

The older a sparkling coquette grows, the more matchless she becomes. There's nothing given stone to the stomach like ripe cherries swallowed whole.

"May I ask," said Curran, "how many acres it takes to make a wise acre? Isn't this a good question?"

There is one advantage in marrying a woman who hasn't a mind of her own; she can't forever be giving you a piece of it.

They were walking home from a rehearsal. He said: "Lovest thou me?" She said: "Thou knowest I love thee?" Then they measured noses.

The small boy may get chilled going in swimming, in these early days, but he gets warmed up when his mother finds his shirt on wrong side out.

An exchange inquires, "Does hanging prevent murder?" It certainly does. Who ever heard of a man committing murder after he was hanged?

"I take my text this morning," said a colored preacher, "from that portion of de scriptures whar de Postal Paul pints his pistol to de Fesians."

Keep still. The Fourth of July will be along in a few weeks, and if possible the small boy should not be informed of its approach until it is all over.

Two Kentucky maidens have opened a blacksmithing shop, and it's an interesting sight to see a male bludge when the girls accidentally tinkle him while putting on his new shoes.

If a man used the same energy to pay back what he borrowed as he did to borrow it, people would have a better opinion of each other, and there would be less paper going to protest.

"Mistakes in Courtship" was the subject of a clergyman's discourse in this city on Sunday. It seems to us that it isn't so much in courtship that people make mistakes. Courtship's all right. It's the sad awakening from the rosy dream that hurts. Moral—Keep on courting.

It occurred in Bodie, that city of whisky, wealth and wickedness. A case was on trial in the Justice's court, and during a recess one of the interested parties approached a juror and said: "Sis, boss, if that suit goes agin me I'm nigh on \$2,000 loser in main' property. Now, I'll give you an even \$500 to hang that jury."

The incorruptible seion of American liberty reflected a moment and replied: "It'd be a cussed on-artin job for one man to take a rope an' strangle that hull gang, an' I'm afraid I get through I mout dance a jig under it myself; but if it's all the same to you, pard, I mout wade in thar with a six-shooter an' wipe out de crowd. Th'd be a more to my hand than hangin' and the job could be done quicker. If that's satisfactory, produce de coin an' I'll git to work."

"The Woods is Full of 'Em."—In the neighborhood of Washington, Wayne county, lived a well known character named Bill Dean. He was what is generally termed a "smart Aleck," always endeavoring to perpetrate a joke at somebody's expense. One day, while riding to Richmond, every foot of which he knew, he espied an old gentleman named Cheezum, accounted for a hunt, earnestly looking up a tree. Approaching him Dean asked:

"Can you tell me the way to Richmond?" "There was two of 'em run up this tree," was the response of the old gentleman, who was somewhat deaf.

"I didn't ask you any thing about squirrels. How far is it to Richmond?" "One of 'em just went in that hole; didn't you see him?" the old man said earnestly.

Out of patience, Dean yelled out: "You must be a d—d old fool!" "Yes," Cheezum responded, still gazing upward. "The woods is full of 'em."

THAT BOY FEE.—Some time ago a number of Detroit lawyers invested in and mailed up in their desks a sign reading that they were very busy just then, but would see the visitor later. The signs were doing all the good hoped for, when one day a withered-old man entered an office, gazed stupidly around, and at last inquired:

"Kia I see the lawyer for a few minutes?" He had a book under his arm and that settled his case. His eyes were directed to the sign, and after reading it he turned away, saying:

"Wall, if you were very busy I won't stop. It was a case where there was about forty thousand dollars at stake, and—"

But he was out in the hall by that time, and he didn't seem to hear the invitation to come back. The lawyer, vexed and annoyed, tore down the sign at once and hoped the old man might return. Sure enough, he entered the office again yesterday, and not seeing the sign he sat down and asked:

"Very busy this morning?" "Oh, no—plenty of time," was the reply. "Sure I won't annoy you?"

"Oh, you can't annoy me at all. I shall listen to you with the greatest pleasure." "Wall, then," said the old man as he slowly unfolded his book. "I'd like to call your attention to this 'Life of Napoleon.' It is said that the engravings alone cost forty thousand dollars. We are selling this book to lawyers at—"

The attorney grew white around the mouth, and asking to be excused for a moment he put on his hat and went down for a ride on the ferry boat, calculating to be gone just two hours.

