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MAN WHO MISSED MOMENT

FOUND AN OVERWHELMING REWARD WHEN HE LEAST EXPECTED.

A Heartening Story For the School Teacher Who Toils, and Seeing No Visible Result Feels That His Work Has Gone For Nought—An Idea That Many Ex-pupils Might Catch.

By Gerald Chittenden, in June Scribner's.

It's been a tiresome term, hasn't it, Martin?" suggested Mrs. Graham.

"Not so tiresome as the day," he answered. "I had to red-ink the same grammatical error in eighteen different and consecutive examination papers, and if young Morgan had made it in the nineteenth, I should have killed him—slowly and painfully."

"Eighteen?" she questioned, trying to smile and squint through the eye of a needle at the same time.

"Well—at least three," he confessed. "They are nice boys, but they lay instead of lie—like a lot of hens. That thread will have to bant before it can get through the eye of your needle."

It was in before he had finished speaking, but her glasses fell off, and it popped out again.

"It's the rich man and the kingdom of heaven," commented Graham. "Try again. It's only twice too large for the hole."

"Only women can do the impossible," she answered unperturbed, and succeeded forthwith. "There!"

"You're right," he answered, with unexpected seriousness; "only women can."

He bent forward to knock out his pipe on the andiron, and remained for a moment with his elbows on his knees, staring at the fire. She looked across at him, her needle caught in the middle of a stitch; the sadness of his face was very evident, because he did not know that she was watching him. She went on with her sewing, casting furtive glances at him the while; presently the sound of sleigh bells broke the silence.

"There's Johnny," said Graham, and rose.

A draught of air made the fire flicker, and their elder boy—the one who was a Senior at Yale—came in, kissed his mother, shook hands with his father, and asked for a cup of tea.

"Why, it's nearly dinner time," objected Mrs. Graham, as she touched a match to the alcohol lamp; "you'll have to wait till the water boils again. Turn on the light, Johnny. I can't see you with only the fire."

"You could see well enough to embroider towels," reproved Johnny. "When will you learn to take care of your eyes?"

"Probably never. Besides, it's not very close work. Do turn on the light."

The house was wired for electricity, apparently for use in illuminating the bathroom. It was never used anywhere else. John lit the lamp.

"McGurk drove me up," he said, as he replaced the chimney. "He had to leave Seabury and Hawkins at the school, so we went there first."

"They're back for the alumni dinner, I suppose?" said Mrs. Graham.

"Yes. I stopped there a moment to see the kid. He told me to tell you he was bringing a couple of boys over for dinner."

"Porthos and Athos, I suppose?" asked Graham.

"The same. They're a great triumvirate, aren't they? Mr. Blake said that the Judge and the Magnate were going to arrive tonight."

"Good! I haven't seen either of them for an age."

Mrs. Graham had gone out to tell the cook that there would be extra people to dinner, and the pious ejaculations of that perfervid Hibernian retainer, who always prayed both loud and long when told of an unexpected guest, came faintly from the kitchen.

"Maggie's always up to sample, isn't she?" commented John. "I wonder if we could get along without her?"

"We couldn't, and she knows it," replied Graham. "Did Maggie enter her usual protest?" he asked, as his wife came back.

"'The shteak is not made av rubber, praises be,'" quoted Mrs. Graham, in a rich South Irish brogue. "'An' how can I make food fer three feed a dozen? Answer me thot!' Oh, Maggie is too absurd."

"Protest is in her blood," answered Graham, "and she doesn't mean any more by it than any other Irish legislator. Here come the boys," he added, as the stamping of feet and a laugh in the corridor heralded the Three Musketeers.

"We're not late, are we?" asked Peter, the younger of the Graham boys. "It's snowing again."

"I suppose it will be one of those confounded white Christmases," commented Graham as he shook hands with Porthos and Athos. "Well, perhaps they have their good points," he corrected as he caught his wife's reproachful eye. "Mrs. Graham will never let me say anything against them, but I'd prefer to migrate every winter to some country that wasn't so aggressively Puritanical—the West Indies, for instance. Many old boys back for the dinner?"

"Lots," answered Peter, "and more coming to-morrow. The Judge and the Magnate get here on the eight o'clock. It's great they're coming."

"Who are they exactly?" asked Athos.

"They're the two boys that gave me the most trouble in my first year here," answered Graham. "Everybody prophesied an evil end for both of them, and everybody was right, as usual. One's a judge for the Circuit Court, and the other owns all the railroads east of the Mississippi."

"Then how do you mean that everybody was right?" asked Porthos, who sometimes rose too late for the fly.

