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THROUGH LIFE.

We slight the gifts that every season bears,
And let them fall unheeded from our grasp;
In our great eagerness to reach and grasp
The promised treasure of the coming years:

Or else we mourn some great good passed
Away,
And in the shadow of our grief shut in,
Retain the lesser good we yet might win,
The offered peace and gladness of the day.

So through the chambers of our life we pass,
And leave them one by one, and never stay,
Not knowing how much pleasantness there was
In each, until the closing of the door
Has closed through the house and died
Away,
And in our heart we sigh, "For evermore."

A PROUD WOMAN.

John Vander's sky had always been cloudless. He had seen life through a rose-lined haze, and had walked rough-shod over its meadow bloom. Naturally he forgot or never knew that somewhere and sometimes there were sodden paths to tread; that the meadow bloom turned to rustling broom-stalks, and the sky to "under-roof of doleful gray." He was sunshiny because he had never peered into the shadows. To have a purse well-filled without knowing who fills it, to open your hand for a gift of fortune and have it drop in carelessly, to win love without seeking it—in short, to play at living is pleasant occupation, but very poor discipline. Perhaps John Vander was a trifle selfish, in spite of his inexhaustible good nature, his intelligence, his invariable "Good form."

Agnes Earle was the sort of girl men call dashing women—out of respect to their own preferences—dare not classify. She had dark and unreadable eyes, matched to a shade by a profusion of crinkled hair, and set off by long, almost curly lashes—lashes that would have made the Sistine Madonna a half coquette. Her complexion was that rich, deep, yet perfectly clear olive one sees more often in the best Spanish portraits than in American life. From remote ancestors she had perhaps Spanish blood in her veins. In figure she was neither so tall as Diana, nor so mature as June; neither lithe or willowy described her exactly, though either may help to indicate the subtle something in her carriage which made her as graceful in movement as in repose, in speech as in silence, in alert attention as in self-saturated reverie. Indeed, Agnes Earle would have been almost beautiful if she had no other charm than the wonderfully pretty hands which had made John Vander fall half in love with her when they first met, and had helped to persuade him that he loved her ever after.

Vander was not exactly handsome. He was fine-looking. One could not but admire his physique, and one could not help noticing, in looking him full in the face, that he had brains. These two began by liking each other somewhat blindly and altogether unreasonably. He liked in her the brilliancy and dash of her style, the suggestive fluency of her small talk, and above all, her compelling beauty. She liked in him a certain strength, a certain suggestion of restrained power, which seemed to underlie his obvious conceit and his superficial empiricism of thinking, and she liked his open-handedness, his big, brave ways, his love of dogs and horses and of "all outdoors."

These young people were second cousins, but they had not met or known much of each other until he was a man of 26 and she a woman of 19. He had come to California for no good reason—for no reason. One Saturday afternoon, after a week of some comprehensive "doing" of San Francisco, he walked into Richard Earle's study at Berkeley, bearing a note of introduction from Cousin Mary, who lived in Albany. He found a bronzed grizzled, curt and gruff man, who scowled him a dubious welcome without rising.

"How long have you been in the state, young man?" asked the host.
"Just ten days—two in Sacramento; eight in San Francisco."
"Are you broke?"
"Do you mean out of funds?" asked the guest, smiling in spite of himself.
"I mean broke—b-r-o-k-e; busted, pr'aps you say. Come here to borrow?"
"No, thank you. I came to pay my respects, and wish you a very good day." And second cousin Vander, turning on his heel, quietly left the room.

In the hall he was arrested by the unmistakable rustle of feminine drapery just in time to avoid a collision with a lady.
"I beg your pardon," he said rather stiffly.
"Have you been quarreling with papa?"
The young lady smiled while she asked the question, and all the stiffness had gone from his voice as he replied: "Not exactly; I am a cousin of your father's—of yours too, by the way—and I had come to be very civil to my relative. Your father thought I had come to borrow money."

He had forgotten his anger; forgotten that he ought to have been in full retreat.
"Come back with me, and let me explain. I'll make him apologize. Our cousin must not go away in such a fashion, with the afternoon sun about to go down upon his wrath. Don't wonder you were angry, but then, 'twas only father."