NO ENVY THERE.—On High street yesterday a boy of ten, richly dressed, sat on the steps eating an orange, and a boy with a cart-load of picked up wood stood across the street looking at him. The contrast was very great, and a pedestrian who saw the situation said to the poor boy:

"That chap over there is pretty well fixed, isn't he?" "Yes," was the brief reply. "Lives in a big house and wears good clothes?"

"Yes." "Probably has lots of spending money?" "Yes."

There was a minute of silence, and then the boy with the cart started up his loud, saying:

"But I don't care a cent about it—he has to eat with a fork and say 'yes, ma'm,' to everybody."

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

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NO. 49.

COUNTY DIRECTORY. CIRCUIT COURT. Hon. James Stuart, Judge, Owensboro. E. Board, Clerk, Hardinsburg. V. G. Babbage, Master Commissioner, Hardinsburg.

The Song.

THE TRUE HEAVEN.

The bliss for which our spirits pine, That bliss we feel shall yet be given— Somehow, in some far realm divine, Some marvelous state we name a heaven— Is not the bliss of languorous hours, A glory of calm measured range, But life which feeds our noblest powers On wonders of eternal change.

The Story.

JOHN DAX. A Romance of Poverty.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER VI.—A TIME OF TRIAL.

Patience was one of the rare virtues of our commonplace hero. He had borne much in the old days without a murmur: in the time of his prosperity, and with a new ordeal to face, he was still the same uncomplaining individual. He was a man content to wait after a fashion. For six months he had the courage to keep away from Gibbon Street, when Mary was nursing from her customary post. The place behind the counter was occupied by Ellen Morison, but the gas was turned low in the parlor when the long daylight had gone, and there was no one at work within. John noticed this on the first visit, and it was so uncommon an occurrence, so out of the common track of dullness of life at the repository, that he said, quietly, even nervously:

"Where is Miss Mary?" "The face of the elder sister took a deeper shade of gloom as she answered reluctantly: 'She is unwell to-day.'"

"Not very unwell?" he asked. "No, not very, I hope."

John was not content with these laconic replies, but was compelled to accept them. He went away in a moody and dissatisfied condition, and the next morning he went round by Gibbon Street, on his way to business. The house was open, but there was no one in the shop or parlor, and he sat down and waited, with shivering hands and quaking lips, for some one to appear. His passion had taken a strong hold upon him now, and he was a very child in his excitement. He did not know how weak he was; he hardly knew how deep had become his reverence for Mary Morison until there seemed some hidden danger threatening her.

Presently Ellen came down stairs, very pale and stern, and stared with surprise at John's early visit.

"I could not go to work until I knew how your sister was," he said humbly and apologetically.

"She is no better," was the answer. "Has a doctor been sent for?" "Yes."

"What does he say? What does he think?" asked John. "He says she is very weak and low."

"Pray have further advice. Let me—"

"She is in good hands. She will have the best attention," Ellen replied gravely.

John Dax reappeared in the evening once more, and once more had to wait in the deserted shop, wherein the absence of the owner made but little difference to the business. He had something on his mind now which he wished to unburden to Ellen Morison, and he had been brooding upon it all day. It had stood between him and any honest application to work, and at all hazards, he must say it.

When Ellen came down stairs at last, she said, quietly, as if she had expected to find him waiting there.

"She is no better, John."

It was the same information as he had received from her in the morning, but it foreboded sadder news to him.

"No better?" he cried, "and you so calm as this?"

"Hush, hush!" she said, as an expression of pain flitted across her face. "It is my duty to be calm."

"Is she in any danger?" "God knows!" she replied. "The doctor tells me there is nothing to fear at present."

"At present! Then—"

She laid her hand upon his arm by way of caution.

"You are too loud-voiced, John, and the sick-room is only a few stairs above us. She is sleeping now; don't wake her for the world."

"I beg pardon—I am very sorry," he said, in his now confused way; "but you know—oh, you can guess how her illness troubles me."

"Yes," she said, looking at him sorrowfully. "It is not hard to guess; but do you think I have no troubles, too?"

"You are kinder in your heart toward her—she is lying ill, dangerously ill; you speak to her now?"

"She does not speak to me," was the reply. "To hear my voice is to aggravate her fever."

"Who is the doctor? Let me seek him out—let me tell him—"

"Nothing of our lives or of our enemy, if enmity it be now," she said, interrupting him. "John Dax, you must not interfere. Leave her to me and to God."