"Because everybody can't possibly be wrong," replied Athos, indulgently.

"Porthos," said Peter, his eyes on the ceiling, "Porthos doesn't express himself at all. He comes by freight—in the caboose."

"Dinner's ready," interrupted Mrs. Graham, who was always a little afraid that school-boy badinage might hurt the feelings of her good friend Porthos. In her girlhood she had known his mother, and had been intimately acquainted with himself when he was an infant; as a consequence she could never realize that he was old enough to take care of himself.

"All the same," said Porthos to Athos as they moved towards the dining-room, "I don't think Mr. Graham prophesied a bad end for either of them."

"Sh!" said Athos, "he'll hear you."

"Why shouldn't he?" demanded Porthos.

"Idiot!" responded Athos.

It was a cheerful meal, served in the happy-go-lucky fashion that made all guests at the Grahams resolve to dismiss their servants and get a Maggie to do the work, if they had to go to Ireland after her. But they never did, because they could never find a Maggie. She was waitress, valet, cook, and spiritual adviser all in one, and this evening when she opened the door to the Judge and the Magnate, she openly praised God for their presence. When Graham reached the door, she had begun to scold them both for walking from the school in a howling blizzard.

"Well, well!" said the Judge, as he greeted Graham. "I don't believe you or yours have changed a bit since the Flood, and here's the Magnate bald as a tin lamp, and me with one foot in the grave."

Be it known, the Judge was so great that he had no need to be grammatical.

"It's mighty good to be back," said the Magnate, and they came into the library with Graham between them, all three talking at once.

"It makes me feel twenty years younger to see you two again," said Mrs. Graham. "Now sit right down and tell me all about everything—both of you—before a lot more old boys come and sidetrack Martin and me."

It was a large order, but they did their best to fill it, and succeeded to such good purpose in fifteen minutes, that the Three Musketeers sat silently agape except when they were laughing. The Magnate was a wit and the Judge was a humorist; Graham was a little bit of both, and Mrs. Graham knew how to keep them all going. As the room filled with graduates, Graham and his wife were swept away in the currents of hospitality, but not before they had jointly extracted promises from the Judge and the Magnate to remain after all the rest had gone. The crowd—recent alumni for the most part—filled the little library, overflowed into the dining-room and parlor, gave vent to occasional song, and separated into groups where every sentence began with "Remember the time?" The Grahams had their hands full; the Judge and the Magnate remained in their secluded corner, and it is doubtful if either of them once mentioned the Interstate Commerce Law, though the Magnate might have to appear before the Judge almost any fine day to answer violation of it. Presently, as middle-aged men will, when opportunity offers, they took to examining the younger generation.

"Don't these boys average ten years younger than we did at their age?" remarked the Judge.

"Do you put sentences like that in your opinions?" retorted the Magnate.

"I hope not. But don't they?"

"They do," said the Magnate, and added, "Do you come back here to see the school or to see Graham?"

"I've thought of that too. I think it's Graham with me—mostly Graham, at any rate."

"Me too," said the Magnate. "I often wonder why he ever stuck to school teaching. It's all wrong, I know, but somehow I can't feel that it's quite the place for a man as brilliant as he is."

"Why is that, I wonder? It's hard to explain why a fine profession is almost universally considered petty—and all wrong, as you say. Do you know, Billy, I've often had an idea that he was never quite satisfied with it?"

The Magnate looked at him with immeasureable scorn.

"And you a judge! Just had a vague idea—is that all? Servant of Mammon that I am, I could tell that by looking at him."

"Looks discontented, do you think?"

"Far from it. There's something, though—can't you see what I mean? Wait till he smiles."

The Judge waited.

"I said, I had an idea that he wasn't satisfied," he remarked slowly; "that's legal caution, I suppose. There's always been something in his face that baffled me. It's not disappointment, or resignation, or discontent, or any of those things, because there's nothing womanish about Graham, and he's about the best loser I ever knew. He's a fighter."

"I wonder if you know that as well as I do?" murmured the Magnate. The Judge, over his ears in his favorite pool of character study, did not hear him.

"You've only to look at his jaw to see that," he went on; "that is, if you didn't know it in other ways. No, it's not resignation, nor anything weak and acquiescent like that. But he's not in love with his profession."

"Generally," said the Magnate, "a man can control circumstances if he's as strong as Graham is. But sometimes there's a psychological moment to secure control, and if you don't do it then you never can."

