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GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORROW.

The fires are all burned out, the lamps are low.
The guests are gone, the cups are drained and dry.
Here, then, was somewhat once of revelry; but now no more at all the fires shall glow,
Nor song be heard, nor laughter, nor wine flow.
Chill is the air; gray gleams the wintry sky;
Through lifeless boughs drear winds begin to sigh.
Tis time, my heart, for us to rise and go
Up the steep stair, till that dark room we know
Where sleep awaits us, brooding by that bed
On which who lies forgets all joy and pain,
Nor weeps in dreams for some sweet thing long fled.
Tis cold and lonely now; set wide the door;
Good-morrow, heart, and rest thee evermore.
—Philip Bourke Marston, in Harper.

THE BABY'S MISSION.

The Mulaneys commenced with a battered-up old grandfather who possessed a disastrous talent for getting into trouble and staying there, and ended in a crumb of a baby, whose name had been twisted by some inconceivable process from John Patrick Michael into Tim. He was such a skimpy baby that nature must have patched him up out of the cuttings and scrapings of luckier patterns, and, falling short of sight, had made it up to him in gloriously big slate-gray eyes that "opened wide but could not see."
There was a widow and some odds and ends of children wedged in between the two, and all lived together in a study little house that was as like as peas to the mob of other stuffy houses that disgraced both sides of the street—only it wasn't a street, after all, but an alley, choked up with want and flavored with badies; with a red lamp swung out at one corner where the beer-shop stood, and a dismal little Indian upholding with its one foot (the other might have been in its grave for all Slum Alley knew or bothered) the cigar-store interests at the other.

Grandfather Mulaney owned a cow that came as near his ideal as any cow could that gave milk instead of whisky, and he divided his time impartially between it and those patriotic meetings the Alpeytes devoted to poor Ireland and worse potene. Then there was a pig—two pigs—tucked under the woodshed, that squealed and scuffed and grunted, and a straddling rooster that cackled, regardless of sex, and a cat that mewed, and a dog that whined—and then, by way of rivalry, the odds and ends of Mulaneys, who squealed and shuffled and cackled and whined worse than them all put together.
Mother Mulaney was one of those misery-ridden widows the world knows by heart—a woman who laundried her life away with all the odds and ends tugging at her garters—all save Kitty, who even resented the figurative apron-strings now that she had asserted her superiority to them by standing in a store uptown.
Pretty Kitty! Her eyes were Irish blue, her hair was Irish black, her heart—but all Slum Alley stoutly denied that Kitty Mulaney owned it. She was tall and straight as a poplar sapling, was Kitty, and she had a trick of lifting her eyebrows at her neighbors, which was rather superb, but pretty conclusive evidence that the diagnosis of Slum Alley was correct.

How she had managed to grow up under such cramped circumstances, or how the beauty her mother had left behind her in the peat bogs of Ireland along with her youth had found such a glorious resurrection in her face, never puzzled the brain of Miss Kitty Mulaney—she was tall, and there were the Irish eyes and the clouds of black hair tantalizing her from the cracked bit of mirror say after day, till her vanity bled at the idea of wasting so much sweetness on two old people and a gang of noisy cubs—for there was enough of Grandfather Mulaney's blood rioting through her veins to warrant that young person in calling a spade a spade.

It was no crime, surely, to rebel against the fate that had cast her among them like a jewel in a dust heap, but if it had been rankest treason Miss Mulaney would have gone on rebelling all the same. Slum Alley was good enough, perhaps, for her moldy old grandfather and those knuckle-bones of children, but fate should have remembered that she was Kitty Mulaney, and cut her cloth accordingly. She loved her mother, of course, but deep down in her heart (for she really had one, though it was so cramped and stifled under its heaps of vanity and ruinous pride that Slum Alley might well be forgiven its doubts) she knew she was ashamed of the toll-stained face and naked brogue, and she never meant to forgive her father for dying as poor as he did.

Those other girls at the shop could have their evenings to themselves, with a trip now and then to the theatre, and friends they were not ashamed to own, while she—she—must trudge home to bare floors and sud-stained walls, to coarse fare heaped on cloudy dishes, with the odds and ends squealing and scuffling about her while she ate it, and Baby Tim actually squirming up in her lap from under the table

to coil his wizen little arms around her dainty waist.

