

LED BY LOVE.

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

He stood 6 feet 3 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 ascendant.

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 thing.

Major Sparhawk had lived a bachelor to the age of 40. At length, however, the erotic darts touched his heart, and he offered to take a wife and make her mistress of the 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 superintendent committee were forced to acknowledge that by no other teacher had the scholars ever been so thoroughly governed as by her.

She had been 30 years of age, and for reasons best known to herself she had refused all offers of marriage.

And now Major Hannibal Sparhawk of fered her his hand and his heart.

"Miss Aspen," he said in his blunt, dictatorial way, "you have known me for enough and well enough to know something of this home. Can you promise to take me, you will take a rough, blunt man, who must be his own master through life. I have my own peculiar view 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. I will offer myself. You will not be deceived."

Sylvia smiled one of her sweet, eccentric smiles, and with her small, white hand resting confidently upon the major's arm she said to him: "You are sure?"

"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 as the result is in the world over—the weak must depend upon the strong."

Hannibal Sparhawk, who had never been tyrannical or unjust, and the day for the wedding was fixed.

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 the general opinion.

In due time—in early autumn—Hannibal Sparhawk and Sylvia Aspen became man and wife. The marriage was so kind, the wedding a grand affair—to his military friends present in full panoply, with a full band of music and appropriate fittings, but Sylvia persuaded him not. She said but little—just enough to make him understand that she 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 a dinner and dine—about 50 persons.

"I suppose such a dinner means wine and tobacco, and plenty of it?" said Sylvia.

"Certainly," responded her husband. "When I invite my friends to a dinner, I expect to treat them according to the fashion of the time."

But, Hannibal, I would rather you did not invite them.

The major laughed at the absurdity of his wife's whim. Sylvia was mild, but firm.

"Of course," she said, with a smile, "you will do this in matter as you please."

"Of course I will," declared the husband 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 you will please me in a matter of comfort and joy you can find will come from pleasing me?"

She kissed him and then ran away.

Already Major Hannibal Sparhawk felt a twinge 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 dinner at the major's.

It was whispered that his wife would not allow it, and yet when the officers individually had occasion to call at the major's residence Sylvia treated them so kindly and so considerately and bestowed upon them so much cordial greeting as friends of her husband that they went away long 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 major's home. Late in the evening a knot of gentlemen were seated in the great circle of the bar parlor, while at the outer table near by were a few of the ladies at work.

In the brief conversation turned upon national affairs, Deacon Rich advanced an idea in opposition to the cherished political opinions of his host. The major was fired in a moment.

"I tell you, sir," he exclaimed, smiting his huge fist upon his knee, "the political sentiments which I—"

"Hark!"

It was the tapping of a lightning needle upon the arm of Sylvia's chair. The major looked up and met the gleams of his wife's eyes. He coughed and stammered and then smiled at his aid.

"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."

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

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

"Why, bless me! she rules him with a rod of iron."

"And yet," suggested Lewis, "she seems happy and contented."

"Yes, and there's the wonder. I can't comprehend it, only 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 brute, brawny 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."

"You mean that she is his confidante?"

"That you do her bidding unhesitatingly."

"I do just what she says," said the major loftily, "and if I don't, she will please my wife whose business is it?"

GRAMMAR.

Thomsonville in its raptures one bright June morning, for after long months of closed blinds and barred doors the schoolhouse on the hill rose at last to be opened and aired and the convalescent air, not only from the building but from the minds of the pupils as well, for the young life of the place had been left to sprout, crine and tangie at its own sweet will, and had hitherto run riot to such a degree as to demonstrate fully to those who cared to note the signs that the schoolmaster was indeed abroad at Thomsonville.

Nor was the only one who rejoiced at the prospect of once more having school to keep, for indeed their pleasure was mingled also a little apprehension lest the path of knowledge might contain, with the flowers of wisdom, a little of the herb of wholesome discipline, but the parental element was such chuckling with glee, mainly, I fear, at the pleasant prospect of being able in a commendable manner to shift unburdened onto shoulders clearly paid for carrying them so many hours daily.

