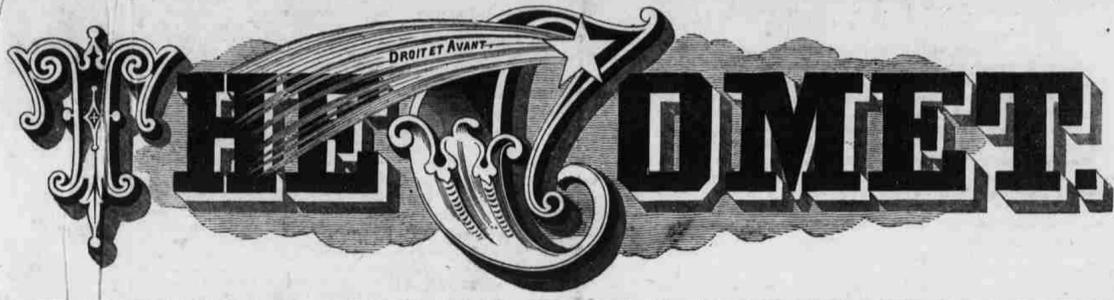


Published Every Saturday Morning. COOK PRE-SENT AND CAP. VOL. STREETS. RATES FOR SUBSCRIPTION. Single subscription, one year, \$1.00. Single subscription, six months, \$0.60. ADVERTISEMENTS. Ten cents a line for first insertion, five cents a line for each subsequent insertion, for ten insertions.



The Comet JOB PRINTING, AND BOOK PUBLISHING OFFICE. A consolidation of the Job material of THE COMET, and J. W. Smylie's printing office, under the management of J. W. SMYLIE. The complete Job Office in the State. ALL KINDS OF Book and Job Printing EXECUTED ON SHORT NOTICE AND IN THE MOST APPROVED STYLE.

The Democrats have a good working majority in Congress.

The newspapers call Edison a gas lighter.

A Meer Shan—The war between England and Afghanistan.

Among the departed glories are the Old Year and the late glorious snow storm.

Our worthy and excellent friend of the Summit Times, Col. W. L. Patton, was in Jackson last week.

The thermometer stands 20 degrees below zero in Des Moines, and yet the people live.

The tramp has developed a supreme disgust for shotguns, and displayed a wonderful faculty for dodging buckshot.

Blaine has declared that he won't stand in Grant's way, and Grant is not likely to stand much in the way of the Democratic party.

The beautiful snow, oh, the beautiful snow! Well, it was beautiful, and there never was a time when it was more heartily welcomed in this city.

If you didn't get any Christmas or New Year's present you will know how to sympathize with the Indian. He never does get anything in his stocking.

So many of the banks in this country are failing that people in the Levee District are excusable for feeling a little shaky about the banks of the Mississippi.

Some ardent resumptionists are predicting that gold will soon become a drug on the market. For our part we are willing to risk it. We are not afraid of its becoming a drug in our hands.

TRUMAN will probably be nominated by the Democracy for Governor of Ohio, and if so, he will certainly be elected; and then look out for the Presidential succession. It strikes us that there is something of "the coming man" in Thurman.

If anybody thinks that men ever grow too old for folly let him dismiss the idea. Take the case of ex-Senator Cameron, who is eighty-four years old, and who jilted the Widow Oliver, and has now a case of breach of promise operated against him in Pennsylvania.

"BREDREN," began the Rev. Mr. Splurgin, an eminent colored divine who had been invited to officiate in a distant church. "Bredren, sin an de fast time I have ever had the pleasure of preachin in dis Church, sense dis locality was located."

ANDERSON, the champion witness, is going to start a newspaper in Nebraska. A man who can lie into scrapes and then lie out of them with such charming mendacity, and never lose his temper, ought to succeed well with a Radical newspaper.

