THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE

Why the Red Headed Girl Married a Soldier.

Alvan Hart was doing picket duty in the south in 1863. A girl, a mere snip of fifteen, came tripping along and, without asking permission, was proceeding to pass the picket.

"Halt, there!" cried Alvan.

"I'm goin' down the road thar, Mr. Sojerman, an' I'd like to see you una stop me. I told Mag I'd see her this mornin' an' help her trim her hat."

"You can't pass here," said Alvan.

"Why not?"

"'Gainst orders."

"I'm goin' anyway." And she stepped forward. Alvan planted himself in the road before her. The girl, seeing that he was determined, turned and disappeared among the trees.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon Alvan saw a figure coming up the road, and when it drew near who should it be but the rebellious girl of the morning.

"How did you get through?" he asked, surprised.

The girl puckered up her mouth at him, the only reply she deigned to make.

"You can go in," he told her.

"Who axed you to go in?" she snapped, making a face at him as she tripped by. Then he noticed how homely she was. She was freckled; her hair was the same color as the freckles and was worn in a pigtail down her back; her nose was a pug; her teeth were her only attractive feature, being white and regular; her eyes were a steel blue and might have been well enough had it not been for the spitefulness in them.

Alvan Hart marched southward as far as the Tennessee river, then marched back to Louisville. After that he marched to the sea and when the war was ended marched home. Ten years later he was a business man whose interests lay largely in the south. Having decided to open a branch in Atlanta, he went there to establish it himself. During his stay he made the acquaintance of a very attractive young woman with Titian hair and expressive blue eyes. He fell desperately in love with her and married her. The day after the wedding Mrs. Hart was talking of wartime incidents and recounted the very scene between the rude little chit of fifteen and the young soldier who had stopped her while he was on picket duty, the red headed chit being herself. Hart was astonished. Could it be that he had married that little vixen? He concluded to conceal his own identity.

"How did you go out through the lines?" he asked.

"There was a shallow gully near by. I got down on my hands and knees and crawled through it."

"What made you treat the soldier so scornfully?"

"Natural depravity, I reckon. I resolved that if I should ever meet him I would punish him for standing in my way in the road, with his musket pointed at me. He ought to have been ashamed of himself." Her eyes flashed and her color rose at the remembrance.

Mrs. Hart gradually took command of her husband. He struggled to be master of the house, but, do what he would, his wife always came out ahead. There was a certain persistence about her that wore him out. However, she made him a very good wife, and he felt disposed to grin and bear it. He feared to let her know that he was the soldier who had stopped her in the road lest she should reduce him still further to subjection. However, one evening when they were both feeling especially happy the husband went up to the garret, got his soldier hat, uniform out of a trunk, put it on, fixed his belt and cartridge box about his waist, not forgetting the canteen, took up his musket and, going downstairs, stood in the door of their sitting room with a determined look on his face and his musket pointed at his wife.

"Halt!"

Mrs. Hart looked up. There was no surprise on her face. She seemed merely amused.

"Don't you recognise me, my dear?"

"Recognise you? Yes; you are my own dear husband."

"Nothing more?"

"A very obedient husband."

Hart began to wince. He almost regretted that he had determined to attempt to surprise her. However, he was in for it and must go on.

"Do I look anything like the fellow who stopped you in the road when you were a girl?"

"Not much. You're the [illegible]."

"My dear," he said, lowering his musket, "I'm the very man."

Mrs. Hart went on sewing without reply.

"Don't you believe me?"

"Believe you! Of course I do. I recognised you the moment I met you."

"And married me?"

Mrs. Hart rose from her chair and, going to her husband, put her arms around his neck. "How could I punish you better than by marrying you?"

"My love," replied the subdued husband, "I have learned by bitter experience never to contradict you."

"You have borne your punishment beautifully, and henceforth I will do my best to make you happy."

Mrs. Hart kept her word. Soon after a little stranger came and made a new bond of union between husband and wife. The episode that was the cause of their marriage was never afterward mentioned between them except in merriment.

COINS UNDER WEIGHT.

In England It's the Duty of Those Who Get Them to Break Them.

It is the duty of every one in England subject to the law to refuse light coin that is under a certain weight, but to break it.

"Every person," the act reads, "shall by himself or others, cut, break or deface such coin tendered to him in payment, and the person tendering the same shall bear the loss."

But in spite of this fact it is a risky business interfering with coins which you may suspect to be under weight or spurious. Some months ago a Grimsby woman offered a half sovereign in payment of goods to a local shopkeeper. The latter put the coin in a testing machine and, as it broke in two, refused to take it.

The coin, however, was pronounced by experts to be perfectly genuine, and when the case was taken into a court of law the shopkeeper was ordered to refund 10 shillings to the customer.

Money, both gold and silver, wears out at a startling rate. It is reckoned that there is usually £100,000,000 in gold coin in England, a very large proportion of which is locked in the strong rooms of banks. Yet of that which is in active circulation the wastage is so great that during every twelve months £70,000 worth of gold and silver is rubbed off into fine dust.—Pearson's Weekly.