She was tired, of course, and there was little exhilaration in kissing a scrap of a face that was black with dirt and generally blue with bruises—so Miss Mulaney never did it—and the child, whose love for his eldest sister, like the brilliant red flower of the cactus, was the one passion of his thorny little life, would accept his defeat with something shining in his sightless eyes that ought to have brought tears to her own, and go scuttling about the floor squealing worse than ever. It counted for little that the sud-stains meant so much of her mother's strength; she only knew that she was spending her youth with neither pleasure nor profit, that Tim's oration was the torment of her life, and that Grandfather Mulaney's playing fast and loose with the proprietor of the red lamp at one corner of the alley and the savage at the other, getting his drinks and smoke free and welcome in change for the hopes, so lavishly given in pay, was nearly driving her frantic, as if she would ever, ever—
"Av' course not, jewel," chuckled the dissipated old villain; "sure, it's choosin' twixt the byes would spile me game intirely."

That ended everything. For year she had been plotting and planning to get rid of it all, the poverty and dirt and disgrace of Slum Alley, and now her grandfather had opened a way with a wide gate and an easy road, and so Kitty stalked off dead-white with rage and engaged board with her friend, the Lace Counter, a big, showy girl with black eyes and yellow hair, whose mother let lodgings in a shabby-ghostly house uptown.
"Of course I didn't want to leave you, mother," Kitty managed to explain, and she had the grace to lower her eyes as she did it, "but madam complains so of the distance."
It was a comforting falsehood, for the faded blue in the poor creature's eyes leaped into sudden, smiling life.
"Yis, darlint, an' it's wrong yez are intirely. Sez I to yez grandfather the mornin', Kitty Mulaney's niver the gurrel for-ake the mother that burned her, sez I, an' sure it's h me the child will be after comin' the Saturday noights to keep the baby from frettin', Mr. Mulaney; moind that, sez I."

"Yes, certainly—but indeed, mother, you should not let Tim go on so," with an impatient shove that freed her ruffles from his baby clasp. "I can't come in the house but what he sticks to me like a burr—selfish little ruffian!"
Tim accepted his usual rebuke with solemn eyes and quivering lips till Miss Mulaney had given her mother a gingerly kiss and each of the odds and ends its sparse duplicate; then sipping up to her departing skirts, clutched them recklessly and said, with a wheedling ring in his baby voice:
"Kitty, does yez want Tim's 'tittle pig'?"

Heavens, no! Miss Mulaney had seen quite enough of pigs to last her a lifetime; so shaking the dust of Slum Alley from her dainty feet she went away to commence a new life in a cuddy under the eaves of a house that boasted of a barn, of a parlor strung around with cheap art in tarnished frames, cheap carpets, cheap chairs and a time-blurred glass over the mantel—cheap, yes, but it meant Oriental elegance to the pleasure-cheated girl, and so for a month or more she sold gloves and matched ribbons with a self-improving smile.
In the meantime something had happened.
It is not often that Fate drives to the door of impoverished beauty behind two cloud-gray horses with long drab tails; but romantic things do happen sometimes, even outside of story-books, and so, when Dr. Jones stepped out of his polished gig one evening, stepped in the shabby-gentle house to feel a sick lodger's pulse, and stepping out again stepped right into the brilliant focus of two Irish blue eyes shining in the doorway. Fate stepped in herself and managed the rest after the most approved of modern fashions that begins with the orthodox introduction and winds up with a ring.

