EVERY CHILD A MONARCH.

A little kingdom I possess, Where thoughts and feelings dwell, And very hard I find the task Of governing it well; For passion tempts and troubles me, A wayward will misleads, And selfishness its shadow casts On all my words and deeds.

How can I learn to rule myself, To be the child I should, Honest aud brave, nor ever tire Of trying to be good? How can I keep a sunny soul To shine along life's way? How can I tune my little heart To sweetly sing all day?

Dear Father, help me with the love That casteth out my fear; Teach me to lean on thee, and feel That thou art very near, That no temptation is unseen, No childish grief too small, Since thou, with patience infinite, Dost soothe and comfort all.

I do not ask for any crown But that which all may win, Nor seek to conquer any world Except the one within. Be thou my guide until I find, Led by a tender hand, Thy happy kingdom in myself,

And dare to take command. -Louisa M. Alcott.

MISS GAYFORD'S GROOM.

"That's a remarkably handsome young man for a groom," said Lady Dormer

dryly.

Dick Dimsdale turned to look at a man in a smart livery who was leading a lady's hunter up and down the drive. It was that merriest of all English scenes-a meet in the grounds of an old country house. The air was crisp and fresh, and the quaint redbrick mansion, the brown-branched trees, and the wide windy sky, made a typical background to the animated group of pink-coated horsemen. There had been a hunt breakfast at Dormer Grange, and now its young mistress stook at the hall door watching her guests mount.

"Handsome?" repeated Capt. Dimsdale, with a queer laugh. "O, you think so, too, do you? I can't say I see anything in him myself. But Miss Gayford was staying at the Travers' when I was there for the hunting last year, and she had this same groom, Weston, with her then."

"I must say he looks uncommonly well set up and gentlemanly. Why, he might be a 'sub' in a cavalry regiment," replied Lady Dormer, with a good-natured laugh.

At that instant there was that bustle and stir among the group of assembled men which betokens the appearance of "the prettiest woman in the house." A tall, well-made girl, whose dark hair and scarlet lips were set off by the smartest of "pink" coats, came laughingly down the hall-steps. She was at once surrounded by all the younger men, with each of whom Miss Gavford seemed to be on the cheeriest terms. And yet it was neither Lord St. Leger nor any of the other guests who was allowed to swing the Irish beauty into her

"By Jove! isn't that rather hot?" muttered Dimsdale to himself. "The girl is actually whispering to that infernal groom! I know young women with money are pretty free-and-easy nowadays, but, hang it! they surely don't flirt with the stable boys?" and the gallant captain whistled his annoyance. He was of the order of men who are loth to believe anything but the worst-especially of women.

"Isn't Eileen lovely!" cried Lady Dormer, with the supreme generosity which one noted beauty can afford to show another. "Fitteen thousand a year, Dickno father, mother, or tiresome relations, and eyelashes which may make her a countess any day. Take an old friend's advice, go in and win-you know how."

And Capt. Dimsdale thought that he did know how. At any rate he promised himself he would not fail for want of trying. Mounting his hunter promptly, Dick trotted after the heiress, in the hopes of

forestalling Lord St. Leger, whose horse had not yet been brought round from the stables. His pertinacity was rewarded, for it was he who piloted the beautiful Miss Gayford across country that day. Somehow or other, men fought rather

shy of Dick Dimsdale. Several vague but shady stories were affoat about him. With women, on the other hand, he was perennially popular. "Handsome Dick," these fair cynics used to say, "was too good looking not to have enemies. And as for his debts, what of that? Every nice young man had little financial difficulties, and if one was to know only people who paid their tailors' bills, why, whom would one have to take to the play, and to drive down to Hurlingham with? Everybody went the pace in the -th Dragoon Guards, and naturally 'dear Dick' performed that familiar evolution with the rest of his brother

