

THE CLARION.

Correspondence of The Clarion.

HOW TO GET TO PORT GIBSON—ITS PRESS—THE CITY OF NATCHEZ—GEN. W. T. MARTIN AND THE NATCHEZ RAILROAD.

EDITORS CLARION:—In my hurried letter from Port Gibson, I omitted some items of interest which I desire now to avert to. To the inquisitive traveller the first question that suggests itself is HOW TO GET TO PORT GIBSON?

Well, the old Port Gibson and Grand Gulf Railroad is still in operation and making regular trips every day, but its passenger accommodations are horrid, not to be compared to the daisy "Little J.," and when you get to Grand Gulf terminus I am informed that you are one mile and a half from nowhere and no hotel to stop at, with an indefinite period before you to wait for a boat, so no one now, unless absolutely compelled to, goes to or from Port Gibson by Grand Gulf. The best way to reach the snug little town is by the Natchez and Jackson Railroad, from Natchez or Jackson, thence by hack line from Hermandville, in the morning on the arrival of the train from Jackson, about ten o'clock; or from Martin in the evening upon the arrival of the train from Natchez, at about five o'clock. The same hack leaves Port Gibson in the morning every day at seven o'clock for Hermandville, and at three o'clock in the evening for Martin. The distance is between eight and ten miles to either point, and the trip made in two hours. The fare is only one dollar and a quarter, and the proprietor himself, Mr. A. J. Currie, formerly of Utica, Miss., is the careful and accommodating driver. He makes it a point to convey all who call upon him, even if he has to hire extra conveyance at a higher price than his established price. Attention to this schedule will save travellers much time and inconvenience, if they should unfortunately stop at the wrong station for Port Gibson. Another important item is that no U. S. mail comes out to Martin in the evening. If this could be remedied, Port Gibson would save twelve hours upon its outgoing Northern mail.

THE PRESS OF PORT GIBSON

consists of two weekly newspapers. First, the Southern Reveille, edited with marked ability by the veteran Maj. J. S. Mason, one of the oldest and best editors in the State. Maj. Mason is well known throughout South Mississippi as one of the most chaste and forcible writers. He informed me that he and Alex. Virden and others, of Jackson, used to be boys together in the good old State of Maryland. The Reveille is a staunch Democratic journal, and wields a great influence in this section. Next comes the sprightly and newsy little Port Gibson News, a new enterprise, owned and managed by Mr. J. B. Moore, formerly of the Reveille. Capt. A. G. Lewis, who is no novice in the profession of letters, has just assumed the editorship of the new paper. He is a vigorous writer and ever alert to anything that will advance the interests of Port Gibson and Claiborne county. In his hands the Port Gibson News is destined to find success.

NATCHEZ.

Situated upon a very high bluff of the Mississippi River, some 300 miles above New Orleans, is to be found the city of Natchez—the second largest town in Mississippi—equivalent old town, full of historic recollections, and built in the good old days of Southern prosperity when money was plentiful in Mississippi. For years in *stata qua* when all the country over the march of progress and improvement was discernible everywhere. Natchez is noticeable for the ancient style of architecture of her buildings, there being probably a less number of modern built houses in Natchez than can be found in any good size town of Mississippi, but if Natchez is antiquated in appearance, she is rejuvenated in business, there is a perfect boom here, and she is on the high road to fame and prosperity through the liberality, public spirit and enterprise of her own citizens. She determined to be no longer isolated from the outside world for the want of a railroad, and directly she undertook the building of the Natchez, Jackson & Columbus Railroad. She went to work and commenced building the road with her own means and through the timely aid of the subscription of \$200,000 from Hinds county, last September, she saw her hopes realized by the completion of the road to Jackson.

TO GEN. W. T. MARTIN'S

indomitable energy and perseverance and good management is due the success of building the road; with inadequate means at his command from its very inception, with enemies to combat at home and abroad all through the progress of the enterprise, any other but the brave hearted and incorruptible man that he is, would have appalled at the difficulties to be surmounted and would have abandoned the project, but conscious of his own rectitude of purpose and encouraged by the unflinching support of some of the best citizens of Natchez, Gen. Martin pursued the even tenor of his way, and after years of hard work and solicitude he was enabled to redeem his pledge to the people of Natchez to give them a railroad to Jackson. His next objective point is Columbus, by way of Carthage and Louisville, Mississippi, and judging by the past, no doubt need be entertained that Gen. Martin will build his road through, and thus erect an enduring monument to his already well earned fame.