Then remorseful memory startled the girl's conscience, and nerved her to a dutiful visit home, and the way had never seemed so long nor the place so shameless as on that summer evening, after reveling in the respectability of a life up-own.
Grandfather Mulaney was suffering from the effects of an understanding between the two corners; the children were laid up—or down, rather, on flabby pallets—with the mumps, and in the middle of it all—the miserable poverty and dirt—there sat Mother Mulaney, with Baby Tim stretched like a burning coal across her tired lap.
"Shpake low, mavourneen," whispered the poor creature, wiping the tears from her face with a forlornness that went to Kitty's heart—and staid there. "Oh, but it's the favor that's scorchin' his wee arruns! Do ye look at thim—an' he always as fat as a mole; sure it's cryin' he's been after yez; that bad, the doctor said I'd best send yer a message, but I minded yez promised to come, an' yez dead broke me heart along wid yer own worl—there, hist now, Tim, darlint; do yez le slapin, not to know she's home at last to stay?"
"Don't wake him, mother," she cried, hastily and remorsefully as well;

"and it will be quite impossible for me to stay to night; indeed—I—" she could not plead so trifling an excuse as an expected visit from the hero her mother had never heard of; so, emptying quite half of the silver coins from her purse into her hand, went on, hurriedly: "But I will come to-morrow, indeed; and here, mother, you will need this for the doctor."
"Shure, it's the comfort yez are when yez do come, mavourneen; but the doctor, St. Patrick's blessin' be wid him, he won't take a red cent from the likes of me, a poor widdy woman with her arruns full o' trouble, but I'll kape it for the mixtur the childer do be takin' all around; wirra, to look at thim, with bumps as big as petaties; an' how daft the baby will be when he finds you've been and left him!"
"But I will come to-morrow, indeed," she insisted, as she rose from her knees beside the unconscious child, "and see, I'll put this bright new penny in his hand to keep him company until I come; and, mother—"
She tried to fashion some plea for deserting them all, but it stuck crosswise in her throat; so, kissing her mother's quivering lips, and allowing the odds and ends to worship her to their hearts' content for five delightful minutes, went home quietly at last, carrying a sore conscience with her to her cuddy under the eaves. Yes, it was cruel to leave her mother in her hour of need; it was worse than cruel to stay away from baby Tim; but what if she should catch that dreadful fever, and it should feed upon her beauty like a worm that eats up the blush of a rose!

No, Miss Mulaney could not afford to bankrupt her future, even for baby Tim!
If only she could keep him out of her mind! She hated ugly children, and Tim's small, wan face, capped with whitish hair, was not lovable to think of; but there it laid, between her and the trees, between her and the shop windows, between her and the glass, while she dressed for the evening—even between her lover and herself, as they chatted in the twilight of the dingy parlor she had chosen to make her home.
She had never been so fond of the child, she told herself, as she sat there—but what would he think of them all, from Grandfather Mulaney down—he with his pride and grand manners—all the weakness in the girl's heart rebelled at the confession of her part and parcel in Slum Alley and the old life. She could not tell him, and she would not.

And then a woman's shabby outline darkened the doorway—a woman with sobs in her voice and a naked brogue on her tongue—and the woman was Mother Mulaney!
"Doctor! It's me little by-thee that's dyin' an' me a thraipsin to yer office when the gurrel av yez sint me here. Praise the howly Patrick, I've found yez!"
At the first word the girl crouched behind the avalanche of soiled lace that tumbled over the window, and remained there till both voices were lost in the sounds of the night. Dying, and she had let her mother go without a word! The twilight blackened, and Kitty Mulaney, crouched behind the curtain, fought as hard a battle as he fights who wins a fortune for his pains. Every unkind word she had ever given the child cut and stung her as only remorse knows how to cut and sting, and now he might be dying even.

The fear of that carried her out of the house, down the streets, through courts and over crossings, till it brought her, panting, at last to Slum Alley and the home that, God helping her, she never again would leave.
And when she saw it lying there, a tiny white thing, with a bright, new penny between the fingers that lay like white blossoms on its heart, perhaps Baby Mulaney, looking down upon her from an unknown somewhere, called upon his Master to witness that he had not died in vain.
And the doctor? Why, what could he do but forgive her weakness in the name of—Baby Mulaney!—*Leslie's Illustrated.*

A Tub for a Habitation.
It is a fashion among persons of means when they build residences for their own occupancy to adopt a style and arrangement different in some way from every other residence they have ever seen, but it has been left to A. D. Tufts, of Portland, Oregon, to construct a habitation unapproachable in originality of design. He lives in a tub. The tub is oblong, being about ten feet long, six feet wide and eight feet high. Rafter six inches high are laid on top, upon which there is a tongue and grooved roof covered with tin. The roof overhangs the tub several inches, and the space between the top of the staves and the ceiling serves alike for ventilation and light. A door of the usual size is the means of entrance. The inner walls are painted white, as is the ceiling, and an ingrain carpet of neat design covers the floor. The furniture consists of a wash-stand, two chairs, an open stove, connecting through a thimble with a pipe outside, a narrow bed swing hammock fashion, several cheap engravings, and swinging shelves containing books. A woman's supervision could not make the dwelling neater. Mr. Tufts is a bachelor, and "dines out."
According to a recent census the population of Egypt is 6,798,200.