"That's it!" exclaimed the Judge. "Graham missed his moment, and he was too good a sport ever to squeal about it to any one. That's why we're reasoning from a surmise instead of from a certainty now."

"But did he, after all? Would he be as big a man anywhere else as he is here? Can a man's own preference always be relied upon to show him his work in the world?"

"Perhaps not. Perhaps not. How many hundreds of boys have graduated from here since our time?"

"A good many."

"And they've all got something of Graham in them—all that are good for anything. He's a big man, Billy, a mighty big man, and the sphere isn't so limited as it looks."

"Do you suppose," said the Magnate slowly, "that he ever thinks of that side of it?"

"Not he! He doesn't know his own size in the first place."

"Yet he's missed his moment, and he's not as happy as he should be. Do you think any one ever tells him things such as we've been saying now?"

The Judge caught the idea. Afterward he claimed that he thought of it first, and that the Magnate only elaborated the details. Eventually the discussion almost caused a rupture in their friendship. But just now there was no disputation, for the time was short if they were to put the great scheme through before Christmas. It was a scheme more Gallic than Anglo-Saxon; the Judge's name was Duhamel, and he afterwards brought forward that fact in support of his claim the discovery, but the Magnate cast aspersions on his logic. The Magnate's name was Jenkins.

The two were the last to leave Graham's house that night for their quarters in one of the school buildings; it was after one in the morning when the door closed behind them. Graham came back to the library when he had seen them off, and found John standing alone by the fireside.

"The snow is making fast," he said as he sank into his favorite chair, and lit a good-night pipe. "It's nice to see them all again—some in rags and some in tags, and some in velvet gowns. More velvet than rags, though, bless 'em!" The pipe was going well, and he regarded his son keenly through the smoke. "What's on your mind, Johnny?"

"Father," answered the boy, "I've been thinking over our last conversation, and I can't see my way to being dependent on you for a medical education, with the kid coming on and all. I could make enough money in three years—school-teaching."

Graham's hand had been over his eyes, shading them from the lamp. He dropped it at John's last words, and the boy saw in his father's face something that was almost never visible there—the bitter travail in which his characteristic smile had been born.

"Johnny," said Graham after a moment, "you have no right to deprive your mother and me of anything we have looked forward to so long. If your inclinations——"

"You know my inclinations, sir."

"Better than you do. They were mine once, and I've had thirty years to get perspective on them. I thought, as you do, that I could earn all I needed in three years—and I'm not a doctor yet. I've been all that time in a profession that deserved a man's heart and had only half of mine. I've hated it sometimes, and it's far too good for that. All that time—all these thirty years—the blood has gone back to my heart and made me sick every time I dodged an ambulance in the street, or saw the outside of a hospital. It would have been much better to borrow the money at ruinous interest, and—" He broke off, and poked the fire savagely. "Don't be a fool, John. If you are, you'll be a failure too, and you may miss meeting the woman God made for you—as I have not."

With a hand that trembled, the boy turned up the lamp till it smoked, and then turned it down again.

"I think I never understood before—at least not quite. I'll let you pay."

"Thanks," said Graham, dryly. He rose and stood with his back to the fireplace, the one weak spot in his armour once more effectually concealed. Upon impulse, John placed both hands on his father's shoulders and looked into his eyes.

"But a failure—you?" he said. "I think you're the most successful man in the world."

One of Graham's usual quizzical retorts was on the tip of his tongue, but he did not let it slip off.

"The leopard's spots, my dear boy," was all he said. "I'm a very fortunate man at any rate."

"Aren't you two boys going to bed?" said Mrs. Graham, entering at that moment.

"I've decided to do what Father wants about studying medicine." John blurted it out.

"I'm so glad. She kissed him, and smiled at her husband.

"Well, let's all go to bed," said Graham, characteristically closing the subject. But he lingered after they had left the library, revolving many memories and pondering many hopes.

So well and carefully did the Judge and the Magnate conceal their tracks, that until Graham came down to breakfast on Christmas morning he suspected nothing. His end of the table was almost entirely covered with letters; Mrs. Graham, John, and Peter, who were accessories before the fact, were in a state of more or less suppressed enthusiasm, and Maggie, who always invaded the dining-room horse, foot, and artillery when interested in anything that was going on there, was very much in evidence. Graham looked aghast at the letters.

"My sins have found me out," he said. "These must be from nearly all my former wives."

"Look at 'em, Dad," pleaded Peter.

"At the outside—yes. But I shan't open them till I'm a good deal less nervous than I am now. The Red Cross stamps alone would endow the Adirondacks."