PUNCTUATION.

The Modern System Was Introduced by Aldus Manutius.

Punctuation, by means of stops or points, so as to indicate the meaning of sentences and assist the reader to a proper enunciation, is ascribed originally to Aristophanes, an Alexandrian grammarian, who lived in the third century B. C. Whatever his system may have been, it was subsequently neglected and forgotten, but was reintroduced by Charlemagne, the various stops and symbols being designed by Warnefrid and Alcuin.

The present system of punctuation was introduced in the latter part of the fifteenth century by Aldus Manutius, a Venetian printer, who was responsible for the period, colon, semicolon, comma, marks of interrogation and exclamation, parenthesis and dash, hyphen, apostrophe and quotation marks. These were subsequently copied by other printers until their use became universal.

Most ancient languages were innocent of any system of punctuation. We find in many early manuscripts that the letters are placed at equal distances apart, with no connecting link between words. In the matter of spacing, an arrangement which must have rendered reading at sight somewhat difficult.

Wesley's School Rules.

John Wesley held that school children should do without holidays altogether. When he opened Kingswood school in 1748 he announced that "the children of [illegible] parents, so called, [illegible] will [illegible] broken in [illegible] person whatever. [illegible] all the rules of the [illegible] they will not take them from school, no, not for a day, till they take [illegible]." Further, no play days were permitted, and no time was ever allowed for play on the ground that he who plays when he is a child will play when he becomes a man. Every Friday the children [illegible] till 5 in the afternoon without breaking their fast.—London Chronicle.

A Faith Cure.

Dr. John Oldfield relates a story of his student days at St. Bartholomew's hospital. A man came to him with an injury to his hand. The doctor did not know what the ailment was, but he prescribed an ointment which was practically inert. The man returned to the hospital the following week.

"Ah, sir," he said, "I begin to recognise why it is that St. Bartholomew's hospital has such a great reputation! I come from Leicester and have been to all the doctors in Leicester. Your ointment has done me more good in one week than all the ointment of the doctors of Leicester in many months."

That result, added the doctor, was owing to the fact that the man came to St. Bartholomew's believing that he could be cured there.—London Graphic.

Two Records.

"I have crossed the Atlantic twenty times," boasted the man from New York.

"Have you?" replied the man from Chicago. "My record beats that."

"Oh, yes? How many times have you been over?"

"I've never been over at all, but I've [illegible]."

"Quite remarkable. By the way, [illegible] are there now?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Good Advice.

Ethel—You keep duplicates of all your old love letters? What an idea! Wilhelmina—[illegible] while I have done something particularly foolish I just read over some of those letters. It is quite encouraging to know that I'm not nearly so much of a fool as I used to be.—Exchange.

Not Easily Caught.

Wife—I see you're putting on your new coat. It makes my old hat look awfully shabby. Husband—Is that so? Well, that's soon mended. I'll put on my old coat.—Fliegende Blätter.

Worry poisons the mind just as much as a deadly drug poisons the body and just as surely.

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

John Pierpont Morgan, Financier and Art Patron.

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John Pierpont Morgan of New York and London, art patron, financier and promoter of industrial combinations, may appear as a witness before the house committee investigating the steel trust. At present Mr. Morgan is in Europe, whither he went on an art collecting expedition and incidentally to see King George of England crowned. He was specially invited by the king to be present at Westminster Abbey, an honor not shared by any other private American citizen or unofficial visitor from any nation whatsoever.

John W. Gates, in his testimony before the Stanley committee, said that Mr. Morgan engineered the steel trust; further, that he planned the coup by which Tennessee Coal and Iron became the property of the steel company. Now Mr. Morgan is going before the committee, it is said, to tell his version.

Mr. Morgan is now seventy-four years old, but still vigorous in body and mind. He was born at Hartford, Conn., and educated at Boston and Gottingen, Germany. He entered banking business in 1857 and in 1871 became a member of Drexel, Morgan & Co., now J. Pierpont Morgan & Co., the leading private banking house in America.

[illegible]

Since the first year of Mrs. Taft's occupancy of the White House as its mistress she has not taken a large part in its public social functions. Her health has been such that her physicians forbade needless waste of energy.

William Howard Taft married Helen Herron in Cincinnati on June 19, 1886.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Booker T. Washington, after a [illegible] was standing on the platform of a railway station when a [illegible] strode up to him.

"Here you're [illegible] Booker Washington's great speech! Only 2 cents!"

[illegible]

SMILE WHEN YOU LOSE.

[illegible]

FREEDOM OF THE CITY.

An Honor Which Had Its Birth in the Middle Ages.

The ceremony of presenting the freedom of the city as an honor arose in the middle ages, when such right was not acquired by [illegible] stranger would move into a medieval town [illegible] gainful occupation [illegible] First [illegible] in the guild [illegible] to undergo an apprenticeship of full seven years before he could be admitted to its livery. Then only [illegible] of his city.

[illegible]

A MEDIEVAL LOVE AFFAIR

[illegible]