So thoroughly, indeed, had Capt. Dimsdale swum with the tide, that he was now on the verge of ruin; and so, much as he revolted at the prospects of matrimonial fetters, he determined in his desperation to make the running with the Irish. Girls, he argued to himself, proverbially preferred red coats to black, and Irishwomen, moreover, were notoriously impressionable. Why, therefore, should he not stand a decent chance of making himself master of the beautiful Eileen's cheque-book? A girl of twenty-two from county Meath could hardly have heard of his little peccadilloes-those social backslidings which made men fight shy of him at the clubs. With women, at any rate, he was always

As yet, however, he had made very little roof, and more than once Miss Gayford will prove satisfactory in his new line. I was a tall beaver, and above it nodded a had administered to him an unmistakable shouldn't have thought, though, that you long red plume. The hat band was of snubbing. But Dick Dimsdale was not to need have gone to a stable for a husband." silver lace. A broad blue ribbon around be put off by such trifles as a girl's dis-like, and, to do him justice, Miss Gayford's marked aversion was an almost unique ex-perience for him. Perhaps it and a girl's dis-treplied Eileen quietly, "of interfering in my private affairs, I may tell you that fan completed the unfortunate Indian's

surrender presently at discretion.

friendships all ended in the same old story. By some means or other, St. Leger must be got out of the running. Dick could not let this chance slip. Only that morning he had had a letter from his major, requesting the settlement of a gambling debt to the tune of £2,000. This, of course, must be paid, but how was he to raise the wind? Now, any of the tribe of Israel would advance him that sum if he were publicly announced as engaged to Miss Gaytord, one of the biggest heiresses of the

But Fate was against the gallant captain's matrimonial projects. Coming home that afternoon with Miss Eileen, in a dark lane, he hazarded some love-making, and received a very serious rebuff.

"Confound that girl!" he muttered to himseli, as he dressed for dinner. "She made me feel a thorough fool just now! She shall pay for that some day. I'll be even with her yet."

On Sunday morning, when the carriages came round to take the guests to church, only one of the party failed to put in an appearance, and that was Miss Gayford. A maid tripped down to say that her mistress had a sudden attack of neuralgia, and was lying down; and Lady Dormer, counselling quinine, collected her guests and drove to church. No one noticed that Capt. Dimsdale was missing.

"Deuced odd," mused that young gentleman, as he wandered about the empty rooms and conservatories. "She looked as fit as a new pin at breakfast. I think I'll hang about and see what my young

lady's up to."

Lady Dormer was very punctilious on the subject of church, and insisted on as many of her servants attending morning service as could possibly be spared, so that Dimsdale found the tables deserted when he strolled down to smoke a cigar in his favorite lounging-place. "It's beastly dull work," thought Dick. "spending a morning by ones selt. A fellow ought to have an unnaturally good conscience to be able to stand much of his own society."

There was not a single groom or stable boy about, so he strolled into the various loose-boxes, making a critical examination of their inmates. "I'll just have a look," he said, "at those two hunters of Miss Eileen's. The girl's no fool; she knows a good horse when she sees one."

Pushing open the door, he saw a sight which made him whistle under his breath. Miss Gayford, the great Irish heiress, was hiding a blushing face on the shoulder of

John Weston, her goom. "That will do nicely," muttered Dick, closing the door softly, and going out. soul! I think I'm even with her now."

That night in the smoking-room he detained St. Leger after the rest of the men had turned in. The young Earl's face was in Colorado, where they devote the whole in Colorado, where they devote the whole a study as he heard Captain Dimsdale's of their fortune and leisure to the breeding whispered communication.

"It's a lie, and you know it," was all he said. "I shall inform Lady Dormer tomorrow of your behavior to one of her

Dick Dimsdale went to his room tormented by doubts and fears. St. Leger, it was obvious, was so much gone on the girl that he would believe nothing against her. It Dick tailed to prove his case, it would mean social ostracism forever; for not even his most ardent admirers would care to have a tame cat about who was known to be capable of showing such very sharp claws. The next thing would be to take terms with the girl himself. Surely no woman in her senses would refuse the shelter of his name under the circumstances? And the terms must be made at once-before St. Leger had had time to tell Lady Dormer of his dubious insinuations. At eight o'clock he scribbled a few lines on a bit of paper, and commissioned a housemaid to convey his message to Miss

Half-an-hour later the heiress met him in the conservatory, where he had begged for an interview. She looked a trifle pale, but was perfectly self-possessed.

