

# The Call to Prayer

JAMES Grayson stood at the doorway of his apartment. Until that hour he had shared this home with his brother Robert. Now he was leaving in anger that distorted his face. There was hatred in the heart of James Grayson for this his brother whom he had loved.

Robert Grayson stood within the room with an appealing look in his eyes. "Don't go this way, Jim," he said. "I did not know; I never saw it, Jim. I may have been blind but I did not know; I did not even suspect, Jim, that your feeling for Helen was deep.



PRINTED IN A CHILDISH HAND.

I never wronged you in my life and I did not mean it now. Stay, boy, I can't bear this thing. We have always been brothers in much more than name."

"Stay? I hate you, Robert Grayson. You call yourself my brother, and yet you undermined me in the affections of the only woman I ever loved. I hate you, and I will hate you to all eternity. You tricked me; you and the woman. My hope is that I shall never see you alive again."

"Jim—" But James Grayson had gone.

James and Robert Grayson, brothers, had been companions from their earliest boyhood. The elder, James, had always been of a grave disposition, grave to sternness. The younger, Robert, had a disposition like the sunshine. He was easy going, a believer in all men and with a love for his grave brother that filled all of his big heart. Their father, William Grayson, had died and left each a fortune. Their mother they lost when James was 14 and Robert was 10. The brothers had grown to manhood and each had fallen in love with Helen Wright. The girl was an orphan living with a superannuated maiden aunt. Helen taught in a North Side school. The Graysons had met her through the medium of a business matter which they jointly had transacted for the aunt. James Grayson's love for the girl was like his nature, deep yet undemonstrative. The girl knew—what woman doesn't know when a man is in love with her—but she gave him no encouragement, though James Grayson's temperament made him think the lack of demonstration did not mean necessarily lack of love. He had a certain confidence in himself that kept him free from the thought that his love might not be returned.

Helen Wright held her heart for Robert Grayson. He wooed her and won her quickly. He was ignorant of his brother's feeling, and when he came to tell the brother that Helen was to be his wife he knew nothing of the blow that he was to inflict.

James Grayson had taken Helen's kindness to him as Robert's brother to mean love. He made himself believe that the girl had led him on, and that his brother had undermined her affections. His nature was one of which made him hold to a fancied wrong as one that was real, and so he left Robert with anger in his heart and with something that was little short of a curse on his lips.

This was twelve years ago. James Grayson left Chicago and went to Europe. He stayed in capital after capital. He knew that Robert and Helen were married. After the marriage he had received letters from both, gentle, entreating letters, but James Grayson had closed his heart. He had taken hatred into it, and had shut the door. "I hate them both," he said to himself, "and hate them I always will."

The years went by. James Grayson still stayed abroad. Letters came from Robert, but they were unopened and unanswered. One day there reached James Grayson in London a letter with the address printed in a childish hand. He was puzzled and opened it. In printed letters inside the first words which caught his eye were, "Dear Uncle Jim." A look that had been a stranger to James Grayson's face for years was there for a second. Then there came sternness again, and the little letter was crumpled and thrown into the fire.

One day James Grayson read an American newspaper. He looked at the financial column. It contained

news of the loss in a mining venture of every penny of the fortune of Robert Grayson, millionaire, Chicago. Coupled with it was the statement that Robert Grayson was ill.

What James Grayson's thoughts were after reading that announcement he alone knows. He paced his room in the London hotel for hours, and at the end of what must have been a struggle with himself he was the same unforgetting man as before.

A year went by. It was now nearly twelve years since James Grayson had seen his brother. Business called the wanderer to New Orleans. It was an imperative summons. He hated America. In New Orleans he met a man whom he had known in Chicago. The man looked upon him as one returned from the dead, and then blunderingly spoke, saying: "You know about Bob, of course. He lost his money, saving only enough to pay his just debts. Then he became ill, and I hear he is dead."

James Grayson went his way. He worked at his business affairs all day, but in his mind and heart and soul were the words, "Bob is dead." He went to his hotel, and from a recess in his trunk he took a packet of letters, selecting one. It was the last letter his mother had written to him when he was a schoolboy. She had written it just before her death. James Grayson read: "You are older and stronger than Robert and of a deeper nature. Look after the boy when your mother is not here, for she cannot stay long."

James Grayson paced his room again. The next morning he left New Orleans for Chicago. He reached the city on Saturday and went direct to the office of a man who in the old days was a friend of the family. James Grayson was not recognized, for he had changed much with the years. He did not make himself known, but asked abruptly, "Is Robert Grayson dead?"

