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DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR, ROBERT LOWRY. FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR, G. D. SHANDS. FOR STATE TREASURER, W. L. HEMINGWAY.

COUNTY TICKET.

For State Senator, GEORGE M. HATCHER. For Representatives, L. W. MAGEE, H. C. MCCABE, D. H. ALVAREZ.

For Justices of the Peace, First District—James T. Strother, L. M. Loewen...

The New Orleans T.-D. has an admirable article about the Mississippi Fair to be given by colored people.

WHAT is wanted in this city is enterprise. Vicksburg cannot prosper by bickering and quarrels among her leading business men...

THE Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer says the bloody shirt campaign in Ohio is to be abandoned and the tariff issue is to take its place.

SOME of "Beck's boys" are growing uneasy. They indulge in the Radical rot about the Democrats counting Beck out.

THE Colored Republican Executive Committee published a column address in the Evening Post. They think some of their ever-to-be-cherished rights are in peril...

When the Democrats elect their entire ticket we should not be surprised if the Republican Committee does not feel more disgruntled than now.

THE "College Maggie," published by the young ladies of the Port Gibson Female College, is a bright little sheet, that does credit to those who write for it.

We quote the following as a sample of the "sparkle" that may be found in it:

"Notwithstanding the reputation for gentility which the opposite sex persist in giving us, it is a notable fact that they all seem to like it. A girl who does not talk in very unpolite words to the gentlemen of the period, who at an entertainment would sit a good, quiet, sensible girl—no matter how beautiful she may be—play the part commonly known as the 'wall flower,' and be perfectly infatuated with a giddy, heartless, senseless chatterbox. The 'Lords of Creation' are willing votaries at such a shrine! The bare idea is enough to stagger one."

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VICKSBURG'S OPPORTUNITY.

Beyond some crude and utterly impracticable suggestion made by Dr. Marshall, the anti-shop men offer no solution of the questions at issue, between the city and the L., N. O. & T. railroad.

It is absolutely certain, that the wise thing to do, is to vote for the proposition. We cannot afford to sacrifice our mercantile interests to enter into a fight with so powerful a corporation, simply because that course would please a few.

We firmly believe that to reject the proposition would seriously affect every merchant in the city and greatly depress real estate. The blow to the confidence that now exists would be felt for years.

This is Vicksburg's opportunity; she dare not trifle with it.

A Sad Sight in God's Eyes. But I tell you the saddest sight that God's eyes ever looked on—and he has seen the whole Mississippi Valley blighted with death and yellow fever.

THE address was adopted, and the convention adjourned sine die.

GOING IT ALONE.

An Exciting Race Between a Highwayman and a Stage for a Half Mile.—The Mail Sacks Demanded. Dallas, Oct. 2.—A man and a woman, citizens of Lampas, who were passengers on the stage from San Angelo to Abilene, give the following account of a daring robbery sixteen miles out of Abilene.

From Yazoo City. Special to Commercial Herald. YAZOO CITY, Oct. 2.—For a few days past wagon, teams, mules, scrapers and camp paraphernalia have been arriving by train and leaving here for their camp along the projecting route of the railroad extension from here to Tchula.

Important Insurance Decision. OKOLONA, Miss, Oct. 2.—In the Pollard vs. Insurance companies case the defendants plead that the policies were void because the plaintiff had not paid sufficient license under section 389, code of 1880.

The Colored Men of Virginia, in Convention at Lynchburg, Throw Off the Yoke of Republicanism.

LYNCHBURG, Sept. 30.—The State Convention of colored men assembled here to-day J. B. Syphax of Alexandria was elected temporary chairman.

The following address was presented amid great cheering: THE ADDRESS. To the Colored People of Virginia:

Whereas, We, the colored people of Virginia, believing as we do that the time has come for us to call a halt in the unequalled support we have given the Republican party, do here in convention assembled, solemnly declare ourselves politically independent in all matters which pertain to us as citizens and voters of this commonwealth.

