THE COMET.

ROB'T. L. TAYLOR, *C. J. St. JOHN, Jr.* } *Editors.*

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GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!

CLEVELAND Is President!!

The Great Reformer

—(AND)—

The Wronged Man of '76

HAVE TRIUMPHED!

THE PLUMED KNIGHT AND BLACK JACK HAVE BEEN SMITTEN WITH

"A weapon that comes down as still
As snow flakes upon the sod,
But executes a freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God,
And from its force, nor doors, nor locks,
Can shield you; 'tis the ballot-box."

THE RASCALS ARE OUT AND HONESTY SITS ENTHRONED IN THE TEMPLE OF AMERICAN FREEDOM.

Let All The People Shout Hallelujah!!!

Yea, Let The Multitude Shout!!!!

FOR THE NATION IS SAVED, AND THE VILEST SET OF POLITICAL JOBBERS THAT EVER DISGRACED ANY COUNTRY ARE OVERWHELMED BY THE MIGHTY VOICE OF A FREE PEOPLE.

The Truth is Eternal.

IT WILL LIVE WHEN THE STARS ARE OLD AND THE SUN IS COLD AND THE LEAVES OF THE JUDGMENT BOOK UNFOLD!!!

"Robert, Come to Judgment."

GLORIOUS NEW YORK, PLUCKY NEW JERSEY, PROUD INDIANA AND DASHING CONNECTICUT HAVE GIVEN THEIR HANDS to CLEVELAND and THEIR HEARTS to Democracy.

Great God, Fellow Citizens, Can't You Understand!!!!!!

BURN THIS LETTER

HELL'S BROKE LOOSE IN GEORGIA!!!

JIM BLAINE'S BODY LIES MOLDERING IN THE GRAVE, HIS SOUL IS MARCHING ON. GLORY, GLORY HALLELUJAH, AS WE GO MARCHING ON.

If you get there before I do,
Look out for me, I'm coming too.

WHERE'S SISTER LOCKWOOD?

FAREWELL BLAINE!!

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift fleeing meteor,
A fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning,
A break of the wave,
Man passeth from life
To his rest in the grave.

"The scent of guano will hang 'round him still."

The American Eagle with unwearied flight, soared upward and upward, 'till he soared out of sight,
With Belva Lockwood afloat from his jaws,
And Benjamin Butler by the coat-tail in his claws.
Behold him there in realms unknown—
He's up there but I can't get him down!

CLEVELAND, HENDRICKS, BATE AND DEMOCRACY RULE.

DOWN WITH CORRUPTION! DOWN WITH CORRUPT MEN! DOWN WITH GUANO, AND UP WITH THE STARS!

We'll rally 'round the flag boys,
Yes we'll rally once again!
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

The Republicans die hard. They now concentrate all their dying energies in the last desperate struggle to throttle New York. But, oh! how weak, how hopeless, how like the drowning man that catches at a straw! Cleveland is President. The Nation proclaims it! Corruption must go. The decree has gone forth, and the will of the people must be obeyed. A repetition of the outrage of 1876 will never be tolerated again. There is but one hope for the Republic, and that is *a change of administration.* The people do not belong to any party, but the Government belongs to the people. Let their will be law! Cleveland shall take his seat, though the Heavens fall!

Where's Ben Butler.

Three cheers for Dobson!

Oh, Belva where is thy bustle?

Sister Lockwood, Oh, where is she?

Oh! Butler. Where is he? Ask Dana.

Dr. Dulaney is elected representative in Sullivan.

Old Pettibone! What is your politics now, Major?

Hold my head—another dose of Pettibone, by gosh!

"What's the news from the 'lection," is on the lips of all the anxious sovereigns.

Ben, it seems that the Lord took care of us. We didn't need your assistance.

King carried Johnson City by 64 majority. Purty doggoned good fur a deestrick which are Republican, heh!

Hell is paved with broken promises and so is the first district of Tennessee paved with broken Republican promises.

We have received a copy of the Evening *Herald* published at Knoxville. It is a very newsy paper, ably edited. THE COMET wishes the *Herald* much success.

Landlord fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over,
For to-night will merry, merry be,
And to-morrow we'll get sober!
Where's St. John?

Con-sarned if "what's name" ain't Pres'dent uv the New-nited States, an' if he don't git in this time, dog my cats ef some feller don't get smashed. Anybody that wants to "take it up" will find the fightin' editor absent on due notice. "Who struck Billy Patterson?"

