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THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

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BUY YOUR SHIRTS -FROM- J. D. BABBAGE.

AILASA.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIVE BROTHERS OF DARROCH.

"Fair and fine is the Maid of Killeena. Her foot is light on the heather as the foot of the roe deer on Corrabhal; her eyes are bluer than the blue seas round Uig; when she speaks the valley rejoices. And she has no lover, the Maid of Killeena; her heart is as free as the winds of the morning, the young men are afraid of her laughing; they avoid the road to Killeena."

Such were the phrases, mere echoes of Macpherson's Ossian, that were running through the head of a young lad who lay on the beach of the far and lonely island of Darroch, in the Hebrides. He was dressed in rough, dark-blue fisherman's costume; his hands and face were browned with the weather, but somehow he did not seem to have the robust and hardy look common to the inhabitants of that rough coast. His face was pensive and sad; his eyes large and thoughtful; his limbs appeared slender and suple rather than thick set and strong. At this moment he was regarding with an absent and indifferent look the sea before him, the islands that stood black in the pale colors of the water, and a large brown rowing-boat which was being pulled out through one of the channels to the open plain beyond. In that boat were his four brothers. He was to have gone out fishing with them as usual; but he had forgotten the time and missed them, and he had run down to this projecting point of the coast to hail them as they went by. For a second or two they hung on their oars, and seemed inclined to pull in for him; but then he could see his eldest brother, Duncan, turn round and address his companions with many angry gestures; and presently the oars were dipped into the waves again, and the boat made out for the open sea. The young lad, Alister Lewis by name, lay down on the shingle, disappointed, ashamed, and wretched. His heart was not in the fishing, and every one knew it; still it was hard that he should be left at home to mind the farm as if he were a girl or an old woman. But as he lay and dreamed of all these things, his fancy took him away to the neighboring island of Killeena and to a small farmsteading there; where a mother and an only daughter lived. The daughter was Ailasa Macdonald, and his heart grew light in thinking of her.

The picture he had before his imagination was really one to dwell with delight on; that of a young girl of sixteen, graceful in figure, with light brown hair that, unloosed, would have rippled down to her feet, eyes brightly blue and shaded with dark eyelashes, and a disposition as merry and bright, and innocent, as ever cheered up a rude home. And that was a rude home enough—the small farmhouse of Carn-Slean, which was set in the middle of a moor, with a few fields reclaimed from the black peat-moss all around, and with but a scanty show of sheep on the drier uplands abutting on the farm. She had no lover; but there was some one over the narrow channel that separated the island from Darroch who let his boyish fancies cluster around her in a tender and wistful fashion, keeping the secret, as he imagined, sacred to himself.

It was no secret, however, to his four brothers, the eldest of whom—a short, thick-set, hard visaged man of fierce temper and passionate speech—was himself supposed to harbor some wish that he might in a year or two get this bright young lass to be his wife. Duncan Lewis spoke angrily of his younger brother's visits to the farm of Carn-Slean. He never had any great love for the lad, who was ill qualified for the rough work of the fishing; but sometimes he spoke of him with a sudden emphasis of hatred which startled the others. On this occasion, when young Alister Lewis came running down to the point, to hail the boat, the eldest brother had turned and said fiercely:

"We will not go in to the shore for him—no, by Kott, we will not go in to the shore. He is no use for the fishing, not more as if he wass a child; and he will look out for the storms with those teffies of eyes of his staring. Let him go to the farm. Let him look after the hens and bring the cows home. We hef no more use for him in the boat!"

"But we hef got his fiddle with us," said another of the brothers regretfully; "and he is ferry goot with the songs and the stories."

"The songs and the stories!" said Duncan Lewis, with an oath. "Who will want to hef stories that will mek the ferry dead rise up in their graves? They are not goot songs for the middle of the night. His songs and his stories! Let him tek them over to that lass at Killeena—she will hef his songs and his stories!"

"But it is you, Duncan Lewis, yourself," retorted the brother, "who would like to hef a word with Mrs. Macdonald's lass."

The eldest brother did not answer; he struck his oar into the water, the other oars instantly following; and then the measured throb could have been heard along the shores of these lonely islands, while a gloomy silence prevailed on board the boat.

Meanwhile Alister Lewis had got up to his feet, showing himself a tall and well-made stripling enough, though he had not the stalwart make of his brothers.

"I will go ever to Killeena," he said to himself. "I hef something to say to Ailasa."

