

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

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (South).—Rev. Wm. Lambert, Pastor. Hardinsburg preaching 4th Sabbath in each month at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7 o'clock p. m.

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

Independent in all things, Neutral in nothing; Principles, not party; Men, not availability.

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CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1879.

NO. 51.

The Song.

HER LAST WORDS. No! Let me go alone—'tis better so; My way and yours lie widely far apart.

The Story.

JOHN DAX. A Romance of Poverty.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER IX.—ELLEN IS GRATEFUL. It was thus that the idol fell which John Dax had worshipped. A wild fancy had given way to reality, and Mary Morison, of Gibbon Street, was a poor weak mortal after all.

J.C. BABBAGE, Attorney at Law, CLOVERPORT, KY.

Will practice his profession in all the courts of Breckinridge and adjoining counties. Prompt attention will be given to all claims placed in his hands for collection, at reasonable rates.

SOLID SILVER TEASPOONS FOR \$5.50.

JOHN BENDER, DOCTOR'S BELLETR, CUPPING, BLEEDING, TOOTH PULLING, HAIR DYING, ETC.

JAMES E. STONE, JR., LAWYER, HARDINSBURG, KENTUCKY.

MILLER & HOVIOUS, Livery and Sale Stable.

Vessels' Saloon, OLD DAVIDSON AND NELSON CO. WHISKIES, PURE WINES AND BRANDIES, Lager Beer.

OUR PLEDGE.

ESSELS.

Vessels' Saloon.

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ESSELS.

looked at John attentively, and substituted another question for the one that remained half finished on her lips.

"Has Mary told you the story of our quarrel?" "Most of it," she said you would tell the rest.

"How I loved Alec Williamson first, and how she came between us?" "Yes, and how you continued to separate them until—"

"Until, in the bitterness of his disappointment, he enlisted for a soldier, poor martyr," she said, sadly rather than bitterly.

"Well, well, John, let her version of the story stand; it is not deserving of further explanation, and I am not proud to offer it."

"There is one favor I want to ask of you before I go away this morning," John said, after a long silence which his revelation had been in his mind ever since Mary's it had been in his mind ever since Mary's it had been in his mind ever since Mary's

"You can not ask a favor of us that will be refused, if it lie in our power to grant it," she exclaimed, readily.

"It is in your power only." "What is it?" "When I first came back I spoke of my foolish love for the poor girl up stairs."

"Yes." "It died out, of course—that is, any hope I had died off clean when I heard about the soldier, and when we were arranging our plans to buy him off, and so on."

"I am glad you did not brood upon it at all," said Ellen.

"And my only trouble now is that Mary—Miss Mary, as I ought to call her still," he added, apologetically—"should ever hear of my silly fancy for her. I don't want any body to know this. I wish I never told you a word about it now."

"It might do her good to hear the story some day," mused Ellen.

"No, it wouldn't," John said, flatly contradicting her; "and it makes me look soft and stupid, I'm both; I know that; you know it too, and are smiling at me, though you try hard to look serious; but I couldn't help liking her a great deal once. But don't tell her so—ever—will you?"

"I will not," Ellen Morison promised.

"That's right," said John, evidently relieved in his mind. "I can go back to my work now, Jolly. It seems all squaring round so well. Miss Mary getting stronger, forgetting and forgiving every thing you have done to her, and her young man coming back from India to make her heart light for ever and ever. Why, this is capital."

"And all this your doing," said Ellen, gratefully; and her hands were extended toward him again. "It is from your sacrifice that the happiness will spring. What have we done to deserve it?"

"You were kind to me in the old days," he stammered forth. "I can not forget it."

"And, John, we will never forget you." "Thankee, thankee," he said, twice.

He was uncomfortably conscious, too, that Ellen Morison watched him more furtively than he watched the lovers, and he resented this in his heart.

He did not like to meet her eyes—to see in them a concern for him, a fear lest he should break down and make a scene there, as if he were not above that kind of thing, and strong as a lion! He had accomplished his task, and every one was content, and it would soon be time for him to leave these lovers to themselves, although it was difficult to quit them in the face of their united protestations for him to remain.

And the beginning of the end came when Mary had been down stairs a fortnight. John Dax was proceeding at his usual slow rate down Gibbon Street one evening, when Ellen, cloaked and bonneted, met him on his way to the repository. He would have passed without seeing her, had she not caught him by the arm.

"Ah! Ellen, is that you? There's nothing the matter, I hope?" he added, as he became aware that she was paler than usual.

"There's nothing wrong, but there is something the matter, John," said Ellen; "can't you guess what it is?"

"Yes, I think I can," he answered.

"I was talking on in silence for a few steps, then John said, 'He has come back?'"

"Yes." "Was Mary very pleased to see him?" was his third question.

"Very pleased," answered Ellen. "I did not hear what she said. I came into the street and left them together. I could not stop."

"Not to speak a word to Mary, after all these awful years?" he exclaimed.

"I shall see her presently," replied Ellen, becoming a shade paler beneath his sharp reproof. "I did not wish to mar the first moments of their meeting by my interference. They will not miss me, and I thought I would come and meet you."

John did not think her for the trouble she had taken—not think of thanking her. It did not strike him that she had left her work and come out of her way to spare him the sting of the first shock—to prepare him for the fact of Alec Williamson's return. He did not even know that he needed preparation, but Ellen Morison did. She had watched him closely of late days, and knew how weak he was, for all his air of self-command.

"The happiness has come at last. I am glad," he said, in a low tone, as Ellen turned and walked back with him in the direction of home.

"Very glad?" she asked, curiously.

"Yes," he answered, with more firmness than she had anticipated. "It settles the matter, you see."