"No," came the answer, "but—"

James Grayson did not wait to hear the answer in full. He turned on his heel and left.

Living! The old hate stole back into his heart. Dead he could have forgiven him, but living never. It was Sunday morning. Grayson went to the North Side and walked past the old familiar places where had played and lived as a boy and where he had grown to manhood. He stood in front of a gray stone church. He had worshipped there with his father and mother and—Bob. Something stole over James Grayson at the sight of the old church. "If I could only pray," he groaned. He had not seen the inside of a church for more than twelve years, but something moved him and he went in. Fate and the usher led him to the old pew. He was late. A church-faced choir boy was singing a solo. What is fate again? The boy, with a voice like



WENT TO EUROPE.

that of the hermit thrush, was singing: O Thou, by whom we come to God, The life, the truth, the way, The path of prayer Thyself hast trod; Lord, teach us how to pray.

James Grayson felt something come into his throat. The boy sang on: Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice, Returning from his ways; And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

Was it the voice itself or was it the words? Robert Grayson was on his knees.

After the service Grayson waited for the appearance of the boy singer. The choirster came out. His clothes were neat, but patched and threadbare. Grayson went to the little fellow and said, "You did something for me to-day—take this," and he slipped a \$10 bill into the boy's hand.

The little fellow looked at it, then flushed and smiled, "Papa will get well now. He can have what the doctors order."

"Is your father sick?" asked Grayson. "Yes," said the boy simply. "Take me to him." Grayson's heart was warm that morning, though it was the first bitter cold day of the year.

The lad led him west to Market street and up some dark stairs into a rear room. A man was and this lay upon a bed in the corner. A little woman stood near.

James Grayson looked and staggered back. A light came into the eyes of the sick man and a smile into his face. "Jim," he cried, and held out a thin hand.

"Bob! I am here, thank God, and not too late to save you."

And James Grayson was at the bedside and on his knees for the second time that day in prayer—Chicago Record-Herald.

## EASY TO MOVE TO EUROPE.

Household Effects Can Be Transported with Very Little Trouble.

"In these days," said a storage and van man, "it is just as easy to move from New York to London as from New York to Hoboken. One's furniture and household effects can be transported across the Atlantic in vans as easily as across the North River."

"Of course, vans have long been used here for comparatively long-distance moving by rail and steamboat. It is a common thing in summer, for instance, to see teams on the decks of boats running to and from this city. They just run the vans aboard on their own wheels, and run 'em off at the other end of the line, and back in the country, or wherever they want to take them."

"The vans used in trans-Atlantic moving are lift vans. They are really van bodies and can be lifted from their wheels and swung onto a car of transportation by rail or down a hatchway into a steamer's hold."

"At the end of its rail or water transportation the van can as easily be lifted off the car or out of the steamer's hold and swung upon the trucks upon which it is to be hauled to the house where the goods are to be put."

"Who are the people that thus casually pack up and move across the Atlantic? Well, they may be foreign merchants who have been living in this country, but are now going back. They may also be Americans who are going abroad to live."

"With the modern facilities for the transportation of people and goods everywhere and the very great increase in travel there are now many people who, crossing the Atlantic for a more or less extended stay, take their household goods with them."

"Of course, there are people moving in this way all the time from Europe, as there are people moving thither from here, and when we move anybody over we want, of course, a freight back; we don't want to bring our vans back empty, and we move somebody this way."

"In some German cities there are published weekly newspapers, or rather extended bulletins, devoted to the interests of the storage van men. In those several publications you would find lists of the vans to be had in the city where the list was published and other information concerning them, including the name of the owner of the van, where it was from, its cubic capacity, where it would be at disposal and the name of its agent or the representative of its owner, at the point where this list was published."

"Foreign lift vans come filled with household effects to American ports, and through the representatives of their owners here they get return shipments, as American vans in Europe, through their representatives there, get shipments this way."

"So you see that really in these days it is about as easy to move to Europe as it would be to move into the next block, and there is lots of trans-Atlantic moving."—New York Sun.

## COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE

Young Man Inadvertently Mixed Business with His Social Note.

There is no worse literary style than that of the ordinary business letter, which begins, "Yours received and contents noted. In reply would say that we received orders for goods 30th ult., and shipped same day following." When this style gets mixed up with the formal conventionality of "society" correspondence, as related in a story in the New York Times, the combination is funny. A young woman in Baltimore received this letter:

"Mr. Blank requests his compliments to Miss Dash, and requests the pleasure of her company at the theater Thursday evening next."