"THROW UP YOUR HANDS."

HOW A KENTUCKY DESPERADO DEIFIED THE WHOLE STATE.

And How He Was at Last Brought Within the Law's Reach by a Determined Officer—His Conviction and Pardon.

Grove Kennedy kept the State of Kentucky at bay for nearly a year, depopulating a watering place, scaring the governor out of his boots, laughing at life and bullied all the courts of the commonwealth for two years. We saw him in Lancaster, a fine-looking fellow of perhaps thirty-eight, with dark hair and beard and fine bright eyes, with a genuine humorous sparkle in them. He is a typical dangerous man. He comes of a family that kill. They die generally booted and armed. They came to Kentucky with Daniel Boone and owned 20,000 acres of garden land in this Eden of Kentucky. They began by killing Indians and have never got over it. Old Eb Kennedy was Grove's uncle and foster father. In 1877 they quarreled and had a lawsuit. After old Eb had given his testimony in court he insulted Grove and walked out. Grove calmly went out on the balcony and as his uncle walked down the sidewalk drew a bead on the old man with a shotgun and sent the whole case to a higher court. The whole charge went in behind the ear and generously came out all over the old man's countenance.
Grove was arrested without resistance and afterward escaped. For six months he was at large. The governor offered a large reward for the outlaw's capture. Thereward was large enough to invite the approval of George W. Hunter, of Bardstown, popularly known as "Marshal" Hunter. Hunter is the coolest and most determined man in Kentucky, a small, square-jawed man, with quick, gray eyes and little hands that have a grip of iron. I asked Hunter once what was the secret of his success.
"Well," he said, "you always get the drop on a man, and if he don't do what you want shoot."
Hunter appeared from Bardstown after the reward had been offered for Kennedy. This was published and Kennedy at once disappeared from Crab Orchard. Then it was that all Kentucky awoke to the thrill of a man hunt. The pursued and the pursuer left not a trace behind them. It was a match of courage and skill against courage and desperation, and the State waited for there-ult. Days and weeks rolled by and nothing was heard. One day in October, however, the rumor came that Grove Kennedy had been captured alive. Next day the State was aflame with the news. Hunter had gone to Grove Kennedy's house and patiently waited for him to turn up. Secreted in the woods with some trusty followers, prepared to fight Kennedy and his crowd, he never wearied.
One morning at daylight Hunter, sheltered behind the stable, saw the outlaw coming for his horse. They had never met. As Grove walked up, Hunter covered with a revolver, and, stepping out from behind the corner of the stable, quietly said:
"Throw up your hands!"
"What for?" asked the outlaw, as he paused and considered the prudence of reaching for his pistol.
"For your life!" answered Hunter, point blank.
"You are Marshal Hunter?" inquired Kennedy, as coolly and calmly as the other.
"Yes."
"Then I surrender!"
The outlaw then devoted his energies to amusing himself with the law. He had half a dozen trials and convictions and kept the court of appeals busy reversing decisions and ordering new trials. The military had to be ordered out to protect the court. One day he called up a newspaper correspondent in court and quietly calling his attention to an error in the report said:
"If that ain't corrected and fair reports sent out I'll kill you as soon as I get out of here." He was finally convicted in 1880 and had been in the penitentiary for about three years when pardoned. When he was first sent up he was very disobedient and troublesome, but that soon disappeared and he won his pardon for good behavior. He was sentenced for twenty-one years.
"Whisky was the cause of all my cussedness," said the released outlaw. "My uncle brought me up to fight any man that insulted me and to guard. That was what caused his death. But I have quit drinking liquor now, and if I got a chance I'm going to behave myself. I'm going West to settle, either in Kansas or Missouri."—*Correspondence Philadelphia Times.*

