### LED BY LOVE.

Major Hannibal Sparhawk was a born hero and a warrior. His sairit was martial and commanding. and commanding.

He stood 6 feet 2 inches in his stockings and turned the beam of a true and trusted Fairbanks at 210 pounds avoirdupois.

He was the acknowledged leader of his party in our town, and his party was in the

The major was not quarrelsome, but he was opinionated and unyielding. He was too big a man to quarrel and too conscious of his own powers to yield a point in any

Major Sparhawk had lived a bachelor to the age of 40. At length, however, the erotic dart touched his heart, and he offered to take a wife and make her mistress of the to take a wife and make her mistress of the wife's appropriate department of his house. Sylvia Aspen was a small, delicate woman, pretty and accomplished.

For several years she had taught the primary department of our common school, and the superintending committee were forced to acknowledge that by no other teacher had the scholars ever been so thoroughly governed as by her.

oughly governed as by her.
She had seen 30 years of life, and for reasons best known to herself she had refused all offers of marriage.
And now Major Hannibal Sparhawk of found has head and his head. fered her his hand and his heart.

"Miss Aspen," he said in his blunt, dic tatorial way, "you have known me long enough and well enough to know something of the home I can provide. If you take me, you will take a rough, blunt max who must be his own paster through life. take me, you will take a rough, blunt maz who must be his own master through life. I have my own peculiar views of the true marriage relation. The man is the head of the household. I can love and provide and protect, but I must be master. As I am I offer myself. You will not be deceived." Sylvia smiled one of her sweet, eccentric smiles, and with her small, white hand resting confidingly upon the major's arm she told him she accepted the situation. "You are sure?" he queried.
"I am sure of this," she said, looking up into his face with candid fervor. "I love you well enough to marry you, and as for domestic government the result must be

domestic government the result must be as the result is the world over—the weak must depend upon the strong." Hannibal Sparbawk kissed the little woman and assured her that he would never e tyrannical or unjust, and the day for the

edding was fixed.
People wondered. People wondered, when it was published, that Sylvia Aspen was to become the wife of Major Sparhawk.

"She will be a slave and a drudge!" was "She will be a slave and a drudge!" was the general opinion.
In due time—in early autumn—Hannibal Sparhawk and Sylvia Aspen became man and wife. The major had planned to have the wedding a grand affair—to have his military friends present in full panoply, with a full band of music and appropriate fixings, but Sylvia persuaded him not. She said but little—just enough to make him understand that it would please her to have it different, and he concluded to please her.

They had been married two weeks when the major proposed that he would invite the officers of his regiment to dinner—staff and line—about 50 of them. "I suppose such a dinner means wine and tobacco, and plenty of tt?" said Sylvia.
"Certainly," responded her husband.
"When I invite my friends to my house, I expect to treat them according to the fash-

ion of the times."
"Then, Hannibal, I would rather you did not invite them." The major laughed at the absurdity of his wife's whim. Sylvia was mild, but

squire some went tarter than this, for he conceived the brilliant idea of hiring the town hall (Deacon H.'s barn) with a view to having the teacher give a lecture on her European trip, the proceeds from which were to accrue to her benefit. Miss Raw-"Of course," she said, with a smile, "you were to accrue to her benefit. Miss Rawson, recognizing the kindly feeling which
prompted the act, fell in with the idea and
on the evening appointed gave them a pleasant talk about her travels.
Squire Jones acted as doorkeeper on this
auspicious occasion and accumulated a
hatful of "shillings" as the result of his
zeal in a good cause, all of which he presented with great pride to the teacher,
whom he now felt he could not recompense
sufficiently. "Of course," shesaid, with a smile, "you will do in this matter as you please."
"Of course—I will," declared the husdand emphatically. "You know what I told you in the beginning. I must be master in my own house."
"But," interrupted Sylvia, with the sweetest smile imaginable, "suppose I could show you that the greatest possible amount of comfort and joy you can find will come from pleasing me?"
"Eh?"

"Eh?"
She kissed him and then ran away.
Already Major Hannibal Sparhawk felt a nipping at his ear, as though something were biting it.
Days and weeks passed, and the officers of the grand old regiment were not invited to the proposed retunion at the major's.
It was whispered that his wife would not allow it, and yet when the officers individually had consistent and the the weight. ion to call at the major's residence Sylvia treated them so kindly and so considerately and bestowed upon them so much careful attention as friends of her husband that they went away loud

in her praise.

