Prof. A. A. Atkinson of the Ohio University. Electromagnetic waves, comparable in magnitude with the air waves that cause sound, are used in wireless telegraphy. When they are much shorter, approaching in length the infra-red waves of the solar spectrum, they begin to produce heat. The shorter they become the greater their heating effect, until they enter the region of the visible spectrum, and then they produce light. As they continue to shorten, the color of the light runs through red, orange, yellow, green, blue and indigo to violet. The heat effect decreases, and the actinic, or photographic, effect increases, and when the waves pass out into the invisible ultraviolet region the chemical effect reaches its maximum. Yet more shortening, and the waves begin to exhibit the properties of the X-rays.

THE PATAGONIANS.

Not of the lofty stature that was ascribed to them of old.

Concerning the reputed giant race of Tierra del Fuego, a writer in the Jesuit News says:

It should be remembered that there are several distinct nations of Patagonians, not including the Araucanians on the north, nor the Fuegians on the south, and that each nation has distinguishing characteristics. The Indians that we see slouching about Punta Arenas and the country between there and Santa Cruz are the southern Tehuelches. The "giants," if there were any Patagonians deserving the name, were found among this tribe, who are much taller and more slender than any of their neighbors, and have a different complexion, being red, like the North American Indians, rather than muddy brown, like the South Americans. They are excessively dirty, lazy and treacherous, fond of personal adornment made out of bones, shells, beads and silver (gold, strange enough, they do not like), and they are ready at any time to barter all their earthly possessions—wives, horses, even the few garments that cover their nakedness—for a little "brewer."

The Lampas Patrones, so called because they inhabit the vast pampas, or plains, to the north, are subdivided into four tribes, known, respectively, as Puelches, or "eastern people"—the word puel meaning east and che people; the Pehuenches, pichu meaning north; the Pechenches, or "people of the pine"; pechen meaning pine trees, and the Ranqueles, or those who dwell among the thistle beds, iron ranquel, a thistle. Though not quite so degraded as their southern brothers, perhaps because farther removed from civilization, they are reacherous, cowardly and quarrelsome to a degree. But they are not beggars, bartering all to unscrupulous white raders for rum and trinkets.

Then there are the Chenna Patagonians, who inhabit the higher altitudes, and who differ both in language and physical aspect from the other tribes, are less lazy and erratic. They are sometimes called Manaceros, be-

cause their headquarters are at a place called Las Manzanas (the apples), where the Jesuits formerly had a mission and planted a great many apple trees. The Indians own sheep, cattle and horses in the sheltered valleys of the Cordilleras and make very good cider from the fruit of the trees that the old friars planted.

Of course the term "Patagonia" is entirely unknown among the Indians. Their true name, collectively and individually, is Tsonecas, and by it all the tribes call themselves. The word pata-gones, meaning "duck-footed men," refers to their peculiar foot-gear. The lower limbs are encased in boots without soles, or long gaiters, made of guanaco skins, with the beautiful yellowish fur turned outward. The leg is covered all around from below the knee, the fur passing over the top of the foot and around the heel, leaving the toes slicking out. This trifling circumstance obtained the appellation by which a vast territory and all the people who inhabit it are known to the civilized world. The "uppers," or gaiters, extending loosely across the top of the feet, exaggerated in breadth by the long hair on the edges, give the wearer the appearance of having paws or "patas." When Magellan's men first saw these Indians they were unable to account for the peculiar appearance of their feet, and the bright yellow fur upon their legs, and called them "duck-footed."

CULTIVATE THE VOICE.

Deliberate and Gentle Speech Is Woman's Chief Charm.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman," so writes Shakspeare, and yet how few women realize that in a voice there is more power perhaps than in any beauty of feature! A strident voice is enough to spoil any woman, and yet this is a fault which can perhaps be more easily remedied than any other human defect. Of course it may be impossible to render a voice absolutely perfect, but even the harshest accents can be improved by a little care on the part of the unfortunate possessor.

The American woman is renowned in Europe for her nasal twang. And not only this, but there is another fault to be overcome. Whether it is a result of the everlasting hurry that the modern woman seems to be doomed to endure, or from some cause unknown to science, the average woman talks as rapidly as she does other things. Her words are apt to fall over each other in their eagerness to convey what she wishes to express, until it is a wonder that the listener is able to understand their import.

If women could only be brought to understand how much import is gained by deliberate, quiet speech—by this is not meant a hesitating, halting delivery; but a quiet, gentle voice—the words well chosen, the accents clear but soft. The possessor of such a gift will keep a whole roomful of people hanging on her accents, whereas a hasty speaker, whose conversation loses its good points by a jumble of indistinct sentences, will soon tire the most good-natured listener.

Watch next time you attend some entertainment when the guests gather in groups. It is not the greatest talker or the loudest who is the object of attention. Yonder in one corner will be a group of young people who, with occasional outbursts of laughter and a murmur of general conversation, are doing what?

Gathered about the smallest, most insignificant girl of the lot, who, in a soft, droll, little voice, is retelling some tale or bit of gossip.

Then again a group of women are listening to a dignified matron who in a deliberate but of the two terms could be synonymous concise manner is detailing a plan for some charitable organization. Every now and then an important little woman with a loud, fast utterance attempts an interruption, but is invariably silenced by a "Wait; let us hear what Mrs. X. is saying!"