"Your cousin had much rather accept the family apology from you," said Vander, laughing. "However, I'll go back and try and explain that I'm not 'broke.'"

Agnes led the way, and marche straight to her father's side. She bent and kissed him lightly, and then standing directly in front of him, she shook at him one taper finger, saying, with an inimitable drawl, "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Why didn't he come here at once, then," snarled the bronzed grizzly.

"Ah, ha! and that's the reason you send our cousin away with your awful bluntness. Now please understand, Da"—she called him "Da"—"that I shall permit no such high-handed acting. Come here, cousin, and notice how meekly he shakes hands."

By this time both men were laughing, and Agnes smiled complacently and left the room. The second cousin masculine shook hands and the elder soon became interested in news from his old home. When Miss Earle reentered the room, an hour later, she saw that the cousins were on the best of terms with each other, and judiciously invited the young man to go out on the porch with her and watch one of their show sunsets. "Judiciously" means that the wise young woman did not intend that the others should have a chance to become bored with each other.

From being a mere looker-on in Vienna, Vander became enamored of "our glorious climate," and resolved, with the calm, far-seeing discretion of twenty-six, to invest the major portion of his fortune in California securities. Fortunately Richard Earle was a wise mentor. No one knew the ins and outs of San Francisco trade better than he; and Vander managed to steer clear of Pine street, and locked most of his money into the walls of a big bonded warehouse. From being enamored of our state and our climate, it was easy enough to fall in love with one of our loveliest girls; and before their knowledge of each other had lasted a year, Agnes made herself believe that she loved him well enough to become his wife, and all this with the full consent of gruff Richard Earle.

At a point on the lowest shelf of the Berkeley foothills, about midway between the South Hall of the University and the grounds of the State Institute for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind is a covered cistern, in which is gathered the outflow of a dozen mountain springs. This point is the vantage ground of a superb outlook. To the south, the farthest visible horizon is marked by the rounded shoulders of Loma Prieta, ten miles southwest of San Jose. To the north, in the farthest discernible distance, are the low hills between Petaluma and Santa Rosa, a waving line of deepest indigo at the base of the blue sky. There are three evenings in October and three in April, when, looking from Berkeley, the sun sets directly behind the Farallones, and against its exaggerated and distorted disk the curious clusters of black rocks stand out like silhouettes.

It lacked less than an hour of sunset when Agnes climbed to the little knoll and stood beside the queer, cone-shaped cistern roof. The fair scape of land and sea and sky unrolled like a scroll from her very feet, west and south and north.

A little path meandered at an upward angle around a southerly curve in the broad hillside. Along this path came a young man, with a dog at his heels and a gun under his arm. It was John Vander, trudging home from a contraband sally after unlawful wing-shots. Agnes did not heed his approach, and he leaned against the fence scarcely a rod away, with the dog at his feet and a cigar in his mouth.

It is idle to try and attain the impossible—to put into accurate thinking and tangible words the loveliness of that evening scene. Looking due south, over the apparently perfectly level of Oakland and Alameda, the southern arm of the bay, which gleams under the morning sun like a narrow silver ribbon that a boy might jump across, was a river of indigo, with scarcely a visible ripple on all its surface. A wall of smoke arose above the houses of the city; its base in gloom, its coping lighted with yellow flame.

"I like it, Agnes; do you?"
Agnes turned at the sound of his voice, and there was a trace of dissatisfied surprise in her tones of welcome.
The young man would have been dull indeed if he had not noticed, and spiritless if he had not been piqued, "You surely don't wish to keep the picture quite to yourself, do you?"
"No, it was the immediate foreground only that I cared to monopolize."
"Care is past tense, Agnes."
"Care, then."
"Care then 'isn't' grammar?"

She looked at him disdainfully for an instant, and then looked another way.
"You will be sorry for this sometime," the young man said, quietly but very gravely. "If I have offended you, let me know how; I'm always ready enough to apologize, am I not?"
"Too ready?"
"Too ready?"