He walked along the shores of the island—the shingly beach of which soon gave way to stretches of fine wind-swept sand. He came to a narrow channel, on the other side of which was another island—darker and more rocky than Darroch; while the strait between had clearly a strong current running through it. How to get over? There was not even a house within sight on these desolate shores. The lad coolly undressed himself, tied his clothes in a bundle, and strapped them on his shoulders, then he made his way carefully into the water, and swam the channel. The water was pretty smooth; but all the same the lower part of the bundle was considerably wet Not heeding that much—indeed, he had calculated on it—he rapidly dressed himself again; and began walking smartly up and over the marshy, green wastes of Killeena, until he reached a small farm set amidst the black moorlands that had been cut for peat. An elderly woman was at the door, in the misty sunlight, spinning wool. One or two people, mostly old men, who had given up the fishing, but who still wore fisherman's clothes, were at work in the fields. There was no sign of young Ailasa.

"Yes, is it you, Alister Lewis?" Mrs. Macdonald said, in the Gaelic; "and have you not brought your fiddle to give us a tune? And are your brothers not going to the fishing to-day?"

"My brothers have gone to the fishing without me," said Alister, in the same tongue, "and they have taken my fiddle with them. I want to see your Ailasa, Mrs. Macdonald, for I am going away."

"You are going away, Alister Lewis! And where are you going?" she said.

"I am going to Glasgow—yes, that is where I am going. I am not any use at the fishing; and my mother and father they do not want me at the farm. It is a long way, the way to Glasgow."

"You will find Ailasa in the kitchen," said Mrs. Macdonald.

Ailasa was raking up the peats—the fire was in the middle of the floor, with a chimney overhead going up through the thatch of the roof—with the intention of putting a big pot on the iron hook. She turned round suddenly as he entered—a bright look of surprise and gladness flashed into her face—and she said in English, "And iss it you, Alister, at last? You hef not been here not for more as two weeks."

"No, I hef not, Ailasa," he said, casting down his eyes; "and now I wass come to bid you good-bye, for it iss to Glasgow that I am going. It iss no use my being here any more; and if I can get any work in Glasgow, that will be ferry well indeed, and if I can go to the schools there I will do that, too, for it iss not any great money you want to go to the college there, as Malcolm Ross he wass telling to me when I will see him in Stornoway, and so—and so, Ailasa, I wass wanting to say good-bye to you before I go."

"But you will not be for going to Glasgow all at once, Alister?" said the girl, with two big tears appearing in her eyes.

"It is no use spending the time any more here," the lad said wistfully. "I would write you a letter, Ailasa, from Glasgow, if you would like that, and if you would send me the news, that would be a ferry good day the day that I got a letter from you with all the news in it."

"And are you going away like that, Alister Lewis?" she said: "and none of your friends to come and drink a glass to your good health, and not a word to any one of them? And it iss only in half an hour that we will hef dinner, Alister; and what 's half an hour if you are going away to Glasgow?"

"But you will not be ferry angry with me, Ailasa," he said, rather shamefacedly, "bekass it iss a hard thing to go away, and I will not hef the spirit to say good-bye to them all—only to you, Ailasa, and to your mother; and so good-bye to you, Ailasa, and it will be a ferry good day for me that day that you will send me a letter to Glasgow."

Ailasa was now crying bitterly. She held out her hand; and he, unable to speak shook it warmly, and went away. Then, with some broken sentences in Gaelic, he bade good-bye to the old mother and betook himself again to crossing the wild moorland on his way to the sea.

That night the brothers, who had only been out with the lines, came home late and rather dispirited. The taks had been small. When in due course they sat down to supper, the old father and mother included, Alister only was absent.

"I suppose he has been all the day over with that lass at Carn-Slean," said the black-haired Duncan, angrily. "He is better there than at the fishing. He will go to the fishing with us no more—by Kott, he will go with us no more."

"You are right, Duncan Lewis, and it is a hard man you are," the old mother said, beginning to cry. "He will not go to the fishing with you, not any more, for the boy is going to Glasgow."

"And a ferry good thing, too; and mirover," said Duncan, gloomily, "he will be ferry much better in a counting-house than at an oar, and he will hef his fiddle when he likes, and his stories, and his books. 'Tiss a ferry good thing that he will be going away to Glasgow."

"By Kott," exclaimed one of the other brothers, with a sudden vehemence, "if Alister iss going for to go to Glasgow, it iss not with empty pockets that he will go to Glasgow."

"No, no," cried the other brothers. "We will gif the lad something to put in his pocket! By Kott, he will hef something to put in his pocket!"