In view of the length of the above correspondence already, I will defer to another communication my observations as to the factories, the charitable institutions, and the prospective railroads of Natchez.

Yours truly, G. D. B.

SOME merchants insure their stock and homes and neglect their children. Why not save the mother's heart and life by carrying the baby a box of Dr. MORFITT'S TEETHING POWDER? Other fathers do it.—For sale by Byron Lemly.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Senator William's of Kentucky Blunt Way of Dealing With it.

Congressional Record, December 21.]

Mr. Williams said:

We have heard a great deal in the last ten or fifteen years about civil service reform, but we have had no reform. Much has been written and spoken on the subject, but there has been no progress in anything except a progress in abuse of power, until the evil has become positively scandalous, and the people have at last risen up in revolt against it, and they have come like an army with banners to take their government out of the hands of the unworthy servants who have debauched and disgraced it until it has become a byword and a reproach among the nations.

I have seen since I have been in the Senate no proposition that seemed to me to be practical at all except the one made by my colleague the other day. That proposition is good so far as it goes. It strikes upon the main roots of this abuse. It proposes to punish by fine and imprisonment all public officials, be they great or little, who shall permit or encourage the payment of or receive any money or property for electioneering purposes. But what do we see on the other side? We see this antagonized by the Republican party, who are now particularly zealous for the reform of the abuses which they themselves have introduced. They have hitched on to it for the purpose of dragging it down by joining together subjects which have no connection whatever in the public service.

It does seem to me that our whole system is antagonistic to anything like the establishment of permanent offices in this country, or making a distinct class of officeholders, for that would involve the necessity of having a civil pension list as well as one for the soldiers disabled in the army.

Why, Mr. President, the difference between a monarchy and a republic is simply this, that in a monarchy all the offices are fixed and permanent; in a republic they are held, at the will and pleasure of the people. In monarchies the kings and nobility are all hereditary, the Church is established, and the offices are held permanently by a favored class, who are paid for their services as long as they are able to render duty, and when they cannot they are pensioned. Every officeholder in a monarchy is a pensioner. In a republic the offices are held at the will and pleasure of the people, who are the source of all power. They can remove and they can appoint, and the only security the people have in a republic for fidelity in the discharge of public duty is the amenability of their servants to them.

Rotation in office, change, is an absolute necessity. Our whole system abhors perpetuity. Rotation and change, the frequent examination of the servant's accounts, and the frequent removal of the servant himself, is an essential element to secure a perpetuity of free institutions. Is it not so? Are the people for making offices permanent, for establishing a caste of officeholders in this country and shutting everybody else out? Have they not a right to change the officers? Why, sir, in monarchies and military governments title and rank are everything, but in republics, offices and public employment are the badges of honor and distinction. The high places in the Government are reserved by the people as a special reward of merit for the most distinguished ability and the most eminent public services, and the small offices are of equal importance to the smaller men. A little consular or clerical position is quite as important to a man who holds it as a seat in the Cabinet or a foreign mission is to the great man.

There has been a great deal of nonsensical talk about this bill. I tell you, Mr. President, the bill before us amounts to nothing. It is all fox fire and no more. It can do no good, and may be productive of great harm. Why, sir, the only reform, the surest way to reform that we can possibly have, is to put decent, honest men into the places of the Government, and let them bring the Government itself back to the precepts and practices of its earlier and better days.

These are my views. Our civil service would not be a bad one if it was honestly and fairly administered. It is not of the patronage, of the power of the President that the people complain; it is of the abuses of both. It is not that the President appoints his friends to positions, but it is that assessments have been made for the purpose of raising a corruption fund to debauch the people at the polls. It is that the patronage has been farmed out to great bosses in the States, to be used in their own interest, or for their party in controlling the elections in their States. It is against bossism that the people have revolted. There can be no doubt about it.

Suppose you put it to your constituents, Mr. President. I should like to see the Democratic member of Congress, if he had the power, who would vote for a bill the effect of which would be, when the Democrats come in in 1885, to prevent the turning out of any man now in office of these old fellows that have been there these long years. Suppose he went home and told his constituents that, in order to keep them out of temptation and for the purpose of a better civil administration, he had voted to make these offices all permanent, voted against turning anybody out or putting anybody in; how many votes do you think he would get in his district? He would be hooted out in a month. He would not get a vote. The people think, and so do I, that whatever party is in power has the right to put its friends in. I think that the people believe that, and it is right; and the idea of passing a law to stop it is ridiculous to my views.

