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PROPHYLACTIC  
FLUID.  
A Household Article for Universal  
Family Use.

Radicates  
MALARIA

For Scarlet and  
Typhoid Fevers,  
Diphtheria, Small  
Pox, Measles, and  
all Contagious Diseases.

For the relief of  
Croup, Whooping  
Cough, Sore Throat,  
and all Inflammations  
of the Throat and  
Lungs.

For the relief of  
Headache, Neuralgia,  
and all Pains of the  
Head and Face.

For the relief of  
Rheumatism, Gout,  
and all Inflammations  
of the Joints.

For the relief of  
Sciatica, and all  
Pains of the Back  
and Limbs.

For the relief of  
Spasms, Convulsions,  
and all Nervous  
Affections.

For the relief of  
Fever, and all  
Inflammations of  
the Bowels.

For the relief of  
Diarrhoea, Dysentery,  
and all Disorders  
of the Stomach  
and Bowels.

For the relief of  
Hemorrhoids, and  
all Disorders of  
the Rectum.

For the relief of  
Piles, and all  
Disorders of the  
Rectum.

For the relief of  
Hematuria, and  
all Disorders of  
the Urinary  
System.

For the relief of  
Gonorrhoea, and  
all Disorders of  
the Urinary  
System.

For the relief of  
Leucorrhoea, and  
all Disorders of  
the Female  
Genitals.

For the relief of  
Menstrual  
Disorders, and  
all Disorders of  
the Female  
Genitals.

For the relief of  
Painful  
Menses, and  
all Disorders of  
the Female  
Genitals.

For the relief of  
Sterility, and  
all Disorders of  
the Female  
Genitals.

For the relief of  
Premature  
Menstruation,  
and all Disorders  
of the Female  
Genitals.

For the relief of  
Delayed  
Menstruation,  
and all Disorders  
of the Female  
Genitals.

For the relief of  
Excessive  
Menstruation,  
and all Disorders  
of the Female  
Genitals.

For the relief of  
Painful  
Menstruation,  
and all Disorders  
of the Female  
Genitals.

For the relief of  
Hemorrhage  
from the  
Uterus, and  
all Disorders  
of the Female  
Genitals.

For the relief of  
Leucorrhoea,  
and all Disorders  
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Genitals.

For the relief of  
Vaginitis,  
and all Disorders  
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Genitals.

For the relief of  
Cervicitis,  
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For the relief of  
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# THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

A Free Press, a Free Ballot, and Free Speech, are the Birthright of Freemen.

VOL. VII.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1882.

NO. 17.

WHISKY GALORE.

A neat plan by which the Republicans proposed to capture Whitley County with Louisville Whisky. Money and Alleged Voters—The Democrats kept up with the Procession and Stopped the Car of Supplies.

Country Journal, Nov. 9.

A very well planned and equally poorly-executed scheme of the republicans of this city to influence one of the congressional districts with money, whisky and all else that can be made available in election times has just developed, and is the cause of not a little amusement in the democratic lines because of its abortiveness. It has been an open secret of the republican ranks ever since the early part of the canvass that a strong fight would be made against Gen. Wolford, and that all the aid possible would be given to Mr. Carr. So strong were the hopes of success by united effort in this district, that others have been neglected by the republican party that all the strength might be centered against the "Old War-Horse."

During the last few days preceding election, however, it became evident that there had not been enough done to counteract the strong pressure that was being brought to bear in favor of the popular party, and it was patent even to Carr's most sanguine supporters that, although they had laid their plans well, Gen. Wolford would be elected in spite of all they could do.

In the consciousness of these facts, on Friday night some of the most prominent republicans in the eleventh district held a council of war and determined to make one last effort to rally the corruptionists. To this end they sent a most appealing telegram to this city and begged for any thing or every thing that could be sent. The dispatch was at once placed in the hands of one of the most accomplished disciples of St. Hubbell's school, and all the good republicans were once more asked to ante up.

