

We are authorized to make Liberal Advances on Consignments of Tobacco to the store named firm, New York.

P. V. & H. V. DUNCAN.

From all parts of the country reports come of the immense sales and increasing demand for that admirably popular Sewing Machine, The Sewing Machine, the price of which the proprietors wisely reduced to \$20, including all the attachments, and at once secured for them a popularity among the people far beyond that ever yet attained by any other machine at any price, the consequences of which is, agents are leaving the old high priced machines, and seeking territory for the "STANDARD".

A throng of sufferers with coughs and colds, annually go South to enjoy the ethereal mildness of the land of flowers. To them we would say the necessity of that expensive trip is obviated by Cousen's Compound Honey of Tar, which speedily vanquishes the cough and cold incident to this rigorous climate.

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Will practice in all the courts of Breckenridge and adjoining counties. Deeds, Mortgages, etc., and all legal instruments carefully prepared.

THE GREAT CAUSE OF Human Misery. Just Published, in a Scotch Brochure. Price six cents.

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LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER is the greatest Blood remedy of the age. It cures Scalds, Ulcers, Itch, Pimples, and all Blood Diseases yield to its wonderful powers. Pure Blood is the guarantee of health.

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Sellers' Liver Pills Have been the standard remedy for the cure of Liver Complaints, Costiveness, Fever and Ague, Sick Headaches, and all Derangements of the stomach and Liver for over 40 years.

The Buckeye. It is a well established fact that Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment will cure, if used according to directions. The Aesculus Hippocastanum, or Horse Chestnut, commonly known as the Buckeye, has been highly esteemed for many years, owing to the fact that it possesses the virtue, lying in the bitter principle called Aesculin, which can be utilized for the cure of Piles.

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THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

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VOL. III. CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1878. NO. 21.

DE 'SPERIENCE OB DE REB' REND QUAKO STRONG.

Swing dat gate wide, Postle Peter, Ring de big bell, least de gong, Sain'ts an' martyrs den will meet dair.

Turn de guard out, General Michael, Arms present de line along; Let de hand play "Conquerin' Hero," For de Reb' rend Quako Strong.

Tune yonr harr-strings tight, King David, Sing yonr good Old Hundred song, Let de strings dance wid cymbals.

What! No one to de landin'? Speers like raffin-sudder's wrong; Guess I'll gib dat sleepy Peter Fitts—fom Reb' rend Quako Strong.

What a narrow little gateway! My! dat gate am hard to move; "Who an dat?" says "Postle Peter, From de paradij above.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, ETC., AND ALL LEGAL INSTRUMENTS CAREFULLY PREPARED. Prompt and careful attention given to all business entrusted to me.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 23, 1878.

Thanksgiving day keeps some of our Congressmen at home, but an unusual number have either aimed or written that they will be here at the opening of the session.

"Madam, I am not offended," he answered in a voice husky with emotion, "but thank you from my heart for what you have said."

"Yes, darling, if they wish you to," they all joined in the request, and placing her in a chair, she sang in a sweet child-like voice the following beautiful song:

"Out in the gloomy night early I roam, I have no mother dear, no pleasant home; No one cares for me, no one would cry, Even if poor little Bessie should die.

"We were so happy till father drank rum, Then ad our sorrow and trouble begun; Mother grew pale, and wept every day— Baby and I were too hungry to play.

"Oh, if the temperance men only could find Poor wretched father, and talk very kind; If they would stop him from drinking, then I should be very happy again.

The games of billiards were left unfinished, the cards were thrown aside, and the unemployed glass remained on the counter; all had pressed near, some with curiosity, some with sadness, and some with pity.

The scene I shall never forget to my dying day, and the sweet cadence of her musical voice still rings in my ears, and every word of the song as it dropped from her lips, sank deep in the hearts of those gathered around her.

With the golden hair falling carelessly around her shoulders, her face of almost ethereal beauty, and looking so trustfully and comfortably upon the men around her, her beautiful eyes illuminated with a light that seemed not of earth, she formed a picture of purity and innocence worthy of the genius of a poet or painter.

At the close of the song many were weeping, men who had not shed a tear for years now wept like children. One young man who had resisted with scorn the pleading of a loving mother and the entreaties of friends to strive to lead a better life, to desist from a course that was wasting his fortune and ruining his health, now approached the child, and taking both her little hands in his, while tears streamed down his pale cheeks, exclaimed with deep emotion:

"God bless you, my little angel! You have saved me from ruin and disgrace, from poverty and a drunkard's grave. If there were ever angels on earth, you are one; God bless you, God bless you!"

"Please accept this trifle as a token of my regard and esteem, for your little girl has done me a kindness I can never repay. And remember, whenever you are in want, you will ever find in me a true friend," at the same time giving her his name and address.

