

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.



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."

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.

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 unfor-giving 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 cherub-faced choir boy was singing a solo. Was it 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; While angels in their songs rejoice, 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 choirist 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 thin 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 effects 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 van; 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 sometimes 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 heighten 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 began 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 Backwoodsman 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.

Ticked Sheriean'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 freely. The mule finally got its hoofs caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, the Irishman remarked: 'Well, begorra, if you're goin' to get on, I'll get off!'"

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"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.

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GOOD Short Stories

A New York after-dinner speaker recently spoke of Daniel, of Biblical fame, as one of the few men who was lionized and kept his head.

Mark Twain announces that he is giving his skull to Cornell University, where it can be studied for the enlightenment of future generations. "I am getting pretty old," said Mr. Clemens, recently, "and shall probably not need the skull after next Christmas. I dunno. But if I should, I will pay rent."

When Bernard Shaw's play, "Arms and the Man," was produced in London for the first time, it was well received, and at the fall of the curtain there were clamorous calls for the author, to which Mr. Shaw was at length induced to respond. The audience were still cheering; but there was one dissentient in the gallery, who was "booming" with the full power of a pair of very strong lungs. Mr. Shaw looked up at the disturber and said, very seriously: "Yes, sir, I quite agree with you; but what can we two do against a whole household?"

In the middle of a third act of a recent first night in Australia, a gentleman arose in the front row of the gallery and remarked: "This is a bad play, and the acting is even worse than the play." The leading actor came to the footlights and retorted: "You've no right to interrupt. If you don't like it, go outside." "Excuse me," rejoined the malcontent, "I have the right to criticize what I have paid for. If I buy a pound of butter and find it is bad, I say so. I have bought a shilling's worth of this show, and it is an imposition. I want my money back." At this point a stalwart attendant interposed, and smashing of furniture ensued. Eventually the champion of playgoers' rights emerged triumphant from the fray. Holding a shilling on high, he exclaimed: "It's all right; I've got my money back. The play can now proceed!"

Not long ago a popular young actress of Paris received the visit of an able burglar in evening dress, who suddenly appeared in her rooms on the Boulevard de Port Royal without knocking at her door or being announced by her servant. The actress was preparing to retire for the night when she heard strange noises in her drawing-room. Going in there she found herself face to face with a tall, dark man in evening-dress and soft slippers, who appeared to be about forty years old. As the actress entered, the stranger dropped on one knee and made a declaration of love. He said that he had watched her on the stage with admiration, that he had tried to see her at the theater, and, having failed to do so, he resolved to enter her residence, even at the risk of being taken for a burglar. The actress was much annoyed, but, believing the man's story, allowed him to go away without raising any alarm. The stranger disappeared quickly when the door was opened for him, and the actress subsequently found that before she had heard his footsteps in her saloon he had broken open her Louis Quize table there and abstracted all her money and some jewels.

LEWIS AIRED HIS HEARING.

But the Doctor Knew a Thing or Two About Malted Milk. While former Representative James Hamilton Lewis of the State of Washington, now of Chicago, was in public life he displayed an unusual amount of information upon many subjects. As ex-Speaker Reed was known to say, "there was nothing scientific, political or literary that Lewis did not know enough to be absolutely right or always wrong."

One day in the cloakroom, where a little lunch was served, Lewis and the late deceased member Dr. Stokes of South Carolina happened to be present. Dr. Stokes and the others were taking malted milk; Lewis was invited to participate. Then he began to dilate upon the digestive qualities of malted milk, the elements of acids, lime and proportion of salts in the compound and the effect chemically it had upon the gastric juices.

To all of Lewis' homily Dr. Stokes returned not a word except to inject "Of course," "Indeed," "I dare say." The others stood about with manifest interest. All at once Lewis spied a medal dangling upon the watch chain worn by the doctor. He touched it with his fingers and remarked: "Doctor, that's a very beautiful medal. Might I ask you was that given you for department (laughing)?"

"No, colonel," explained the doctor, "I won this medal in a post-graduate course at a New York medical college out of a class of 166, for the best essay upon the digestive qualities of malted milk."

And lo! there it was, says the Washington Post.

A Wise Distinction.

Chinese doctors are very particular about the distinction between physicians and surgeons. A Chinese gentleman was struck by an arrow, which remained fast in his body. A surgeon was sent for and, it is said, broke off the protruding bit of the arrow, leaving the point imbedded. He refused to extract it, because the case was clearly one for a physician, the arrow being inside the body.

A Serious Outlook.

"I see there is talk of increasing the inheritance tax." "Yes," said the rich man's son; "it's getting so a fellow would almost as lief have his father live, don't you know?"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Like Father, Like Son.

Mrs. Flicker—Johnny, Margaret says you swear like a pirate. John Flicker—I suppose she must mean dad. Rather tough on him, to call him a pirate, ain't it, ma?—Boston Transcript.

The Copper and the Hammer.

"They have put the champion hammer thrower on the New York police force." "I hope he isn't the champion knock-out, too."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

but this scar on my hand bears evidence of the struggle I had in doing so.

"When I reached the street the first thing my eye rested upon was the dog Dick under the hearse, and there he remained in a dull, sullen way, walking along until the grave was reached. "At the grave he was in a fighting mood no longer. He seemed to understand in his mute way that it must happen. After the burial I coaxed and begged him to come back with me, but to no purpose, so I left him there, where he died a few days later."—Washington Post.

NO LAW ON RUGGED ISLAND.

The Forty-two Inhabitants Earn a Livelihood Catching Lobsters. There is an island down in Penobscot Bay, a few miles from Penobscot, that is in one respect one of the most peculiar islands on the surface of the globe, says a correspondent of the Pittsburg Gazette. It is known on the charts as Rugged island, but sentimental summer residents have named it Crie Haven, in honor of old John Crie, a bearded Scotchman who settled here among the rocks more than a century ago.

The island is under no form of government, and though it is part of the State of Maine, the people pay no taxes and have no officers of any kind. There is not a rat or mouse in all of its mile and a half of rocky length and its half mile of ledgy width. There are no bugs in the beds, no roaches in the pantries, no cats or dogs behind the stoves, and no mosquitoes in the pools of fresh water.

The island has no church in which to worship and no minister to tell the people whether they are doing right or wrong. No lawyers ever resided here and no sheriff or constable ever came to issue summonses or to serve processes. A kind old doctor who lives in Rockland is the only physician who makes professional visits to the place, and he is told when to come by carrier pigeons. As soon as the doctor receives a call he liberates a pigeon from his loft, which bears a message telling when he is coming.

The regular inhabitants of the island now there are often as many as 100 persons living on the island. There are eight cows and three horses there, but not a mile of road for them to travel in. The horses are used for hauling up boats. Everybody walks by well-worn footpaths, which are originally laid out by cows while seeking feed among the huge boulders.

The only occupation of the residents is catching lobsters in pots covered by nets. Every person tries to capture enough every day to bring \$3, which is easily done, when lobsters are sold to the steamers for 15 cents a pound.

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