





The "Maritime Farmer,"  
a Weekly Journal, devoted to AGRICULTURE,  
FISHING, LITERATURE and NEWS, is published  
on the 1st of each month.  
Corner Queen and Carleton Streets,  
Directly opposite the Post Office,  
FREDERICTON, N. B.  
ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.  
Subscription Price, - \$1.00 per Year.

THE MARITIME FARMER having a large ap-  
plication than any other paper published in the  
New Brunswick, furnishes a most desirable  
medium for advertising.  
Terms will be promptly made known on ap-  
plication.  
Lock and Job Printing of every description,  
executed at reasonable rates.  
Address all communications to  
L. O. MACNUTT,  
Editor and Manager,  
FREDERICTON, N. B.

**Maritime Farmer.**  
FREDERICTON, N. B., October 22, 1884.

**THE DRAWING ROOM**  
AT  
GOVERNMENT HOUSE,  
ON  
WEDNESDAY, 22nd October,  
WILL TAKE PLACE AT  
NINE, P. M.

ORDINARY EVENING DRESS.  
Ladies and Gentlemen who purpose  
attending, are requested to bring two cards,  
with their names legibly written thereon.  
(Signed)  
MELGUND,  
Governor-General's Secy.

**IMPORTANT.**  
We have had a most hearty response to  
our offer to send the FARMER to new  
subscribers from October 1st, 1884, to  
December 31st, 1884, FOR ONE DOL-  
LAR, and it still remains open. Back  
numbers to October 1st, the date on  
which our new story was commenced,  
will be forwarded to those who wish to,  
but have not taken advantage of this  
opportunity to secure the best family  
newspaper published in Fredericton, for  
FIFTEEN MONTHS, FOR ONE DOLLAR.

There are still a number of old  
subscribers in arrears, and we invite  
them to remit the amount due before  
their accounts are placed in other hands  
for collection. All amounts received  
will be promptly acknowledged through  
the paper.

**Viceregal Visitors.**  
This afternoon, Fredericton will have  
the pleasure for the first time of re-  
ceiving a visit from Lord Lansdowne,  
Governor General of Canada and his amiable  
lady the Marchioness of Lansdowne.

Their visit is not an official one, being  
a mere holiday trip. Lady Lansdowne  
is a niece of Lord Russell, Commander-  
in-Chief of the British garrison at Hal-  
fax, and with her husband, has been  
visiting her relative in that city. It  
was on the invitation of Governor Wil-  
mot, we believe, that they consented to  
pay Fredericton a flying visit, and in  
accordance with their own wishes, no  
public demonstration, except social and  
civic courtesies, has been planned.

His Excellency and suite, will arrive  
at 5 o'clock this afternoon by special  
train from St. John, and will be received  
at the Railway Station by a guard of  
honour of one hundred men from the In-  
fantry School Corps, under command of  
Major Gordon, and led by the Band of  
the Corps. The party will be driven to  
Government House, where they will be  
entertained during their stay in this city.

In the evening at 7 o'clock, His Excellency  
will be entertained to dinner, the invited  
guests, including prominent political,  
civil, church and military dignitaries,  
after which, he and Lady Lansdowne  
will hold a reception at 9 p. m.

To-morrow, at 10.30 a. m., in the As-  
sembly Chamber, His Excellency will be  
presented with an Address by the City  
Council, when the public will, no doubt,  
have an opportunity of hearing his reply  
thereto.

In their Address to the Governor  
General, the City Council will extend to  
him a cordial welcome. It is not un-  
likely that reference will be made to the  
distinguished career of Lord Lans-  
downe's father, who for many years  
filled important positions in the Imperial  
Government, and to his own prominence  
from an early age in the management of  
British affairs. The address may nearly  
complete a century of existence, and  
in this connection Lord Lansdowne  
may be reminded of the loyalty of the  
founders of Fredericton, who took up  
their homes in what was then a howling  
wilderness, inhabited only by Indians  
and wild beasts. The address would  
naturally conclude by a reference to  
past visits of Royalty and representa-  
tives of the Imperial authority and with  
kindly wishes for the success and happi-  
ness of the Governor General and Lady  
Lansdowne.

At the conclusion of the reading of  
the address and His Excellency's reply,  
the representatives of the city and others  
will be presented to the viceregal party,  
after which they will take carriages and  
visit various interesting points in and  
around the city, including the Cathedral  
University and Marysville, after which  
luncheon will be served at Government  
House, and the distinguished visitors  
will leave by train at 5 p. m., for St.  
John, en route to Ottawa.

This is the best information the FARMER  
could gather up to noon to-day, and  
may be relied upon as, in the main,  
correct. It may be remarked however, that  
there has been a delightful uncertainty  
about the proposed movements of the  
viceregal party, which has not been dis-  
sipated by official action.

Henry Charles Keith Fitzmaurice,  
Lord Lansdowne, succeeded his father  
in 1866, and is the fifth of his family  
who has held the present title, it having  
been created in 1784 by George III.

He was born, January 14th, 1845, and  
is therefore in his fortieth year. Edu-  
cated at Eton and Balliol College, he  
graduated, and in 1868, commenced  
what bids fair to become a brilliant and  
useful career. At the age of twenty-

three, he was appointed a Commissioner  
of the Exchequer of Great Britain and  
of the Treasury of Ireland which he  
held from 1868 to 1872. During Mr.  
Gladstone's first administration, he was  
appointed Under Secretary of War in  
1872, and held the office till the Gov-  
ernment went out in 1874. On Mr.  
Gladstone's second advent to power in  
1880, he was appointed Under Secretary  
of State for India, an office which he  
retained only for a short time.

