

# THE COMET.

VOL. II.

JOHNSON CITY, TENN., SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1885.

NO. 65.

A forger should always write a running hand.

A wooden wedding—marrying a blockhead.

Uncasy lies the head that has no crown in its time.

Presidents without policy would be potatoes without salt.

The mantle of charity should be trimmed with discretion.

Mrs. Boggs thinks that "Baby's Got a Tooth" is an epic poem.

To the pure all things are pure, except city milk and cheap groceries.

Never strike a man when he's down. You'll find it much easier to kick him.

Gen. Butler may be oblique-eyed but he is mighty direct at reaching a foe's ears.

James Patton asks: Will the coming man drink wine? He probably will, if there is any left.

The Liberty Bell has come to the conclusion that it must have been cracked when it went to New Orleans.

It is always pleasant when playing whist to have for your partner a bright young lady with winning ways.

Cotemporary prints "a good word for the parsnip." But no one has a good word for parsnip" except himself, and the bartender.

Undertakers are first class men to handle subscription papers. They are constantly engaged in "putting people down" for various amounts.

"You say you know Sallie Jones?" "Yes."

"Is she better than her sister Mary?" "Yes. She's bigger."

Vast wealth is a curse to any man. When he dies he has just that much more than anybody else to lose. However, we are willing to be cursed that way.

Office-seekers are convinced that there is no truth in the maxim, "They also serve who only stand and wait." They've been waiting so long they can't stand it any longer.

Senator Edmunds' fee of \$20,000, received in the Drawbaugh telephone case, has been invested by him in his new home on Massachusetts avenue, Washington.

Governor Hoadly's declaration that he doesn't want to be renominated is construed by several Democratic papers to mean that he will run again if asked.

An upset beehive is a rather lively circus to get out of the way of but it is a mere trifle compared to a woman whose mind is upset at having found a bill for an unknown bonnet in her husband's pocket.

"Tommy," said a San Antonio mother to her little boy, "your uncle will be here to dinner to-day, and you must have your face washed." "Yes, ma; but s'posin' he doesn't come. What then?"

The Bartholdi Statue of Liberty is said to be packed in three hundred cases. France is sending us a regular Chinese puzzle. Perhaps by the time we get the thing put together the pestiferous fly will have arrived at maturity.

It is said that James Russell Lowell is the only American who has slept at Windsor castle as the guest of royalty. The other Americans who have tried to work this racket probably did not have any baggage with them for security, and had the pay demanded in advance.

Jenkins, who had been off fishing all day, and had caught two small fishes, was, on his return, thus accosted by Todd: "Well, what luck have you had?"

"Oh! pretty fair," said Jenkins, "I caught a hundred or two."

"How shall women dress?" is the important question raised by a fashion paper. Suppose we say, on time—referring, of course, to readiness for starting and not to the dating of bills.

"Who was that gentleman you were talking with just now?"

"I really don't know his name, but I think he's a southern colonel."

"Why so?"

"He uses such choice oaths."

Mrs. Sillysid—"I must get a new bonnet, my dear."

Mr. S—"What, another?"

Mrs. S—"Why I haven't had one in a month. I was just reading in a fashion note that small birds will be worn on hats this year."

Mr. S.(growing)—"I'll guarantee the bills will be just as large!"

The convention wandered to fruit.

"Some people can tell by the feeling of a watermelon whether it is ripe or not, but I never could," said one.

"I have a test that never fails," said Mockabee; "and I can tell to a dead certainty every time whether the melon is ripe or green."

"How do you do it?"

"Play it."

An exchange says that a pinch of salt put in a cat's saucer of milk, and in its meat two or three times a week, will prevent it from having fits. So will a load of BB shot, but you must put them all in the cat.

A profane man in town has so much respect for the King James' version of the Old Testament that he proposes to continue to swear by it. He says the word sheol is not so soothing to the pent-up feelings as the old one.

"What brought you to prison, my colored friend?" said a philanthropic visitor to a New York prisoner. "Two constables, sah." "Yes; but I mean had interpenetration anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah; dey was bof 'em drunk."

In Lapland, where the nights are from three to six months long, beaux often kiss their sweethearts "good-night" about six weeks before day break. Their stock of caramels, peanuts and small talk becomes exhausted by that time.