"Yes, I am as tired of this interminable scene-making as you can possibly be—this 'kiss and make up' condition of affairs. We are engaged; we have exchanged vows and rings and sophistries—"
"Sophistries?"
"Yes; have we not declared over and over again that we love each other

above all else? It is an—error. Each of us loves his own way better than sweetheart or lover. Is it not so?"
"For you, possibly; not for me."
If she had looked more closely at him as she spoke, she would have noticed that his face wore an expression she had never before seen. John Vander's forehead carried a frown as black as the shadows of the forest hillsides above San Pablo, and there was the precise sort of glitter in his brown eyes that the usual fictionist describes as "hateful." But she did not notice; and when he said, slowly and painfully, as if every word cost him a moment of physical pain, "Do you want your freedom back again, Agnes?" she answered him, with the defiant ring of assured proprietorship in her lark-like voice:

"Why, yes, for a while, if you please."
"It shall be until you please to tire of it," was all he said.
He strode down the hillside slope without a single good-by, and she continued to stand with a scornful smile, while the afterglow faded out of the sky. But the smile faded with the waning flush in the western skies, and with the darkness came a sudden dread—a dread she had not known or dreamed of. "Will he ever come back?" she thought. "Will he?" she said aloud. An obtrusive hoot-owl screeched a shrill reply, and the proud girl found it anything but reassuring.

She had been so sure of John Vander's love, had taken it so for granted, that no daring seemed too great. She had thought it did not greatly matter how courtship fared, since marriage would be master on the morrow. She was prepared to be to her husband all that a wife ought to be; but to abate one jot of her freedom in compliance to her betrothed—that was another matter.

The morrow came and the tomorrow's morrow; but John Vander did not come with them. One day Agnes went to her father's study. In her eyes were unwept tears. She told him everything. He waited until she stopped crying; then he said—and though the words were the words of Richard the Bear, the tones of his voice had in them all the tenderness of the father—"It will serve you right if you two never meet again; but you will."

The whistle of the midnight locomotive startled the echoes asleep in the Madera freight house; in the freight house, because there was nothing else in Madera big enough to harbor an echo. First-class passengers sleep aboard trains on the first stage of the Yosemite trip. Richard Earle had been asleep in his section three hours. What to him was the yellow moonlight that shone on an ocean of yellow grain? But for Richard Earle's travelling companion there was no sleep while that moonlight lasted. It was to Agnes a new glamour; and of glamour she had but little in the two years then past. She was a proud girl, and braver than most; but the prolonged and unexplained absence of her lover had been no passing grief. If the world did not suspect,—if even her father did not fully know,—the brown eyes of John Vander would have winced for his unforgetfulness could he have looked into hers for a glance's span. Ill she was not; sad she was not. But in her eyes was a weary look that the world never noticed, and beneath her vigorous health was a nervous, craving unrest that even her father never saw.

When the train drew up to the station, Agnes still sat in her open section, peering with longing eyes into wonderland. Half an hour after the train had settled itself for the night, a tall girl in brown linen and Cruikshank sunshade was walking alone down the track towards Merced, with her feet in the fairy light (and the cinder dust of the uneven road-bed), following the waning moon.
"I wonder if it would be imprudent as well as improper to go to sleep in the wheat, Ruth-like and romantic?"
She spoke aloud, but nothing in the profound stillness answered her. The moon had touched the far horizon, silvering the crests of the west side-hills. Despite herself, the girl was a trifle tired and very sleepy.

"Are these poppies in the wheat?" she asked herself, smiling. "What if I go to sleep for just five minutes, who shall say me nay—or care?"
It was a long five minutes. The first meadow-lark stayed his shrill matins lest he should wake her; and a tall young man on a piebald mare checked his gallop with startled abruptness to see a woman's figure in a linen dress, asleep—or dead—by the supervisor's highway.

The piebald mare stood still, nibbling the milky wheat. The young man approached the recumbent folds of linen, half hidden under the Cruikshank hat. Quite as a matter of course he knelt beside her, and gently pushed back the broad brim of the big hat. The first ray of the rosy morning fell upon the sleeping face. The eyes of the young man opened their widest in recognition. Then the eyes of the young woman opened also, only to close again as she murmured something he could not catch. He bent more near. Surely, it was in a dream she spoke:

"And you have come back to me at last—to hear me say I am sorry."
You ask, Where was her woman's pride, that she gave back her freedom

without the asking? That, young gentlemen and misses, is something no one may answer for any one else.
Perhaps Richard the Bear was not so phenomenally cool as he looked when he said to truant and captor an hour later, "Where the deuce have you two been, anyhow?"—*Overland.*

An Enterprising Architect.