She put her hands to her face, and murmured some low words, as of a prayer, before she took them down again, and John Dax had it not in his heart to distress her any more then. It was only in the streets, which he paced that night till a late hour, that the old doubt came back with tenfold force, that he thought down all the manifestations of the elder sister's grief, and read from the blurred pages of his heated brain a wild history of neglect and apathy, possibly revenge. He must interfere: he must warn some one of Ellen Morison, and of the old feud between her and her sister; he must not remain passive, with the woman whom he loved in danger, and her other woman, who surely hated her, her only nurse. His distrust was weakened again by the calm force of Ellen Morison's demeanor, when more white and haggard than herself, he faced her the next morning.

Before he could ask the question, she had answered him, and for the third time, with the old heart-rendering words, "She is no better!"

"She is dying," John Dax raved, "and you are keeping it from me."

"No, no; there is hope—great hope, I pray," said Ellen. "Don't think that, my poor weak fellow."

"Why do you leave her to herself—that is, to yourself—when kind words, kind looks, are wanted to keep her brave and strong?" he cried. "Great Heaven! to think I can do nothing—that she is lying there without a friend!"

"I am the best friend she has in the world, perhaps," she murmured.

"It is not true—it can't be true!" cried John. "You have quarreled with her; she never hears your voice."

"It would not benefit her now," said Ellen, wildly.

"You are wrong!" "No, I am right. She does not know who I am, or where she is; she is delirious."

John wrung his hands in his despair. He would have raved forth again in his grief, had not Ellen's hand, as on the first day of tribulation, rested on his arm and checked him.

"I asked you yesterday to leave her to me and to God," she said, very sternly. "I demand it to-day as my right. You must not come again to unnerve me. If you are thus childish, you had better keep away for her sake."

John was awed by her manner. Once again the belief that he had misjudged her stole to his mind; once again when he was away from her all the doubts returned. By these doubts beset, he sought the doctor who attended at the sick-house and harassed him with many questions, troubling him by injunctions as to secrecy as regarded his visit, and puzzling that worthy but small practitioner very much.

"She is in a critical state," he said, when closely pressed by John Dax's inquiries, "but in no immediate danger. She may rally suddenly from the fever even, for she is young."

"Is she well nursed—well cared for?" "Is she her own sister, who watches herself with overcaution?" "Tell her so, please."

"I have told her so already, but it is no use."

John Dax groaned.

"Are you in any way related to my patient?" the doctor asked, curiously.

"No, sir."

"Ah, a sweetheart, perhaps," he said, with an effort to put a cheerful tone upon the subject of discourse; "if so, I hope I may give you permission to see her in a day or two."

"No, sir, not a sweetheart!" he answered, mournfully; "but if I might only see her once—only be sure—"

And then he came to a full stop, lest he should do Ellen Morison an irreparable injury by his doubts of her. There was indeed heroism in this weak fellow's character; he was distrustful, but he would not injure her by a word while there were only his own doubts to fight against.

The next day there was the same soul-depressing news; but on the day that followed there came hope.

"She is a little better."

On the day following that she was conscious, but very weak. It was the weakness now which Mary had to fight against, the doctor had said, only a few minutes ago, and from that she might sink if great care were not exercised. John waited for the doctor, who told him the same facts, regarding him very curiously and critically meanwhile.

On the third day of better news Ellen Morison came down and faced him with the old grave aspect.

"Not worse?" he cried, in new alarm. "No, not worse."

"Better, then?" "I hope so."

"The doctor has been?" "Yes. He tells me that Mary is very anxious to see you."

"To see me?" exclaimed John. "She has thought of me, then—spoken of me?" "Yes. Will you go up stairs and see her? Can I trust you to be calm, whatever she says?"

"You can."

"Her life may be in your hands, remember."

but she will see you now."

"I am so glad of that!"

"Ah! do not be mistaken in this hour, for the truth is very near to you."

"Do you know what she is going to say, then?" he asked.

"Yes, I think I do."

John looked inquiringly at her, but she pointed to the narrow stairs on the right of the parlor, and he went up them with a faltering step and a heart that beat wildly with surprise, fear, and even joy.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Home Doctor.