"Do you see that man going along on the other side of the street?"

"Yes. He looks like a tramp."

"He isn't, though. His is full of brilliant achievements."

"Indeed! Who is he?"

"A lamp-lighter."

"Grass grows fast," says an exchange. Certainly; who ever heard of its growing loose.

Some one says that liquor strengthens the voice. This is a mistake, it only makes the breath strong.

When you fite, yoost battle mit yourself, and ofer you got licked, then you was a great succeed.

A new style of note paper is called the "Antique." When a young man makes an epistolary proposal of marriage to a woman of 40 years and \$40,000, he should use "antique" note paper—if "fool's" cap is not handy.

Poor fellow. He lay in a stupor. The physician had said that he could not recover. The minister came and, bending over the bed, solemnly remarked: "You must prepare for the worst." The poor fellow, whose wife had been doing the cooking, opened his eyes and said: "Why, is dinner ready?"

Two shop girls were talking. "My employer," said the pretty one, with a toss of her head, "says I'm an angel, and he is just too handsome for any use."

"Bah," replied the homely one, with sneer, "angels must be right cheap and plenty, when he won't pay them more than \$4 a week for sixteen hours' work a day."

A minister forgot to take his sermon with him to church, and his wife discovering his mistake sent it to him in charge of a small boy, who was to receive ten cents for the job. Presently he returned for the money. "You delivered the sermon did you?" she asked. "I jes' giv it to him; he's a deliverin' of it himself."

"Yes," said Mrs. Catchem, "those are my daughters over there on the sofa; they have half a million between them." It was not until after they were married to those daughters, that the two young men who overheard the above remark found out that Mrs. Catchem referred to the rich old codger who sat between the girls. Mrs. Catchem couldn't tell a fib, but she knew how to speak the truth advantageously.

"Yes, Sam, I got home late agin do under night, an, my mudder she says, 'Chile, whar you bin out so late agin dis yere night?' 'Ise bin out callin' on a lady,' I says. 'Well, chile, whar you don't come home 'fore midnight?' she says. 'Kaze I couldn't git away before. Kaze the lady were a settin' on my hat, an' I was too much of a gentleman to call her 'tention to de circumstance,' I says. 'Well, now, honey,' she says, 'jes' look a-here, an' you 'member dis now, or you git left out. Next time you visits a lady jes' keep your hat off 'o' lap.'"

MOUNT MCGREGOR, N. Y., June 16.—General Grant arrived here at 2:45 this afternoon. The last stage of the journey was the worst, as the jolting caused the General much pain and fatigue.

SARATOGA, N. Y., June 17.—A dispatch from Mount McGregor says Gen. Grant passed a better night than for a month past, and feels greatly encouraged. To-day he is able to use his voice better than for some time back, but he avoids talking, saying that he will let others do that.

NEW YORK, June 18.—The Sun says: Roscoe Conkling contemplates making a three weeks' trip to Carlsbad for the waters. Mr. Conkling will sail for Europe on Saturday.

MISS CLEVELAND'S BOO.

NEW YORK, June 22.—Miss Cleveland's forthcoming boo will appear during the latter part of next week. It will be square in form, handsomely

Great Was the Fall Thereof.

"Hello!" exclaimed a Brooklyn man as he glanced at his morning paper; "I see that Kassala has fallen."

"It just serves her right," said his wife. "If girls will go to skating rinks they must expect to tumble. Now, when I was a girl—"

But her husband had disappeared like a cold drink on a hot day.

A Lover's Ruse.

A beaiful young man who was afraid to propose to his sweetheart, induced her to fire at him with a pistol, which he assured her was only loaded with powder; and after she had done so fell down and pretended to be dead. She threw herself wildly upon the body, called him her darling and her beloved; whereupon he got up and married her.

It Served the Wretch Right.

"We are off," cried a fair bride, as the locomotive puffed away in its endeavor to move the train, "Just listen to the 'chew, chew,' of the engine."

"What bad habits?" replied the groom with a tear in his eye.

"Why, darling, what do you mean?" she inquired sweetly.

"Nothing much, angel, except that the engine not only 'chews,' but smokes."

She got off at the next station and returned to her parental home.

Rough on Poets.