Adjoining one end of the royal palace of Naples, which is the future home of the Crown Prince, is the theater of San Carlo, which has an interesting story. When Charles III. was king of Naples he issued orders for the most magnificent theater of Europe to be built in the shortest time possible. Angelo Carasale, a Neapolitan architect, offered to complete it in three months, and by great effort and energy actually did so. On the opening night, the king sent for the architect to come to the royal balcony, and there publicly commended his work, adding that only one thing was lacking, and that was a private door and staircase leading from the palace into the theater for the use of the royal family. The architect bowed low, and retired that the play might begin. When the play was finished, the architect again appeared before the king, saying, "Your Majesty's wish is accomplished, and preceded the astonished monarch to a private entrance in one end of the theater. In the three hours that the acting had engaged the king's attention, the untrusting architect had collected his workmen, and by almost superhuman effort had completed his task. He had torn down partitions and laid huge logs of wood for a stairway; but elegant velvet carpets and beautiful curtains concealed the rough floors and defaced walls, while a skillful arrangement of handsome mirrors and chandeliers produced a magical effect, and made the whole seem the work of fairy hands. Afterward, the entrance was properly finished, and last summer I walked from the palace through this private door, and stood in the royal balcony where the king had received the architect nearly one hundred and fifty years before.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Art of Finger Nails.

Mr Levy, the corn cutter, has been telling me about the beginning of his delicate art, which is now practiced so generally. He thought that the earliest modern chiropodist was a German who had practiced on the queen of England's corns about 1844; nevertheless I see that Westervelt on upper Broadway announces that he began in 1840. Zachari started here before the war and obtained celebrity by cutting Mr. Lincoln's corns. Another generation has come up paying special attention of the feet and reading all that can be afforded on the subject. One of the best known chiropodists here began, it is said, doctoring the hoofs of horses, and he observed in time that men needed quite as much repair of the feet. There are several women in this business, and of late years its profits have been much extended by manucure, which brings dollars in place of dimes. Women are often in love with their own hands, and I have known cases where a lady has had her hand modeled and carved by a sculptor and kept on her center table. Few men, however, think fingers are improved in appearance by being sharpened and whitened like the talons of a hawk. It is however, a pleasant, listless way of spending an hour or two every day, to go to the manucure.—*New York Tribune.*

Chronic Lassitude.

There are certain characteristics connected with a lazy man which are admirable. They excite the twanging, jingling breasts of the nervous fidgety a feeling which borders on respect and akin to awe. Your double-gearred fidgety man will spin all day like a top, and run down in the cool of the evening on identically the same spot on which he started off after breakfast. The man suffering from chronic lassitude will keep cool, keep in the shade, put in a full day's work, resting himself and arrive at time at sundown, cool, calm and collected, without having once sweat under the collar or laid a hair. The professional lazy seems to eat, drink and sleep with as much gusto and sang froid as his fidgety brother with the high pressure anatomy and patent double cylinder, fast, perfecting, hygienic apparatus, who gets hot in the box and wears and grinds and cuts his life away like a piece of misfit machinery. The fact of the business is the man of bustle wears his life away for want of the oil of rest. The lazy man just soaks along like a handful of cotton waste in the oil-cup of a box car axle.—*Scientific American.*

Illuminating Battle Fields.

An interesting night experiment has been conducted on the race course at Vienna, near the electrical exhibition. The volunteers of the association for the saving of life lit up an imaginary battle field, in order to prove the advantages of reflectors in finding the wounded. The crown prince and several of the archdukes were present, with a number of officers. By means of the great reflector of Messrs. Egger, placed above the entrance door of the rotunda, some 60 medical students lying about, representing wounded men, were picked up, 100 members of the volunteer fire brigade transporting them to the wagons in less than a quarter of an hour.

"When His Heart Thawed Out."