It was on a pleasant afternoon of the following spring that the social circle connected with our religious society met at the man of the house, who was reading his morning paper on the back porch. "I called the girl 40 minutes ago, and she hasn't got down yet. I don't believe it will pay you to wait to find out. You don't have to wait and I do. Good morning. Don't step or the cat as you go."—Chicago Tribune. major's house. Late in the evening a knot of gentlemen were seated in the great oriel of the back parlor, while at the center table near by were a few of the ladies at In the oriel the conversation turned upon

national affairs. Deacon Rich advanced an idea in opposition to the cherished political opinions of his host. The major was fired "I tell you, sir," he exclaimed, smiting his huge fist upon his knee, "the political sentiments which"—

Hark!
It was the tapping of a knitting needle upon the arm of Sylvia's chair. The major looked up and met the glance of his wife. He coughed and stammered and thensmiled as he said:
"We won't enter into a political discussion in the presence of ladies. At another time, deacon, I will give you my opinion upon the matter."

time, deacon, I will give you my opinion upon the matter."

On their way home Deacon Rich and Squire Lewis walked together.

"Well, deacon, what do you think now about poor little Sylvia's daring to say her soul's her own in the presence of her husbend?"

"I am amazed," confessed the deacon.
"Why, bless mel she rules him with a rod "And yet," suggested Lewis, "he seems "And yet," suggested Lewis, "he seems happy and contented."

"Aye, and there's the wonder. I can't comprehend it, can you?"

"I think I can. There is one way, and one way only, in which a small, weak woman can entirely subjugate and control a brusque, herculean husband. The major is not governed against his will—in fact, his wife does not directly govern him at all. She leads him to govern himself."

Other people wondered as Deacon Rich wondered, for it was apparent to all that the doughty man of war and bluster had become a model husband.

The only man perhaps who did not won-

become a model husband.

The only man perhaps who did not wonder was the major himself. He was content with the prize he had gained. Once a friend asked him if he was not governed by his wife.

his wife.
"No, sir!" was his compliante reply.
"But you do her bidding nevertheless."
"I do just what pleases me," said the major loftily, "and if it pleases me to please my wife whose business is it?"—Boston Globe.

## GRAMMAR.

Thomasville was in raptures one bright

June morning, for after long mouths of closed blinds and barred doors the school-house on the hill was at last to be opened and aired and the cobwebs brushed away, not only from the building, but from the Bog took up his pen, but acknowledging after some mental conflict that he no longer had a youthful appearance, and that he had never been very handsome, did not note down the child's words. He merely said: minds of the pupils as well, for the young idea of the place had been left to sprout, twine and tangle at its own sweet will and down the child's words. He merely said:
"Why must I love you, Jessy?"
"Because I'm little."
"Is it true," Bog asked himself, "is it true that children ought to be loved? Perhaps it may be, for they are certainly in great need of it. That would excuse the common error of mothers who give their little children their nursing and their love. That chapter in my treatise must be revised." had hitherto ran riot to such a degree as to demonstrate fully to those who cared to note the signs that the schoolmaster was indeed abroad at Thomasville.

Nor was the younger portion of the community the only ones who rejoiced at the munity the only ones who rejoiced at the prospect of once more having school "to keep," for indeed with their pleasure was mingled also a little apprehension lest the paths of knowledge might contain, with the flowers of wisdom, a little of the birch of wholesome discipline, but the parental element was also chuckling with glee, mainly, I fear, at the pleasant prospects of being able in so commendable a manner to shift unruly burdens onto shoulders clearly paid for carrying them so many hours daily. That chapter in my treatise must be revised."

On the morning of his birthday, coming into the room where he kept his books and papers, and which he called his book store, he perceived a delicious fragrance and saw a pot of carnations on the window sill. There were only three blossoms, but they were bright scarlet ones, on which the sun shone radiantiy. Everything in the learned room looked cheerful—the old armchair, the black walnut table, the backs of the ancient tomes in their fawnskin parchment and hogskin bindings. Bogus, who was as dry as they, began to follow their example. Jessy, hugging him affectionately, cried: "Look, 'look, Uncle Bog. That's heaven." She pointed through the leaden cased panes at the light blue of the air. "That is the earth, the blooming earth." She pointed to the pot of carnations. "Then down below, where the big black books are, is hell." paid for carrying them so many hours daily. Six months before this bright June mornsix months before this origin of the morning the stage on its daily rounds had deposited at the door of the village tavern a pale and hollow eyed young lady, who had evidently come to this faraway western settlement for a breath of the health giving breezes blown into Thomasville from its surrounding mountains—a sure tonic for an overworked body and brain. The Thoman overworked body and brain. The Thomasville breezes had sustained, their reputation for healing, and the young lady, an experienced teacher in a city school, was about to return home and resume her duties, but at the urgent solicitation of the villagers, who had gained some knowledge of her efficiency as a teacher (partly through her own efforts in the Sanday school), she had been induced to accept the arduous post of schoolmistress in a frontier village. And so this bright June morning Miss Rawson was inducted into her post as instructor by a trio of the county board, composed of Tony Tressel, the blacksmith; Deacop Horsefall, the grocer, and the irrepressible

Squire Jones, a self constituted committee of introduction and installation.