Just how much was collected will of course never be known, but reliable sources have it that the sum was a snug one, and ample for the purpose it was intended. The hustlers were delighted, and glowing dispatches were at once sent to the workers in the eleventh to tell them that aid would be on hand for the last final rally at the polls. The funds were placed in the hands of a committee and a liberal sum was invested in whisky—some seven barrels—while the balance was converted into the requisite denominations, dollars and halves, with an occasional quarter for doubling Thomas, and a few \$5 bills for close calls.

A car was chartered and a number of alleged railroad hands, alias vicious voters, employed to man it. This was to be run through by the way of London to the point nearest the principle field of the contest. The men in charge of the car were instructed to use both the liquor and the cash to the best advantage, and it was thought that all was ready for the grand coup d'etat that was to be administered to Gen. Wolford's constituency.

Early Monday morning the car started for its destination, and all went well until the corruptionist band until they arrived at a point within a comparatively short distance of the point where the election supplies were so badly needed. At a small station within a few miles of London the car containing all the supplies was shunted on a siding, and the train proceeded on its way. The conspirators were completely paralyzed at this unexpected turn of affairs, and could in no way account for the strange proceeding. Again the wire was brought into requisition, and the dispatcher sent appeals for help. Every effort was made to have the car taken on to London, but all failed signally, and it remained on the side track until the election was over and Gen. Wolford's victory was secured.

Just how the feat was accomplished no one can say, as those who blocked the game will not give away the means employed. It is known, however, that the democrats got wind of the scheme to buy up the vote of Whitley almost as soon as the plan was perfected, and whilst the whisky and silver slugs were being secured, preparation to turn the tables was made by certain well-known democrats of this city.

Willing to Come Down a Little.

In riding over to Lost Mountain from Marietta I came across a young man who was digging post holes for a barbed wire fence, and when I told him what I wanted, he replied: "I'll go with you, I was in that fort myself, and I kin point out every position."

When we reached the ground he began telling where this and that regiment was stationed, and finally he halted beside a huge boulder and said:

"Right here, stranger, was where I squatted for four hours. I rested my gun right there on that ledge, and I reckon I killed exactly twenty-eight Yanks that day."

"No!"

"Solemn fact, and I know a dozen men who'll swear to it."

"Let's see? This battle was fought in 1861?"

"K'reet you are."

"That's about eighteen years ago?"

"Jist about."

"And you are about 25 years old?"

"I was 25 this spring."

Then I looked at him for a long time, but he never wincen. When we were going home, and after a long period of silence, he suddenly remarked:

"Stranger, don't you believe I was thar?"

"Perhaps you were, but you see you were not quite 7 years old on the day of that fight."

"That's what I've been figuring on," he continued, in a very serious voice, "and I'll tell you what I'm willing to do."

"Well?"

"I'll call it twenty-four instead of twenty-eight dead Yanks in front of my position! That's fair, isn't it?"

I told him that nothing could be more liberal, and cordial relations were at once re-established.

"How could they hang you for that?" said the schoolmaster's son. "If a man comes into your house to steal your money you may shoot at him; and if he comes to your island to steal your sheep, why not the same? Besides, he is a Frenchman. The sheriff at Stornoway would not say any thing to you for shooting at a Frenchman."

"I don't know that. I'm not going to try," said the other lad, with a grim sort of smile. "But I will tell you now, Archie, what would be a fine thing. Do you think we could slip away to Farriskeer without being seen? There is no one going down to the boat just now; they would not miss it at all. And if any one were asking for us, would they not think we had gone up to the sheeling with bread for Mary and Ailasa and the rest of them? Well, now, if we could slip away out to Farriskeer, and lie behind the rocks, just as you were saying, and if one of the French boats was to come near, where would be the harm in giving a shot in the air? Do you see that now? For they would not dare to land; and when they got up to Reiklavik in Iceland they would tell all the other boats that they had been fired at, and that people lived on Farriskeer and Ruaveg now; and not another Frenchman would ever come near the place again."