Lord Lansdowne in 1869, was mar-  
ried to Lady Maud Evelyn Hamilton  
youngest daughter of the Duke of Aber-  
corn, and has two sons and two daugh-  
ters living. His eldest child is a daugh-  
ter; his eldest son is Henry William  
Esmond, known as the Earl of Kerry,  
and is twelve years of age. Allied to  
the Duke of Abercorn, the head of the  
noble house of Hamilton, by marriage  
with the present Duke, Lord Lan-  
downe is connected with the highest  
of Britain's aristocracy, and is regarded as  
a young peer of great promise. He was  
appointed to the Governor Generalship  
of Canada, August 18th, 1883, and ar-  
rived at Quebec, October, 22nd, one  
year ago to-day, where he was sworn in  
the following day. His first public  
speech in Canada was in reply to an ad-  
dress from the Corporation of Quebec,  
presented the same day. This is his  
first visit to the Maritime Province, and  
at Truro, Halifax, Kentville, Annapolis  
and St. John, he has been warmly wel-  
comed by the people.

**Honoring Mr. Costigan.**  
While Ontario, the other day,  
attending the inaugural ceremonies of  
the Trent Valley Canal, says the Ottawa  
Sun, Hon. John Costigan, Minister of Inland  
Revenue, was waited on by a large rep-  
resentative body of Catholic gentlemen of that  
town and the surrounding district, who pre-  
sented him with an address. A noticeable  
and pleasing feature of the event was the  
fact that those who united to do honor to  
Mr. Costigan comprised members of both  
political parties. Liberals, as well as Con-  
servatives, took part in the affair and signed  
the address, thus bearing testimony to the  
estimation in which the representative Irish  
Catholic in the Cabinet is held by his fellow  
countrymen and co-religionists.

Mr. Costigan in reply to the address, after  
expressing the pleasure he felt at being so  
warmly greeted by members of both political  
parties, said few men in public life could  
point to a more consistent and steady sup-  
port of their party, than that which he  
had received from the Catholic community.  
When his friends were defeated in 73 and  
his old and respected Chief found himself  
the leader of a small minority, it was not  
political necessity that made him, Mr. C.,  
remain in the Conservative ranks. He, at  
that time, he said, relied more on his personal  
strength in his constituency than upon any  
other aid that he could give him by either political  
party, but he felt that having had no  
reason to sever his connection with his party  
in the days of their strength and their pros-  
perity, it would be cowardly to abandon  
them in the hour of adversity, and defeat.

But while he continued, he claimed to be a  
sincere Conservative, he wished to assure  
that those there were a time in his past  
when he did believe a time would come  
in the future, when he would sacrifice his  
principles as an Irish Catholic to party pur-  
poses. He believed he had in the past given  
some proofs of this. On the New Brun-  
swick school question he fought the battle of  
the minority faithfully, and determinedly, un-  
influenced in the slightest degree by what  
might be the effect on his party.

When the people of Ireland were suffering  
from famine a few years ago, he brought  
the matter under the notice of his leader, and  
found that the matter had already attracted  
his attention and sympathy, and, to the credit  
of the Government and Parliament of Canada,  
he said, a liberal grant was sent to relieve  
the Irish sufferers. He was, in 82, selected  
by Irishmen in most of the cities and towns  
in Canada to move the "Irish Resolutions"  
in Parliament. In that case, as in the present  
case, the signatures of many good and staunch  
Reformers were attached to the memorial  
and petitions forwarded to him, Mr. Costi-  
gan, as the mover of the resolutions. For-  
tunately, he said, even among the most zealous  
of our own people, counted on so complete a  
success as crowned that movement. And he  
hoped that the importance of that success  
would not be undervalued by those most  
sincerely affected by it. He claimed that the  
position of Irishmen in Canada was bettered  
by his efforts, and he said he was now  
feeling between them and their fellow-  
Canadians of other origin; and it dealt a  
severe blow at the unreasonable prejudices  
that had unfortunately existed against our  
people.

Subsequently Mr. Costigan was entertain-  
ed at luncheon by the signers of the address.

Hon. Isaac Burpee, who is in poor health  
is visiting New York.

Mr. Blair's organ publishes an article with  
a suggestive heading, "The need of capital."  
Has the subsidy given out so soon?

"The Local Government has been the publi-  
cation of a hand book on the Province  
which is an advanced stage of preparation." says  
Mr. Blair's subsidized organ. We may  
add that the hand book in question is being  
prepared by one of the editors of Mr. Blair's  
organ, and that the sum this little diversion  
is to cost, will be something over five hundred  
dollars. A personal organ is a pretty ex-  
pensive thing, but the money don't come out  
of Mr. Blair's pocket. It constitutes a draft on  
the Provincial Treasury.

Mr. Blair's organ asks: "Can an officer  
who has served many years faithfully, be su-  
perannuated merely because he happens to hold  
different political opinions from the tempo-  
rary representative of the constituency in  
which he lives? Yes it seems so. Mr. Tem-  
ple and Mr. Vanwart and Mr. Fisher and Mr.  
Black and Mr. Wells and numerous others  
were 'superannuated,' by Mr. Blair, because  
Mr. Blair alleged that these gentlemen 'held  
different political opinions from the tempo-  
rary representative of the constituency in which  
they lived.'"

**That Questionable Transaction.**  
(Continued from last page.)  
The \$200 and \$100 were expended on the  
private work property of the late Sur-  
veyor General who was applied to for the  
money, but Mr. Blair must have known  
all about it, of course. His statement is,  
therefore, wanting in frankness.