One day two or three years ago a gruff old man, hard-hearted and given to drink, and living alone in a house on Gratiot street, found a crippled boy nine or ten years of age crying in front of his door. It was his way to curse children and drive them away, but in this instance he spoke kindly to the lad, and even sympathized with him. For that once his hardened heart seemed to thaw out, and men who noticed his kind action wondered greatly.

By and by the crippled boy, known as Jackie, seemed to grow into the old man's heart and spent hours with him at his house. He was, so far as any one could remember, the first and only human being to say a kind word for gruff old Ben.

When the old man fell sick a few weeks ago nobody missed him for several days. Indeed, no one cared much whether he was sick or well, but some one interested himself enough to discover that the sick man was being nursed by the cripple. The days and nights must have been terribly lonesome to the lad, but he was faithful to the last. The other morning he quietly announced to the neighbors that old Ben was dead. Those who went in found the rooms neat order, the dead man lying as if asleep, and the money to bury him was safe in an old wallet in the bureau. When they asked Jackie about it he explained:

"He died as easy as a baby. Long at first he used to curse and swear about his sickness, but after a while he let me read the Bible to him, and sometimes I saw tears in his eyes."
"Folks thought him a hard man."
"But he wasn't. When his heart thawed out he was like a child. One day I brought him from the chest a lot of old letters, the photograph of a woman and baby, and he cried over them. I guess they were dead, and I guess he had had lots of trouble."
"Did he die easy?"

"Just like going to sleep," answered the lad. It was just at daylight. I sat by the bed and had fallen asleep when he put out his hand and whispered: 'Jackie, I'm dying!' With that I jumped up to do something, but he said it was too late. There was a great change in him. All the hardness had gone out of his face, his eyes had a kind look, and the boys who used to be afraid of him wouldn't have known him for the same man. I was reading to him from the old Bible, when all at once his fingers let go of my hand and he was dead."
"And then?"

"The boy turned away and wept. From the day gruff old Ben had addressed him a kind word the prayers of a child pleading for a wicked man had been heard in Heaven. He had prayed for him in life and after death, and if the prayer had not brought that peaceful look to the white, dead face, what else could have done it?—*Free Press.*

What May Be Done With One Acre.

One acre of ground in lawn and garden is sufficient to maintain a family cow in any village or rural locality, says an exchange. One who knows how it is done, and has done it for several years, describes the method by which it is accomplished:—"A quarter of an acre is in garden—strawberries, currants, grapes, raspberries, blackberries and gooseberries. There are six apple trees and fourteen pear trees. All but the garden is in grass, chiefly orchard grass. I am already feeding down a small piece of orchard grass under some apple trees the third time by tethering the cow upon it. Some of the grass I have just cut the second time, and some will give a third cutting. Fifty rows of sweet corn for table use are now beginning to yield boiling ears, and the stalks and husks go to the cow. There are pea vines, bean vines, beet tops, small potatoes and other wastes to help feed the cow luxuriously, and in this way the family cow may be kept in abundance throughout the year upon one acre, while her manure will keep the whole acre growing richer every year, and will provide a liberal quantity for the flower beds and the shrubs, and dwarf-pears on the lawn. A very large quantity of the best manure is made by throwing the weeds with all the soil attached to them, the leaves that are raked up, and the wood ashes from the house, together with as much soil as may be needed, into a pit in the courtyard, and leading the drainage from the manure into it. If a farm were only managed as one manages the garden, every acre might easily pay \$100; but the labor is not to be had, and one pair of hands cannot do it for more than five or six acres. But the time will come when it must be done; when the land becomes fully occupied, and this great country has its 500,000,000 of inhabitants, a number which it can sustain with the greatest ease, with a thorough system of cultivation."

She Had Changed Her Opinion.

"O, you dear, good mother!" chirped Birdie McHenepin, "do you really mean to say that I can marry Gus De Smith?"
"I do," replied Mrs. McHenepin. "You have my full consent."
"But, mamma, you said only yesterday that you couldn't bear him," pursued the daughter.
"Well, I have got something like an eighty-one ton grudge against him, and for that very reason I have concluded to become his mother-in-law."

BLACK BIRCH.

Are there black birch trees growing in the far-off woods, I wonder,
With a wealth of balmy essence in their branches like and strong?
In the spring-time do the children reach with eager hands to plumer,
While the quiet woodland arches ring with laugh and shout an I song.