VALUABLE ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

A disease in which emetics are often used is croup. This disease is alarming in its symptoms, and is dreaded more perhaps than any other. It is the result of cold, especially if connected with damp clothing and wet stockings. A child becomes overheated and stands in a draft or sits on a cold stone, the perspiration becomes suddenly checked and croup is apt to follow. It generally comes on at night after going to bed. The child will seem restless and feverish with a quickened respiration, toward morning it will seem better, and remain so until the next night or perhaps the third night, when it passes into the second stage of the disease; the breathing becomes labored and the cough is of a peculiar distressing character, and in severe cases if not relieved speedily will result fatally. A peculiarity of the disease is comparative freedom of distress during the day which often leads mothers to think that the danger has passed and they will relax their vigilance and treatment. It is a serious disease and the advice of a physician should always be sought in its treatment. If the attack comes on suddenly and the child is distressed for breath while you are awaiting the arrival of the doctor, wring out a cloth with the coldest water you can get, ice water if available, and put around the child's neck; cover this with a dry flannel and renew the application every ten minutes. An emetic made by stirring a teaspoonful of powdered alum into two tablespoonfuls of honey, syrup or molasses, and given in teaspoonful doses every few minutes until some vomiting occurs, will be found of use in most cases. If that can not be had at once don't wait, but use any emetic. I have used several times in cases of emergency table-spoonful doses of common kerosene oil with good effect.

Mothers should watch their children under 7 or 8 years of age very carefully during damp, cold weather. See that their feet are warm when they go to bed, and don't allow them to keep on any clothing that has become damp. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a mother who has had a little sufferer from the disease, knows how serious it is and how much to be dreaded. I have spoken of true membranous croup and not of spasmodic croup, which is not so serious a disease, but which requires similar treatment.

TO REMOVE SUNBURN.—Milk of almonds obtained at the druggist's is as good as any thing to use, and to keep wrinkles out of the face use tepid water instead of cold; if the wrinkles are deep-seated apply a little turpentine to the wrinkles for a few nights before retiring. Some ladies use a patch of court plaster for the wrinkles, which soon eradicates these emblems of care and age.

COOKING RECIPES.

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES.—One cup cold boiled rice, one pint flour, one teaspoonful salt, two eggs beaten very light, milk to make a tolerably thick batter. Beat all together well and bake.

HAM OMELET.—Chop up fine one-half pound of cold boiled ham; add to it four eggs well beaten, with a little salt and pepper, then place in a pan a small piece of butter, and then turn in the eggs and ham, and brown.

FRIED BREAD.—Beat three eggs very light; stir into one pint of sweet milk; slice some bread; dip into the milk and eggs and fry a light brown in butter and lard. Sprinkle over the top with powdered sugar and cinnamon.

RISSE WAFFLES.—One quart milk, one heaping quart of flour, five tablespoonfuls yeast, two eggs, one tablespoonful melted butter, one teaspoonful salt; set the mixture without the eggs and butter—overnight as a sponge, add these in the morning and bake in waffle irons.

EGG BREAD.—One-half cup bread crumbs soaked in a pint of milk, two eggs, two cups Indian meal, one tablespoonful lard or butter, one teaspoonful salt. Beat bread crumbs to a smooth batter; beat eggs very light, melt the shortening and stir all together very hard. Bake in shallow tins very quickly. Eat hot.

MOONSHINE.—Roll a coffee cup of pale yellow sugar; then add the yolks of six eggs and a pinch of salt; beat well and pour into the flour tray and work into a soft dough; roll very thin and cut out with a tumbler, drop into a frying pan of hot lard and cook quickly. When done sift white sugar over them.

BEET HALLS.—Chop very fine two pounds of raw beef (off the round is best) and a quarter of a pound of suet; mix with it a handful of flour; season to taste with salt, black pepper and cloves; mold into balls or cakes (a little thicker than codfish cakes) and fry in suet or drippings until a nice brown on both sides, keeping the cover on all the time.

EDDICK'S DROPS.—Beat an egg very light, add a small pinch of salt and as much flour as it will take to make a stiff paste, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of baking powder, or soda, in the flour; knead it well; break off a piece like a marble, roll as round as possible and flatten out very thin; then drop into boiling lard in a frying-pan and plenty of fat, so they will float. They cook instantly; lay a piece of coarse jelly in the center of each; roll them all out before frying again.

The Housewife.

Indian corn charred into a charcoal is said to be a most valuable condiment for poultry. It will cause a general toning up of the system, that will be seen in more and better eggs.