The people in this country may dismiss the idea of converting their cotton and corn fields into banana farms. The appearance of mother earth a foot deep in snow last Sunday ought to convince the most skeptical that this is not a region adapted to the culture of tropical fruits.

COL. O. R. SMOLETON is always at his post—always at work for his constituents. He makes a grand old Representative in Congress—knows all the ropes, and has one eye open always for the main chance. By its efforts his constituency in the lately afflicted districts have received considerable sums from the foreign relief fund distributed by Secretary Evarts.

THE snow which fell here on the 4th of January, inst., has virtually upset the chronology of the "oldest inhabitant." That mythical venerable party has never seen anything equal to it. It beats all of his diary of remarkable events and all his sketches on beech trees. The snow varied a depth from eight to twelve inches, and the face of the earth looked like a genuine snow picture.

LI KWAI is the name of the Heathen Chinese who is going to publish a work on America in four volumes. "If he had consulted us about it we should have advised him to condense his work in one volume; as it is, if he expects anybody in this section of America to buy or read it. As a general thing our people are too busy to read more than one Chinese book on the same subject.

The people all over the South are sorry because Wade Hampton broke his leg. The part of Wade Hampton's anatomy that the Southern people have taken the most "jock in his head. That is a repository of ideas and a nursery of broad schemes, the loss of which would be a severe blow to the South and the country. There is no man in America from whom we expect more than from Wade Hampton.

The inhabitants of this latitude are not fortified thoroughly with snow-shoes and snow-slides. Nevertheless, it is difficult for the weather to get up a freak which will catch all the denizens of Jackson napping. On last Sunday while the streets were whitened with a coat of "beautiful snow" a foot thick there were quite a number of horses harnessed to sleds and the jingling of sleigh-bells would have reminded the Norwegian or Mattocks of his own country.

THE COMET. This number of THE COMET is sent to a considerable number of persons. We are sending it to all our old subscribers who have heretofore paid in advance for the paper, and will keep on doing this until the debt is fully discharged. There are some five or six hundred of these, and if any one of them is overlooked, we hope he will notify us. We are also sending it to all subscribers who have paid for the Daily Mississippi, which paper yielded gracefully to the enjoining overtures of this dashing luminary, and permitted itself to be swallowed bodily by it. Hereafter the essence of the late Mississippi is in THE COMET.

THE COMET is to be run henceforward and forever on the cash principle. No man shall ever have the right to say that THE COMET was thrust upon him. It will never degenerate into a "patent outside." If there is any one point upon which we are absolutely "solid," it is in our opposition to "patent outside." If there is any one pet humbug we have dedicated ourselves to wage a perpetual war upon, and to extirpate from the land, if we can, it is the "patent outside."

Very many persons will receive this number of THE COMET who will be surprised. To such we beg to say by way of explanation: Be not alarmed. No bill will ever follow it. You are a subscriber without knowing it—some friend has paid for your paper—or it is sent to you perhaps upon your request, in order to give you a chance to see the sort of thing it promises to be, with a view to your remittance of the subscription price if you want it continued. If not, the postage is claimed. But, in point of fact, the Advocate is a cheat, from the start, and Peter Cooper had nothing in the world to do with it, except, perhaps, to buy or subscribe for a few hundred copies, in order that he might spread his greasy philosophy over the land.

None but a simpleton will ever imagine that Peter Cooper was or could be a party to that or any other swindle upon the struggling masses. His name has been unwarrantably used in connection with this so-called organ. His whole long, and active, and successful life has been a steady, steadfast and constant shunke to frauds of all kinds, to tricks of every character. The very soul of integrity, he knows nothing else—has never tried to learn anything else—than to go straight forward in the line of sterling honesty and true benevolence. It is an outrage to couple his name with a mushroom concoction that suffered itself first to pander to the worst element of the greengrocery party, that to betray the cause, and finally to subvert it to the profit of a few individuals.