**Press Amenity at Moncton.**  
(Continued from last page.)  
The Times factually refers to the Trans-  
cript as "the little organ up street." If our  
contemporary refers to the Transcript as  
"the little organ up street," it is equally  
as large as the papered organ down street,  
and certainly is a much more reputable organ.  
Besides, if the Transcript is a little organ,  
manages to keep its confound down street  
at the boiling point most of the time. If the  
Times reference is intended as a personal  
application to the editor of the Transcript,  
all that need be said is that he cannot help  
being as much as the editor of the Times  
can help being a very ordinary looking per-  
son, or as friend Miller of the Post, would  
say, a common looking fellow with fully de-  
veloped pedal extremities.

**A BUDGET OF NEWS.**  
Culled, Clipped and Collected from  
Everywhere.

The cholera is fast subsiding in Italy.  
British troops have been sent to  
Portland, Oregon, will not have the Chi-  
nese.

A miser died at Honesdale, Pa., from the  
effects of a rat bite.

Silver has been struck in Georgia which  
weighs 82,000 tons.

Four hundred persons have been injured  
by a cyclone in Italy.

The crater of an extinct volcano has been  
found in New Jersey.

Row boats have passed the first cataract  
of the Nile with ease.

Bogus Newfoundland bank bills are said to  
be in circulation in Canada.

Hon. Mr. Masson has been appointed Lieut.  
Governor of the Province of Quebec.

Toronto traders have been prosecuted  
for publishing the trade by guessing at buttons.

A new naval war college for the United  
States is to be established at Newport, Rhode  
Island.

Edmund W. H. Fairweather, of the Sun  
post office.

The Scott Act was sustained at Charlott-  
town, P. E. Island, on Thursday by a major-  
ity of forty.

A barrel of whiskey exploded in a saloon  
at Canton, Mississippi, from spontaneous  
combustion.

Major Wilson, of Kingston, Ontario has  
been attached to the Royal Artillery and  
goes to Egypt.

An employee, using his employer's damper  
arising from injury received, was non-suit  
at Bradford, Ontario.

Crops in North and South Carolina are al-  
most ruined by drought, which has lasted for  
more than three months.

Seven friends met recently at Eastville,  
Upper Stewiack, N. S., whose joint age ex-  
ceeded five hundred years.

Provisions for the interchange of money  
orders between France and Algeria and the  
Dominion have been made.

From the report of the American Board of  
Missions it transpires that missionary work  
in China has not been impeded by the war.

The Chilean Minister of War has decided to  
fortify the best of the modern manufacture.

A Collingwood, Ontario, burglar left his  
coat in a house which he had visited pre-  
viously, and thus furnished a clue to his  
capture.

The Lieut-Governor of Ontario has issued  
a proclamation creating Algona, a township  
in the large disputed territory, a new judi-  
cial district.

The Imperial Government and the United  
States are trying to make the extradition  
treaty wide enough to include defaulting  
bank cashiers, etc.

Trouble is anticipated from the rapid ex-  
tension of a religious sect in Russia, which,  
while remaining loyal to the Government,  
denies the Czar's religious supremacy.

Lord R. was the owner of the largest tele-  
scope in the world, in Philadelphia at pre-  
sent, a guest of Mr. George W. Childs. From  
Philadelphia he goes to Princeton, and thence  
to Canada.

Oleomargarine is reported to be still sold  
in New York in considerable quantities, a  
great deal being exported to Holland, where  
it is worked up into "butter" for the  
English market.

The principal of a female seminary at  
Madison, Indiana, was knocked down by the  
school and horsewhipped by the father of a  
pupil, whom the seminary had punished for  
whispering in class.

Mrs. Julia Seely, wife of a hotel keeper  
at Montreal, has been arrested in Kingston,  
Ont., on a charge of perjury.

On a charge of perjury, she was put in  
prison for a brief period.

Judge R. is on the 10th inst. at Antigonish,  
N. S., sentenced Francis Bowles to be  
imprisoned on the eighth day of January next,  
for being an accessory, with his son, in the  
murder of one McDonald.

Since he has attained his majority in 1868,  
the Duke of Norfolk has been five or six  
times, given more than \$250,000 to the  
Roman Catholic Church, besides princely  
sums devoted to private charities.

Dr. O. W. Hewson has successfully re-  
covered from the mouth of Miss Austin,  
River Philip, Nova Scotia, a tumor of four  
months' standing, which had grown rapidly  
until it was the size of her leg.

**POINTED PARAGRAPHS.**  
News Notes and Notions of  
Everything.

Paris is to have three lines of underground  
railway.

Milwaukee has a "lady" rag-picker who is  
worth \$40,000.

The steamship Umbria on her trial trip  
made 24 miles an hour.

The total strength of the British army in  
Egypt on Sept. 22 was 15,000.

One of the New Jersey judges has bound  
themselves not to marry any man who chews  
tobacco.

Stringent laws against swearing have re-  
cently been passed in Spain, the evil having  
become a serious one.

Baird's French Ointment will cure the  
itch in a few days, cures Salt Rheum, Chapped  
Hands, Scalds, Eruptions, Sores and  
Wounds. Sold by druggists.

John Chinaman has a new trick of play-  
ing the American restriction laws. He  
goes to Havana, gets naturalized, and then  
the United States as a Spanish subject.

The city of St. John, Newfoundland, has  
a lively stable, the first in its history,  
with four horses and three single wagons,  
and the people are greatly excited over the  
news.