O, here's to uncle Ben, drink her down,
O, here's to uncle Ben, drink her down,
O, here's to uncle Ben, who is dead as "Heck" agen,
Drink her down, drink her down, drink her down!

She Has Spoken.

Old Washington county has covered herself with glory. Whenever her people make a pledge they redeem it. She is the most reliable county in the State. She said she would smite Pettibone, and she did it. She said she would elect Dr. Dobson, and lo, he is elected. All honor to Washington county.

King.

Pettibone is elected by a small majority. "What a wounding shame is this!" King has the consolation that he made an honorable race, he bought no votes, he resorted to no dirty tricks, he dealt in no personalities, he aquitted himself with credit, and the Democracy feels proud of him. The people who devoutly desired Pettibone defeated, may rejoice over the fact that Cleveland's election not only breaks up the ring in this district, but leaves Pettibone as weak and ineffective as Jim Blaine's magnet sm. "Nov Pet, come to judgment."

Summary of Returns.

As we go to press the election of Cleveland and Hendricks is fully assured, as is shown in the following table:—

SURE FOR CLEVELAND.		SURE FOR BLAINE.	
Alabama	10	Colorado	3
Arkansas	7	Iowa	13
Connecticut	6	Kansas	9
Delaware	3	Maine	6
Florida	4	Massachusetts	14
Georgia	12	Minnesota	7
Indiana	15	Nebraska	3
Kentucky	13	New Hampshire	4
Louisiana	8	Ohio	23
Maryland	8	Pennsylvania	30
Mississippi	9	Rhode Island	4
Missouri	16	Vermont	4
New Jersey	9		
New York	36	Total	122
North Carolina	11		
South Carolina	9		
Tennessee	12		
Texas	13		
Virginia	12		
Total	213		

Of the following, which are still uncertain, West Virginia is almost certainly democratic; reports from California make that State probably democratic, and Michigan and Wisconsin have the same outlook:—

DOUBTFUL.			
California	8	Oregon	3
Illinois	22	Wisconsin	11
Michigan	13	West Virginia	6
Nevada	3		
Total			66

If the fair promises in these States should be realized, Mr. Cleveland would be elected without the vote of New York.—N. Y. Herald.

Friday at noon Jay Gould conceded the defeat of Blaine, and telegraphed congratulations to Grover Cleveland.

Not a Dark Horse.

Frankfort Capital.

Dana, of the *Sun*, has been heretofore regarded as a sort of dark Presidential horse, but he turns out to have been an exceedingly light ass.

The New Orleans Exposition.

The New Orleans Exposition will be the most extensive, interesting and notable World's Fair ever held, exceeding in various respects the great Centennial Exposition.

Every State in the Union ought to be represented there by its distinctive products, not only on its own account but also and especially on national grounds. We believe that this great national Exposition in a cotton State will do more to show that we are one people and quench the smouldering animosities of the civil war than anything has happened since the war. No State should hold aloof from it. It is especially important that Vermont, the most prominent anti-slavery State in the Union, and named of old by the Southerners as the type of Yankee intolerance, should loose no opportunity to show that her people have risen above sectional prejudice. We claim that we fought the Southerners not because in hatred of them, but because we wanted to live with them, as one people. Let us not belie our profession by our acts.

All the other New England States, we are told, have made similar appropriations. If our Legislature should allow Vermont to be the only State that declined to take favorable action towards the Exposition, the attitude of our State would not be forgotten for a generation, and it would be remembered to our injury. It would damage us to the amount of many times five thousand dollars.—Burlington Free Press.

Visit to Roan Mountain.

Any one who is a lover and admirer of nature will feel doubly repayed for his time and money after a visit to this mountain, which is situated in Western N. C., and near the Tenn. line. Accompanied by my aunt, Mrs. L. A. Hannah, of Umatilla, Fla., I availed myself of an opportunity to visit it.