It is absolutely certain, that the wise thing to do, is to vote for the proposition. We cannot afford to sacrifice our mercantile interests to enter into a fight with so powerful a corporation, simply because that course would please a few.

But I tell you the saddest sight that God's eyes ever looked on—and he has seen the whole Mississippi Valley blighted with death and yellow fever.

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Correspondence Passing Between Publishers. CINCINNATI, Oct. 2.—For several weeks correspondence has been passing between some gentlemen in Chicago, and the publishers of the current of that city, and O. O. Hall & Co., publishers of the Graphic in this city, concerning the purchase of the current. It is stated here that it is probable negotiations will be shortly concluded.

What They Do with the Thistles. (Detroit Free Press.)

As the reporter lolled on the oak-upholstered seat of one of Hendie's maroon-colored coaches the familiar driver pushed the door open, leaned his back on the north jam and began unloading his daily budget of expressed information.

As the driver had pumped himself dry on the subject, and was preparing himself for another effort on a less abstruse topic, the reporter left the car.

Later, asking a lady acquaintance, who never failed to be in the swim, what there was to the driver's yarn, he was laughingly informed that there was more truth than fiction in it.

You see," said she, "we gather the thistles before they are fully ripe, and when we have them home, go to work and snuck them. A few you have the outside covering off you have before you a boll somewhat resembling a cotton boll, only not so white. You then fasten them by their stems to a string, and hang them out in the sun to dry. If the wind has done its duty you will have one of the loveliest pompons imaginable.

The Flash Story Writers. (New York Letter.)

One would think that a clever person engaged in writing sensational stories for the weekly papers would be able to make a decent living. They certainly ought to be few of them do. There is a very great demand for this class of reading, and the publishers show every evidence of prosperity; but there is no money for the author.

I was talking to the editor of certain cheap, popular publications the other day on this subject, and he said that a majority of story-writers were women, who did not depend upon their pen for a living. The highly sensational ones, such as detective stories, are written mostly by broken-down journalists, who can not make a living on a daily newspaper.

Social Relations of Men Who Work. (Chicago Herald.)

It is a common complaint that handicraftsmen are not admitted into the same social relations as men of letters, merchants, clerks or salesmen. Sometimes this is said to be owing to a contempt for a laborious life, but this is very far from proved. As a nation we are hard workers—too hard in all departments—and the merchant, and even the scholar, often toils more slavishly than any one in his employment.

Catching Partridges in Candahar. (Exchange.)

Natives of Candahar adopt a very novel and successful method of enticing partridges within reach. They wear a mask or long veil of a coarse, yellow cotton cloth, dotted all over with black spots, having eye-holes, and hanging in loose folds round the body of the sportsman.

A Question of Age. (Philadelphia Call.)

Miss Benson has been called to take charge of one of the railroad signal towers. An old friend of yours, isn't she?

Yes, Bromley. I was raised with her. Always knew she'd make her way. "She also has charge of the switches." "Goodness, no! Why, Bromley, I regret to hear it. You see, that was her leading weakness."

BOYS AND GIRLS

An Indignant Nonsense. BY LOUISE V. BOYD. To-day, when I was napping, My grandmamma lifted her eyes Above her glasses, and looked at me In very great surprise.

And scolded this way: "Why, Nelly, When after me you are named, And the pet of all my grandchildren, You ought to be ashamed."

To vex me so? Well, from her room I tell you I hurried out Into the garden, all by myself, To have a good long bout.

A GOOD LONG BOUT. And when she called, and called, and called, I never answered a word, And when she beckoned for me to come, I stood and never stirred.

Till she softly said, "Oh, Nelly, Come and see my little boy, A little boy that has come to fill My poor old heart with joy."

"Yes, he is mine, Miss Nelly, And will never be big and bad; He's come to me from over the sea? Oh, my! but I was mad!"

And she went on: "This precious Will never be saucy to me, Nor lose my needles, nor tangle my thread? Do, Nelly, come and see!"