Everything went well for a few days in the little schoolhouse on the hill, and the Everything went well for a few days in the little schoolhouse on the hill, and the village was loud in its praise of the new teacher, of whom it was said that she had even crossed the sea, where Queen Victoria herself had persistently urged her to stay and be governess to the little princesses in the Tower of London, but that her patriotism had gotten the better of her desire for glory and had led her to refuse so tempting an offer, greatly to the advantage of the youth of Thomasville, U. S. A., etc.

But one day the proverbial cloud arose. At first no bigger than a man's hand, it finally descended in a storm of wrathful indignation on the unsuspecting teacher's was not wholly uscless. He put more and more faith in the belief that she was necessary to the economy of his work.

One day while reflecting upon this subject he found her threading a needle before window where the pot of carnations stood, and asked what she was going to sew. Jessy answered: "Don't you know that the swallows have gone, Uncle Bog?" Bogus knew nothing about it, as the fact was mentioned neither by Pliny nor Avicenna.

Jessy added: "Kat told me yesterday." "Kat told me yesterday." "Kat?" cried Bogus, "the child is talking

But one day the proverbial cloud arose.
At first no bigger than a man's hand, it finally descended in a storm of wrathful indignation on the unsuspecting teacher's head. It was reported one day at home by the hopeful Tommy Jones that the new teacher, in her strenuous insistence on the laws of grammatical construction as laid down by Lindley Murray and his successors, had gone so far as to make them all out liars in order to make grammarians of them. It had happened in this way: Tommy Jones, the squire's third hopeful, had been late one morning and was also unusually indolent, not even making an effort to do the "sums" which were his morning's work.

been late one morning and was also unusually indolent, not even making an effort to do the "sums" which were his morning's work.

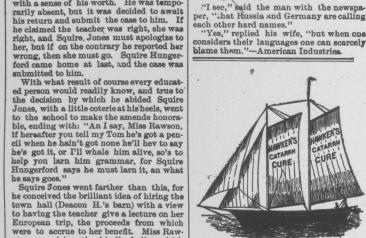
On being reproved for this, he had excused himself on the plea that "he hadn't got no pencil—he done lef' it at home."

"Now, Tommy," said Miss Rawson, "you don't mean you hain't got no pencil, for that would be equivalent to saying you had one. You'must either say 'I haven opencil,' or 'I haven't any pencil." This admonition and correction being repeated at home was understood as conveying the impression that Tommy had lied as regarded the pencil and these sterling frontiersmen looked upon an untruth as a disgrace, so that this naturally caused a whirlwind of indignation, in the midst of which Squire Jones accompanied Tommy back to school to relieve his mind to the teacher.

"I tell you, Miss Rawson," said the indignant squire, "when my Tommy says he hain't got no pencil, he hain't got none, and it's no use tryin to make him lie outen it." In vain the teacher protested against this construction of her words. It was of no use. If that was grammar, then they didn't want their "children to larn grammar, and no teacher frum nowhars shouldn't larn 'em to lie." The excitement finally grew so great that it was decided to hold a "board meetin," at which it was decided to ask the teacher to resign, to make way for a more competent teacher. A conservative element counseled arbitration, however.

There was in the village a lawyer of undoubted education and ability, who had impressed even this ignorant community

No Easy Ones Available. "I see," said the man with the newspaper, "that Russia and Germany are calling each other hard names,"
"Yes," replied his wife, "but when one considers their languages one can scarcely blame them."—American Industries.



HAWKER'S CATARRH CURE Is a POSITIVE CURE for

sufficiently.

All that was nearly 10 years ago, and Thomasville is now almost a city. There are three schoolhouses now, where grammar is presumably taught, and Thomasville youths are distinguishing themselves in "larnin," and the prettiest house in the village is now occupied by Squire Hungerford and his wife, "her that was Miss Rawson."—Chicago Post. With all its Attendant Evils of Bad Breath, Nausea, MANUFACTURED BY

-AND-

There lived in London during the reign of Elizabeth a scholar named Bog, who was famed under the appellation of Bogus for an essay on "Human Errors" which nobody had ever seen.