"I will go with you, Colin; we will try it!" said the other, eagerly. "My father will not be back from Stornoway till Friday night. But about the powder, Colin; I have no powder, and you can not fire the horse-pistol without powder."

However, there were a great many things to be arranged besides getting powder before this exploit could be ventured upon; and they set about completing these details according to their different temperaments; the younger lad, who was a great reader of books, filled with an eager delight at the romance of the enterprise; the elder animated chiefly by a sober determination that he would do what he could to prevent any more of his father's sheep being stolen. Indeed, it was not until late in the afternoon that Colin McAlmont found time to make his way up Glen-Estera, to Sir Evan Roy's shooting-box there, that he might bag some gunpowder of Dugal McLean, the gamekeeper.

He found McLean—who was the sole occupant of the lodge at this time of the year—seated on the bank of the stream that flowed past the house, contentedly smoking his pipe and regarding a noble salmon that lay on the grass, while his rod was not far off. Colin had to pull his wits together in addressing the keeper, who had not the best of tempers.

"Eh, but that's a fine fish, Mr. McLean!" said he; "rest of the people call the keeper plain Dugal, so this was a cunning compliment. That is a fine fish, indeed. I have heard them saying there was not a better salmon fisher in the Lewis than yourself. They were saying you could throw a fly two-and-forty yards. Some day I will be asking you to teach me how to throw a fly."

"You will be better minding your own business at the farm," said the keeper, rather gruffly, (and also speaking in Gaelic). "What brings you to Glen-Estera?"

"There is not much doing at the farm at this time of the year. I was thinking, Mr. McLean, that perhaps you could spare me a little gunpowder."

"Gunpowder!" the keeper exclaimed, angrily. "To make ploys of and set your father's barn on fire? It is a fool that you are, Colin, and more, to think that I will be giving you any gunpowder!"

The word ploys is applied in Scotland to a small cone made of gunpowder kneaded with water until the powder becomes a sort of paste. When the tip of the cone is lit it begins to splutter and his like a miniature Vesuvius.

"Indeed, it's you who are wrong then, Mr. McLean, to think I was wanting gunpowder for ploys," said Colin, slyly. "I am no longer at school; it is not ploys that I am thinking of." And then he cast about for an excuse. "I am sure there is no one who knows better than yourself of the mischief that the hoodies make." Hoodies are a species of crow held in much disfavor by the preservers of game in the Highlands.

"Oh," continued the boy, "they are the mischievous birds! The young grouse—the young black game—have no peace for them; but worse than that is the time of the eggs in the springtime. Surely you will know, Mr. McLean, that when a young lad is looking after the sheep, he has many chances of seeing the nests."

And here it seemed suddenly to strike the keeper that he was neglecting one of the chief elements of his business—which was to keep on friendly terms with the men and lads about the different farms.

and up over the rocks after the detested hoodie-crows. They went into the lodge, and the keeper, who was now quite friendly in his gruff way, gave him some powder in a small tin canister, and even offered him some persimmon caps, too; but McAlmont explained that the horse-pistol was fired by flint and steel. Then he set out on his way down Glen-Estera again.

When he got back to the coast and near to a belt of rock facing the Atlantic, in a small sheltered creek he discovered Archie Livingston, busy at work overhauling the small sailing-boat that lay at its moorings there. Archie looked up startled, for he had not heard his friend's approach—the sands being soft to the foot.

"They are often saying that Dugal McAlmont is an uncut man," Colin McAlmont remarked, as he stepped into the boat that his companion had now shoved alongside the rock, "but he is not that. He has given me a good deal of powder, and I am to have more, too, for shooting the hoodies; and I think you and I, Archie, will have many a good day after the hoodies. Did you bring down the bottle of water, Archie?"

"Oh yes, I brought down the bottle of water, and it's in the locker. And I have gone all over the boat, Colin, and tried the sheets; and if I were you, it is a new topping-lift I would be having."