This was a trip long desired and anticipated with much pleasure. On the morning of the 13th of Aug. we took our leave of Roan Mt. Hotel for an drive of twelve miles before reaching the top of the Mt., which required eight hours time. The last six miles of it is drive was through a country in which there is not a house or a bird to be seen, or heard to warble notes of merriment, and nothing but the ripple of the mountain stream is heard to break the dead silence. The unchanging scene of mosscovered rocks and decaying logs indicate the dampness that prevails, caused by the dense forest and want of sunshine. On reaching the top we were conducted to the hotel, a house comfortable, though weather beaten by the blasting winds of past winters, such as would be expected of this elevated mountain. After refreshing ourselves from the bounteous supply of well prepared edibles, we started for High Point one mile distant, from this point one can see over a vast area of country with mountain rising one after another as far as the eye can see, or near and far below behold a ravine indescribable in grandure, its sublime beauty seems to draw one, involuntarily down its rugged steeps, at the bottom of which I saw the limpid waters of the mountain stream as it rippled over its pebbly bed and along its mosscovered banks, reflecting as a mirror, the rays of the noonday sun. Thence we returned to the hotel to rest from the toil of the day. After a nights rest in this delightful clime where the balsamic breezes impart strength and rest to the weary traveler, we hastened our steps toward Sunrise Rocks, where we stood and watched the Angel of night as it winged its flight westward across the mountain tops to its Hesperian home, to seek a hiding place from the rays of the rising sun; then turning we beheld the sun as it gently lifted itself above the oriental hill tops, spreading its mellow light upon slumbering cities and tinging the mountain tops with a silvery hue; even the dewdrop laughing on every spire of grass, as it caught a glimpse of its rays, spread its tiny wings and flew away. After visiting some other points of less importance and gathering some shrubery, at 8 o'clock on the morning following our arrival we bid farewell, for a season, to this grand old mountain in whose gorgeous ravines the rain clouds gather while the vivid lightning plays from spur to spur across its angry breast and the thunder rolls in majestic grandure over its wild expanse.

VISITOR.

A Gentle Horse Needed.

"George," she said, as he assisted her from the carriage, "the next time you take me out riding in the evening I wish you would drive a less spirited horse."

"Why, my dear," he replied, "there isn't the slightest danger with this horse. I can hold him easily."

"O, I suppose you can hold him, but you have to use both hands, you know."

An Initiated Tramp.

We have before maintained that tramps scouring about the country are a regular organized fraternity, and having a general understanding with one another, and have a ritual of questions and answers. Their uniform appearance, their periodical visits to the same localities, their regular calls at the same houses, where they have before procured food, all points to this. Sheriff Walls of this city has found curious emblems about them, has studied their character and listened to their conversation, until he can tell a regular initiated tramp from an imposter. The following amusing and instuctive dialogue took place between the Sheriff and one of a squad of tramps recently committed to jail:

"From whence came you?"

"From a town in New York, called Jarusalem."

"What's your business."

"To learn to subdue my appetite and to spunge my living from an indulgent public."

"Then you are a regular tramp, I presume."

"I am so taken and accepted wherever I go."

"How am I to recognize you as a tramp?"

"By the largeness of my feet and a general carnivorous appearance."

"How do you know yourself to be a tramp?"

"In seeking food: by being often denied but ready to try again."

"How gained you admittance to this town?"

"By good long tramps."

"How were you received?"

"On the end of a night policeman's billy, presented to my head."

"How did the policeman dispose of you?"

"He took me several times around the town to the south, east and west, where he found the city marshal, police judge and the jailor, where a great many questions were asked."

"What advice did the judge give you?"

"He advised me to walk upright, regular steps, and to renounce tramping."

"Will you be off or from?"

"With your permission I'll be off very quick."

"Which way are you traveling?"

"East."

"Of what are you in pursuit?"

"Work—which by my own endeavors and the assistance of others I hope I shall never be able to find."

"My friend, you are now at the institution where the wicked are always troublesome, and the weary are as bad as the rest. You will now be conducted to the middle chamber by a flight of winding stairs, consisting of five or more steps. Instead of corn, oil and wine—the wages of the ancient—your's will be bread and water for five days. When your company escape from this place divide yourselves into parties of three each, take a free line for Portland or Bangor, where in the winter they usually run free soup houses and you may be pardoned on condition of your never returning. (Pointing to Edmunds, the turnkey.) Follow your conductor and fear no danger—if you behave yourself."—Exchange.

How He Got Hurt.

"Oh, my son, how did your face get so bruised? Come to ma and tell her all about it."

"I-I-I was over 'cross the r-o-a-d playin' with Mis' Howe's little girl; boo-hoo-oo-oo."

"And did she hurt you like this?"

"Y-y-e-s."

"Well, that was real naughty in her. What did she do to little Georgie?"

"Sh-sh-she knocked me d-o-w-n and then she hit me w-i-with a brick a-n-d pounded me w-i-t-h a-a b-r-o-o-m s-t-i-c-k."