A sea serpent, "with black horns like fab-  
bles," has been seen off Egg Harbor inlet  
by a Jerseyman named Duddy, who says it  
looked like a cross between the devil and a  
submarine telegraph.

According to the London Graphic there is  
a family in Lytle, Japan, a family all of whose  
members have reached the age of 100 years,  
and have been so for generations.

No lady who delights in flowers, and  
likes to see them do well and bloom abund-  
antly, should be without Hemming's Food  
for Plants. It is a perfect and safe, and  
sufficient for twenty plants for one year.

In the centre of a cake of ice harvested  
last winter, was found a turtle, eight inches  
long, which was the only one of its kind  
found in the ice. It was a live one, and was  
found to be a live one.

The making of large lenses is a matter of  
many difficulties, as may be inferred from  
the fact that there have been several failures  
to cast the thirty-six inch glass for the  
great Lick telescope to be mounted in Cal-  
ifornia.

In South Siberia there is an uncivilized  
race known as Boursas, who worship a  
human god. When their god reaches the age  
of thirty, he is killed, and his body is  
eaten by his people.

The aperture of Lord Rose's telescope is  
six feet, which is higher than he is himself,  
and is last of four feet of light, or more  
than his age. He looks about forty years  
old, is sturdy, and has the most appear-  
ance of a fellow being in a top hat.

Messrs. W. J. Nason & Co., "I have used  
your Minard's Liniment and think it is  
the best Liniment put before the public. It  
sells like hot cakes. Send me one more  
bottle." Messrs. Nason & Co., Kansas &  
Payne, Barra River, N. B.

R. K. Ki, the new Japanese Envoy Ex-  
traordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to  
Canada, is a man of high rank and  
distinction.

He is being made in Japan in the way of  
building railroads, extending the telegraph,  
bettering educational facilities, etc., and he  
feels proud of his country.

There are several species of fish that have  
smaller fish within them. The inner fish  
belongs to the sea family and are so  
small that they are not seen by the eye.

The editor of a newspaper in Illinois, who  
is also a candidate for State Senator, con-  
siders his canvass by means of photographs  
sent to storekeepers and postmasters with a  
request to take up or put in the show-  
case, as a very successful method.

The editor of a newspaper in Illinois, who  
is also a candidate for State Senator, con-  
siders his canvass by means of photographs  
sent to storekeepers and postmasters with a  
request to take up or put in the show-  
case, as a very successful method.

The editor of a newspaper in Illinois, who  
is also a candidate for State Senator, con-  
siders his canvass by means of photographs  
sent to storekeepers and postmasters with a  
request to take up or put in the show-  
case, as a very successful method.

The editor of a newspaper in Illinois, who  
is also a candidate for State Senator, con-  
siders his canvass by means of photographs  
sent to storekeepers and postmasters with a  
request to take up or put in the show-  
case, as a very successful method.

The editor of a newspaper in Illinois, who  
is also a candidate for State Senator, con-  
siders his canvass by means of photographs  
sent to storekeepers and postmasters with a  
request to take up or put in the show-  
case, as a very successful method.

The editor of a newspaper in Illinois, who  
is also a candidate for State Senator, con-  
siders his canvass by means of photographs  
sent to storekeepers and postmasters with a  
request to take up or put in the show-  
case, as a very successful method.

The editor of a newspaper in Illinois, who  
is also a candidate for State Senator, con-  
siders his canvass by means of photographs  
sent to storekeepers and postmasters with a  
request to take up or put in the show-  
case, as a very successful method.

The editor of a newspaper in Illinois, who  
is also a candidate for State Senator, con-  
siders his canvass by means of photographs  
sent to storekeepers and postmasters with a  
request to take up or put in the show-  
case, as a very successful method.

The editor of a newspaper in Illinois, who  
is also a candidate for State Senator, con-  
siders his canvass by means of photographs  
sent to storekeepers and postmasters with a  
request to take up or put in the show-  
case, as a very successful method.

The editor of a newspaper in Illinois, who  
is also a candidate for State Senator, con-  
siders his canvass by means of photographs  
sent to storekeepers and postmasters with a  
request to take up or put in the show-  
case, as a very successful method.

The editor of a newspaper in Illinois, who  
is also a candidate for State Senator, con-  
siders his canvass by means of photographs  
sent to storekeepers and postmasters with a  
request to take up or put in the show-  
case, as a very successful method.

The editor of a newspaper in Illinois, who  
is also a candidate for State Senator, con-  
siders his canvass by means of photographs  
sent to storekeepers and postmasters with a  
request to take up or put in the show-  
case, as a very successful method.

**FUN, FACT AND FANCY.**  
Five Minutes Light Reading for  
Everybody.

**I Doubt It.**  
When a pair of red lips are upturned to your  
face, my dear, I doubt it.

With no one to gossip about it,  
Do you pay for endurance to let them alone?  
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

When a little hand is permitted to  
seize, With wonderful plumpness about it,  
Do you think you can drop it with never a  
quiver? Well, maybe you can—but I doubt it.

When at a party you are in reach of your arm,  
With a wonderful plumpness about it,  
Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and  
the harm? Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

And if it gives tricks you should capture a  
heart, With a womanly sweetness about it,  
Will you guard it, and keep it, and act the  
fool? Well, maybe you will—but I doubt it.

A man with a cast in his eye—a trout  
fisherman.

As a matter of fact, anybody has a right  
to complain of coffee when he finds grounds  
for it in his cup.