"I think I see more than this," she said.

"What's that?" he asked with eagerness.

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Cooking Recipes.

HAM SANDWICHES.—Chop fine the lean of cold boiled ham; season with prepared mustard and black pepper. Add melted butter and sweet cream until smooth like a paste; then spread between buttered slices of bread.

GLAZED HAM.—Boil a ham, then mix one cup of currant jelly and one cup of wine together, and warm the mixture. Put the ham in the oven and baste with the mixture, and the result will be a handsome red glazing over the ham.

CORN OYSTERS.—One dozen grated corn (sweet), three tablespoonsful of cream, two do. of flour one do. of butter, one egg well beaten; mix and bake in small cakes on a griddle. Spread with best butter. The most perfect dish ever eaten.

SALTY SUPREMACY.—This is a useful sauce for boiled fowl and white meats. Ingredients—One pint of white stock, one ounce of flour, one of butter, the juice of one lemon; nutmeg, pepper and salt to taste. Mode—Warm the stock and thicken it with the butter and flour, then the lemon juice, nutmeg and pepper, boil up and pour over the fowl, cutlets, etc., or serve separately.

STEWED SALADY.—Scrape the roots, dropping each into cold water as soon as cleaned, for exposure to the air blackens them; cut in inch long pieces; put in a saucepan hot water enough to cover, and steam until tender; then turn off the water and add a cup of cold milk. Stew ten minutes after this begins to boil; put in a large lump of butter, cut in bits and rolled in flour; pepper and salt to taste. Boil up once and serve.

FRIED SALADY.—Scrape the roots as above; boil whole until tender; drain, and when cold wash with a wooden spoon to a smooth paste, taking out all fibres; moisten with milk; add one tablespoon of butter, and one and a half eggs for every cupful of salad; beat the eggs light, make in round cakes; dredge with flour and fry brown.

GREENY POT SOUP.—Four pounds beef cut in small pieces, half peck green peas and one gallon water. Boil the peeps of the peas in the water an hour before adding the beef. Strain and add the meat and boil an hour and a half longer. Half an hour before serving add the shelled peas, and in twenty minutes half a cup of rice flour, with salt and pepper. A little chopped parsley improves it. After the chop stir frequently not to scorch it. Strain in a hot tureen.

ROAST FOREQUARTER OF LAMB.—Ingredients—Lamb, a little salt. Mode—To obtain the flavor of lamb in perfection, it should not be long kept; time to cook is all that is required; and though the meat may be somewhat thready, the juices and flavor will be infinitely superior to that of lamb that has been killed two or three days; have a brisk fire when the joint is put down; baste it constantly until the moment of serving. Lamb should be thoroughly done without being dried up, and the slightest appearance of red gravy should be visible as in roast mutton; this rule is applicable to all young roast white meats; serve with a little gravy made in the dripping pan and send to table with it a tureen of mint sauce and a fresh salad, a cut lemon, a small piece of butter and a little cayenne should also be placed on the table so that when the carver separates the shoulder from the ribs they may be ready for his use.

The Housewife.

A few bunches of elder-bush hung in a room will rid it of flies.

CANDIED ORANGE PEEL.—Orange peel boiled in a thick syrup of white sugar until it granulates; packed in jars and syrup poured over. Keeps well and is excellent in fruit cake or in puddings, or eaten with rice cups.

Butter may be kept fresh and sweet in the hottest weather by putting it in a tin pail (suspended by a string) down in the well, or by setting the bowl containing it in a hollow vessel of water and covering it with a napkin, the ends of which are well immersed in the water in the bottom dish.

A large sponge hung in the room at night or in the day time if it can be behind a convenient screen, and kept constantly wet will greatly assist in keeping a room cool, or a wet cloth hung in the window over the blind will cool the room as if a shower had fallen.

DRIED AND CANDIED FRUITS.—This is the rule for drying and candying cherries. The same process would be followed with other fruits: Pick and stone the cherries; put them in layers, with powdered sugar; in a deep earthen dish, allowing half a pound of sugar to each pound of cherries; let them stand in a cool place three days; then blot all together in a copper preserving-kettle, drawing the kettle from the fire and stirring it down every five or ten minutes until it has boiled six times; then pour all into an earthen dish and let them cool; when cool take up the cherries from the syrup, drain them and lay them in this layer on wire sieves in a warm oven to dry; turn them out on clean sieves every six hours until they are quite dry. They may then be packed in boxes between layers of clean paper.

A CHEAP ICE BOX.—An effective ice box can be made by placing one tight box within another, leaving a space of three inches between the sides of the two, to be filled with powdered charcoal or saw-dust. Each box must have a tight lid, and between the space of the covers a piece of flannel of several folds should be laid. The outflow of the drippings of the ice should be arranged at the bottom of the box, and it will be all the better if the pipe that is inserted for this purpose is bored or twisted a little to keep out the air. A warm woolen cover should be placed over the top, and when the quantity is small it is an excellent plan to fill glass bottles with water early in the morning and keep them well covered and laid upon the ice until needed for drinking. If no ice can be obtained and there is no cold spring close at hand, very cold water can be obtained by filling a large earthen jar with it and putting it in the shade in a good current of air and wrapping the jar in a very thick woolen cloth (an old coat will answer for an outer wrap) and keeping it constantly wet. This causes evaporation of heat and cools the water finely.

Wit and Jest.

"I just came in to ask a count From you, dear Mrs. Rhyme." "Why, certainly. You're welcome, friend—Here is just half a dime."

"I'm just here to ask a count From you, dear Mrs. Rhyme." "Why, certainly. You're welcome, friend—Here is just half a dime."

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