And here the white-haired old father interfered; and with many wise shakes of the head he intimated that he knew all that lay before a young man who was going to seek his fortune in a strange and distant city. Old Hector Lewis, to be sure, had never been out of the Hebrides, and had never seen any greater or more glorious city than Stornoway; but he was supposed to know much more than most men of what was going on in the world. Alister would soon get a situation. He could be recommended to Mr. Macilwham, the painter and glazier, of the Gallowgate; and though it was too late to apprentice him to that trade, Mr. Macilwham would surely be able to find an occupation for a young man who was learned in all matters of book craft, handwriting, figuring, and the like.

"I wass thinking he will not get much money for the writing of verses of poetry—that iss a ferry bad trade," said Duncan Lewis, with some contempt.

"But this is what I say," said Nicol Lewis, the third brother, with unnecessary warmth, "I say there iss not any finer lad in the Western Isles as Alister Lewis, and it will surely be a shame, and a great shame, if we wass to let him fight his own way in a strange town. And, this is what I say, that if effery penny of my money that is in the bank of Stornaway will hef to go, Alister he will be at the college, as sure as I am a living man, by Kott!"

And there and then the three brothers settled it, Duncan being the only dissentient. When Alister came in to supper he was pale and silent. He felt himself an outcast, and that his brothers had reason to despise him for that he could not work in the boat as they did. He was conscious that he spent his time in idling about the moors and solitudes—in playing his rude violin by the side of lonely streams—in reading books and studying algebraic puzzles that could be of no use to any one. So he came in and sat down at the plain wooden table, silent and ashamed.

"And where hef you been this day, Alister?" said Nicol Lewis.

The lad bit his lip and was silent; he did not wish to be laughed at.

"At Carn-Slean—that iss where he was," said Duncan Lewis, looking dark.

"That iss true," the lad said at last. "I wass over at Carn-Slean—it was to say good-bye. For I am going to Glasgow—it iss no use by being here any more."

"That is a true word you hef spoken, Alister Lewis," said his brother Nicol, in a kindly fashion; "and we are ferry glad you would think of going to Glasgow, bekass it is not many hass such skill o' reading and writing as you; and it was Donald, and Hamish, and me, we wass sayin' there iss no great expense of the going to the college, and we wass saying that the expense—well, we will take the expense, and it iss no great thing that we will tek the expense And if you get a place in Glasgow that will keep you in your meat and your clothes, that was ferry well whatever, but the college, it iss Donald and Hamish, and me, we will pay for the college, and you will send us the letter, Alister, that will tell us all the news."

Surely the boy was not fit for the hard life of a fisherman; for at this moment, when he ought to have been glad of heart, any one could have seen that tears were running down his face. He rose abruptly from the table He went to the small window—a single pane of glass let into the wall—and stood there for a moment or two. Then he came back, and held out his hand to each of the three brothers in succession.

"It iss a ferry kind man you are, Nicol Lewis," he said to the last of them, "and a ferry good brother to me. And it iss not much of your money I will spend at the college; and when I can I will pay you back your money; but there iss more than the money that I thank you for this night, Nicol Lewis."

And so, some few days thereafter, Alister Lewis sailed in the steamer for Glasgow; and many thought they would see him no more in this world, considering that he had gone away to that distant place; but as for Ailasa Macdonald she had no such thoughts, and used, on the contrary, to sit of an evening and wonder what the great city was like, and wonder, too, when Alister Lewis would grow to be a great and famous man and come back in pride and honor to the humble farm in the Island of Darroch.

CHAPTER II.

NEWS FROM FAR AWAY.

Three months went by before they got a letter. It was on the evening of a warm autumn day that Ailasa saw the solitary figure of the postman come over the level moors, and in the distance—in the midst of the glow of rich color that was shining over all the land and the sea—that humble official seemed to her to come like an angel out of a cloud of golden mist. She knew the letter had come at last. Fleet footed as a young roe she ran to meet him, and she was too breathless to ask him the necessary question when she was face to face with him.

"Oh, ay," the shrivelled old man said, opening his bag; "it was more as four times or six times you hef come out to meet me, Ailasa, and you wass thinking I had a letter from Alister Lewis that is away in Glasgow. And this time you hef come the right time, and there is more as a letter for you, there is a gran' big book, a ferry fine big book, and you will be ferry proud of it whatever. I hef not seen any such fine book since the wan that Sheila Mackenzie sent all the way from Borvabost to Mrs. M'Gregor's lad when he wass ferry ill with the fever,"

"And if you would give me the book and the letter, John Cameron," said Ailasa, rather impatiently, "you could on to the house and hef a dram."