ICEB FEVER.—Take nice bunches of currants or grapes, dip them in the white of eggs well beaten, lay them to dry on a sieve, sift powdered loaf sugar over them and suspend them in a warm place to dry.

In canning green corn and peas for winter use, cook as though they were to be served upon the table at once, and then can in the same way that peaches, pears, and other fruits are canned when put up in glass jars.

To clean black cashmere, place the dress in strong borax water, made luke-warm; let it remain in soak all night, then take out and hang on the line to drip, and when nearly dry, press. Do not rinse or wring.

To renovate a black chip hat, add to one pint cold water, a teaspoonful of spirits of ammonia; use with a soft tooth or nail brush; when clean rinse with cold water and place in the sun to dry. Do not soak or scrub sufficiently to destroy the shape. It will look as good as new.

EMBROIDERY SILKS.—The silk should be dipped in weak ammonia before using, in order to set the color, and articles embroidered or knit in worsted should never be washed in any thing stronger than water. A little ox gall mixed with the water will keep the colors from running unless the work is rubbed or wrung.

Oxalic acid dissolved in luke-warm water will remove stains of fruit, ink, mud, etc., from white goods. Use it carefully, as it is a rank poison.

Clothes moths are always worse in the summer than at any other time of the year. But there is nothing the moths have such an aversion to as brown paper. Furs, or any kind of clothing, if carefully sealed in it, moths will never attack them.

TO WASH A FINE CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEF.—If embroidered in colored silks, the colors will not run if washed in a soap lather very quickly; wring thoroughly and then iron, so that it dries at once. There should be no soaking, and the embroidered corner should be kept out of the water as much as possible. A little alum in the water will make the process surer.

Spots in furniture may usually be cleaned by rubbing them quick and hard with a flannel wet with the same thing which took out the color; if rum, wet the cloth with rum, etc. The very best restorative for defaced varnished furniture is rotten-stone pulverized, and rubbed on with linseed oil.

Fashion Notes.

Natural moss is now used in millinery. Tiny machine-made tucks are used for overskirt trimmings.

Empire shoes, fastened with crossed silk ribbon, are worn in the street with short suits.

Very pretty house dresses for summer are made of plaid, mixed with plain pongee, and trimmed with Breton lace.

Colored washing silk is much used for dressing saques, and in place of linen and cotton for underwear and night robes.

Many of the new jackets are strapped across the front, over the vest. This makes a very pretty finish for a jaunty basque.

Plain Cashmere shawls, with narrow borders, and with a palm leaf in each corner, are worn for summer traveling wraps.

Indian muslin jackets, trimmed with Breton lace and embroidery, will be worn with black and colored costumes this summer.

The hair is still worn trizzed, crimped or "banged," and in broad braids of eight or ten strands, arranged in loops, low on the head.

Striped belt ribbons, as well as sash ribbons, in Scotch and Roman colors, are worn with gingham dresses, and also for black and white suits.

The newest veiling is silky-looking white wash blonde, half a yard wide, edged with a fine tracery of gold. Some of this blonde is flecked with sparks of gold, and is exceedingly becoming to both blonde and brunette.

A pretty and stylish excursion suit is made of French bunting in some plain color, relieved with facings, cuffs, collars, revers and waistcoat of Madras plaided bunting, or trimmed with polka-dotted satin of contrasting color.

Mrs. Whitelour had company. Now if there is one thing more than another on which she prides herself, it is her cooking.

"Will you try some of my spongecake, Mrs. Tattleton?" said she; "it isn't very good, to be sure. I never had such poor luck in my life as I did in making it."

"Why, ma!" cried Johnny, in amazement; "you said yesterday that was the best spongecake you ever made."

"What was the cause of your father's death?" the clergyman asked Thompson, at the last sociable. "Ashtons," unblushingly replied Thompson; "foolishly went out an elevation and got up so high he couldn't catch his breath." Now, the fact was, the elder Thompson was hanged, but the clergyman did not know that. So he just said "Ah!" with a pitying accent, and then they talked politics.

"Are trelps very sweet, ma?" asked a young four-year-old. "Why do you ask my dear?" replied her mother. "Cause papa told our Susan that her two-lips were sweeter than wio jelly." Susan took a departure that afternoon.

There was a minute of silence, and then the boy with the cart started up his loud, saying:

"But I don't care a cent about it—he has to eat with a fork and say 'yes, ma'm,' to everybody."

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