In Ohio there is one divorce to every seven  
marriages. The other six pairs are probably  
boarding with their parents.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm  
Exterminator is shown by its good effects on  
the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a  
trial.

"Yes, I believe in woman's rights," said a  
bright-eyed dame; "I believe she has a  
right to a husband—even if she has to support  
him!"

"Oh, father, look at that man's big  
knuckles," said a base ball catcher.  
"No, my son, he is only a candidate. He  
has been shaking hands."

Young man when you see an old maid  
adjusting her spectacles and clipping out  
that part of a paper headed "Single Pro-  
posals," it is time for you to take to the  
woods.

Why do you stop at the gate with George  
every evening?" asked a Brunswick street  
woman of the girl waiting. "He always  
promises me, I can't help it," was the truth-  
ful answer.

About 40,000,000 pennies were coined in  
the United States last year. The contri-  
bution boxes managed to swallow most of  
them, and the poor heathen are now playing  
penny ante.

**INFLUENCE.**—The influence of McLean's  
Cough Syrup on the stomach is  
beneficial, whether there be Worms present  
or not; no unpleasant results follow the use  
of this medicine.

They were expecting the minister to dis-  
cuss "Is everything all ready, my dear?"  
asked the head of the house. "I have  
come as soon as I can," said the minister.  
"I have just finished the family Bible!" "Good  
gracious!" forgot that.

George Leppert, of Fort Jeris, N. Y.,  
while out on bail charged with larceny, stole  
the law book of his counsel and of the judge  
the law book of the court to be tried. George  
was probably afraid that they might accident-  
ly discover what was in the books.

"What name does your husband call you  
by?" said a bride to a friend who had been  
married several years. "Does he call you  
ducky or lovey?" My darling calls me ducky."

"Does he?" My dear, I call me poppy,  
woppy, but he doesn't use that term now."

"What does he call you then?" "He calls  
me," said the bride, "my dear."

"Yes," said a well known man about  
town, the other day, "I feel now that I am  
really getting old. I used to figure very  
largely at marriages a few years ago, and  
now I am only a spectator."

"What does he call you then?" "He calls  
me," said the bride, "my dear."

"Yes," said a well known man about  
town, the other day, "I feel now that I am  
really getting old. I used to figure very  
largely at marriages a few years ago, and  
now I am only a spectator."

"What does he call you then?" "He calls  
me," said the bride, "my dear."

"Yes," said a well known man about  
town, the other day, "I feel now that I am  
really getting old. I used to figure very  
largely at marriages a few years ago, and  
now I am only a spectator."

"What does he call you then?" "He calls  
me," said the bride, "my dear."

"Yes," said a well known man about  
town, the other day, "I feel now that I am  
really getting old. I used to figure very  
largely at marriages a few years ago, and  
now I am only a spectator."

"What does he call you then?" "He calls  
me," said the bride, "my dear."

"Yes," said a well known man about  
town, the other day, "I feel now that I am  
really getting old. I used to figure very  
largely at marriages a few years ago, and  
now I am only a spectator."

"What does he call you then?" "He calls  
me," said the bride, "my dear."

"Yes," said a well known man about  
town, the other day, "I feel now that I am  
really getting old. I used to figure very  
largely at marriages a few years ago, and  
now I am only a spectator."

"What does he call you then?" "He calls  
me," said the bride, "my dear."

**SCISSORED SELECTIONS.**  
"Kee-ee Me some More."

An American naval officer, who had spent  
some considerable time in China, narrates an  
amusing experience of the ignorance of the  
Chinese maidens of the customs of kissing.

Whisking a complete conquest he had made  
of a young man (beautiful lady) he invited  
her—using English words—to give him a  
kiss. Finding her comprehension of the re-  
quest somewhat obscured he suited the action  
to the word and took a delicate kiss. The  
Chinese maiden, in a moment of alarm, threw  
her arms round his neck, and, with a look  
of alarm, exclaimed: "Terrible man-ster!  
I shall be devoured!" At a moment,  
finding herself unharmed, she returned to  
him saying: "I would learn more of your  
strange rite. Kee-ee me." He knew it  
wasn't quite right, but he kept on instructing  
her in the rite of the "kee-ee me," until she  
knew how to do it like a native Yankee girl.  
And after that she suggested a second course  
resembling "Kee-ee me some more," which  
she learned to do like a native Yankee girl.  
—Boston Herald.

**Advice to a Young Man.**  
(R. J. Burdette.)

And then remember, my son, you have to  
work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen,  
whether you dig in the earth, or write a book,  
whether you edit a paper, ring an auction  
bell or write funny things, you must work.  
If you look around, son, you will see the men  
who are most able to live the rest of their  
days without work are the men who work  
the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing your-  
self with overwork. It is better to work too  
much than to work too little. It is better to  
power to do it, on the sunny side of thirty.  
They die sometimes, but it is because they  
quit work at 6 p. m., and don't get home  
until 2 a. m. It is the interval that kills my  
son. The work gives you an appetite for  
your meals, it lends solidity to your slumbers,  
it gives you a perfect and greatest appre-  
tiation for a holiday. There are young men







# THE DOUGLAS HEIR.

CHAPTER VIII.

HARRIS' OWN LIVING.

It soon became known abroad that Miss Douglas, the heiress, was no more than any other common mortal, since her wealth had taken to its wings and flown away.

She had been obliged to descend from the golden pedestal on which she had been elevated for so long, and was, therefore, treated accordingly. But with the "spirit of heroes" within her, she took no notice of it, other than to curl her pretty lips with scorn, and then went on the even tenor of her way.