And so it is. Watch grown children; do not let them shout and scream at each other; do not allow them all to talk at once, each one thinking by dint of noise to drown what the others are saying, and, above all, do not let them pour out their words at railroad speed.

As for older women, let them remember that sentences of Holmes:

"She may not have youth or beauty, or even manners, but she must have something in her voice or expression which makes you feel better disposed toward your race to look at or listen to."

Sneak Thieves in Churches.

An old sexton was discussing the amount of stealing that is done in churches. "Scarcely a day passes," he said, "when the church is open, without some distracted woman coming to me, bowed down with grief because somebody has stolen her purse. There are certain contemptible thieves who prey on unsuspecting women who pray so hard that they forget to look after their pocket books. The thief watches until the woman is deep in prayer and then leans over, grasps the purse and sneaks out."—Philadelphia Record.

At the Bargain Counter.

"Miss Loug, at the lace counter, says she's only 22," remarked the first salesman.

"Well," replied the other, "everything's been marked down at that counter, you know."—Philadelphia Record.

The Supreme Test.

Willis—A fellow never knows what he can do until—ah—er—

Wallace—Until what?

"Until he tries to undo something he has already done."—Town Topics.

As good a pistol as ever killed a boy can now be had at the hardware stores for two dollars.

## A STRONG IMAGINATION.

"Make some chocolate and some cream tomato soup. I think that will be enough, with the apple sauce we had left from yesterday and those nice bakery rolls that came this morning," said Helen Bostwick to the cook, who had come to the sitting room door to see what the "young ladies" wished for luncheon.

"And, Molly," called Helen, as the good-natured Irish girl was leaving the room, "be sure to put a little onion in the soup. It's perfectly flat without it."

"Sure, Miss Helen," answered Molly. Laura Bostwick, who was visiting her cousin Helen while their mothers were in the South together, looked up as if about to speak, and then suddenly changing her mind, closed her lips.

An hour later the girls left their fancy work and sat down at the luncheon table. Molly brought in the steaming soup, and Helen began eating it with apparent satisfaction, while Laura put her spoon into her dish very gingerly and took the merest taste.

"I'm so fond of cream tomato soup, with just a touch of onion in it," said Helen, in a few minutes. "Why, Laura, you have eaten scarcely any of yours. Why didn't you tell me that you didn't like it? We could just as well have had something else."

"I do like it, usually," replied Laura, who never found it easy to dissemble.

"Isn't it made the way you like it? I was quite particular to tell Molly how I wanted it."

"Yes, I know you were," Laura was making a brave effort to force a spoonful of it down. "It's very nice, I'm sure, but you see, Helen, I never eat anything flavored with onion. I wish I could cultivate a taste for onions, it's so inconvenient not to like them. But I seem absolutely unable to eat them in any shape or manner."

"Well, they have such a pronounced flavor that I suppose if you do dislike them, you must dislike them very much indeed. I'll have Molly cook an egg for you."

"Oh, no please don't. I hate to have anything extra done for me. I can make a fine meal on these good rolls and this delicious apple sauce."

"Well, I do wish that you had spoken when I was telling Molly to put in the onion."

"I was going to—and then I knew from what you said that if it was made to suit my taste it would be spoiled for you. It's a small matter, anyway. Mother says most of us give too much importance to what we eat, and I'm sure she is right. Let's talk about something else."

As often happens when a change of subject is desired, no one could think for a moment of any thing to say. Before either girl had made a remark Molly entered the dining room.

"I just wanted to say, Miss Helen, that I hope you won't think I forgot your orders about the onion in the soup. I'll have put some in, like you said, but I never noticed till the soup was most done and 'twas too late to send for any that there wasn't a scrap of an onion in the house."

"Very well," said Helen. As Molly disappeared the cousins looked at each other in chagrin for an instant, and then burst into laughter.—Youth's Companion.

Is Guest of Pickpockets.

A curious story is told in the London Chronicle about a dabbler in literature who has been studying the criminal classes at first hand, and succeeded in obtaining an introduction to "a select circle of clever pickpockets," with a regular meeting place of their own.

The first time he shared one of the "social evenings" of this group he carried nothing in his pockets save the money necessary to take him home. On the next occasion he took some gold with him, and on leaving the house, early in the morning, found that it was still in his possession, but, on the other hand, he missed something "of no value to anyone but the owner," a bottle of morphine and a hypodermic syringe.

"He hastened back to the house and begged the member of the club with whom he was best acquainted to get the missing treasures restored. But he was too late; he was shown the fragments of the bottle and the syringe. The men liked him, and, knowing his weakness, had deputed one of their number to prevent him from gratifying his morbid desire, at any rate for that one night."

Vast Travel in London.

There are 6,000 miles of railway in greater London, and it is estimated that something like 600,000,000 separate journeys are made by passengers annually. The number of journeys on an average week day is over 1,500,000. An idea of the vehicular traffic in the streets may be gathered from the statement that in twelve hours 16,064 vehicles of all kinds passed a particular spot in Piccadilly, and a full service of 600 buses pass the Bank of England every hour. The number of passengers carried by the London trams in a year is over 300,000,000. A census taken of the number of pedestrians who crossed over the London bridge on a certain day showed that they totaled 116,902, and in nineteen and a half hours during a day in April last year 248,915 people crossed the roadways at the bank.

A man cannot understand why another should elope with a woman, and take her children with them, and a woman can't understand how a woman can leave her children behind.

Restaurants and butcher shops lose a good deal of their attractiveness in summer.