We are in favor of the doctrine of allowing men to do exactly as they please about subscribing, but at the same time desire to impress upon the public the necessity which this paper labors under for subscribers. There is nothing in this world it needs so much now as subscribers. The mail-bags which issue out from these sacred portals are ridiculously thin—so thin that you would think an elephant had walked over them and mashed them into pancakes. The fact is we are ashamed to say what our bona fide circulation really is. And as we are great admirers of Washington, and wish to leave a becoming example to the craft when we go to our final reward, we trust no friend of ours will press the question upon us now. We would much prefer to talk about what our circulation will be twelve months hence if the public does its duty by us.

Now, friends, countrymen, soldiers and civilians, lend us your ears, your names, and your two dollars in advance.

A SOLID SOUTH'S SENTIMENT. In another place we reproduce a poetic tribute to the manhood of our Northern fellow-citizens and a heart-flowing expression of Southern gratitude from the bright pen of Emmett L. Ross, of the Canton Mail. Aside from the sentiment which speaks well for the heart of the author, the poem possesses decided merit. Ross is a genius, and his poetic writings always have the charm of purity, unbounded generosity, and glorious charity.

MISS GLADSTONE. It is said that Gladstone has a daughter who is familiar with every work in his library and the run of his contents. When he wants a reference she gets the book and points it out to him instantly. A daughter like her is worth having. But you can't convince the average parent that it is necessary for a daughter to have any real sense. Nor can you convince the average marriageable male youth that a girl ought to be able to do anything. The more helpless the girls are the more they are beloved; and the less they know about anything which could be put to actual use the better chance they have for getting married.

Wade Hampton has succeeded in wading through.

A NEW RELIGION. The New York Sun has a lot of correspondents who want somebody to invent a new religion, though the Sun itself does not heartily endorse the idea. When we come to reflect that the world already has several thousands of different kinds of religion, and that the Christian religion itself is divided into almost an infinity of different sects, it is difficult to see the necessity for a new one. It would seem that there are enough in vogue to suit almost any possible shade of religious belief. And even if another was invented it would have to run the same chance of being perverted by unworthy followers and expounders. The trouble is not so much, after all, in the religion as in the practice. The religion of the New Testament of the Christians, if faithfully studied and practiced, would bring even to this world a millennium of happiness, to say nothing of what it would do for us in the next.

A NEWSPAPER HUMBUG AND CATCH-PENNY. Some time last Spring, the New York Advocate started in a small way. It purported to be a greengrocery organ, and got the full benefit of a really correct and praiseworthy sentiment in relation to the currency. It apparently had the indorsement of the great and good Peter Cooper, of New York, the financial encyclopedia of the present age.

Peter Cooper is not a subscriber to THE COMET, and is no kin to its editor, and our tribute to his financial genius and personal worth is not biased by interest or warped by the ties of consanguinity. We consider him as an oracle of finance, and as pure and spotless a man as ever lived to a green old age. We are not in favor of making a President of the United States out of him, though we have fully and heartily indorsed many of his theories of finance.

The Advocate with the cheek characteristic of the unscrupulous trickster, sought, and, to all appearances, obtained the benefit of Peter Cooper's favor and patronage. This was the only "open sesame" to respectability which the Advocate had, and it made the most of it. It rung all the changes upon it. It never lost the opportunity of lagging in the name of the man who had grown gray in good work, and stood conspicuously before the American people as a proud type of American philanthropy. It traded upon the well-earned confidence of the people of the United States in Peter Cooper. And the fact that the venerable philanthropist used its columns frequently for the diffusion of his financial views, gave some coloring to this claim. But, in point of fact, the Advocate was a cheat, from the start, and Peter Cooper had nothing in the world to do with it, except, perhaps, to buy or subscribe for a few hundred copies, in order that he might spread his greasy philosophy over the land.