"You wish to see me?" she said coldly, without offering her hand.

"I do. The fact is, Miss Gayford, I want to give you a little triendly advice." "I was not aware," replied Eileen "that I was in need of any.'

"Well, opinions differ. Some girls would think they wanted help in your position. Do you know," he added, watching her narrowly, "that I happed to go into the stables on Sunday morning when the others were all at church?"

Miss Gayford's face turned whiter still as she whispered with clenched teeth: "So playing the spy is one of your amusements,

"My dear girl, don't get angry. The truth is, I love you, and I am willing to forget and forgive everything if you will consent to be my wife. No living soul shall ever know that story if you marry

"Thanks, awfully," replied the heiress, with an amused laugh. "Ever since I met you, Captain Dimsdale, you have persecuted me with your insulting attentions, but you have never insulted me so much as by asking me to be your wife."

"Very well, Miss Gayford," retorted Dick, who had now lost his head completely. "I must tell you that, as an old friend of Lady Dormer's I feel bound to inform her of what is going on under her roof.

"Threats?" said Eileen, raising her eyebrows. "I am afraid you are expending your ingenuity in vain. And to spare you any future trouble, I beg to inform you that I told Lady Dormer the whole story last night ---'

"You told Lady Dormer - ?" "That John Weston is my husband. I

married him by special license more than two months ago. way. He had been nearly a week with the added, with mock courtesy: "I congratu- gold lace in profusion. Moccasins had

s under Lady Dormer's hospitable late you, I'm sure. Hope the young man given place to high-heeled boots. His hat

perience for him. Perhaps it was her way, John Weston is a gentleman-his birth is outfit. Wi-jun-jon had learned to smoke he argued to himself; some women like to as good as mine; but his father—one of cigars and to whistle "Yankee Doodle." keep a fellow off as long as they can, to the Irish landlords who have been ruined Civilization had loosened his tongue. He But even Dick, blinded as he was by his The only thing which Jack understood accomplishments. He never tired of talkown fatuity, could hardly help seeing that thoroughly was horses, and he was just ing of what he had seen in Washington. if anybody in the house-party interested going to enlist in a cavalry regiment when Miss Gayford, it was Lord St. Leger, and I offered him the place of head-groom in boines when their travelled Indian returned.

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and ALLISON.

day he rode out with me, and every day I came to this: that I could not live without week."

"And may I ask," sneered Dick, "as we are entering into details, what was your game with St. Leger?" "Why, he is one of the best and oldest

friends I have in the world. Lord St. Leger was the only witness at the registrar's office in Dublin, where I was mar-

The £2.000 not being forthcoming, her Majesty was shortly afterwards deprived of Capt. Dimsdale's services; and that young gentleman went to reside on the Continent. "So that's why we don't care about peers or military men. Quite romantic upon my Carlo, where he is a familiar, if rather outrouge-et-noir.

of race-horses, and are perfectly happy.— Edmund Yates, in London World.

THE FATE OF WI-JUN-JON

Wi-jun-jon was an Assinaboine chief. He went in all of his Indian toggery to see the Great Father at Washington. He returned to the Yellowstone country outfitted as a dude of the year 1832. When Wijun-jon was on his way to Washington he stopped at St. Louis, and reluctantly yielded to the request of George Catlin, the artist, to be permitted to paint him. During the ordeal, for such it was to the Indian, he stood "sullen as death." As a model he was perfect, but it was evident that the struggle for self control was almost too much for him. This was the young chief's first visit to civilization. He and his companion had come down the Missouri River from the mouth of the Yellowstone. When they came in sight of the settlements they adopted the idea of taking a census of the white men's houses, so that they could report on them when they got home. At first they did this by making a notch in a pipestem for every house their Mackinaw boat passed. But soon the pipestem was full. The handle of a war club also gave out. Then Wi-jun-jon and his associate went ashore and got several sticks and kept up their notch register. Stick after stick was filled. At length they floated down in front of St. Louis, which was then a great city of 15,000 people. The Indians looked in astonishment at the rows of houses, consulted together earnestly for a few moments, and threw the notched sticks into the river.