Six months before this bright June morning the stage on its daily rounds had deposited at the door of the village tavern a pale and drowsy young lady, who had evidently come to this faraway western settlement for a breath of the health giving breezes blowing from Thomsonville from the surrounding mountains—a sure tonic for an overworked body and brain. The Thomsonville breezes had sustained the young lady for healing, and the young lady, an experienced teacher in a city school, was silent 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 Sunday school), she had been induced to accept the arduous task of schoolmistress in a frontier village.

And so this bright June morning Miss Rowson was inducted into her post as instructor by a trio of the county board, composed of Tony Tressel, the blacksmith; Deacon Rowson, 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 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 was 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 Thomsonville, 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 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, had 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.

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

"Now, Tommy," said Miss Rowson, "you don't mean you haven't got no pencil, for that would be equivalent to saying you don't mean you haven't got no pencil, or 'I haven't any pencil.' This admonition and correction being repeated at home was understood as conveying the implied meaning that Tommy had lied to repeat the lie to the teacher.

With a little of this kind of thing, the indignant squire, "when my Tommy says he hasn't got no pencil, he hasn't got none, and he 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 learn grammar, but to lie."

The excitement finally grew so great that it was decided to hold a "board meeting," at which it was decided to ask the teacher to resign, to make way for a more competent teacher. A conservative element counselled abstinence, however. There was in the village a lawyer of undoubted education and ability, who had impressed even this ignorant community with a sense of his worth. He was temporarily absent, but it was decided to wait his return and submit the case to him. If he claimed the teacher was right, she was right, and Squire Jones must apologize for her, but if on the contrary he reported her wrong, then she must go. Squire Hungerford came home at last, and the case was submitted to him.

Squire Jones went farther than this, for he conceived the brilliant idea of hiring the lawyer, bail Deacon (his name) 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 Rowson, 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 doorman on this auspicious occasion and accumulated a pile of "bills" for the residents who came in a good cause, all of which he presented with great pride to the teacher, whom he now felt he could not recompense sufficiently.

All that was nearly 10 years ago, and Thomsonville is now almost a city. There are three schoolhouses now, where grammar and Squire Jones must apologize for her, but if on the contrary he reported her wrong, then she must go. Squire Hungerford came home at last, and the case was submitted to him.

Partners in Misery.

"Have you got anything for a hungry man to eat?" inquired the unwashed tourist in the frazzled trousers plaintively.

"I do, now, my friend," answered 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 out on the cat as you go."—Chicago Tribune.

JESSE.

There lived in London during the reign of Elizabeth a schoolmaster named Bogus, who was famed under the appellation of Bogus for an essay on "Human Errors" which no body had ever seen.

Bogus, though he had tolled at his work 80 years, had not yet published any portion of it, but his manuscript, neatly copied and arranged on shelves in the recess of a room, was the pride of his life. He was 10 folio volumes. The first treated of the error of being born—the root of all the evils.

The following ones related to the mistakes of little boys and girls, youths, men of mature age and graybeards, and those of persons belonging to the various professions, statesmen, soldiers, soldiers, cooks, publicists, etc. The last volume, which was still unfinished, dealt with the errors of the people, which result from the sum total of individual and professional sins.

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

The philosopher's sister, whose mind was less transcendental, helping error on error, had loved a dry goods dealer, married him and given him an ill-fated daughter named Jesse.

The first blunder had 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 nurse for his children.

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

"I was dressed all in white and had flowers in the folds of her gown. She scattered them over my bed, and then she said, 'Give me mamma's flowers.'"

Bogus noted this error, but remarked in his comment that it was an innocent and pleasant one.

"Uncle Bogus, you are old and ugly, but I love you dearly, and you must love me."

Bogus 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 for his age, he noted the child's words. He merely said:

"Because I'm little."

"Is it true?" Bogus asked himself, "is it that children ought to be loved? Perhaps it may be for they are certainly 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."