Taking her child by the hand she turned to go, but passing at the door, said: "God bless you, gentlemen! Accept the heart-felt thanks of a poor, friendless woman for the kindness and courtesy you have shown her." Before any one could reply she was gone.

A silence of several minutes ensued, which was at length broken by the proprietor, who exclaimed: "Gentlemen, that lady is right, and I have sold my last glass of whisky; if any of you want more, you will have to go elsewhere."

"And I have drunk my last glass of whisky," said a young man who had long been given up as utterly beyond the reach of those who had a deep interest in his welfare—as sunk too low ever to reform.

"There is a temperance organization in this city called 'Temple of Honor,' and at their next meeting I shall send up my name to be admitted. Who will go with me?" "I—I—I, and I," several exclaimed in a chorus, and fifteen names were added to his.

True to his word, the owner of the saloon where this strange scene was enacted disposed of his entire stock the next day, and is now engaged in an honorable business. Would to heaven that lady with her little eye could have gone into every hamlet, town, and city throughout the country and met with like results!—Lansville Sentinel.

We learn from the Madisonville Times, that girls in Hopkins county are marrying at thirteen years old. The Times acted very wisely in making that fact known, the girls will be locking in from all quarters of the globe. They will be thicker in Hopkins than locust in Egypt.

Victor Strohl, Jr., maliciously threw Lat Elder, a small boy, so violently on the pavement in Owensboro, as to break his arm.

The London Times printing office uses electric light. This leaves Mr. Edison in the rear.

The Monkey and Whiskey.

Dr. Guthrie tells the following anecdote of a monkey:

"Jack," as he was called, seeing his master and some of his friends drinking, with imitative faculty for which all monkeys are remarkable, got hold of a glass half full of whiskey and drank it off.

Next day, when they wished for a repetition of the performance, he was nowhere to be seen. At last he was found, curled up in a corner of his box. At his master's call he reluctantly came out, but one hand applied to his head signified very plainly that he was ill—that 'Jack' had got a headache.

His master shook a whip at him, but it had no effect. A gun was then pointed at him; he got behind a stack of chimneys. At length, in fear of being dragged from his refuge, he actually descended the chimney, risking a scorching rather than be made to drink. 'Jack' lived twelve years after, but his repugnance to whiskey remained as strong as ever, while his master became its victim!

A Twenty-inch Oak Cut Down by Bullets. The Abbeville (S. C.) Press and Banner, in noticing Gen. McGowan's report of the battles of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania Court-house, says:

We are informed that the stump of the tree cut down by myriads of musket balls referred to by Gen. McGowan, has been uprooted, removed to Washington, and is now on exhibition there at the War Department.

The House Committee on Appropriations had a quorum at its meeting yesterday. Estimates, except for the Postoffice, Interior and War Departments, are somewhat lower than last year, and, indeed, less than the reduced sum voted by Congress.

The ocean steamer Pomerania was run into the night on the 24th, by the Noel Eilian, off Folkerton, and sunk. Fifty-six persons were drowned.

Capt. Schwenzen lost, on his one hundred and twenty-sixth voyage. He stood at his post giving orders, keeping order as far as it was possible for him to do, saving others, but lost his own life.

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Professor Edward Fontaine, who is now in Reidsville, once baptized a negro, Mark Davis, the slave of a nephew of Jeff Davis, at Canton, Miss. Mark had killed a man while 'possum hunting, and the Sunday previous to his execution for the crime the ceremony of baptism took place.

The jailer and Mr. Fontaine quietly took him down to the creek at Canton, but the thing had got wind and a great crowd was on the banks, and among them was a band of fifty Choctaw Indians. The creek not far from the bank was some fifteen feet deep. After Mark had been dipped, Dr. Fontaine made the cross of Christ on his forehead, and just then "kerdip" came a sound, and a Choctaw had taken a running leap and plunged head under into the deepest of the stream.

As he arose he made a cross on his face and said with a grunt, "Hell's gone!" Dr. Fontaine had delivered an affecting sermon on the bank of the creek and this Indian had understood it. He baptized himself. They all shook hands and the Indian turned to his tribe a converted man.—Reidsville (N. C.) Times.

A meeting of ten weeks' continuance, in the first Baptist church in Owensboro, is still in progress, with over two hundred and fifty conversions. Two hundred have been added to the Baptist church.—Owensboro Messenger.

Chas. Young, Archibald Steen and son, farming together near Lebanon, Ohio, had a misunderstanding, and Steen and his son beat Young with clubs until he was lifeless. Young's wife and daughter came to his rescue, and shared a like fate. A farm hand also was lacerated. The victors made their escape.

We learn from the St. Louis Republican that Dan Rice's famous show horse, Excelsior, died in that place on the 17th instant, in the 36th year of his age. Excelsior has been in all of the principal towns in the United States.