So she got the letter and the book, and forthwith she sat down on the heather, leaving the postman to go on his way. It was a well written letter; Alister Lewis had always been clever with his pen.

"Dear Ailasa," so it ran, "you will be expecting all the news from me this long time; but I would not send the news till I had the good news to send you. And now I can do that; for I have got a good master, and a good master makes a willing servant, and he is very kind to me whatever. And I have been very busy with the night classes since I was come to Glasgow; and I have been three nights in the week for my Latin to an old gentleman that I have heard was a Catholic priest many years ago, and he has classes for the young men that are going to college, and they are all very eager to go to the college. The Greek is at eight in the morning and it is very much easier for me to learn here than in Darroch, where there was no one to tell you if you were right. My teacher thinks that I will pass the examination; and the Junior Latin at the college it is early in the morning, and my master says he will give me what hours I will want for my classes. Dear Ailasa, I have spent not one farthing of the money that Nicol, and Hamish, and Donald, they gave to me, no not any one farthing of the money; and I am in hopes to keep myself at the college. It is a terrible place, this big town—you can not sleep for weeks after coming into it; and it is very lonely you are. But I am very busy all the day, and have not much time to think of anything but the work of the day and my books at night; and when I have a little time I go down to the river where the ships are, and I hear a little Gaelic among the sailors, and I see the big steamers going away for Oban, and Islay, and Stornoway, and then I think of all the people I know in Killeena and Darroch, and if I shall see them any more. That is all the news. If you would send me a letter with the news, that would be a great pleasure to me. I was thinking I would like to send you a book if you will take it from me; but if you do not wish to take the book from me you will tell me about that in the letter with all the news, And I hope your mother is very well; and I remain, dear Ailasa, your faithful friend, Alister Lewis."

The young girl did not look at the book. She read and reread the letter, and her face was full of pride and gladness. Had he not prospered famously in the far city, where they had already so far recognized the erudition he had picked up in Darroch that they were going to admit him to the great University? And he maintained himself, keeping himself from debt, and he a mere stripling. Ailasa drew a wonderful picture for herself of the young man's triumphant circumstances and prospects. She did not know of the dingy little room in the attics; of the breakfast, dinner, and supper of oatmeal porridge; of the weary hours of study stretching far into the night and of the slow drudgery of the day in that shop in the Gallowgate.

Surely this evening was to be one full of wonders. Another figure appeared as if coming out of the sunset; what new stranger was this? A short, stout-built, dark-haired man came across the rough moorland, and approached Ailasa in a somewhat shy fashion.

"I hope you are ferry well, Ailasa," said he, holding out his hand in an embarrassed way.

"Yes, I am ferry well whatever, Duncan Lewis," said she, without any great concern. "And you will be for seeing my mother. She is in the house."

"I might have come to see yourself, Ailasa," said he.

The young girl laughed lightly.

"To come all the way from Darroch to see me? That would be ferry kind of you, Duncan, if I could believe it. But my mother wass saying it will be a long time since we hef seen any of the Darroch people, and she will be ferry glad to see yoe this day—oh, yes, she will be ferry glad to see you."

The fisherman stood embarrassed and uncertain. He would like to have said something more; but he had been regarding the open letter and the gilt-edged book lying on her lap. and angry suspicions were crowding in on his mind. So he suddenly left her, and went on to the house, where he found Mrs. Macdonald stirring up the peat-fire. She rapidly dusted a stool for him, and bade him sit down.

"It is a ferry fine evening, this evening," said he.

"Indeed it is," praise God," she said, in the Gaelic; and thereafter they spoke in that tongue.

"It iss a strange thing I am come to you about this day," said he, with his eyes on the ground, "I am the eldest one of my family. I have done well in the world, Mrs. Macdonald. I have more than £120 in the bank at Stornoway."

"That is a good thing, Duncan Lewis," she answered. "You have kept off the drink like a prudent man. It is not every one has so much money in the bank at Stornoway."

"And it is time, Mrs. Macdonald," he continued, "that one of our family should take a wife; and the eldest first, according to the old saying."

"Yes, indeed, the eldest," she said, producing a bottle, a glass, and a plate with some pieces of oatmeal cake on it.