On the morning of his birthday, coming into the room where he kept his books and papers, and which he called his library, he perceived a delicious fragrance and saw a lot of carnations on the window sill. There were only three blossoms, but they were bright scarlet ones, on which the sun had been shining brightly. Bogus, who was a little of a philosopher, looked at the red and white carnations, and then he said:

"That is the earth, the blooming earth." The pointed to the pot of carnations. "Then down below, where the big black books were, he found the 10 volumes of the 'Treatise on Human Errors,' ranged in a row under the window. This mistake 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 manuscript again, but no longer recognized work which he had done when he had neither flowers nor Jesse.

Fortunately philosophy came to his aid by suggesting the transcendental idea that Jesse was not viciously useless. He put more and more faith in the belief that that was necessary to the economy of his work.

One day while reflecting upon this subject he found her threading a needle before the window where the pot of carnations stood, and asked what she was going to sew.

Jesse answered:

"Don't you know that the swallows have gone, Uncle Bogus?"

Bogus knew nothing about it, as the fact was mentioned neither by Eliza nor by Eliza's sister.

Jesse added:

"I told me yesterday."

"I told me yesterday," the child is talking about the worthy Clementine."

"I told me yesterday," the swallows had gone earlier than usual this year. That means an early and severe winter. That's what Kat said. And then I saw mamma in her white dress, with a halo round her hair, only she had no flowers like those she wore the other time. She said, 'Jesse, you must take Uncle Bogus's hair into great account of the trunk and mend it, if it needs mending.' I woke, and as soon as I got up I took the crock out of the trunk, and as there are rips in several places I'm going to sew it."

Winter came and fulfilled the swallows' predictions. Bogus, in his greatcoat, with his feet close to the fire, was trying to resist certain chapters in his treatise. But whenever he succeeded in reconciling his own experience with that of universal evil Jesse upset his idea by bringing in a mug of nice ale or merely letting him see her eyes and smile.

When summer came, uncle and niece took long walks in the fields, where Jesse collected plants, which he named and which he ranged in the evenings according to their properties. During these walks she showed a keen intelligence and a charming disposition. One evening while she was walking with him, she said to him:

"Take that one," said Bogus.

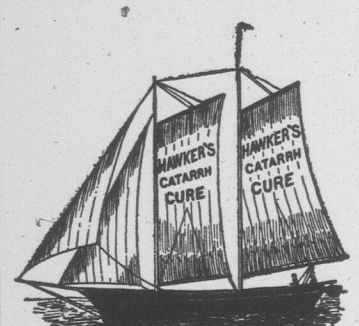
And he pointed to the first volume of the 'Treatise on Human Errors.'

When it had a plant on every page, the next ones were taken, and in three summers the scholar's masterpiece was converted into a herbarium.—Romance.

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 Insurance.



The above is a sketch of one of a number of Coasting vessels that coast along the Atlantic seaboard. It is a Hawker's Catarrh Cure, a medicine for the cure of Catarrh.

With all its attendant evils of Bad Breath, Nausea, Deafness, Rumbling in the Head, Etc., SOLD EVERYWHERE. PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS.

MANUFACTURED BY The Hawker Medicine Co. Ltd.

M. J. HEY, of Toronto, Ont., says: "I have been a great sufferer for years with Catarrh, and have tried every kind of medicine, but without success, until I tried Hawker's Catarrh Cure, which gave me immediate relief and made a permanent cure."

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The Suburban has opened a Barber Shop and Tobacco and Cigar Store in the eligible premises on the corner of the new Dominion building in course of erection, opposite the new Dominion building in course of erection.

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The one Great Cause of its popularity is that it makes no unfounded pretensions, but

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This Hotel has been entirely Refurnished, throughout and every possible arrangement is made to secure the Comfort of Guests. Sample Rooms on the premises.

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The most elegant, the safest, the strongest and most complete hotel of the world. On the European plan, with a grand restaurant. Fresh air and pure water. Artificial ice and cold storage used exclusively. Every room, bath and closet most substantially constructed, rendering it impossible for insects to penetrate, thus making all rooms delightfully cool, even in the hottest weather, a feature unknown in other hotels.

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