None but a simpleton will ever imagine that Peter Cooper was or could be a party to that or any other swindle upon the struggling masses. His name has been unwarrantably used in connection with this so-called organ. His whole long, and active, and successful life has been a steady, steadfast and constant shunke to frauds of all kinds, to tricks of every character. The very soul of integrity, he knows nothing else—has never tried to learn anything else—than to go straight forward in the line of sterling honesty and true benevolence. It is an outrage to couple his name with a mushroom concoction that suffered itself first to pander to the worst element of the greengrocery party, that to betray the cause, and finally to subvert it to the profit of a few individuals.

In the first place the attempt to print a large eight page newspaper weekly or twice monthly at 25 cents, (not half the cost of the white paper, was an evidence of deliberate bad faith. Calculating men knew from the beginning that the thing could not be done, and a collapse was certain. Then the proposition to furnish seventy dollar sewing machines for ten dollars was in the same line of cold-blooded robbery by the wholesale.

This wonderful sheet seemed to have taken the whole country by storm. The servile legislation of Congress for the last twenty years in the interest of the bondholders and moneyed rings, the tendency of which has been steadily to make the rich richer and the poor poorer, had built up a powerful current of dissatisfaction and hostility to this injustice and inequality. And this sentiment only needed proper guidance and moderation to become the ruling sentiment of the land. But the Advocate prostituted it to the base arts of deceit, hypocrisy and robbery. It rallied such men as Dennis Kearney, of California, and Ben Butler, of Massachusetts. It destroyed the respectability of the party and killed it, and now it goes out in its own ignominy.

However, for the time being, it took like hot cakes and spread like wild fire. Clubs from everywhere poured in upon it until its circulation was claimed to be about 800,000. It was the wonder of the epoch. Everybody had a curiosity to read a little of it to see if possible how so much paper could be furnished for so little money. The paper, of course, never had any influence except for evil. All swindles and cheats tend only to disaster in the long run. But the unsophisticated public were sorely puzzled to find out how a three dollar newspaper could be made for two bits, or a seventy dollar sewing machine could be sold for ten dollars. They looked upon the Advocate as the harbinger of a new era when all the literature a man could devour for twelve months could be bought for twenty-five cents with a sewing machine thrown in.

It was a puzzle. It was a huge mystery—one of those things "that no fellow could ever find out." Nevertheless it was simple, and here is the solution: Taking the Advocate's own figures when it run up to 800,000 subscribers at 25 cents each, it had received \$200,000 from that source, and then it suddenly dropped its list. There was money in the operation.

When it received hundreds, perhaps thousands of Postoffice orders for cheap sewing machines, teas, microscopes, etc., it returned to the anxious applicants none of these cheap and useful articles, but made all this money clear. Could any

proposition be plainer than the fact that transactions of this kind are peculiarly successful?

Elsewhere we publish an article from the New York Sun giving a full exposition of the Advocate's brilliant achievements. And we desire in this connection to caution everybody against the promises of a man who prints a big weekly newspaper for twenty-five cents a year. He is a humbug and he has made his calculations to swindle you. The friends of greengroceries ought not to suffer themselves bamboozled by such frauds.

There is merit in the greengrocery movement, but not as represented by the New York Advocate, Kearney and Butler. So far as this State is concerned—so far as the whole South and West are concerned—the Democratic party has fully as much of the greengrocery element in it as is needed; and we advise men who want to bring about a wholesome change in the financial policy of the government to seek it through the Democratic party as the surest and safest means of getting it. Nothing can be expected through such political perverseness as Kearney, Butler, or the New York Advocate.

A WORD IN DEFENSE OF GENERAL REUBEN DAVIS.

The Vicksburg Commercial says: "The meekest man in Mississippi to-day is Gen. Reuben Davis."