But Colin did not seem quite reassured by the fact that his younger companion had inspected the vessel that was to carry them away from the land in the morning; so now, in the gathering dusk, he set to work himself and had a thorough investigation.

"The topping lift will do very well," he said, "for it is not in any gale that we are going. With a north wind or a south wind I will go; with an east wind or a west wind I will not go. If we were to be beaten against a wind either going or coming, would not some one see us sooner or later? And you know very well, Archie, that it is not a sure thing that we may see any French smack come near, though now is the time of their passing; and that would be a fine thing to have all the people making a joke of us, and saying, 'Look at the boys that went out to frighten the Frenchmen and came running back without seeing any.' I would not like that, neither would you; but it is I that would have to do the quarrelling, if there was any quarrelling. But now, if there is a nice steady wind from either north or south in the morning, then we will run away out in a short time and get the boat hidden in a creek at Farriskeer; and the topping-lift will do very well, and with that he gave another haul at it, swinging the end of the boom up into the air.

Now when every thing had been made fast and secure for their voyage on the morrow—the mainsail having been lowered and stowed—Archie was called upon to produce the weapon which was to give a wholesome warning to the French fishermen to avoid the shores of Farriskeer and its adjacent islands.

It was a large cavalry pistol, somewhat dilapidated, but showing traces of ancient adornment. Archie had freshly oiled and polished it; he had put a newly chipped flint in the hammer, and when his companion struck the flint on the empty pan (the sparks shone with a sudden brilliancy in the gathering dusk) the lock worked easily.

"I would try a little powder in it, Colin," suggested the younger lad.

"The night is so still they would hear it up at Dunvorgan," said the elder lad, who was the more prudent of the two.

"It will be giving no sound at all, Colin, if there is no wadding in the barrel. You will put a little powder in the barrel and a little powder in the pan, and then you will see if the little hole is all clear."

Well, there could be no objection to that, and so Colin produced his precious canister and very grudgingly measured out a few grains for the experiment. The result was quite satisfactory. There was the sharp click of the descending flint, and almost at the same moment a flash of red flame in the darkness.

So the pistol was carefully wrapped up in the old stocking that was its customary case, and deposited in the locker along with the bottle of water and the oatmeal cakes which were their stores for the forthcoming voyage.

Then the two lads got ashore again, and in the dusk made their way across the white sands and away up toward Dunvorgan farm.

It may be presumed that neither of the lads slept very much that night; for, besides the excitement of the enterprise, they had agreed to meet down at the little creek not later than half past four in the morning. And, as each went stealthily by his own way to the place of rendezvous, a fair, still dawn was breaking over land and sea, and every thing gave promise of a beautiful day. Moreover, the slight, cool wind of the morning was blowing up from the south; it was a fair wind to carry them out to the islands, where they were to lie in wait for the Frenchmen.

The setting forth of the two lads on their voyage to the far islands on the horizon was managed with all due secrecy and dispatch, for both of them were well aware that, if the people at the farm got to know on what mission they were bent, they would immediately be stopped. But once away from the shore they grew more confident; and they could call to each other freely—Archie Livingston having been sent to the bow as a sort of lookout.

"Archie," called out the elder lad, who was at the stern, with the sheet of the mainsail in his hand and his elbow on the tiller,

"they can not stop us now." "That they can not, Colin." "And do you think that Ailasa and Mary and the rest of them up at the sheeling will be awake and out yet?" "No doubt they will be awake and out," said the younger lad—both of them speaking in Gaelic.

"For, if any one is to see us they will be the first to see us, from the hillside. Yes, and may be they are saying now, 'There is the boat going out; and who can be in the boat? and what does any one want to go to Farriskeer for?' Well, they will not be guessing that easily."

"Colin," said the younger lad, "it will be a hard thing if we have taken all this trouble and find none of the French fishermen coming near. I suppose you have heard that the French ships were always running away when they were told that Nelson was coming after them; and that it was not easy for him to fight them because he could not tell where they were? Well, they are not running away from us; but it will be just as bad if we do not find any of the smacks coming near Farriskeer or Ruaveg. And then what will you say when you go back?"