Her greatest trial was that the dear old home, with all its precious furnishings, which she had so dearly loved, was to be sold, and she was to leave it for ever.

Agassiz had proved herself a friend indeed during her father's trial.

She had insisted upon remaining with her until everything was over, and then, when a simple calico dress, minus either ruffle or train, she superintended with her own hands the packing of the valuable books, statuettes, bronzes and ornaments, which she knew were dear to her father's heart.

And when at length, the last day arrived, early in the morning, before even the servants were astir, she had slipped down stairs, and moving noiselessly from room to room, had tucked a card bearing the words "sold" upon several of the most valuable pictures, which she knew Miss Mcintosh had highly prized, from the fact of their having been brought over from the old country.

Her father had given her permission and carte blanche to perform this delicate service for her friend.

But it was all over at last.

Everything was sold, and the house was left bare and desolate.

Agassiz had gone, and Brownie was alone.

The debts were all paid, also the bequests to the servants, which Brownie had insisted upon, although strongly urged to invest the money for herself.

"No," she said, "I wish to be very faithful, and I desire her wishes to be strictly adhered to."

Accordingly, Mr. Douglas was obliged to do her bidding, and then, with a sigh of despair, passed two hundred dollars, all that remained of a fortune of a million, in her little hand.

"Why, I feel quite rich!" she exclaimed, merrily, as after counting it over, she looked up and saw the clerk standing there with a mighty effort he swallowed the sob which nearly broke forth, and managed to say:

"Now, dear child, you will come home with me for a while. Mrs. Conrad desires it, and Emily is lonely."

"Thank you, dear Mr. Douglas, I cannot, or I am promised to be in New York to-morrow morning," she answered with an air of business which would have caused him to have turned away in disgust.

"In New York to-morrow morning?" he ejaculated, in astonishment.

"Yes, I have an engagement there."

"An engagement? May I ask of what nature?" he asked, with a look of interest.

"Certainly. I am going to give an advertisement a week ago for one hundred girls to work on fancy staves. I have always been bewitched over fancy staves, so I wrote asking for a situation."

"My child, why did you not consult with me?"

"Because my friend, I know that you are already nearly distracted, and I was resolved to begin to depend upon myself at once. Yesterday I received a letter telling me to come on immediately, and I telegraphed that I would arrive to-morrow morning."

"But you have no friends there, and where will you make it your home?" he asked in dismay, yet admiring the resolution expressed in her bright eyes and flushed face.

"There is a boarding-house connected with the establishment, and the education of those who work in the factory, and I shall board there for the present."

"She spoke hurriedly; the prospect was not a pleasant one, even to her sanguine heart."

"Miss Douglas, this is the height of folly. You working in a factory, and boarding in a third-class boarding-house! What do you suppose your aunt would say?"

"Mr. Conrad, I do not believe it would be very wrong in me to say that I am very glad indeed to see you, and I am very glad indeed to see you, and I am very glad indeed to see you."

"But," she added, after a moment's lighting with herself for self-control, "I am young and strong, and I can bear this, since my mind is made up. I shall write you, and let you know of my safe arrival, and I shall be happy to hear from you occasionally, if you can spare the time. It would seem as if I had come into the world to care for me a little; and, Mr. Conrad, it is just a little hard to break away so suddenly from the old life and the old friends."

"A little hard? Did he not feel it?" he asked, with a look of interest.

"He was heartless. His whole soul rebelled against the cruel fate which would do it so, and against his own wickedness which had brought her to it. And then to see how she clung to him as to almost the only friend she had! It touched him to the core."

"Write to me, child? Indeed I will, and anything else in the world that you will let me do for you. And Miss Douglas, I shall strain every nerve to get you the half, and so far as I can accumulate anything I shall invest it in some safe place for your account. Once more can you forgive me for bringing you to this?" he asked, wringing her hand.

"Surely I can, my friend, and let us try to feel that a higher power has ordained this, and this is all we can do."

"Let us feel that there is a lesson in this trial for our own souls, and we shall be able to bear it better."

He bade her farewell as she took her seat in the train that was to bear her away, feeling more than any condemned criminal who had been sentenced to hard labor life. It nearly drove him wild that she would not let him cure her for that she must go forth prepared to meet the world to earn the bread she ate, and he was utterly powerless to prevent it.

Never was there a more lonely or heart sick girl than Brownie Douglas when she entered the office of Ware & Coolidge the next morning, and presented her card, and the letter she had prepared for them, these engaging her to come into their employ.

She had arrived in New York late the night previous, and taken a room at a hotel where she had once stopped with Miss Douglas; but the loneliness of her situation had driven sleep from her eyes, and this in itself had not prepared her to encounter the cold stare of strangers.

"Do you wish to see any one, miss?" asked a clerk, as she entered the office, and bestowing a cold stare of admiration upon her lovely face.

"I wish to see Mr. Coolidge, if you please," Brownie answered, with a dignity, yet a hot flush rose to her cheek at his look and manner.

"Ah, yes, certainly. Walk this way," and the clerk led her into an inner office, where a man of about forty-five sat reading his paper.

"Mr. Coolidge, a young lady to see you sir," the young man said, and with another insolent stare, bowed himself out.

The gentleman immediately came forward, and Brownie gave him her card and bade him wait.

"Ah, yes, Miss Douglas," he said, pleasantly, reading the name, while his quick eye ran over her dainty figure from head to foot, taking in her beauty and expensive apparel at a glance.

"You understand the business, I suppose. What department would you prefer to work in?"

"No, sir, I know nothing whatever about the business; I have come to learn, she answered, frankly and simply.