Now why, we would like to ask, does the Commercial set General Davis down in this category? What has General Davis done to warrant this abuse? Has the Commercial forgotten the time, not long since, when General Davis was foremost and most zealous of the advanced courants of the so-called column of bulldozers? Suppose the valiant General has seen that he is all wrong a few years ago, and that his politics then were tainted with sulphur and instigated by the devil, hasn't he got as much right to reform as anybody? What matters it if he does couple with his reformation a vigorous bid for an office? Is he to be condemned and blackguarded for that? Don't everybody who knows General Reuben Davis also know that he has been all ready, willing and waiting to serve his country in any prominent official capacity the people might demand? Suppose he does want to be Governor or Congressman. Is he the only man in Mississippi that would like a thing of this sort? How many of our leading citizens are there who are as patriotic in this respect as he is?

General Davis has done the State some service. He has been a leader of the fiercest element against Radical republicanism since 1865 until last year. Such was the fierceness of his doctrine that the Democrats were afraid to trust him. He was too extreme to suit Democrats. He believed in slaughtering and quartering to such a terrific extent that he alarmed prudent Democrats. Consequently they didn't nominate him for Governor or Congressman as they thought they ought to have done, and consequently he was forced to seek a nomination somewhere else or not get any nomination at all. And as he was determined to have a nomination—as a nomination was the only thing that would satisfy him in his old age, he sought and obtained it where it is offered. What good reason can the Commercial offer for objecting to this course, or what excuse does it give the Commercial for stigmatizing Gen. Reuben Davis as "the meekest man in Mississippi?"

AVERTAIN inspired by the late extraordinary snow storm runs thus: "Well, the fog has rolled up in his sky and dropped a rapid rain." "The beautiful snow has come," he said, "and slaying will soon be here."

SEVERAL years ago Col. O. C. Dease, of Jasper county, was a regular delegate to every Democratic State Convention, and as he was the recognized spokesman of the East, his influence was very great in the selection of candidates. No man was more profoundly impressed with this fact than Judge Trotter, who had conceived a yearning for the office of Governor. The two were riding along the highway side by side upon their horses, their destination being the State Capital to attend a State Convention, when Judge Trotter opened on Colonel Dease as follows: "Dease, I have an idea of submitting my name to the Convention for Governor. You are a big Marshal in State Conventions, and I want you to help me."

"Dease," continued Trotter, "if I get the nomination I'll have the finest levee and the finest wines and the nicest eating for my friends you have ever seen in the nation." "Dease," persisted the Judge, "you eat good eating and drinking. I tell you I'll have the finest brand of Champagne and the spiciest roasts you ever feasted on." "Get up here," observed Colonel Dease to his horse, at the same time giving him a kick. Trotter was a man of perseverance, and he made one more onslaught upon his non-committal companion. "I tell you what Dease," he resumed, "if you will go for me, I'll have under the bed when you come to see me a jug of splendid old rye whisky, and I'll—"

1879. Most of our readers have probably already gleaned from other newspaper sources information of the fact that the late Anno Domini has passed off; and, furthermore, that we have fairly entered upon the year 1879. The newspapers are deserving of great praise for keeping the people advised of the periodical out-going and in-coming of the years.

The date of THE COMET's visitation, however, makes it unnecessary for us to offer congratulations to its great host of friends in reference to the matter.

The present year, 1879, opens auspiciously, and we decree promises for the future calculated to encourage us all. In the first place we have had, what all the people have been praying for, several cold snaps of weather which will freeze out the germs of yellow fever which may possibly have been left lurking among us by the late epidemic, and prepare the ground for better crops. Here is abundant cause for hopefulness, and for devout gratitude to Almighty God. With health assured, we can count as a people upon getting upon the direct road to prosperity during the present year. Among the reasons why we may count on this, are these:

1. The adjustment and solidity of our political situation. Under the just and liberal administration of the Democratic party in Mississippi, no-clashes have disappeared from the State, riots are unknown, and insubordination to law unheard of, except in individual instances. The confidence of all classes is restored, and all the people feel safe now in moving forward and maturing their plans for future development. They are satisfied now to take root in the soil and look for profit in slow, natural and sure growth. It was not so a few years ago under a different administration. Then all was dissatisfaction, turmoil, jobbery and uncertainty. The people generally calculated only upon what one year would bring forth. They lived emphatically from hand to mouth, and devoted their energies to the production of the one staple which could always be converted into cash. They planted no trees, because they hardly expected to stay here long enough for them to grow. They raised scarcely any stock because they expected it to be stolen. They omitted all improvements upon their farms and homesteads because they felt that if the alien and rapine race continued, it was only a question of time for the virtual confiscation of their estates. It was a great thing to wrench the State from the hands of a party which brought such a freeze upon the hopes of the people and such a blight upon every material interest. Happily there is no obstacle of this kind to contend against now.

2. The era of Shylockism and skin-dinting and legalized robbery practised upon a large portion of the producing community has in a measure lost its grip. Money lenders, and the dealers in deeds of trust, have displayed a few grains of conscience, and are, for the most part, satisfied with something less than 25 per cent. for the use of money or 200 per cent. on the cost of goods. There are vastly fewer mortgages than heretofore. Men have learned the nature of a mortgage in the hands of a shyster, and they have learned to set a new value upon their homes. Consequently less farms are under mortgage, and immensely less money has been expended in the production of the crop. As a whole the farmers are freer from debt and have corn in their cribs. We have been preaching zealously for ten years to hammer into their heads the wholesome doctrine of putting corn in their cribs. They have got corn, and, as a natural outcome of the corn, more of everything else than they had. Now there is nothing to prevent a decided improvement in their condition.

3. The settlement of values and the improvement of the public and individual credit. Our State bonds at 8 per cent. are worth a small premium. Auditor's warrants are equal to gold in every part of the State. Everybody seems inclined to turn over a new leaf, to quit wildcat speculations and look the problem of life square in the face, and to pace a sounder estimate upon his abilities and the facilities within his command. He can make a far safer calculation and intends not to over-crook himself and break down with over-gorgement.

So after all, notwithstanding the New Year has passed, the time when this duty ought to have been performed, we congratulate the whole people of Mississippi upon their improved prospects.

Mr. Mapleson married Maria Rose, and he is both her husband and manager. An unnatural relation.

COL. CLAIBORNE'S HISTORY.

"As the fog hangs around in here, even after it has been scabbed and pillaged, so I return, in my declining years, to my native place and my ancestral acres." So beautifully writes the venerable Claiborne to the Pauding Herald. And he adds: "I am, as you know, writing the History of Mississippi. For three months I have suspended work to give the necessary attention to my business; but in a week I shall be at my desk at Natchez, and shall there remain until the task is finished. My friends, however, must be patient. I cannot spin this work out of my brain, or weave it from the imagination; but every line must be based on facts, and these facts require time, labor and research."

THE newspapers of this State have long since learned to let Maj. Harper, of the Oklahoma States, alone on the fundamental principles involved in the resolutions of '98. He has slashed them all out on the immutability of Barbonism. But he has found a simple-minded editor away up in Iowa, with whom he is now conducting an able newspaper discussion upon the doctrine of State Rights and the right of secession. We may not agree with Harper, but we are bound to admire his pluck and perseverance.

GEN. WRET ADAMS visited our city early last week, and made many sales of the Life of Gen. A. S. Johnston, for which he is the general agent for the State. We have not read the book, though we doubt not all the handsome encomiums lavished upon it by the press are fully deserved. When Albert Sidney Johnson fell at Shiloh the Confederacy fell. He was the greatest general the South had, and to him was properly entrusted the defense of the main entrance to our citadel. Had he lived there would have been no Grant, and there would have been an independent Confederate States. But such are the inscrutable workings of Fate. He was cut down at the very moment of the grandest triumph of his life, and the fruits of his great victory melted away.