"You are afraid of being laughed at," said the elder lad, "that is what I am thinking. You are afraid they will say, 'There are the boys who went out to frighten the Frenchmen and could not find them.' But answer me this, Archie; if we do not tell them why we went out, how will they know?"

"If they have seen us from the sheeling, Ailasa, or Red-haired Maggie, or one of the others, will be asking," said the other, diffidently.

"Yes, they will be asking; it is the way of girls. But that is no need why I should tell. And this is what I am thinking of, Archie; if there is not any French smack coming near the islands, well, we will go to the wreck, and there are many things that we can pick up; and why should we not bring away a couple of the spars and planks that my father drew above the water-mark at Ruaveg?"

"It is very useful these things are at the farm; and the last time we were out, we had not an inch of spare room in the boat when we were coming back, such a load we had; and if the girls at the sheeling heard that we had brought back a cargo of wood from Ruaveg, what then? Where will be their question then?"

They were now well away from the land; and so steady was this light breeze from the south that the navigation of the boat involved no great care.

Of any French smack or other vessel they could find no sign whatever. As far as their eye could reach, this wide circle of the blue Atlantic seemed to belong to themselves. Once, indeed, they caught sight of the top-sails of a brigantine, the rest of the vessel being below the horizon; but apparently she was heading down against the southerly breeze, and, having put about, was soon lost to view.

"It will be no harm if we get out to the islands without any one seeing us," said Colin McAlmont. "It will be a great deal better. For if one of the smacks gas to see us going out, and another smack was to take the word to Reiklavik that there were people now on Farriskeer, and that they had guns, then there would be great laughing, and some of them would be for saying, 'Why are you frightened? It is no one but two boys who are on Farriskeer; for we saw them going out. And are you frightened because you heard the boys shooting at the curlews?'"

"That is true what you say, Colin; and any way we will take back a load of wood with us," said the younger lad, who was very clearly anxious that the girls at the sheeling should have no cause to jeer at them.

And now the islands grew more and more distinct; and, as they drew nearer and nearer, the lads could see and hear that their appearance was causing a vast commotion among the innumerable wild fowl that filled the air with their cries. And what was that great shapeless black thing, that lay on a spur of rock not nearly as large as itself?

"Colin," the younger cried, "Look at that now! The wreck is not all gone away yet; and they were saying she would go to pieces before two days or three days were over, and not an inch would be left of her."

"There is not more than a third of her left now," Colin McAlmont said; "and it is nothing but a lump of old iron she is. But we will go round the point of Ruaveg and look at her. Slack the lee jib-sheet a bit, Archie; may be we will get something out of her that may be of use at the farm."

"I would not go too near, Colin," said the younger of the two, "for she might tumble over on us."

"Tumble over on us?" said the other with a laugh of derision. "When she has stood out two gales!"

"Why so?" asked the preacher. "You have always been a consistent church member."

The two lads regarded this picture of ruin and desolation without uttering a word, apparently overawed by it; but at last Colin McAlmont said,

"Archie, do you not think I could climb up inside of her? There might be something that one could find."

"Indeed you will get nothing but cut fingers with the broken iron," said Archie Livingston, with decision. "Did they not take every thing out of her? And what would you say now if one of the plates of iron were to fall on you?"

The elder lad was still looking up, however, at the shattered remnant of the vessel.

"Archie, back her in a bit more; and I will see if I can get up to the lower deck there."

The younger boy did as he was bid, though rather reluctantly; and it was with a trifle of dismay that he beheld his companion clamber on to the wreck and begin to work his way up among the rusty iron. Then he saw him reach what remained of the lower deck, where there was still some woodwork; and after searching about for awhile he picked up something.

"Look here, Archie," he called out (his voice sounding hollow in the shell of the wreck) "I have found a pair of deer's horns. Take care, now, and I will throw them down to you."