The gentleman gave her a look of surprise, then a smile of amusement curled his lips. He was quick to see that she was not a bit of a rough way of the world—that she had been born and bred to better things. Her quiet, dignified, yet graceful manner, her rich, raven hair, her white appearance, bespoke the refined and polished lady, and he comprehended her situation at once.

"My dear young lady," he said, a trifle embarrassed, "there is some mistake about this. We never employ any but experienced hands. The fact is, we need some one to help us in the management of the business, and we need those who can go right into it without any show of hesitating. Did not the advertisement say 'no novices'?"

"Do you think straw sewing any work?" Mr. Coolidge asked, thoughtfully.

"I have no relatives, excepting very distant ones," and the sad tones touched upon her face, and he saw that she was not a trifling matter.

"Excuse me for asking the question," he added, courteously, "but I feared if you remained with us, the secret one will come out, and I hoped you had some other place to which to go."

"Too well he knew of the meager fare, the close, hot rooms, and hard beds which were provided for the factory help."

"But if you kindly consent to my staying, the boarding-house will do well for me as the others whom you employ."

"He regarded her keenly for a moment, hardly knowing whether she intended any reflections upon the firm regarding the accommodations which they had provided for their help, or whether she was indifferent concerning the matter. But she stood there so quiet and so demure, so unconscious that her words had been a sharp reproach, that he was reassured.

He knew from her appearance and her bearing that she was a girl of refinement, and he resolved to see what he could do for her.

"Which would you like, I will give you a trial and see what you can do, although it is not our custom to employ green hands, and I am sure you are not strong enough to run a machine, and your fingers are too tender to finish off the tips," and he looked at her with a look of interest.

"Certainly, and thank you," the brown eyes brightened, the sad, tired face brightened up into new beauty. She saw that she was not to be broken over the rules for her sake.

"Thank you. If you will, I shall be glad to be put to the test, but could not seem to get her way of holding it."

Miss Walton could not like the trouble of teaching any one, returned the other, coldly.

"Now," she continued, "take the hat like this, between your finger and thumb, so; then with your finger try to steady the wire in its place. There, that is just right. Now put your finger under the under side of the wire, slip the hat along, and take a long stitch; so—that is short; you will never earn anything if you take such little stitches," concluded the girl, smiling again.

"But Miss Walton told me to be very particular, she tells us all to be 'very particular,' but when a few stitches will answer the purpose as well as a good many, we do not hesitate to avail ourselves of the fact."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"You are very kind to show me, and I shall do it nicely now."

"No, sir," replied the young girl, blushing as she thus became aware that he noticed her further than by lifting her proud head a trifle more laughingly, as she swept up the stairs to her own room, followed by the more subdued and tremulous Mattie.

(To be continued.)

A Successful Result.

Mr. Bloomer, of Hamilton, Ont., suffered for many years with a painful running nose upon one of his legs, which baffled all attempts to heal until he used Burdock Blood Bitters, which speedily worked a perfect cure.

The old gentleman took up the book she had but just laid aside, and held it out to her.

Brownie bowed gracefully, wondering what the object of her action was, and testing her power, as she took the book and began reading again fluently.

"Thank you," he said, after a few minutes, during which time he had been intently studying the face of the beautiful girl.

He then immediately asked her a question in French.

She smiled brightly, and answered it on the instant.

He asked another, and soon they were in a lively conversation, which was like a charm to poor Mattie, who was anxious to get home.

"Do you speak any other language?" he asked, with interest.

"A piacere," Brownie responded, in liquid tones, which, being interpreted, means "at pleasure."

"And German?"

"I can speak it as fluently as the others, although I understand it, and can read it at sight."

But its guttural tones never had that attraction for him that the beautiful little song, "Your Mission," in the languages of Italy and France have.

"Are you musical?" demanded the old man, abruptly, after a moment's thought.

"Yes, sir, I am passionately fond of music," returned Brownie, becoming somewhat embarrassed at being so suddenly questioned.

"I fear you think I am very presuming, my young friend," he said, noting her expression, "but I have a very particular reason for asking you these questions; and now, if you care to humor an old man, will you come into the music-room yonder and let me hear you play a little."

Brownie had asked to get hold of a piano ever since leaving her dear old home, yet she shrank from displaying her accomplishments in so public a place.

Still the old gentleman was so courteous, and seemed so really interested in her, that she disliked to refuse him, and, bowing assent, she beckoned to Mattie, and followed him to the music-room.

To her intense relief, she found it was empty, and sitting down at the piano, she began lightly running her rosy fingers over the white keys.

The tones of the instrument inspired her in a moment, and she soon lost all thought of self and her listeners in her intense enjoyment of the sounds which her soul so loved to hear.

"Sing something, Meta," whispered Mr. Douglas, who stood by in a rapturous surprise at his friend's accomplishment, and had only waited for a pause to make her request.

Without a demur, she moderated her touch into an accompaniment, and sang the beautiful little song, "Your Mission," the words of which had been running in her head ever since she had first entered that disagreeable factory.

She sang the first verses beautifully, but the third was too much for her, and the second line was finished she broke down utterly, and howling her bitter tears she hurried away.

It was a song which Miss Mcintosh had dearly loved, and many times during the past year, when they had been sitting in the twilight together, she had sung it to her.

It brought back to her so many tender memories of the dear past, which she now believed would be the brightest and best part of her life, that she forgot time it seemed as if her heart must break under its weight.