"Awaiting an early reply, and hoping it will be favorable to our proposition, we are, yours very truly,

"BLANK & CO."

The writer was the junior partner in a large manufacturing company. He had written many letters that day for the company and signed the name of the firm, and the stereotyped phrases of commerce ran off his pen from habit.

The lady, however, understood what had happened, and was equal to the occasion. The next day the young man was astonished to receive this reply:

"Messrs. Blank & Co.: Gentlemen—Your favor of recent date at hand and contents noted. In reply will say I accept the proposition therein made and hold the goods ordered subject to yr. further instructions. Very respectfully,

MISS DASH."

Of course it was easy to apologize to a woman with so much humor as that, but the young man had to listen for a long time to the question, "How's business?"

## Names of French Ships.

French ships are usually named after French provinces or towns, victories, ideas or sentiments, but no French names, excepting those of great men in their history, are made use of. German ships bear the names of German rivers, ports, poets, states and characters in German literature. Spanish ships are almost invariably named after their cities or great commanders.

## COST OF THE POT WAS HIGH.

Gambler Won It, but Carries a Scar as a Remembrance.

"This scar which you see on the back of my right hand has a history, and whenever I look at it I drift back mentally to the earlier days of my life," said the old gambler, "and cannot suppress a feeling that somehow men are often forced into channels which are not exactly what they would like. While not altogether smothered with regrets I feel that this is true in my own case. When I recall the series of bright things that have happened, the moments and hours and days spent with congenial spirits, the spicy bits of narrative which have marked the progress of many evenings—but why mention all these things now?"

"I am drifting on to the closing hours and I guess after all the old man's chief delight is in memories of things and happenings of the earlier times. Coming back to the scar on my hand, I paid rather dearly for it. It is a pity that I cannot weave around this experience a bit of romance which would lighten the color of the yarn and give brilliance to the lines. But this is simply a gambler's story and, while not exactly prosaic, it does not take on any of that prettier coloring such as one finds, for instance, in Conan Doyle's story about how the major lost one of his ears. He gave up his ear to save a woman. I got the scar reaching for an ordinary stake in a game of cards and no large stake at that."

"It was many years ago. That feverish impulse to gamble was just getting into my blood. One night I fell into a game with a crowd of men, all of them but one strangers to me. The game had not progressed far before I became aware of the fact that I was playing against two card sharks. Luck was my way on the last round, and my hand called for the stake. But one of the sharps was bent on getting my last penny, and he threw down a better hand than mine and one which I knew he had faked. A quarrel broke and I reached out for the stake, covering the money with my right hand. As I did so one of the sharps whipped out a long-bladed knife and stabbed at my hand. The blade passed through my hand and into the table. Hand, money and all were pinned to the table, and until my friends came to my rescue I was in a helpless condition. My friend pulled the knife out and released me. I got the stake and the scar which you see on the back of my hand is only a part of the price, and a small part at that, which I made for it. The excitement and novelty of the experience intensified the gambling impulse which had fevered the blood and tissue of my nature, and since that time I have been a helpless and hopeless gambler, enjoying the usual fortunes of the man who spends his life in this strangely fascinating world."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## DAVY CROCKETT'S EXERCISE.

How the Jackwoodsman Kept from Freezing to Death.

From the "Life and Adventures of Davy Crockett," as related by himself, one gathers the impression that the sturdy old backwoodsman of Tennessee was prouder of the number of bears he had killed than of the number of votes which he afterward received for Congress. On one occasion, during a winter in which he secured 105 bears, he devised a novel way to save himself from freezing.

"I managed, he says, to get my bear out of this crack (an earthquake seam), after several hard trials, and then I lay down and tried to sleep. But I suffered very much from cold, as my leather breeches and everything else I had on were wet and frozen. My fire was bad, and I couldn't find anything that would burn well. I came to the conclusion that I should freeze if I did not warm myself in some way by exercise."

"I got up and shouted a while, and then I began jumping up and down with all my might, and threw myself into all sorts of positions."

"But all this wouldn't do, for my blood was now getting cold and the chills coming all over me. I was so tired, too, that I could hardly walk; but I thought I would do the best I could to save my life, and then if I died, nobody would be to blame."

"I went to a tree about two feet through, with not a limb on it for thirty feet, and I climbed up to the limbs. Then I locked my arms together around it and slid down to the bottom. This made the insides of my legs and arms feel mighty warm and good. I continued this till daylight, and how often I climbed up my tree and slid down again I don't know, but I reckon at least a hundred times."