"Do you know I am smitten, I am in love," said a Fifth Avenue, New York, belle to a friend.

"You don't tell me so? Who is it that you are gone on?"

The poor creature sighed deeply, and at last said:—

"With that poet we saw last night while we were promanaging on fifth avenue."

"Pooh! Just wait till you see him by daylight, and you will be cured of your smittenness right away."

Give the girls a Chance.

The young men who are disposed to pass on the other side of the street and in other unfeeling ways dodge ice-cream saloons when out walking with their girls, should remember that all during the long winter these same girls cheerfully and uncomplainingly furnished lights and fuel for their comfort, and the little cream, strawberries and similar necessities they are willing to accept are but an inadequate return, at the best, for the last winter's favors.

The Man for the Place.

Cautious Parent—Yes, I advertised for a coachman.

Applicant—I believe I could fill the duties of the position. I don't know much about horses, but I can learn.

"You have been a family coachman, I suppose?"

"No."

"You certainly know how to drive?"

"No."

"Then why did you answer my advertisement?"

"My heart is ashes; I can never love again."

"You'll do."

Maiden and Mother.

"Mother, did you say I can't go to the rink to-night?"

"Yes, Mamie, I did."

"Why, mother?"

"Because you have been there every day three times for the last three days, and so much exertion will ruin your constitution."

"Why, I'm not a bit tired, mother."

"Well, if you are not, come and help me wash these dishes."

"Oh, pshaw! I'm that kind of tired, but not skating-rink kind."

She helped wash the dishes all the same.

The Dress of the Season.

In no matter is there room for more improvement and for the exercise of greater taste than in the summer wardrobe. It is here, under the warm sunshine of the beach, in the balmy air of the mountains, that an approximation to that simplicity in dress of which Horace sung is possible, and which winter social conditions absolutely preclude. Circé's jewels had no effect upon the obdurate heart of Ulysses, but even that great wanderer was visibly touched by the sight of the cloud of white garments of the maid Nausicaa at play. The material of that ancient dress is not known, but no one can read the Bard of Seio's description of her and doubt that in Nausicaa we behold the Greek prototype of this summer's favorite, subject only, of course, to those limitations or rather expansions of dress which later civilization exacts. The adoption of the suggestion of our nameless exchange will bring grace and purity to piazza, hammock and pheton during the summer, where stiffness and gaudiness have been too often to be found. By all means let us have this summer "the slimsy, unscrupulous girl in the

REV. SAM JONES ON WHISKEY.

Thoughts and Maxims from one of his Extraordinary Discourses.

I believe liquor is a good thing in its place, and I believe its place is in hell. If I was in hell I might drink it, but so help me God I never will on this earth drink it again.

Some fellows say don't mix politics and religion. When you hear a fellow talk that way you may know he hasn't got any religion to mix. I would mix religion with politics, but not politics with religion. A little religion will help politics. It will make it clean and decent. We want truth, justice and temperance mixed with politics in this State. I spoke to the Legislature of Tennessee on this subject the other day. They are talking about a constitutional amendment on the liquor question up there. We want this question cleared up beyond the reach of these little cross-roads Judges, who pop up every now and then and say something is unconstitutional. We want to do away with such Judges and put decent men of brains and character in their places. You can't reform a State until you send good men to the Legislature. Some men come to every Legislature that meets in Georgia that ain't fit to go to the chain gang.

If you refuse to help suppress the infamous wrong that is being done by whiskey, you are rotten yourself. Some of you here don't know me. I speak plainly. I use words you can all understand. Now you can take the Latin word decayed and it won't face a fellow. If you take the good old Anglo-Saxon word rotten you can cut his head off. You see, I choose my words. Of course there are always some little spelling-book critics sitting around, who will go back on a fellow's grammar. I would mind being swallowed by a whale, but I would hate to be nibbled to death by minnows.

Whiskey is not good for one thing in this world for which there is not something else that is better. If the time ever comes when they say to me: "You'll die if you don't drink whiskey," I will say, "Get my shroud ready." I mean to die sober. If a fellow gets so low that nothing but liquor will save him, I am ready to preach his funeral sermon.