Now, this poor little thing before us I do not think really amounts to anything. I do not think it will be a law when we pass it. Old Hickory Jackson would have put his foot upon it in a minute, as this Republican party will in a minute if it is seen to be an obstruction in their way. I do not think it amounts to anything, because it is too small a thing. It is only one little step in the wrong direction; yet it may bother us a little when we come in, and I do not want any

obstruction in our way when we get a chance.

Mr. President, the only reform possible in this country is a total change of principles and policy, of men and measures, from top to bottom. They have been in long enough. Let them all go. The Republican party have had all the offices for twenty-two years; they have had a full swing, and it is time that they should go. Sir, is there anything on earth that corrupts men like long possession of power and the temptation incident to it? I have often thought that if there was any one part of the Lord's Prayer better than another, it was that which said, "Lead us not into temptation," and if it were allowable I would add to that, "nor keep us exposed to it too long." This party has had power much too long for the good of the country, much too long for its own good faith and honor.

Mr. President, the only reform possible is a total change. The country has been relying on one side so long that it has at last turned over. I do not look at the late elections as so much a Democratic victory as a Republican defeat. It is not that the country has suddenly become in love with the Democracy, but it is thoroughly disgusted with the Republicans; and if the Democrats are wise and moderate, and just, they will be able to rally all these elements of opposition in 1884, and ride into power upon the tidal wave of this popular indignation. There is no sort of doubt about that. It looks to me that it is absolutely certain that we shall come into power in 1885. These men understand it, and they are putting their house in order. Shall we put obstructions in our way to cleaning out the whole thing? I am for a clean sweep; I am for a house cleaning from garret to cellar; I am for ferreting out all these old rats who have been in the treasury so long that they know where the ripest cheeses are and the best kind of cheeses, too; I am for pouring water in their holes and bringing the last one of them from the bottom of his berth.

The only way to reform is to put a good, honest Democratic President in in 1884; then turn on the hose and give him a good hickory broom, and tell him to sweep the dirt away. That is practical sense, that is honesty. I feel it to be so at any rate. Gentlemen talk about Democrats having set this example. It is no such thing. Jackson put his friends in and turned his enemies out; Jefferson so did to some extent. All honest and sensible men have done the same thing; but none of those Presidents ever raised a corruption fund, and no one of them ever farmed out the patronage of a State. Never was such a thing done either by Pierce or Buchanan. Old Harrison issued an order forbidding it in all the departments, and making it a cause of the removal of the chief and of the clerk. That was because of some little scandal that had grown up against Van Buren.

Mr. President, I am perfectly satisfied that the Democrats are coming in in 1884. This great battle that has just taken place has been a battle between the people and their own Government. The question is whether the people were able to turn out their servants when they had a mind to. They have won the first battle, and they will follow up that success until their victory is complete and they have restored good government and an honest administration; and I am not, for one, seeking to place any obstructions in the way of that party when it comes in. I want to make a clean sweep of the whole thing. Give us full room and a fair experiment, gentlemen, and that will be the reform that the country wants, for there is no other reform possible except a thorough and complete change from top to bottom. This is demanded for the good of the country, and this the people are determined to have, and will have.

LORE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

The Boy Who Was Dissatisfied.

Oscar was a boy who generally disliked to get up in the morning, the more so as he had to rise early and split wood for his mother's fire. There was a little, old, withered fairy, who had taken a fancy to Oscar when he was a baby, who used to come and wake him at daybreak.

"Get up, Oscar," she would say, "and see the sun rise."

"I don't like to see the sun rise," he would answer.

"Get up, Oscar, and see the dew on the grass and flowers."

"I'm not fond of looking at the dew."

"Get up, Oscar, and be bright and spry, or you will never make your fortune."

"I don't want to make my fortune," Oscar would sleepily answer.

But the fairy would tease and worry him until she got him up, and then he would slowly put on his clothes, half wash his face, partly comb his hair, slouch down stairs, and lazily begin to split his wood.

One morning, while he was slowly splitting wood, an idea came into his head. As he was too lazy to get rid of it, he let it speak for itself.

"I wish," the idea made him say, "that I could go by steam."

In an instant the little old fairy was at his side. She was always on hand whenever he made a wish.

"Do you really want to go by steam?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Oscar. "I think it would be easier than pottering away as I do, tiring my hands and arms."

"You shall have your wish," said the fairy.

Directly Oscar felt and heard a rumbling and a rattling inside of him, and puffs of steam came out of his nose, and his left hand regularly placed pieces of wood upon the chopping block, while his right hand as regularly brought the hatchet down upon them and split them.

So he worked very fast, and the work did not tire his arms and hands in the least, and he hoped that he would soon get such a pile of kindling on hand as should save him for a long time from getting up early and splitting wood.