## Tickled Sheridan's Fancy.

Gen. "Phil" Sheridan was at one time asked at what little incident did he laugh the most.

"Well," he said, "I do not know, but I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day, when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule which was kicking its legs rather feverishly. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, the Irishman remarked: 'Well, begorrah, if you're goin' to get on, I'll get off!'"

## Carefully Trained.

"Mr. Whitney is a thorough believer in the theory that the training of horses can't be carried too far."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Whenever one of the horses is sick he is always attended by a trained nurse."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Better not encourage gossip; someone is busy with all of us.

## SOLDIERS AT HOME.

THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

How the Boys of Both Armies Whiled Away Life in Camp—Foraging Experiences, Tiresome Marches—Thrilling Scenes on the Battlefield.

I was captured at Atlanta the day McPherson fell. In making a charge with about a dozen comrades we were surrounded by Confederates and made prisoners. We were taken to two or three places and finally to Andersonville about the 1st of October, 1864. I remained there until the latter part of November. I was out one evening with a detail of fellow-prisoners, under a guard, to get wood with which to cook our scant rations. I had been subject to occasional spells of sick headache ever since I could remember, and Southern prison life did not help them. I felt deathly sick at starting, but managed to stagger along with the others until we got to the place to get the wood. Here I gave out entirely, and I have since been told I looked as if dead. Two of the guard came up to me two or three times, and one of them gave me a punch with his bayonet which fortunately did not go very deep. They then left me, thinking I was dead. I lay there until some time in the night, when I came to, and after sitting up a little while found the dizziness gone, but felt terribly weak and hungry. I was very much confused at first, but as my head became clearer the hope of escape entered it, and I determined to use my little strength in getting as far from Andersonville as possible. So I rose to my feet, and getting a dead stick to lean on, staggered into the woods quite a distance. Then, as the moon was past full, and now getting pretty well toward the West, I determined to guide myself by it to keep from going in a circle. So, going very slowly, I kept on until daybreak, when I again dropped, this time from exhaustion. I lay about an hour, when I again rose and went slowly on, chewing twigs as I went, until I came to a creek, not very wide, but deep, with a strong current. After bathing my head and face I followed its course a while, to find means to cross it, for the weather was quite cool, and I shivered in my rage. While keeping along the stream I found a vine with wild grapes that had hung on and dried. I commenced eating them, and while doing so, I heard a sound that fairly froze the little blood left in my veins with terror. It was the distant bay of a bloodhound.

They had gone to look for my body, and not finding any, had realized that I had given them the slip, and were now in pursuit. All this dashed through my mind as I stood there, fairly perspiring in my terror. Then, with the strength of despair, I rushed to the stream, ran along the bank until I found a small dry log which I managed to get into the water and sprang in after it. It seemed to chill me to the bone, but it was my only chance of life, and I clung to the log and floated down stream for a while; then, when I came to a broader place where the water was not so deep, I let it go and worked across to the other bank. This would have been easy enough when I was myself, but now I was so weak that it was hard work. But I got there at last and was about to land in a thick bunch of bushes close by the edge when they were parted by a large bony-looking man, who must have been over six feet in height and who seemed to be all bone and sinew, without a pound of waste flesh on his frame. I started and gave it up for lost, but he said: "Well, boy, I guess you have given them the slip over at that rebel hell-hole" (pointing in the direction of the prison pen), "and if you want a friend I am yer man; but hurry or the hell-hounds will catch ye. Go to that log thar with the end in the water and I'll git ye on my back and tote ye away so the hounds 'll lose yer scent." I did as directed and he took me on his shoulders and started off at a rapid pace through the woods. And there was need of haste, for the fearful yelps of the hounds could be heard coming perilously near. He also gave me his coat which he had removed to wrap around my shivering body, and hurried on while I clung to him, feeling more dead than alive. Now it sounds like a large tale that one man could take another on his back and carry him any distance, but he was a powerful man and I was always small, never weighing 150 pounds in my life, and do not suppose I weighed more than 120. Well, we kept on until we must have gone five or six miles, he carrying me most of the time. We heard no more sounds of pursuit after getting away from the creek, and my new friend chuckled and said, "They've gin ye up, boy; they think yer drowned." Then he turned up a deep hollow and came to huge rocks, with a kind of half-cavern at one side of one of them. Here he stopped, and said: "Tyar's whar I roost when I'm in these parts. Now, take off them wet rags and lay down thar" (pointing to a pile of dry grass and leaves and a couple of blankets), "and wrap up in the blankets and sleep, for yer safe." He then gave me a little food and drink; giving me a revolver, he told me if any one happened to find me to shoot, and, taking another pistol and his gun, he left me, telling me not to be uneasy, and when he returned he brought me some clothing and some fresh-cooked provisions, which seemed to put new life into me. He told me that he had been scouting around that morning for game, and had gone to the creek, and hearing the