The body snatchers have stolen all the dead white people they could find, and have commenced on the negroes. They began this raid at the Venable colored cemetery in Newville on the night of the 18th.

The Trigg County Democrat is anti-Blackbird.

Cats and Clover.

Many of our readers may have seen a quotation from Darwin which has been widely published, referring to a connection between the domestication of the cat and the amount of the clover crop.

The common red clover is visited and fertilized only by humble-bees, the proboscis of the honey-bee not being long enough to reach the nectar. The number of humble-bees in any district depends on the number of field mice, which destroy the combs and nests of the humble-bees.

This is very curious and interesting if true, but a Scotch correspondent of the London Agricultural Gazette is disposed to question it. He says:

We sometimes find the gravest authors napping. Humble-bees are said to abound most where field mice can get at their nests. Now, humble-bees, like Dandy Dinmont dogs, will attack any living creature with a hairy skin, and woe to man or boy, much more to any mouse that would attempt to harry the nest or "bibe" of such a well-armed colony, for they will follow a person a long way, and sting him in the eye if they can, and if prevented in that way they sting the head or neck.

One can not help feeling sorry to see such riddle as this tale of the clover and the cat introduced like chaff among the grains of good corn, for Darwin has done every gardener good service by his patient watchfulness of the habits of plants, particularly the orchard family.

One of the colored gentlemen working in the new well met with an accident, a few days ago, which well nigh blew him straight into glory. A blast in the well not going off at the proper time, he concluded to go down and investigate the why and wherefore of the case.

One of our exchanges, who is a close observer, says he has seen ladies who were too nervous to ride horseback for fear the horse would fall down or runaway with them; they could not walk for fear a dog might run against them or a mouse might run across the road, just before them, and they would have to faint; and they are too nervous to sail for fear the boat might capsize, but has the first lady to see yet who was too nervous to marry.

The prettiest girl in Wheatland uses paint. If she only knew how dirty and sallow it makes the back of her neck look to the man who sits immediately behind her in church she would quit it. The line of demarcation between the lily-white induced by cream de la is painfully evident. It don't look well to see a girl all rosy and beautiful in front, and all sallow and freckled behind.—Wheatland Recorder.

D. C. Sattler, a leading German merchant at St. Paul, suicided on the morning of the 23rd ult., by throwing himself into the Mississippi river, from the bridge.

The Trigg Democrat came to hand last week. It is a good, heavy paper, edited and published by J. H. Wilkinson, at Cadiz, Trigg county, Kentucky.

"What alle you, sister Theria? Why are you thus wild with woe? he asked with deepest anxiety."—Extract from novel. She made no reply, but pointed silently to a basketful of watermelon rinds under the kitchen table. The conundrum was answered.

Some of our eastern exchanges are earnestly discussing the New York police, as to whether they have brains in their heads or not. After a thorough ventilation of the matter they have decided they have not.

Pigs feed on acorns. This reminds us that hard jokes from these same acorns grow.—Knoxville Constitution.

Good Manners.

Good manners are one thing and painted cheeks another, and yet they are very much allied in some respects. Painted cheeks are only to be seen in company, they are not for every day use, nor for every-day people, but for special occasions; just so with some people's good manners, they are only for company and to be used in company. As for home-folks, pa and ma, brothers and sisters, they never exhibit any good manners; no, some of our parents don't know that we have any. I met a young lady some time ago on the street, her cheeks were beautifully red and rosy, the light in her mild blue eyes was as soft and pleasant as the twilight, her voice was low, sweet and mellow, and her air and manner of address were so attractive that we could but notice and admire her. She had such a pleasant smile for every one she met, and especially the young gentlemen. We happened to be at her father's house when she returned home, but, oh, how changed she was. Just as she entered the door her little brother came to her for some assistance about his ball. "O, go away from here Johnny, and let me alone, I don't care to wait on brats." In a few moments her mother, worn out with the toil and anxiety of nursing a sick baby, said to her good-manneredly, "My daughter, please set the table." "O, phaw! mother, I am so tired I can't. I despise to set the table anyway." But she moped off in a sulky, moaning way and pitched the knives and forks around to their places. That young girl's good manners were like her painted cheeks—all put on, there was nothing natural about it. In order to be amiable abroad is amiable at home. A cultivated young lady treats her mother with more consideration than anybody in the world, she has just as many smiles and pleasant words for her as for anybody; she has just as many pleasant words for her brothers as anybody else, and more, for she loves them better. A cultivated sister is a careful of her language, her manners and her personal appearance in the presence of her brothers as in the presence of any young man, and, as a natural consequence, they love her with all of their hearts. If you have a smile or a kind word to use anywhere in the world use them at home. Nothing on earth gladdens a father's heart like the sweet disposition of his daughter who has a kind word and a smile for all around the family circle.

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