Is Pike county soon after the surrender a colored brother enjoyed the honors and emoluments of the office of Justice of the Peace in the Holmesville district by appointment from Dictator Ames. His early education had been neglected, and he was not familiar with the hieroglyphics used in chirography—that is to say, he had omitted to learn how to write or read in his young days, and when he grew to manhood the cares of State were suddenly thrust upon him and he didn't have time to learn. But he was a smart man for all that. No body knew that he didn't know a word of law, and it was no part of his official duties to go about telling people what he knew or what he didn't know. In a legal proceeding, however, there at length arose a necessity for his signature. Here was a dilemma wholly unprovided for by the Dilemma League. The party that made him free and opened the road to official grandeur had neglected to construct their law in a way so that an honorable Justice of the Peace could avoid the necessity of signing his name to a document. What was he to do? Whoever had such an uncomfortable predicament? But he mastered the emergency. "Captin," says he, addressing the Sheriff, "will you be kind enough to sign my name to that ar document. I'm a little nervous dis mornin'."

J. D. WEBSTER, a colored man, of Washington county, announces himself as a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Chancery Court to fill the unexpired term of A. W. Shadd. (subject to any action of the Democratic voters in Convention assembled.) We would remark that Webster was a few years ago, one of the most prominent Republicans in the river district, and exerted a considerable influence among his brethren of the colored persuasion. He recognizes that the safety and happiness of his race is best promoted by co-operating with the Democratic party.—Yazoo City Herald.

And we would remark that if Webster recognizes this very important fact it would be a sensible thing in the Democratic party of Washington, to give him all proper encouragement in it. It is the truth and the real key to the solution of the race problem. Democrats owe the colored people protection. They have pledged it, and we have got to see the first deliberate attempt on the part of anybody who had a right to speak for the party to go back on the pledge. The Democrats will protect the colored citizens in their right of franchise from their own so-called political friends. The Democrats will protect them from the machinations of these so-called Friends against any further complications which involves a clash of race, and the inevitable destruction of themselves. We do not pretend to say what the Democratic party of Washington county ought to do with Webster. But, if he is a deserving man and competent to discharge the duties of the office to which he aspires, we think it would be a graceful and eminently proper thing in them to give his claims a fair and equal consideration with any other person who may offer.

MYRA CLARK GAINES sued for a big slice of New Orleans, sixty-seven years ago. The lawyers managed to keep "the case" going until last year. This extraordinary prolongation of the suit was done in the interest of Shakespeare, an Englishman, to give a forcible illustration of Hamlet's complaint against "the laws delays." If a woman wants to win a city or any considerable part of a city by a suit at law she must have pluck, patience and perseverance. Myra C. Gaines had these qualities, and we are gratified that she came out winner at last. But we don't know whether we are going to be pleased or not at her attempt to recover the States of Louisiana and Arkansas, with a belt of Mississippi, under an old Spanish grant. It seems to us that if she has got New Orleans, she ought to let the rural districts go in peace.

According to Lockyer everything is made out of hydrogen, and according to Bob Ingersoll the world was made out of nothing. Here's a conflict. But not such a conflict as might be supposed, for hydrogen is about as near nothing as can well be got at, and both theories may hold good in science, however the matter may turn on practice.

MERE MENTION.

The Philadelphia Times calls Donn Platt, "the gold-headed American blue joy of journalism."

Talmage is to be lighted by electricity.—Boston Post. Why? Has his gas given out?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Wm. Astor, who has the largest yacht in the world, is practicing in the harbor of Jacksonville, Fla.

The new York Commercial Advertiser regrets to learn that in Canada the other day "the Empress of India was drunk standing."

We want this country to understand that George Washington was elected Sheriff of Bay County, Mich., while Andrew Jackson represents Chippewa county.—Detroit Free Press.

Well, sir, why didn't you tell us that before our friend out on Chummy Creek threw away his vote on Andrew Jackson for President.