distant bay of a bloodhound had waited developments, and, having seen me enter the bank to assist if possible. And I know that if he had not been there I should never have been able to make my escape. But to make the story short, I stayed with him over three weeks, he getting our food cooked somewhere in the vicinity. I never knew where; he also brought me some books to read to pass away the time, as he was gone a great deal; and at the end of three weeks I was strong enough to travel, and we started to find Sherman again, traveling mostly by night and hiding by day, and my guide always seemed to know where to find hiding places and how to get plenty of food for us, and after a long, tedious spell of tramping, we finally reached the army at Savannah. There I found that nearly all of my regiment had been captured at about the same time I made my escape. Those who were left had been assigned to the Tenth Iowa Infantry, so I was put in with the rest and marched northward with them; took part in the grand review at Washington, and was then sent home, after being in the army three years and four months. I never saw or heard of my good friend after we got safe into Savannah. I would give you his name and business and what led him to it, but it would take too much time to write it now.—American Tribune.

## An Incident at Gettysburg.

The incident which I am about to relate occurred on the second day of the battle of Gettysburg.

I belonged to the Ninth Regiment Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteers, and in the same company with me were William W. Jeffery, Isaac N. McMunn (afterwards Captain), M. Capeland, J. Porter and J. Rigdon. I mention this as they were connected with the affair which I am about to relate.

We were lying behind a stone wall and the firing had almost ceased on our part of the line. There was a lull in the battle at this point, although it was raging furiously both to the right and left. In front of our lines a great many rebel wounded were lying, calling for help and begging piteously for water. The Colonel of our regiment rode along and asked who would volunteer to go out and give aid to the wounded. A dozen men or more, instantly consented to go, the men named above being of the number. The rebels were withing speaking distance, and they were asked if our men would be unmolested if they should go out and bring in or give water to the suffering Confederates. They agreed that Union soldiers would certainly be unmolested if our men would take care of their wounded. The party immediately started out and one man had been carried in behind the stone wall. Another wounded Confederate was being lifted from the ground when a volley was opened on the humane Union soldiers, and L. N. McMunn was shot through the head, the bullet carrying away his upper jaw. The Confederate wounded were instantly dropped, and two of McMunn's comrades seized him and hurried him off the field. Another soldier, William W. Jeffery, had raised a wounded Confederate and was giving him a drink from his canteen when the volley came. Of course the poor Confederate wounded man got no more water from the Union soldier, for he speedily made his way, with his comrade, to a place of safety.

The Confederates numbered many honorable men in their ranks, but the affair above related is considered one of the most despicable on record, and some Union soldiers are loath to believe the truth of it. Mr. McMunn, after a great deal of suffering, recovered, and, with the aid of an artificial foot in his month, he speaks almost as well as he did before he received the wound. He is now a prominent man in the city of Pittsburgh.—H. E. M., in American Tribune.

## High-Priced Valor.

One of the Generals on "Til-Bits" staff was interviewed regarding his feelings on entering his first battle. After some hesitancy, he loosened his tongue and made the following statement:

"Well, I was not the least bit daunted. I was stubbornly pale, and my pulse was much too high for a well man, though the surgeon wouldn't believe it. I was perfectly undismayed, and didn't know whether to disperse myself or retire in a solid body. Not a shiver of cowardice passed over my military system, though I trembled for my country with heroic firmness and resolution. Though I felt certain that the enemy would direct their fire upon me, and wished the craw-fish hole were larger, I was not scared in the least, and only wanted to get behind a tree to steady my aim. If I wished myself at home it was only for the purpose of settling a few debts I owed before I should be killed and fill a brave soldier's grave. I thought of my chances of never becoming President, and reflected with Spartan intrepidity that our country would need strong men at the helm, and with no chance of getting through the rear lines, I nerved myself for the fray. When the enemy fired the first volley I didn't feel it at all, for I was knocked senseless by an 18-pound cannon's roar, and was carried brilliantly from the field. Such valor was scarce, and commanded a high price during the war."—Brigadier General.

It was between twilight and candle light, the gentle half-hour when the kind old Sand Man steals up the stairs of houses where children are; when rustic lovers stroll with slow and quiet steps down country lanes, and old bachelors are loneliest and dream of things that might have been.—"The Two Vanzereels."