When Wi-jun-jon stood before Catlin for his first portrait he wore his leggings and shirt of mountain goatskin. Quills of porcupine were worked into the skin, and the edges of the garments were fringed with scalps. Above his head was the dress of war eagle's feathers. Over his shoulders was thrown the skin of a young buffalo, with drawings to illustrate the feats he had achieved. His hair, in long plaits, hung down below his waist. He carried his shield of the skin of a buffalo's neck, his bow and arrows, and his pipe of peace. He was the picturesque savage complete in all details.

The Indian went on to Washington. The artist remained in St. Louis that winter of 1831-32. Artist and Indian met in the spring. They were fellow pas-sengers on the first steamboat which ascended the Missouri, the Yellowstone, commissioned by the American Fur Company. Wi-jun-jon made his appearance as the boat was about to start. What a transformation! During his winter in Washington he had been a social lion. He had seen everybody and everything. He had been completely captivated by civilization. And here was the result. Every article of his Indian wardrobe had been discarded. He wore a suit of blue broadcloth. On his shoulders he wore epaulets. "The deuce you did!" shouted Dick, who His coat and trousers were trimmed with

not himself. True, the girl treated the young Earl much like a brother; but then, as Dimsdale argued to himself, these living than sponge on other people. Every broadcloth coat went first. With their to any address.

But the second day after his return the dismantling began. The flowing skirts of his broadcloth coat went first. With their St. John,

gold-lace trimming they made a pair of Now Showing in a Cloth Department | gold-lace trimming they made a pair of gaudy leggings for Mrs. Wi-jun-jon. The rest of the coat the returned chief bestowed upon his brother. The band of silver lace orchid flower pin, and stranger, weirder disappeared from the hat and made its jewelry never was devised. The orchids appearance around a squaw's leg. The third day found the chief in moccasins and COLORS, Etc., buckskin leggings, above which a fine linen snakes' mouths are hissing and snakes' shirt, with study and sleeve buttons, was eyes are gleaming to look at the beautiful, displayed. In a week Wi-jun-jon had ex- dainty, unearthly forms in their droll hausted the stock of firewater brought all browns and yellows, their vivid orange and the way from Washington, and had given pink and green tones. Sometimes a long away everything he had brought with him except the blue umbrella. To that he diamonds, and again the stem is a coil of clung. As he sobered up he began to tell emeralds about to spring. It's only women in detail what he had seen. He described of rare and strange beauty who can in his way the patent office and the models | properly wear orchid flower jewelery. The of machinery. He pictured the ascent of a homely clover head with diamond dewballoon, a review of troops, the battle ship, drop is safer for the many, or the large the big guns, the steamboats, the stages. flowered forget-me-not, or blue bachelors' Every day he had a fresh story. At first buttons, the Assinaboines listened in great wonderment. Then they began to doubt. Before long Wi-jun-jon was openly denounced as a liar. But he talked on. The other In-Ladies have an immense variety of ma- dians called him "lying medicine-" But skepticism had no effect upon the chief. He continued to talk. Fear took the place of contempt. One of the tribe concluded that it would be a public spirited act to stop the tongue of Wi-jon-jon. In his Indian simplicity he argued that an ordin-ary bullet would have no effect upon such a romancer. He studied over various plans for getting rid of the talker. At length the suggestion came to him in a dream. He hung around the fur company's store at the mouth of the Yellowstone until he found the opportunity to steal the handle of an iron pot. This he took into the woods and battered until it was straight and round and would go into the barrel of a gun. When he was ready he charged his gun with this fearlearned to like him more and more. It ful missile and walked into camp. He found Wi-jun-jon telling one of his marhim; but until I could settle my affairs and vellous tales, slipped up behind, put the make arrangements for leaving England, muzzle of the gun almost to the talker's I thought it best to keep my marriage a head and blew out his brains.—St. Louis secret. We sail for New York today Globe-Democrat.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

Some Interesting Facts About These Too Common Afflictions-Encouragement for the Sufferers-How Even the Worst Cases Can be Cured, and the Patient Live to Good Old Age.