I can see an old gray schoolhouse with a ledge and window seat,
And the rumpled, mossy pasture-land runs close up to its door;
While away back in the greenness, with a tuft of fern to hide it,
And a flash like purist crystal, a spring bubbles and runs o'er.

There's a battered tin-cup hanging on a drooping bough close by,
Where the sunlight comes in flickers and the shadows gather dim,
Oh, the rush of childish footsteps when at recess time they spy it!
Oh, the flash of cooling water! Oh, the warm lip at its brim!

Then the pulling at the birches, the delightful swish and rattle,
And the cracking of the tender twigs, the noisy bursts of glee;
When the sharp rap on the window calls—oh, what a merry tussle!
In the filling-out of pockets so that no sharp eye may see!

The dark room grows strongly cheerful as the little smugglers gather,
And a spicy, woody fragrance penetrates its dingy nooks,
Ah, how sil the rodents nibble, while they make a van endeavor
To appear absorbed in gleaming from the wisdom of their books!

When the daily tasks are ended, and, with dinner-baskets swaying,
All the little folks bound homeward, and the house is left in gloom,
Then across the teacher's weary face a pleasant smile is straying
As she brushes out the litter with her clumsy hemlock broom.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Although the lower animals cannot talk, they are nearly all tail-bearers.—*Oil City Blitzard.*

Candor.—Insulted Gentleman: "You are indebted to my cowardice, you young scoundrel, that I don't knock you down."—*Puck.*

There is a man in Pittsburgh so fond of "flash" literature that he won't read anything but a powder magazine.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

A beautiful maid in Dismark, when the lamp was turned down for a spark, snuggled up to her Fred, and tremblingly said, "I always feel skinned in the dark!"

A Burlington boy sent for a fifty-cent watch, and received a sun-dial. He has named it "Faith," because faith without works is dead.—*Free Press.*

There is a tenement house in New York in which are 110 families. Those living next to the roof boast of their belonging to the upper 110.—*Boston Transcript.*

A scientific writer says the American to-day is not the bilious man of fifty years ago. No! The bilious man of fifty years ago succumbed to the doctors long ere this.—*Boston Post.*

Let us have more cream pie. Could anything be simpler than the following recipe, which we clip from an exchange: "Take cream enough to fill a dish, add eggs and flavor to the taste."

Matthew Arnold was, it is stated, surprised at not being met in New York by Indians. If the Indians had ever read any of his poetry they would have doubtless met him there.—*Arkansas Traveller.*

Smith (ruffled): "Hello, Jones; I'm glad to see you." Jones, pretending not to recognize Smith for fear he'd tap him for a loan: "My dear sir, you have the advantage of me." "Yes, most any one has who possesses ordinary intelligence."—*The Hoosier.*

"Who was that man who just passed?" said Blinks to his friend, with whom he was walking down town. "You mean the one who called me by my first name?" "Yes; rather familiar, I should say." "Oh, that's nothing strange; he's my barber."—*Lovell Citizen.*

"Give me," said the schoolmaster, "a sentence in which the words 'a burning shame' are properly applied." Immediately the bright boy at the head of the class went to the black-board and wrote: "Satan's treatment of the wicked is a burning shame."—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

It is very often that you see a young lady turn around to see what a lady friend has on when they pass on the street. But about the only man who takes the trouble to wheel around and look at a fellow pedestrian is the tailor who is anxious to get a glimpse of the creditor who is airing one of his hang-up suits.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Gracious, Henry!" exclaimed an Austin lady to her husband, "you didn't drink all that bottle of claret alone, did you?" "Alone, darling!" replied Henry. "Oh, no; I didn't drink it alone. I had just taken two toddies and a rum punch before I tackled the claret. I thought the claret itself might be a little lonesome."—*Texas Sittings.*

Wife, to husband: "I want you to give John a good scolding this morning, dear." Husband: "A good scolding! Why, my dear, I have no fault to find with John. Isn't he a good, faithful servant?" Wife: "Yes, he is a good enough servant and all that, but I want him to beat a lot of carpet, and he won't do it half hard enough if he is not right mad."—*Philadelphia Call.*