THE GOOD TIME RETURNING TO THE WEST.—The Detroit Free Press says: "There is something wonderfully encouraging in the improved aspect of business, as shown very significantly by the holiday trade. Very largely the purchases made at this season of the year are made from the surplus or profits of the people; and the unwonted activity of trade, when compared with the trade of recent years, indicates unmistakably that the tide has turned and the people are again producing more than they consume, instead of living, as they have done so long, from hand to mouth."

ALREADY the press people are scripping at Governor Stone because the Trustees have selected Starkville as the location for the Agricultural and Mechanical College. Why not Starkville? Several other towns competed and Starkville offered the highest inducements, and, in Mississippi—why not get it in Starkville? When Gov. Stone shall get a college for every county, and give the unhappy, land-holding white folk charge, at far salaries, he will be a bigger man than Pinckney, in the eyes of chronic abolitionists.—Port Gibson Herald.

But the job about the Starkville matter is that Governor Stone steadily and persistently voted and argued for the other place. However, if the "wholesale grumblers" can find nothing else to pick into Governor Stone about why not let them take up this "Starkville outrage." There is about as much truth and sense in that as in anything else they have yet argued against him.

A FEW years ago Lincoln county had no existence, and the town of Brookhaven was a side issue in county government—an integral part of Lawrence, but felt that she was about the biggest thing in the county. A party from Brookhaven had applied to the Board of Supervisors at Monticello, for license to retail. Upon the question of granting the license an intricate and prolonged discussion arose. The Parish Clerk member and the member from Possum Neck were in favor of the proposition and supported it in long arguments designed to show that if the town of Brookhaven wanted a retailing institution, the town of Brookhaven ought to contribute something to the county treasury for the privilege. At that time, however, the law regulating licenses to retail did not sustain the views of the members from Parish Creek and Possum Neck, which the President proceeded to point out with force and vigor, as follows: "Gentlemen," said the President, "this discussion is all out of order. It doesn't touch the law of the case. It jumps clean over the pint in question. There ain't no use for gentlemen to waste their eloquence again the law's bulwarks. The law says that every incorporated town of a thousand inhabitants shall have the right to grant or not to grant a license to retail whisky. Now if this party from the town of Brookhaven wants a license to sell whisky by the small, then it's his duty to apply to the Mayor of the town whoever she may be."

The discussion closed. The argument of the President was irresistible, and the Brookhaven secker after a license to retail had to go to the "Mayor" of the town, who over she then happened to be.

THE PRESIDENT CLARKE.

The East Cairo boys are again in Jack. J. C. Clarke, Vice President and General Manager Mississippi Central Railroad, sent \$165 to be divided, \$29 each to the two engine engineers, \$10 each to the two firemen on same, \$15 each to the two head switchmen, \$12 50 each to the two assistant switchmen, \$10 each to the two car operators, and \$15 each to the two telegraph operators. Mr. Clarke, in his letter accompanying these presents, says, in substance, it was not the amount, but he wanted to show his appreciation of carefulness and strict attention to the line duties, and also thanked them on behalf of the officers of the company. It is seldom we see or hear of such episodes as this, and coming from the hand of so large a corporation as the Mississippi Central, shows that amongst the right men in the right place. The men at East Cairo highly appreciate Mr. Clarke's handsome gift and are glad in proof of his generosity and goodness.—Cairo Argus.

Mr. Clarke is given to tricks of that kind. He has captured the people of Louisiana and Mississippi by a stream of liberality during the dark period of their distress, and his management of his great railway line is marked throughout, from one end to the other, by a course of impartiality, justice and public spiritedness which make all the people think it a lucky circumstance that placed this grand railroad highway under his command.

Dr. M. S. CRAFT, of Jackson, has been selected as one of the yellow fever experts, by the Commission. This was a very proper appointment, as Dr. Craft stands at the head of his profession in Mississippi.—Yazoo City Herald.