Bogus, though he had toiled at his work for 90 wars, had not yet rublished any year. for 20 years, had not yet published any por-tion of it, but his manuscript, neatly copied and arranged on shelves in the recess of a window, contained material for no less than 10 folio volumes. The first treated of the error of being born—the root of all the

EDWARD H. CONROY Successor to Daniel Patton WHOLESALE

of persons belonging to the various professions, statesmen, shopkeepers, soldiers, cooks, publicists, etc. The last volumes, which were still unfinished, dealt with the errors of the republic, which result from the sum total of individual and professional blunders.

Bogus had not made the mistake of marrying. He lived alone in his cottage with an old housekeeper named Kat—that is, Catharine—whom he called Clausentina because she came from Southampton.

The 'philosopher's sister, whose mind was less transcendental, heaping error on error, had loved a dry goods dealer, married him and given birth to a little daughter named Jessy.

Her final blunder hell been to die, after 10 years of wedded life, thus causing the death of her husband, who could not survive her loss. Bogus took the orphan home, partly from pity, partly from the hope that she would furnish him a good example of childish errors.

She was then 6 years old. During the first week she spent with himshe did nothing but weep. On the morning of the first day after that she said:

"I saw mamma. She was dressed all in white and had flowers in the folds of her gown. She scattered them over my bed, but I couldn't find them this morning. Give me mamma's flowers."

Bog noted this error, but remarked in his comment that it was an innocent and pleasant one. errors of the republic, which result from the sum total of individual and profession-WINES AND SPIRITS. 17 and 18 North Wharf. ST. JOHN - - - N. B.

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The big black books are, is hell."

The big black books were the 10 volumes of the "Treatise on Human Errors," ranged in a row under the window. This mistake reminded the scholar of his great work, which he had neglected for some time to walk about the streets and parks with his niece. The child discovered a thousand interesting things and showed them to Bogus, who had spent little of his life out of doors. He opened his manuscripts again, but no longer recognized work which he had done when he had neither flowers nor Jessy.

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JESSY.

others.

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the wear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. This South American Nervine has been found by analysis to contain the essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts for its universal adaptability to the cure of all forms of nervous de-Trangement.

Table Great South American Medicine Co.:

Dear Gents:—I desire to say to you that have suffered for many years with a very serious disease of the stomach and nerves. I tried every medicine I could hear of, but nothing done meany appreciable good until I was advised to try your Great South American Nervine Tool and Stomach and Liver Cure, and since using several bottles of it I must say that I am surprised at its wonderful powers to cure the stomach and general nervot a system. If everyone knew the value of this remedy as I do you would not be able to supply the demand.

J. A. Hander, Ex-Trons, Montgomery Co.

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA. CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1867.

My daughter, eleven years old, was severely a nicted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nervine and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause.

State of Indiana, State of Indiana, Montgomery County, \} 88:

Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887.

CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Publication INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

The Great South American Nervine Tonic Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incal-culable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the ex-perience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the one and only one great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic. WONGERIUI CUTATIVE POWERS OF the South American Nervine I onle.

HARRIET E. HALL, of Waynetown, Ind., says:

"I owe my life to the Great South American
Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from
Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from
Nervine Tonic of an exhausted stomach, Indigestion,
Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered
condition of my whole system. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervine
Tonic improved me so much that I was ableto
walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely
all to be the best medicine in the world. I
can not recommend it too highly."

No remedy compares with Sourh American Nervine American Nervine Tonic.

HERLELA A. BRATTON, of New Ross, Indiana,
Mers. ELLA A. BRATTON, of New Ross, Indiana,
Mers. ELLA A. BRATTON, of New Hoss, Indiana,
Says: "I cannot express how much I owe to the
Nervine Tonic. My system was completely shatNervine Tonic. My system was completely shatNervine Tonic, my souries and putting
the complete of the complete of the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for
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the Nervine Tonic in the first stages
of consumption, an inheritance handed down
to have very support of the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for
the Nervine Tonic, my specific provided the provided that the consumption of the provided that the provided that the consumption of the provided that the can not recommend it too highly." | lungs I have ever seen."

No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a seure for the Nerves. No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a wondrous cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at al compare with South American Nervine as a cure for all forms of failing health. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dane. Its powers to build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cause the old, the young, and the mid die aged. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon if you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American Norvine is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the control of the precious shows the state. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this great cure, because it will put the bind of reshmess and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeks and quickly drive away your disabilities and weaknessen.

Large 16 ounce Bottle, \$1.00. EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED. SOLD BY DR. J. PALLEN & SON,

CHATHAM, N. B.