If there is in this vast audience man or woman who never had a loved one hurt or ruined by whiskey, I want him or her a brother, or a son, or a father, or a son-in-law ruined by whiskey. My goodness, these sons-in-law! I'd rather have a box constrictor around my neck than to have a drunker son-in-law. The devil can do any worse than that. Some of you old hypocrites that are dillydallying with the whiskey question are going to get caught just that way. The devil is going to slip up on you with a drunker son-in-law, and I'll bet he will make you a prohibitionist with a vengeance.

God despises a coward. I had rather die at the mouth of a cannon doing my duty than to run away from it because I was afraid. God intrusted all the noble causes on this earth to men who are game.

I don't mean to talk here more than half an hour. If any of you fellows get tired you know the way home. We wouldn't have missed you if you hadn't come at all.

Male Vanity.

It was at a ball, and the subject under discussion was vanity. A lady maintained that men were also given somewhat to vanity.

"The men are ten times more vain than the ladies," she remarked;

"That's impossible," said several gentlemen.

The subject changed, and a few minutes later the lady remarked:

"The handsomest man in the room has a spot on his white vest," whereupon every gentleman within hearing glanced down with a seared expression of countenance at his vest.

Wasn't Willing To Wait.

A sweet young thing went up to a telegraph counter in England with a form in her hand and a diffident look on her face and inquired:

"Can't I send just one word for less than a shilling?"

"No, miss," replied the clerk; the rate is a shilling for one word or twenty, but if you are in no hurry, and are willing to wait until August, the rate will be cheaper."

"Wait until August, indeed! You don't know the scarcity of husbands, young man. You see," she went on confidently, "dear George has proposed to me by letter and I want to secure him, as it were, before he has time to change his mind."

But the Government has not any consideration for engaged young ladies, and the sweet young thing had to secure George at an outlay of a shilling.

An Incident of Travel.

Night before last, after I had registered at the hotel and been assigned "the last room in the house"—I use the language of the hotel clerk—I went into the dining room to tea.

After I had regained my confidence among strangers, and curled myself up in as abject a manner as possible in the presence of the head waiter, I began to look around me for an opportunity to beam on some unprotected woman with my sunny smile. It is not my custom while traveling to smile on one in whose heart a hope might spring up to be dashed to earth by my departure. If I have caused pain in that way I did not intend to do so. I can joke and carry on and have a real good time, but I do not wish to inspire in any breast a hope which may be blasted, ah, alas! too soon.

It was not long before I discovered a beautiful blonde of the female sex at the farther end of the room beneath the chandelier. Her skin seemed to be of a delicate sea-shell color, and her hair was corn colored. Her clothes also were entirely new, I should judge, and made especially for her. On her finger she wore a diamond ring with perfect ease. She knew just how to work that finger in order to get the most possible glitter out of her diamond. Every little while I would look over and revel in her beauty, and I thought that she was not entirely insensible to my charms. Still, she looked at me in a kind of half reproachful manner, which gave me the idea that I did not know whether it was intentional or not.

All that evening she was in my mind. I dreamed that night that I swooped down upon her and carried her away to the remotest boundaries of the world in a special car. The next morning I awoke hungry, for I didn't eat much supper the evening before. I went down to breakfast, waiting and frowning away my time, hoping that she would come while I was at breakfast, and I would fill myself up with the beautiful vision and a cup of coffee.

Anon she came. She sailed into the room with calm disdain and an air of hauteur, and such things as that. The head waiter waved his hand like a self-acting duke in a theatre, and gave her a seat at my table. A thrill passed up through my graceful and delicately-moulded spinal column, and I laid down the vulgar sausage with which I was about to feed myself when she dawned upon me.

I ventured then to look across the table at her in the full glare of the new-born day. (Stereoscopic views of this last sentence will be forwarded to any address at \$1 per glare.) The first thing that I discovered was that she hadn't put her sorrel wig on straight. It was a little higher on one ear than the other, which gave her the air of a young man who has overmonkeyed with the flowing bowl. This showed the casual spectator a glimpse of her own moth-eaten, sage brim hair peeping out like the faded tail on an old buffalo robe.

Then I knew that we could never be more to each other than friends. Her nose was red also, and she hadn't been properly kalsomined. In the hurry of dressing she had missed her nose with the powder-rag, and that organ—meaning, of course, the nose, not the powder-rag—loomed up robust and purple in the ghastly waste of cheek bones and other osseous formations.