The next moment the horns fell on the lowered mainsail and rebounded into the bottom of the boat.

"What is the use of them?" the younger lad cried—for he did not like the look of his companion clambering about up there.

"If you want deer's horns, you will find them along the shore. It was part of her cargo. What is the use of deer's horns?"

However, something now happened that brought back Colin McAlmont speedily enough into the boat, without any further remonstrance. In crossing over to the other side of this lower deck he found a place where he could look out to sea; and of course at this height his view was far more extensive than that obtainable from the little sailing-boat below.

"I can see a big steamer away out there," he called, looking toward the west. "Where can she be going now? There is no steamer of that size will be going to Iceland."

The next minute, as he turned to the southern horizon, something caught his eye which provoked an exclamation, but which caused him to hurry down from the wreck in half the time it had taken him to climb up.

"Archie," said he, in an excited whisper—although the boat he had seen was still miles off—"do you know this; there is a French smack coming up. I am sure of it—I know it—there is no other vessel that would be coming so near the land."

"Be quick now, Archie; we will row round to Farriskeer; I will not put the sail on her at all; we will row through the channel between Farriskeer and Ruaveg, and maybe we will have her in the little harbor before they can see us. Do you understand that now?"

Archie Livingston took to his oar quickly enough; though, to tell the truth, he was somewhat alarmed. The adventure had been so far pleasant and romantic in its way; but it assumed a new aspect when he definitely knew that a crew of French fishermen were coming along, and probable danger at hand. He did not speak at all; and both knew equally well the course they had to make. They rowed away from the wreck, then along a narrow and tortuous channel between two islands; then they beheld before them the open sea again.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

## A STORM OF BALLOTS

That Came Very Near Sweeping Republicanism Out of Existence—The Systems of Partisan Gains in the Work from the Atlantic to the Pacific—Democratic Governors, Congressmen and Legislators World Without End.

The following is a summary of the result of the general election throughout the country last week:

ALABAMA.—Elected a solid democratic delegation to congress.

ARKANSAS.—Solid democratic delegation chosen.

ARIZONA.—Democratic territorial officers and legislature and delegate to congress.

CALIFORNIA.—Democratic state ticket and all the congressmen.

COLORADO.—Democratic governor; legislature and congressman in doubt.

CONNECTICUT.—Democratic governor and three congressmen.

DELAWARE.—Democrats made a clean sweep of every thing.

FLORIDA.—No definite news from this state.

ILLINOIS.—Lower branch of the legislature and ten congressmen democratic, a gain of four.

INDIANA.—The democrats carry both branches of the legislature, and elect nine congressmen.

IOWA.—Democrats secure four congressmen.

KANSAS.—Democrats elect the governor.

KENTUCKY.—Democrats elect ten congressmen.

LOUISIANA.—All the congressmen democratic but one.

MARYLAND.—Four democratic and two republican congressmen.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Democratic governor and a gain of three congressmen.

MICHIGAN.—Democratic governor and seven (with a living chance for the eighth) congressmen.

MINNESOTA.—A democratic congressmen.

MISSISSIPPI.—All democratic congressmen save one (Chalmers, renegade).

MISSOURI.—Solid democratic delegation.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Republican by an exceedingly reduced majority.

NEW JERSEY.—Democratic legislature and all but one of the congressmen.

NEW YORK.—Democratic governor and legislature, nine congressmen certain, with a probability of two more.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Eight democratic congressmen.

NEBRASKA.—Anti-republican legislature, and congressman in doubt.

NEVADA.—Democratic governor and perhaps the congressman.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Democratic governor and legislature, and gain of five congressmen.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Democratic state and county tickets, all the congressmen but one.

TENNESSEE.—Repudiation governor, democratic legislature, and all the congressmen democratic but two.

TEXAS.—All but one of the congressmen democratic.

VIRGINIA.—Four (and probably five) democratic congressmen. The Mahonites got the remainder.

WISCONS