"You have very sweet lips," said a traveler to the fair damed at a five-minute-for-refreshment railroad restaurant, as he laid down a sandwich on which he could make no impression, "but I must say I can't go your tongue!" Fortunately the train started when it did, or the traveler would have got more tongue than he bargained for.—*Statesman.*

The high school girl explained to her particular friend yesterday that "He kicked the bucket" was slang, and that the polite expression was: "He propelled his pedal extremities with violence against a familiar utensil used for the transportation of water."

FASHION NOTES.

Zouave jackets are among the new styles.

Seal brown suits, tailor finished, are very fashionable.

Sleeves have a decided tendency to fullness at the top.

The knotted silk handkerchief is as much used as ever.

Gay and severe styles of dress are equally fashionable.

Flounces pinked out on the edges are again fashionable.

Large collars and lace fichus are de rigueur for full dress.

Velvet, plush and chenille are the leading dress trappings.

English jackets and jockey-cap bonnets will be much worn.

Pointed or tapering crowns for bonnets are no longer fashionable.

Felt and velvet bonnets will be worn to the exclusion of plush.

Pattern dresses, in dark blues, reds and browns, will be popular this winter.

Turbans, composed entirely of feathers, have gone entirely out of style.

Spanish lace scarfs are not worn, except with black silk dresses. Then they are relieved by having white lace peeping from beneath their somber folds.

All the esthetic and fancy writing paper is going out of style, being replaced by that which is thick, plain and unruled, with a big square envelope to match.

Among new fall goods are woven tapestry patterns with borders of antique designs and in blocks, bars, checks and plaids, the fabric rough but soft came's-hair.

A great many lace dresses are worn. They are generally made in the princess style, or in long redingotes, and are worn over satins of a bright color. Black Flemish blache and Spanish blonde are the favorites.

Young ladies are wearing a great deal of black at receptions, dinners and balls, but very little in the street. The black dress always heightens the fairness of the skin by gaslight, and this is doubtless the reason why it is so popular.

Black stockings are almost universally the choice for girls of all ages, and for boys in dresses or short trousers. The fashion is expensive, as black hosiery is apt to be inferior in quality to white or colored, therefore requiring more frequent renewal of supply.

Jersey jackets for cool days are made somewhat heavier than the summer zephyr jerseys, and are supplied with self-colored fans of satin or surah set in below the waist at the back. Where the jacket is part of the costume, a wide surah is put around the hem and tied in a great bow at the back.

The thickly corded Antwerp silks are again in favor for both dresses and cloaks, as they come in single and double widths for dresses and for circulars; these have none of the lustre of satin, to begin with, and as they are not adulterated, they do not take on a suspicious and unwelcome gloss after being worn.

Fichus of black Spanish lace are worn twisted about the neck, especially with the jerseys, which are popular this fall. Jerseys in dark blue and black are the only kind permitted by fashion for street wear. They are worn over black silk or dark blue silk skirts, and have a sash back, and often sash drapery down the front.

Rough and ready wrap, for girls and small boys, are made in semi-ulster form, of all wool plaid cloth. They are plaited the entire length in front, like a blouse, but an added plain breadth gathered on to the waist at the back gives fullness to the skirt. Larger girls have tight fitting coats, jackets with dolman backs and raglans to choose from.

Do the Best You Can.

A story is told of a king who went into his garden one morning and found everything withering and dying. He asked an oak that stood near the gate what the trouble was. He found that it was sick of life and determined to die because it was not tall and beautiful like the pine. The pine was out of heart because it could not bear grapes like the vine. The vine was going to throw its life away because it could not stand erect and have as fine fruit as the pomegranate; and so throughout the garden. Coming to a heart's ease, he found its bright face uplifted, as full of cheerfulness as ever. Said the king: "Well, heart's-ease, I am glad to find one brave little flower in this general discouragement and dying. You don't seem one bit disheartened."