He controlled his curiosity till he had finished his breakfast, and Maggie became so impatient that she retired to the kitchen and smashed crockery for five minutes on end.

"The condemned man ate heartily and seemed calm," observed John, as his father opened the first letter.

Graham's face changed as he read, and lost the expression of whimsical dismay that had rested upon it since he entered the room. The deep lines softened; the calm optimism of it became vivified by a very poignant pleasure. It was a shadow of the way he had looked at their wedding, his wife thought, and at a very few other times in their life together. He read letter after letter, oblivious or almost oblivious of the rest of the family. There were letters from men who had been boys thirty years ago, and from boys of last year; letters from boys he dimly remembered, and from some that he had almost completely forgotten; letters from the West, the East, the South, and the North; from Wall Street, and from the prairies. None of them were very long, but every one of them recalled relations and events which he thought had long since faded from the memories of these Christmas correspondents. Some thanked him for something that he had done for them in the old days; some, and these were the most pleasant of all, thanked him not at all, but only wished him the merriest of Christmases; some jested, and a few were pensive. All the parties signatory had quite evidently written with a keen pleasure in the writing, for the Judge's circular letter had commanded this—"if you can't do it con amore, don't do it at all." As Graham finished each letter he passed it to John, and it went the round of the table. In the end he looked across the centre-piece at his wife, then turned to John with a smile that was his old smile, yet in some way subtly different.

"Perhaps," he said, "you'd better teach school after all."

Saved Bishop Anderson's Family.

The presence of mind of Motorman Henry Cowdrey, Chicago, saved the children of Bishop Charles P. Anderson from almost certain death, last week, in a collision on the Batavia branch of the Aurora, Elgin & Chicago railway. Seven persons were hurt—among them the three daughters of the Bishop, who suffered painful cuts and bruises. The girls are Katharine, aged seven, Nancy, aged five, and Janet, aged eighteen. They had been visiting Canon Moore of Batavia and were returning to Chicago when the accident occurred.

A runaway coal car caused the wreck, crashing into the front end of the passenger car. When Cowdrey saw a collision was bound to result he reversed the power and set the brakes; then ran back into the car and seized the smaller Anderson children. He had succeeded in getting them halfway to the rear of the car when the crash came. The children were in the front seat, just behind the motorman, at the spot where the demolition was most complete.

Canadian friends and relations of the Bishop and his Canadian wife, feel deeply grateful to the courageous motorman.

BISHOP KNEW THE KING.

Was "Every Inch a King" Says the Great Prelate.

Bishop Doane, in Albany Church Record.

Slight and remote as they are, my associations with, and my recollections of, King Edward VII. so interested a few people with whom I was speaking of them the other day that they asked me to put them in print. My first association is with a service in Trinity church, New York, at which I was present, when he came over as Prince of Wales in 1860. In the regular Psalter of the day, in that not infrequent fitness of coincidence, came the verse, "Give the king Thy judgments, O God, and Thy righteousness unto the king's son." When the Prince went to Philadelphia in the old Camden and Amboy days, he passed through Burlington and asked about my father, saying that he had promised the Queen to look him up because she remembered him when he was in England in 1841. The conductor of the train took him to the platform of the car and pointed out St. Mary's church, and in the churchyard the tomb over my father's grave. Years afterwards, when I was presented to the Prince, I reminded him of this and told him of the pleasure it had given me, and he recalled the fact.

I had the honor of several presentations to the Prince and was once presented to him since he became King. He combined in a very royal way genial and kindly humor with a very marked dignity of presence. As he walked up the long central passage of the Imperial Institute in his full uniform, beside the minute figure of his mother dressed in the plainest possible black, he looked what he was—although then only the Prince—"every inch a king."

The last time that I saw him was in Buckingham Palace at one of the evening musical parties given there. When I was passing through the room in which the famous Windsor plate is kept, the Ambassador saw me and called me in to the enclosure where the Prince was, and said: "Your royal Highness, this is the Bishop of Albany in America, who has come here to preach the anniversary sermon of the S.P.G." And I said that I was gratified to find that the Ambassador could rattle off those mystical words so fluently, because when I was dining with him the day before he had not the faintest idea what they stood for until I told him. And, much to the amusement of the prince as well as of myself, he said he was going to deliver an address to the Society for the Propagation of Green Peas. I remember the Prince turned to the Ambassador then, saying (it was during the Boxer movement in China), "Do you think, Mr. Ambassador, that this is a boxing match or a war?"