It was only for a while, however. She remembered that she was in the presence of a stranger, and almost as soon as the first strain of the song was over, she recovered herself, and, rising from the piano-stool, she signified to Mattie her desire to return home.

Upon the first outbreak of her grief, the old gentleman had retired to the factory, and had been so long in his presence that he could not have been there.

He now came forward and she saw that his own eyes were shining with tears.

He held out his hand to her, and with a look of tenderness in his voice he said:

"My young friend, forgive me for taking your patience and good nature to such an extent and allow me to say that you have given me more pleasure during this hour than I have experienced this many a day."

Brownie gave him her hand, and while holding it, she asked:

"And now will you allow me just one more question?"

She looked, wondering what was coming next.

"I do not know what your circumstances may be," he said, with a little embarrassment, "but could you be persuaded to teach?"

"Yes, sir, I could feel satisfied that I was competent to fill the position offered me," Brownie replied, frankly, her heart bounding at the thought of being released from her present unpromising surroundings. It had been her dream to teach, and now it was so near, and she had resolved to secure the first situation of whatever nature, if honorable, that she could obtain.

"I am happy to hear it," returned the old man. "You ought to be a teacher of languages and music. Your advantages must have been of a very high order, and I compliment you upon your judgment in accepting of them. Now, if you will kindly give me your name and address, I will endeavor to call upon you at an early date, and talk with you further regarding the matter."

Brownie did as requested, and did not fail to notice his start of surprise when she mentioned her connection with the firm of Ware & Coolidge, nor the contraction of his finely-arched brows which followed it.

He then presented his card to her, and while she held it, he bowed to both girls as if they had been the most aristocratic ladies in the land, and then left her.

It bore the name of Wm. H. Alcott, M. D.

Wondering what object Wm. H. Alcott, M. D., could have in view regarding her, she carefully put the little bit of pasteboard in her pocket-book, and then the two young girls hastened home, arriving there just as the landlady was about locking the doors for the night.

"You're late," she said, grily, and with a suspicious look into Brownie's beautiful face, she added: "I don't believe in girls of your age walking the streets at this time of night. I only advertise to take respectable boarders."

"No, sir," replied the young girl, blushing as she thus became aware that he noticed her further than by lifting her proud head a trifle more laughingly, as she swept up the stairs to her own room, followed by the more subdued and tremulous Mattie.

(To be continued.)

A Successful Result.

Mr. Bloomer, of Hamilton, Ont., suffered for many years with a painful running nose upon one of his legs, which baffled all attempts to heal until he used Burdock Blood Bitters, which speedily worked a perfect cure.

The old gentleman took up the book she had but just laid aside, and held it out to her.

Brownie bowed gracefully, wondering what the object of her action was, and testing her power, as she took the book and began reading again fluently.

"Thank you," he said, after a few minutes, during which time he had been intently studying the face of the beautiful girl.

He then immediately asked her a question in French.

She smiled brightly, and answered it on the instant.

He asked another, and soon they were in a lively conversation, which was like a charm to poor Mattie, who was anxious to get home.

"Do you speak any other language?" he asked, with interest.

"A piacere," Brownie responded, in liquid tones, which, being interpreted, means "at pleasure."

"And German?"

"I can speak it as fluently as the others, although I understand it, and can read it at sight."

But its guttural tones never had that attraction for him that the beautiful little song, "Your Mission," in the languages of Italy and France have.

"Are you musical?" demanded the old man, abruptly, after a moment's thought.

"Yes, sir, I am passionately fond of music," returned Brownie, becoming somewhat embarrassed at being so suddenly questioned.

"I fear you think I am very presuming, my young friend," he said, noting her expression, "but I have a very particular reason for asking you these questions; and now, if you care to humor an old man, will you come into the music-room yonder and let me hear you play a little."

Brownie had asked to get hold of a piano ever since leaving her dear old home, yet she shrank from displaying her accomplishments in so public a place.

Still the old gentleman was so courteous, and seemed so really interested in her, that she disliked to refuse him, and, bowing assent, she beckoned to Mattie, and followed him to the music-room.

To her intense relief, she found it was empty, and sitting down at the piano, she began lightly running her rosy fingers over the white keys.

The tones of the instrument inspired her in a moment, and she soon lost all thought of self and her listeners in her intense enjoyment of the sounds which her soul so loved to hear.

"Sing something, Meta," whispered Mr. Douglas, who stood by in a rapturous surprise at his friend's accomplishment, and had only waited for a pause to make her request.

Without a demur, she moderated her touch into an accompaniment, and sang the beautiful little song, "Your Mission," the words of which had been running in her head ever since she had first entered that disagreeable factory.

She sang the first verses beautifully, but the third was too much for her, and the second line was finished she broke down utterly, and howling her bitter tears she hurried away.

It was a song which Miss Mcintosh had dearly loved, and many times during the past year, when they had been sitting in the twilight together, she had sung it to her.

It brought back to her so many tender memories of the dear past, which she now believed would be the brightest and best part of her life, that she forgot time it seemed as if her heart must break under its weight.

It was only for a while, however. She remembered that she was in the presence of a stranger, and almost as soon as the first strain of the song was over, she recovered herself, and, rising from the piano-stool, she signified to Mattie her desire to return home.

Upon the first outbreak of her grief, the old gentleman had retired to the factory, and had been so long in his presence that he could not have been there.

He now came forward and she saw that his own eyes were shining with tears.

He held out his hand to her, and with a look of tenderness in his voice he said:

"My young friend, forgive me for taking your patience and good nature to such an extent and allow me to say that you have given me more pleasure during this hour than I have experienced this many a day."