Ah, what a pain it gave me to see my beautiful vision fade thus before my eyes! Then I thought how I had sniled upon her the evening before, and how, perhaps, a new hope had sprung up in her heart, and I feared that when she knew it was all over between us the shock, at her time of life, might kill her.

I left my hot pancakes, with the maple syrup all over them, and fled. Out into the din, the hurry and the tireless rush of the mad, mad world, trying to stifle the memory of that broken heart. Should she see these lines I hope she will not think bitterly of me. I still admire her as a well-preserved ruin, but love in such a case would be a hollow mockery.

Another Candidate for Treasurer.

WILKESBARRE, June 21.—E. H. Chase, ex-Collector of Internal Revenue for the Twelfth district, is now prominently spoken of for the State Treasurership. The Nauticoke Sun nominates him and the Wilkesbarre Record, Republican, reprints it, but makes no comment. Chase has many friends in this section, who would make a fight for him if necessary. The Sun points to his exemplary record as Collector. During his twelve years in office \$10,000,000 passed through his hands and when he handed over his office to his successor

The New Postage Law.

WASHINGTON, June 22.—On the first day of July next the change in the rate of letter postage authorized by the appropriation bill of the last congress will go into operation.

The effect of this law will be to increase the standard weight of domestic first-class matter from half an ounce. That is to say, on and after the first of July, all domestic first-class matter sent through the mails, including drop letters at carrier offices, must be charged with postage at the rate of two cents per ounce or fraction thereof, instead of two cents per half ounce or fraction thereof, as at present. Drop letters, at other than letter carrier offices, to be charged at the rate of one cent per ounce or fraction. This change in the standard of weight will also apply to first-class matter addressed to Canada, but not to matter addressed to other countries. The same law also reduces the rate of postage from two cents per pound to one cent per pound on all publications of second-class newspapers and periodicals when sent by publishers and from the offices of publication, including sample copies, or when sent from news agencies to actual subscribers thereto or other news agents. Private individuals mailing such matter pay at the rate of one cent for four ounces. The revenue derived from postage on newspapers and periodicals last year was nearly two million dollars, and this reduction will, it is thought, cause a decrease in the receipts of \$950,000. The increase in weight of first-class matter will not reduce the revenue.

We Don't Want the Dolphin.

The Dolphin is one of the best boats in the world to tie up to the wharf for repairs. If she had been made for that special purpose she could not have fulfilled her mission better. It is indeed sad, as has been suggested by some of the republicans, to introduce politics into affairs of this kind, but it must be admitted that they are "practical politics."

Mr. Roach is to be blamed only so far as he is responsible. But how far that responsibility goes is yet to be determined. It is evident that the part of the vessel over which he had entire control is faulty to a degree. Wherever bad or careless workmanship is found there Mr. Roach will be and should be held to a strict accountability. For such things no excuse is possible. The contract called for first class work, and if that kind of work has not been done Mr. Roach must tell the reason why.

But how about the advisory Board? What have they done or failed to do? There are blunders and stupidities from stem to stern in the Dolphin. Who committed them or allowed them to be committed? These are questions in every one's mind, and an answer will have to be found.

The United States government needs fast cruisers, and therefore it has no use for the Dolphin.—N. Y. Herald.

Eloped with the Other Man.

MITCHELL, Dak., June 21.—A highly sensational elopement has broken up Mitchell society. The principal character is Miss Nettie Barnard, who came to this place from Manchester, Iowa, in the spring of 1882. She was a charming young woman and a talented vocalist. Among her suitors in this place was a prominent young lawyer, whose affections were appreciated and an engagement resulted. The intended husband built an elegant residence and furnished it throughout to the lady's liking. The day was named and arrangements made for an elaborate wedding. The fickle songstress was playing a double game and on the eve of the marriage fled to the Green Mountains of Vermont with Mark Ward, of Kimball, a member of the last Dakota Legislature. The elopement was arranged with the knowledge and consent of the young lady's parents, who seemed to have preferred a legislator to a plain lawyer for a son-in-law.

Cleveland Solved the puzzle.