During the last Lambeth Conference I was twice presented to him, once in Buckingham Palace and once in Marlborough House, and one never can forget the really cordial courtesy of his manner to each of us. His death ends a very remarkable reign, short but most significant, and summed up in what is said to have been almost his last conscious utterance, "It is all over and I think I have done my duty."

An Incident in Biarritz.

A circumstance of singular pathos was recalled by Rev. B. S. Batty (vicar of Bolsover), at the outset of his sermon on a recent Sunday morning.

While worshipping in a little church on the Spanish frontier a fortnight ago, he said, he noted with what fervor a gentleman sitting in front of him was singing the hymns—the hymns they had sung that morning—"O God our help in ages past," and "Jesu lover of my soul." He noticed how that gentleman was singing those hymns joyfully. They were singing:

Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

They also sang that morning:

Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storms of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last.

He (the vicar) was talking to the English chaplain after the service, and the latter told him that they had those two hymns because that gentleman had especially asked for them, and that they were his favorite hymns.

"That was just a fortnight ago to-day, and that gentleman was King Edward VII."

Books of the Old Testament.

The Great Jehovah speaks to us
In Genesis and Exodus;
Leviticus and Numbers see,
Followed by Deuteronomy;
Joshua and Judges sway the land,
Ruth gleans a sheaf with trembling hand;
Samuel, and numerous Kings appear,
The Chronicles we wondering hear;
Ezra and Nehemiah, now
Esther, the beauteous mourner, show;
Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms,
The Proverbs teach to scatter alms;
Ecclesiastes now comes along,
And the sweet Song of Solomon;
Isaiah, Jeremiah then
With Lamentations takes his pen;
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyres
Swell. Joel, Amos, Obadiah's
Next, Jonah, Micah, Nahum come
And lofty Habakkuk finds room,
Zephaniah to repentance calls
Haggai, Zachariah build the walls,
And Malachi, with garments rent,
Concludes the ancient Testament.

Poison Ivy Cure.

A writer in "The Emergency Service" says: "Ragged milkweed will cure oak or ivy poison. This fact should be generally known by all who love to roam the woods. Being in the woods nearly all the time, I used to be bothered every season, getting poisoned two or three times every season. I learned of the milkweed cure accidentally, as I would rub the itching places with all kinds of shrubs and weeds until one day I let the juice of a milkweed run on some of the ridges on my hands and noticed that it dried up the blisters and stopped all itching. Since then I have tried this remedy in many difficult cases and at all stages, and it has invariably cured every case. I have had to cure some people two or more times before they could believe in the milkweed, as they were using other things at the time the milkweed juice was applied."

An educational missionary campaign in the four western provinces has been arranged for October, November and December. There will be large conventions at Winnipeg, Calgary, Regina and Vancouver.

Regulate the Bowels

"I have been troubled with constipation for several years, and have tried a great many kinds of pills, as well as medicine from the doctor. Nothing seemed to help me until I began taking Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills. I found the little pills very effective, and I am thankful that at last I have a reliable remedy."

MRS. F. M. DUNKIN,
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Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills

simply cause the bowels to move in a normal manner, and without the griping effects of cathartics and purgatives. That's why they are so universally used by women and children. The longer they are taken the less are needed. Natural conditions gradually being restored.

Price 25c at your druggist. He should supply you. If he does not, send price to us, we forward prepaid.

DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Toronto.

Was Weak and Nervous.

Heart Would Stop Beating.

Mr. Paul Poull, Cascapedia, Que., writes:—"About five years ago I gave up all hope of getting better of heart trouble. I would nearly choke, and then my heart would stop beating. I could not lie on my left side, and became so nervous and weak I could not work. A friend told me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and before the first box was taken I was almost well, and the second box completed the cure. I have advised many others to try them, and they have all been cured of the same trouble. I have offered to pay for a box for anybody they do not cure."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are a specific for all diseases or disorders arising from the heart or nerve system. They make the weak heart strong and the shaky nerves firm by imparting a strengthening and restorative influence to every organ, and tissue of the body and curing palpitation of the heart, dizziness, sleeplessness, anaemia, twitching of the muscles, sensation of "pins and needles," general debility, lack of vitality, etc.

Price, 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for $1.25 at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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NEVER FAILS TO RESTORE GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR and BEAUTY.

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SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE

Cut this adv. out and mail with your name and address and name of your Druggist, and 10 cents for postage, to PHILO HAY SPEC. CO., 30 Clinton Street, Newark, New Jersey, U. S. A. or Toronto, Canada.

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Some are so anxious about their endings they never get around to make a beginning.

Some men will not be content with their polish until they have ground all principles away.