"And this is it, Mrs. Macdonald; there is no lass in all the islands so good and fine a lass as your Ailasa, Mrs. Macdonald, and if she will take me for a husband it is a good husband I will be to her, and I will come to Carn-Slean when there is no fishing and look after the farm for you, for you want a man to look after the farm at the time of the sowing and at the time of the harvest."

The Highland woman received this proposal in a calm and matter-of-fact way.

"Take a glass of whisky, Duncan Lewis, and drink to our good health—I do not touch the whisky myself. As for our Ailasa, she will be married some day, I hope, for that is good and right for a lass, and I hope she will have an honest husband who knows how to keep off the drink like yourself, Duncan, But she is too young a lass to think of taking a husband yet. If she waits five or six years, then it will be a good time to take a husband."

"That is fairly spoken," said the fisher man. "I will wait five or six years if Ailasa will promise to be my wife. I am not in a hurry, Mrs. Macdonald; but it is a good thing to know you have made your choice, instead of going to all places to look for a wife."

"Then you can speak to herself, Duncan Lewis; and here she comes," said the mother. "And do not forget to say that you will come and look after the farm when you have not to go to the fishing."

Ailasa came in, bearing her two treasures in her hand; and surely a brighter or prettier lass than this comely young creature could not have been found any where in these remote islands.

"Do you know I left a letter from Alister Lewis?" she said to her mother, "and a fine book, too that iss full of the pictures of flowers. And it iss a ferry good letter of news, for he iss going to the college, just like Malcolm Ross."

"Oh, ay," his eldest brother said, with an angry look gathering on his face, "it iss ferry fine for him to go and be a gentleman with all the money that Hamish and Nicol gif to him as if he was no more nor a beggar's son, and it iss ferry fine for him to live on their money and go to the college."

"But it iss a mistake and a ferry great mistake that you hef made, Duncan Lewis," said Ailasa, very warmly. "It iss no beggar's son that Alister iss, for he hass not touched a farthing of the money; and if he had, it wass only a loan that he could give them back again; but he hass not spent no not one farthing of the money, and he iss no more a beggar's son as you are yourself, Duncan Lewis!"

"I am not a beggar's son," said the dark-haired fisherman, his temper getting the better of his prudence. "It is more as £120 I hef in the bank at Stornoway; and when will he make that at the college?"

"He will make that and a great deal very much more than that before a few years iss over," said the girl, confidently; "and it iss not money that is every thing."

"Well, it iss not right for us to hef a quarrel, Ailasa Macdonald," said Duncan Lewis, gloomily. "I did not come here to hef a quarrel. I wass saying to your mother that a man who hass money to tek a farm of his own should think of marrying; and I hef told you what money it iss that iss mine in the bank at Stornoway; and I wass saying I would come and look after the farm at Carn Slean when there wass no fishing."

"That iss ferry good of you, Duncan Lewis," said Ailasa, with some surprise; he was not ordinarily generous.

"But this iss it, Ailasa," said he; "you are a young thing, and hef no one to tek care of you if your mother wass ill. And I wass saying—I wass saying to your mother—that I would like to hef you for my wife, in five years, or four years, as might be, and that iss the word I wass wishing to speak to you, Ailasa Macdonald."

The girl looked more and more astonished, and then turned, as if for guidance, to her mother. Mrs. Macdonald had begun to peel some potatoes for supper, and was apparently not listening.

"To be your wife, Duncan Lewis? And it iss not any joke that you are making?"

"It iss not any joke at all," said he.

"Then I can not gif you my word back, Duncan Lewis," she said, simply. "Not in five years, or in four years—it iss no use your thinking of it all that time—you will get some other lass in Darroch."

The man rose with a gloomy look about the dark eyes.

"That iss your answer to me, Ailasa Macdonald; and it iss the last word you hef for me?"

"Yes, it iss the last, Duncan Lewis," she said; "but it iss ferry good friends that we may be, although I can not think of marrying you."

He did not make any answer to that proposal. He bade mother and daughter good-bye in a brief word or two in Gaelic, and then he set out to cross the Killeena moors. The shadows of night were gathering over the islands and the sea when he entered his own home; but their blackness was not half so forbidding and ominous as the fixed and angry scowl on his face.

Continued next week.

OUR GOOD WILL
INCREASES WITH OUR TRADE.

OUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR 1833.

The general satisfaction and universal good feeling which resulted from our "New Year's Gifts" of last year, joined with the general desire that we should pursue the same course this season, and both coupled with the fact that we are in the midst of the most successful season's trade we have ever enjoyed, prompts us once again to testify our appreciation of the continued support and increased patronage of the people by making them a number of valuable presents in token of our gratitude for their custom.