TRENTON, June 21.—The appointment by President Cleveland of County Clerk Vandever, of Somerset, as Collector of Internal Revenue for the Third district of this State marks the close of a bitter local Democratic fight for the place. The fight has been pending for nearly four months and the curious feature is that Vandever was not a contestant at all. Senator McPherson wanted E. A. Ballantine appointed and Miles Ross and Congressman Green advocated the choice of Editor Gordon, of New Brunswick. There were other lesser candidates and each had a train of champions. The President was so sorely puzzled between the claims of rival factions that he chose Vandever, who had not previously been in the field. Vandever is now in the

Mr. Beecher's Belief.

Rev. George Morrison, of Baltimore, has received the following letter from Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. As it has reference to Mr. Beecher's sermons on evolution, and as it outlines briefly and plainly Mr. Beecher's creed, it will be of unusual public interest. The letter is dated Brooklyn June 19:

"I thank you for your friendly solicitude. I am sure that in the end you will not be disappointed, though on some points you may not agree with me. The formulated doctrines, as I hold them, are: A personal God, creator and ruler over all things; the human family universally sinful; the need and possibility and facts of conversion; the Divine agency in such a work; Jesus Christ the manifestation of God in human conditions; His office in redemption supreme. I do not believe in the Calvinistic form of stating the atonement. I do not believe in the fall of the human race in Adam and, of course, I do not hold that Christ's work was to satisfy the law broken by Adam for all his posterity. The race was not lost, but has been ascending steadily from creation. I am in hearty accord with revivals and revival preaching, with the educating forces of the Church and in sympathy with all ministers who in their several ways seek to build up men into the image of Jesus Christ, by whose faithfulness, generosity and love I hope to be saved and brought home to heaven.

"My sermons as published in the daily papers I am not responsible for. They are fragments and often utterly incorrect. They will be revised and corrected by me before being published with authorization and in the autumn will appear in book form."

A Bright Outlook at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, June 21.—It is predicted that before the end of present week every large iron mill in this district will be in operation. On Saturday twenty-five, or more than one-half the mills in the two divisions of the Pittsburg district, were in operation. Five more will be running to-morrow and three more on Tuesday, while those remaining will follow in rapid succession. Some of the mills are rushed with orders, especially those engaged in the manufacture of structural iron. The iron trouble in Pittsburg is regarded as virtually settled and the Amalgamated officials are now turning their attention to the less fortunate members in the West. A secret meeting was held at Wheeling last night, but with what result is not known. The officials and friends of the Amalgamated Association are confident that the Western firms will soon sign the scale and wheel into line.

Not for Political Reasons.

WASHINGTON, June 21.—It having been charged that General W. Krzyzankowski, who was recently reappointed as Inspector of Customs at New York, is an active Republican, a reporter asked Secretary Manning about it. "Why," said the Secretary, "I did not inquire into the man's politics at all. His reappointment was asked for by a large number of good citizens on account of his excellent war record. He entered the army as a private and worked himself up by his own exertions to the rank of general. Another reason urged was that he was in a very necessitous condition. Although he is rather old, he is able to do the work of his office satisfactorily, so I reappointed him at a salary of \$4 a day. I should have done so whether he had been a Republican or Democrat. The charges that he was an 'active Republican' were not made until after he was reappointed, but then what harm could he do us?"

Senator Sherman on Ohio Politics.

ST. PAUL, June 21.—Ex-Secretary Sherman arrived here yesterday on his return from a two months' trip through the Northwest. In an interview he expressed belief that Foraker's chances for election as Governor of Ohio in October were good. He said the Democrats would force Governor Hoadly to run against him, if possible, and if he did the fight would be a hard one, as Hoadly was the best man the Democrats had in the State, and a hard man to beat. He thought it probable that Blaine and Logan would take the stump for Foraker. Mr. Sherman leaves for home to-morrow.

Minister Pendleton Received.

BELLEVILLE, June 21.—Emperor William, in the presence of Count Herbert Bismarck, under Secretary of the Imperial Foreign Office, to-day received Mr. Pendleton, the new United States Minister, who presented his credentials. Mr. Kasson afterward presented his letters of recall.

Five Negroes Hung by a Mob.

HOUTSPRINGS, Texas, June 21.—A dispatch from Elkhart states that five of the negroes who were implicated in the murder and rape of Mrs. Hoadly