And so I came, and what do you think This precious boy should be, Who would not ever be big or bad On this side of the sea,

But a white image, a peddler man Was paid some money for! I looked at it, and said to her: "I wouldn't brag any more."

Of that day boy! If I'm of dust, At least I came from heaven; And if I'm naughty, haven't I A right to be forgiven!

Your money can buy a plaster boy That came across the sea; But all the money in all the land Can't buy a girl like me."

Grandmother kissed me, laughed, and cried: You know for her I'm named— And for the way she had worried me I'm sore as felt ashamed.

Grant's First Fight. (History of Clermont County, O.)

When Washington was very young he attended school with his cousin John, a Canadian, who had been sent over to the United States to be educated.

One day they were talking about George Washington, when John said: "It appears to me, Ulysses, you think a great deal too much of Washington."

"All very fine," retorted John, "but he was a traitor to his king, nevertheless."

"A traitor and a rebel," said the Canadian. "John," calmly replied Ulysses, "how should you like to have your sovereign called such names?"

"Why, of course, I should not like it," replied John. "Then," said young Grant, "let me tell you I will not allow you or any one else to insult the memory of George Washington."

Jack Frost's Tail. A little 4-year-old girl went running into the house the other day exclaiming: "Mamma, mamma, I've seen Jack Frost! I've seen Jack Frost!" "Where did you see him, my darling?" queried the mother. "I saw the tip of his tail hanging over the eaves." She had seen an icicle.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

RECALLED BY THE DESTRUCTION OF THE COLORADO. Lying Off Fort Pickens in 1861—Viewing Out a Night's Expedition—A Particular Undertaking—Setting the Judah on Fire.

The Colorado was lying off Fort Pickens in the fall of 1861. Col. Harvey Brown, of the regular army, was in command of the fort, having relieved Slemmer with a detachment of troops from Texas that had been in Bragg's command there.

Below the fort, on a long, low, sandy stretch of land, known as Santa Rosa island, was the camp of Billy Wilson's zouaves. Directly opposite Fort Pickens was the Pensacola or Warrington navy yard.

Just after dark on the night of Sept. 13, 1861, four crews in a launch, a whale-boat and two cutters, comprising sixty-eight sailors, marines and officers, pushed off from the Colorado.

Every man in the four boats had a white cap cover on, to distinguish him from his foe in the dark, while each marine and sailor clutched a short carbine, with an ugly-looking sword-bayonet attached.

After an hour's pull at the oars they reached the gulf beach, fronting Fort Pickens, and remained there until the moon went down, in consultation with the officers of the fort.

Not the slightest whisper was heard among the men. The steady, quiet dip of the muffled oars, the almost imperceptible forward movements of the boats and the beating of expectant hearts were all that could be seen or heard as the expedition made its way in Indian file toward the city of Pensacola.

All navy yards are equipped with an immense pair of shears, which stand at the end of a pier overhanging the water, about on an inclination of the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

The flames were now under headway from the hold of the schooner and the clack of musketry going on all around us. "To the boats!" was shrilly called. The marine's inanimate body was lifted up and dropped into the launch and we were soon out of range of the enemy's fire.

While battling on the Judah's decks the crew of one of the cutters had boarded a wharf near by and effectually spiked a fifteen-inch Dahlgren pivot gun, which had manœvered Fort Pickens and Billy Wilson's camp for many months on the opposite side.

The flames were soon in the rigging of the doomed vessel, and by the flickering light we were enabled to see the movements of the Confederates on shore. Two rounds of grape and canister were fired into them from our boat howitzers as we moved toward the Santa Rosa beach.

With three killed and fifteen wounded, many of them severely, we pulled steadily for the Colorado, passing the enemy's fortifications unobserved out into the gulf and arriving at the frigate at sunrise.

Charlotte Cushman's Lover. (New York Home Journal.)

Charlotte Cushman was the object of one unconfessed and unspoken love. It was silently bred, silently existed, and, unknown to the great artist, was buried with her.

This was Grant's first battle for his country, and it was indicative of his future illustrious career as a man and a soldier.

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