From now until December 31, when we shall make our CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, every Purchaser will receive a printed, signed and numbered, guarantee ticket warranting every article sold by us to be as low, if not lower, in price than same quality and make can be bought elsewhere. Every Patron in Every Department will receive one of the Guarrantee Tickets, no matter how small the purchase.

A $750,00 DECKER BROS. PIANO will be given to some lady making purchace at our Store from any Department. A Pony Dog-Cart and Harness, worth $350,00, will be given to some boy making purchase in our Boys' Clothing Department. A fine Swiss Watch, worth $200,00, to some patron of our Men's Clothing Department. Another—A Nickel Plated ooking Range and trimmings, worth $75,00. And still another—A superb Silver Tea Service, worth $100,00. Another—A fine Waltham Watch, worth $170,00, to some patron of our Gent's Furnishing Goods Department. A "Raymond" movement Watch and Chain, Elgin works, to some patron of our Men's Hat and Cap Department. A ticket with every purchase. No one in our employ can have a ticket; these presents are for our customers.

NO CHARGE
Is made directly or indirectly for these tickets. They are complimentary to our customers. With every article we sell we give a numbered, printed and signed guarantee warranting it to be as represented by the salesman, and guaranteeing it to be as low, if not lower, in price than same quality and and be bought elsewhere. It makes no difference to us what price others may name, ours are lower every time.

And in addition to this guarantee. which protects our customers at all points, we say, bring back whatever you map buy and are dissatisfied with—you can have your money returned without a murmur. We know that everything we sell is worth the price charged for it, and we would rather have our goods thag your money if you are not pleased.
KLEINHANS & SIMONSON.

LAST NEW YEARS
We gave a splendid driving HORSE and HARNESS to I. Baer, Sixth and Main, city.
A PONY to Annie B. Twyman, 1,817 W. Walnut street.
A Hunting-Case GOLD WATCH to Leslie Duesberry, 1,525 W. Jefferson street, city.
A SIDE-BAR BUGGY to Bowling Golliday, Russellville, Ky.
A Wheelock PIANO to Salle E. Eddy, 825 E. Main street, city.
From all of the above persons we have ocknowledgements certifying their receipt of the articles and their surprise as well as satisfaction at being Fortune's favorites. We give these names and annresses so that inquisitive persons may satisfy their curiosity and be convinced of the reality and value of the presents. KLEINHANS & SIMONSON.

MAMMOTH CLOTHING HAT & CAP STORE,
KLEINHANS & SIMONSON. 424 to 430 W. Market St., bet. 4th & 5th. Louisville, Ky. C. R. MABLEY, Special.

GARFIELD.

As several months have intervened since you had a report from this vicinity, I think it nothing amiss to drop you a line from this most conspicuous point.

The health of our community is exceedingly good. Our esteemed friend and fellow citizen, James L. Johnson, was quite sick for three or four weeks with malarial fever, but is on foot again.

Farmers are very busy harvesting their corn, of which there is but a moderate yield.

Messrs. Richardson & Hambrick have recently replenished their stock of dry goods, groceries, queensware, notions, etc., and are ready to make any or many souls happy who may favor them with a call.

Our genial young friend, Elisha Richardson, of Union Star, spent a few days with us last week. He seemed to be in fine health and spirits, and is making preparations to spend Christmas in the sunny south.

Our friend and neighbor, Mr. Tarl Whitworth, lost quite a valuable mare last Saturday night.

Miss Mamie Smith is teaching our school. Miss Emma Board, from Hardinsburg, teaches the Fredom school. Both are worthy young ladies and competent teachers, each rendering satisfaction in every particular.

Our good Christian minester, Bro. Osborn, of Seventh day Advent notoriety, with his fair daughter, Miss Lula, left us last Sunday morning for their home in Bullitt county. We were sorry to part with them, and felt sad to think that it may be long before we are again favored with the enchanting strains of their musical voices. Miss Lula Osborn, in many respects, is a remarkable young lady. Noble, generous and kind, her character in every respect is above reproach. The best faculties of the mind rule her life. Temperate, honest and intelligent, with a refined love for the beautiful, the true and pure in nature and in human character, and possessing withal a genial disposition, she is the centre of every social circle in which she moves, and is ever in the sunshine of life. But, crowning characteristic of all, Miss Lula is a true Christian lady, and, as a vocalist, she has scarcely a parallel and no superior.

A READER OF THE NEWS.