"No, your majesty. I know I am of small account, but I concluded you wanted a heart's-ease when you planted me. If you had wanted an oak or a pine, or a vine or pomegranate, you would have set one out. So I am bound to be the best heart's-ease that ever I can." Very wise, truly, was the heart's-ease. We had better follow its example.

The fig is said to be a sure crop in most of the Southern States. The cost of cultivation is trifling.

English Methodists give \$1,000,000 a year to home missions.

TIT FOR TAT.

A DUET FROM THE "MERRY DUCHESSES."
BRABAZON.
Do you remember, ah, my love,
Our pleasant walks together—
The little trips to Hampton court,
All in the pleasant weather!

ROWENA.
Yes, I remember; yes, I remember that.

BRABAZON.
Do you remember Richmond, love,
The Star and Garter dinner;
The little dinner and the gloves
Of which you were the winner!

ROWENA.
I don't remember; I don't remember any.

BRABAZON.
It must have been the other girl.

ROWENA.
Do you remember Brighton, love,
Where on the pier we'd linger,
And what you said that moonlight night
You slipped this on my finger!

[Showing ring.]
BRABAZON.
I don't remember; I don't remember that.
It must have been the other chap.

ROWENA.
Ah, yes; it must have been the other chap.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Early English—Baby talk.
The cause of all taffy—lasses.
Writing a wrong is the forger's work.

When a hen retires for the night, it is quite proper to speak of her as a rooster.

"No more reflections, please," said the looking glass after it had tumbled down stairs.—*New York Journal.*

Dried apricots are likely to be a prominent article of export from California. They are not so well as the dried apples.—*Pittsburg.*

A girl can climb a fence very handsily and gracefully—at least some girls can—but not if a fellow yells "snakes!" just as she is getting over.—*Boston Post.*

A woman applied for a place as street car driver. "Can you manage mules?" asked an employer. "I should smile," she said, "I've had two husbands."

An Ohio dentist has devoted himself to active politics, probably on the ground that his calling has fitted him for "taking the stump."—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

Colonel Prjewalsky is the leader of a proposed Russian scientific expedition. If they go up North they had better fasten that name on the bow of the boat to crack icebergs with.—*Burlington Free Press.*

It is said that English sparrows are being palmed off for reed-birds at restaurants. People who are anxious to have the English sparrow exterminated should always call for reed-bird.—*Lowell Courier.*

There is a grocer out West who is said to be so mean that he was seen to catch a fly off his counter, hold him up by the hind legs and look in the cracks of his feet to see if he hadn't been stealing some sugar.—*Somerville Journal.*

When a man is sitting still, steadfastly gazing at nothing, his wife hasn't a word to say to him; but as soon as he takes up a paper or a book to read, she takes a long breath and almost drowns him with an avalanche of questions.—*Puck.*

Lesseps.
M. de Lesseps, the projector and manager of the Suez canal, is an old man, yet he is as healthy and vigorous as a strong man of fifty. He attributes his vitality to the way in which his father reared him. His childhood was as free and natural as a young savage. He wore no more clothing than decency required, was obliged to take regular exercise, and was never overfed. When he was five years old he could ride a mettlesome horse.

He has brought up his own children as he was reared. They are not over-dressed, nor overfed, nor under-exercised. The youngest of the ten, an infant, is clothed in a sleeveless garment of soft cotton, which restrains neither arms nor legs when it wishes to kick.

Nature, says M. de Lesseps, does better for the infant, in warm and temperate climates, than the dress-maker's art can do. She envelops it in fat tissue; gives it, when not interfered with, a fresh and beautiful skin, and prompts it to graceful movements. The sight of a finely dressed child grades upon the old man's nerves, and he compares a little girl, dressed in frills, a sash, and knitted leggins, to a bantam fowl. Before his own boys were old enough to play marbles or dress dolls, he gave them ponies and taught them how to ride. Their nursery maids and governesses have always been trained by the following rules:

"Little meat; less clothing; unlimited exercise; food to be given in the hand whenever it is asked for, but only twice a day at table.

"A child who pays while eating merely eats to appease hunger, and does not run into gluttony.

"A child who is only allowed to eat at fixed hours and at table meals, is sure to gorge itself and take more than it requires."—*Youth's Companion.*