NERVOUS TROUBLES WHICH MAY BE EASILY CURED.

If the nerves get tired easily, the sleep is poor, and there is lack of brain force, don't think that the sure end is the insane asylum or the grave. Of course if these symptoms are not attended to in season, of-elbow, figure in the room devoted to there is a very strong probability of serious results. One of the worst features of this other dangerous illness, and the apparently vigorous person is an easy prey for death.

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Almost a Hint.

He—Give me a kiss? She-You should be ashamed of your-

"Ashamed of what?" "Of asking for a kiss when you have such a chance to take one."—Texas Siftings.



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The Jumbo of Oysters.

At the Baptist ministers' weekly conference yesterday the topic was "Heaven-is it a place or a condition?" In the course of the discussion the Rev. Dr. Hartman

"I think that our occupation of heaven will be greatly changed in the future. If the gate of heaven is but one pearl I would like to see the oyster from which it came. That story is old enough to have become a little fishy."—Cleveland Leader.

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"Yes," replied the genial minister, "Carpenter and joiner."--Munsey's Weekly.

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Bridget-Enjoy sleep, is it? How could I? The minit I lay down I'm aslape, an' the, minit I'm awake I have to get up. Where's the time for enjoyin' it ?-Ex.

A Doubter.

The Man with a Scheme-It's a big thing, to tell the truth. The Man with the Money-Then why don't you tell it .- Terre Haute Express.

Knew How She Felt.

"I feel ejected!" exclaimed Mrs. Fangle. "You mean de-jected," said her husband with a superior air of wisdom. "No; I mean ejected-I feel put out, you know."-Judge.

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†8.55 a. m.—Accommodation for Bangor, Portland, Beston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock. 4.10 p. m.—Fast Express, via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West, Houlton, and Woodstock. CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL.

†4.45 p. m.-Express for Fredericton and inter-18.45 p. m .- Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, 17.35 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car at

Bangor at †6.00 a. m. Parlor Car attached; 7.35 p. Nanceboro at ¶1.15, †10.20, †10.45 a. m.; †12.10

Moodstock at †6.00, †10.40 a.m.; †8.30 p.m. Houlton at †6.00, †11.40 a.m.; †8.30 p.m. St. Stephen at †7.05, †9.00, †11.55 a.m. St. Andrews at †6.30 a.m. Fredericton at †6.05, †11.20 a. m.; †3.20 p. m. Arriving in St. John at ¶5.45, †8.45 a. m.; †1.15,

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. †8.10 a. m. for Fairville and West.

†4.30 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. ‡Daily except Saturday. †Daily except Monday. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.

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SHORE LINE RAILWAY!

St. Stephen and St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

O^N and after THURSDAY, Oct 3, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows: LEAVE St. John at 1 p. m., and Carleton at 1.25 p. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.10 p.m.;

LEAVE St. Stephen at 7.45 a. m., St. George, 9.50 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.25 p. m., St. John

FREIGHT up to 500 or 600 ths.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 WATER STREET, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m. BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will

be in attendance. FRANK J. McPEAKE,

St. John, N. B., Oct. 2, 1889. Intercolonial Railway

1889---Winter Arrangement---1890 ON and after MONDAY, 18th November, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:-

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton..... 7.30 A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halitax at 7.15 o'clock and St. John

trains leaving Hamax at 7.13 o'clock and St. John at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.20 and take Sleeping Car at Moncton.

The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 16.20, will run to destination on Sunday. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex. 8.36
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec. 11.16

by steam from the locomotive. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER, Moncton, N. B., 15th Nov., 1889. Buctouche and Moncton Railway.

On and after MONDAY, 18th November, Trains will run as follows:

Leave Buctouche, 8.30 | Leave Moncton, 15.30 Arr. Moncton.... 10.30 | Arr. Buctouche, 17.30 C.F. HANINGTON, Moncton, 14th Nov., 1889.

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