"Oh, dear, what a terrible child. Well, don't cry any more, Georgie. What were you doing when this happened?"

"Pl-pl-playing w-we w-wa-was m-a-r-r-i-e-d."—Free Press.

Refreshing His Memory.

Bank Cashier—"You will have to get some one to identify you, sir."

Rural Stranger—"Wall, now, don't you know me? I came from the same town whar you was brought up."

"Very sorry, but I don't remember you. It will be necessary to find some one in the city who knows you and is known to us."

"Wall, let's see, there's old Perkyns; he lives in the city. He is the man you used to steal apples from. You remember one day he got his gun and loaded it with salt and——"

"Pardon me, I do not know Mr. Perkyns."

"Forgotten him, too, eh? Well, old Mrs. McGrady that gev you such a trouchin' fur steal——"

"Never mind. I recall your face now. Here is the money."—Phila. Call.

Jinks (after midnight)—"What lovely weather we are hav'n of' fel'?"

Finks—"Yes, lovely, but (hic) I see the storm signal up."

Jinks—"Storm signal! Where, ol' fel'?"

Finks—"Right up (hic) there—that light in m' wife's bedroom."—Phila. Call.

A Christmas Gift.

Besides the articles mentioned last week as being pretty Christmas gifts, may be mentioned the fancy bags now so popular, and designed to carry the opera-glass in. Bags cut in the form of the opera-glass case are pretty, made of blue satin or plush, with the initials or monogram of the owner embroidered upon it. Or they may be made in the style of the old-fashioned work-bag, only they should be small, of course, and upon each piece should be embroidered a pretty design. One made of white satin is elegant, with pink satin strings and different styles of embroidery on each piece.

Snowed Under.

They were talking about land-slides and the sad, quiet man sitting behind the stove remarked:

"I was caught in a land-slide not long ago. The whole side of a mountai? slid down on me, rocks, trees, farms, cataracts, caves, crags, peaks and every thing. I suppose I must have been burried 12,000 or 13,000 feet deep."

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed the congregation, "how did you ever get out?"

"I didn't get out," replied the sad man; "I am there yet."

And then he added, with a sigh as deep as a well:

"I voted the Republican ticket in West Virginia."—Robert Burdette.

Didn't Know It.

A man was arrested for marrying a negress and was arraigned before court.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the judge.

"What for, jedge?"

"For so far disregarding the customs of Arkansaw as to marry a nigger."

"Who married a nigger?"

"You did."

"It's new to me, jedge."

"Do you mean to say that you didn't know she is a nigger?"

"Why she is as black as the bottom of a bear's foot."

"That so? Hanged if I knowed it. You see, jedge, I'm color-blind."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Remarkable Foresight.

She was a remarkably sensible young lady who made the request of her friends that after her decease she should not be buried by the side of a brook, where babbling lovers would wake her from her dreams; nor in any grand cemetery, where sight-seers, running over epitaphs, might disturb her; but be hid away to her last sleep under the counter of some merchant who did not advertise in the newspapers. There, she said, was to be found a depth of quiet slumber on which neither the sound of the buoyant foot of youth nor the weary shuffle of old age would ever intrude.—Albany (Ga.) News.

So Much the Better for Her.

A gentleman and his wife, the latter with a six months' old infant in her arms, were about to enter the Austin opera house to see the performance one night, when the doorkeeper suddenly said:

"Beg pardon ma'am, but you can't take infants inside."

"Very well," said the lady, "so much the better for me. You just take care of the little fellow till the play is over—and, by the way, here's the milk-bottle in case he should cry."—Texas Siftings.

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Sometimes shake a Nation of people and arouse them to action. Expressions similar to the following, from a well known Druggist of Atlanta, pour in from sections where B. B. B. has been used.

ATLANTA, June 12, 1884.

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BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Prudent Father.

"Why, don't you take the daily papers at the house?" was asked of a miss of sixteen, who was looking up and down Howard street for a newsboy yesterday forenoon.

"Oh, yes; but about every other morning father suppresses them and we must go without the news all day."

"Why should he do that?"

"There's probably another elopement with a coachman, and he doesn't want me to see the particulars."

"And so you buy the papers?"

"Just so—all the morning and evening issues, and I read them to the last line. Pa is a dear, good old fellow, but if he gets ahead of me he's got to stop the printing presses instead of the papers."—Detroit Free Press.

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