But he soon learned that even going by steam was tiresome. He wanted to get up and play, and when noon-time came he wanted to go home and get

his dinner. A wish brought the old fairy to his side.

"If you want your dinner," she said, "you must be fed with coal and water, like any other engine; and you cannot get up and play, because you are what is called a stationary engine, which must work right on until somebody stops it, and cannot move unless it is taken away."

Then Oscar wished to be a locomotive engine, so that he could run a long distance and see a great deal of the world.

In an instant he found himself on the rails drawing a train of cars, running at the rate of forty miles an hour, and looking down on the cowcatcher.

But it was not long before he learned that there was no fun in being a locomotive engine as he could never get off the rails and could never stop when he saw anything that pleased or interested him, and at the end of every journey he was shut up with the other engines in a dark house, from which none of them could stir.

Then he wished to be a bird.

"The birds," he said, "have an easy and pleasant time," with nothing to do but to fly about as they please, and to eat when they feel hungry."

So the fairy changed him into a large and handsome bird.

But he soon learned that it was quite as much work for a bird to use his wings as for a boy to use his hands and feet. He also learned that the birds are put to no little trouble to find the food that is proper for them, and that they have many enemies, of which men are not the least.

When he had been nearly frightened out of his wits by a man who hunted him with a gun, Oscar became disgusted with the life of a bird and wished to be a squirrel, as he had noticed the free and easy life of the squirrel, and thought that they must have a good time, in any body had.

After telling him that he had better wish to be changed to a goose, the old fairy snapped her fingers, and in a twinkling Oscar was running up a tree, with a bushy tail curling over his furry coat.

Sad to say, he found the life of a squirrel to be even worse than that of a bird, as the squirrels had even more enemies than the birds, and even more trouble in getting their foods and laying it away for the winter.

He also found it to be a fact that it tired squirrels to run and jump quite as much as it tires boys to walk or to work.

Another wish brought the old fairy to the limb of the tree, on which he sat gnawing the shell of a very hard nut.

"What do you want now?" she asked.

"I want to be a boy again," replied Oscar, "and to have nothing at all to do."

In a moment he found himself dressed in his own clothes and seated in an easy chair with a rest for his feet, and with a bowl of porridge on a table by his side.

There was a fence around him, so close that he could not move more than his length any direction.

On the other side of the fence were a splendid orchard and a beautiful garden filled with apples, pears, plums, cherries, strawberries, raspberries and all sorts of luscious and tempting fruits and vegetables. He could see them whenever he opened his eyes and could smell them without taking the trouble to open his eyes; but the wire fence was in the way, so that he could not taste or touch them.

He stood this for a while, trying to believe that it was a very nice thing to have nothing to do; but at last he became so tired of his porridge, and the desire to get some of the fruit in the orchard and garden grew so strong that he wished a big wish.

In an instant the old fairy was at his elbow.

"You cannot get at the fruit," she said, "because there is a fence in the way, just as there is always some sort of a fence in the way when we want anything nice in this world."

"But I can climb the fence," said Oscar.

"That would be work," replied the fairy, "it would be doing something, and you were placed here because you wanted to have nothing at all to do."

The fairy left him, and Oscar thought he would climb the fence, fill his pockets with fruit, and then get back to his easy chair and enjoy his dainties.

He found the fence a hard one to climb, but he got to the top at last, and was going down on the other side when something happened.

The fence then melted away, the orchard and garden vanished, and he found himself at the woodpile in the back yard and was content to stay there.

—Golden Days.

Railroad Land Grants.

BILL PROVIDING FOR FORFEITURE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January.—In the report which accompanies the bill introduced in the Senate to-day by Mr. Garland, providing for the forfeiture of railroad grants in certain cases, the Judiciary Committee says: Without undertaking to decide whether, in all grants by the United States to a railroad, Congress can declare this forfeiture, the committee consider it best to adopt some measure that would avoid this question and place the parties in an attitude toward each other that would insure to each fair dealing and justice, as far as can be done. They propose to direct the Attorney General to institute proper judicial proceedings against any railroad companies that he may have reason to believe are in default as to the conditions of their grants, to bring about forfeiture and secure the rights of the Government to the lands. This proceeding, in the nature of information, will bring the supposed defaulting company into court, to be heard in defense against forfeiture; and the court can enter such judgment or decree as in its opinion will secure the Government, not merely in declaring forfeiture, if need be, but in declaring a resumption of the lands granted. Appeal will be allowed, as in cases in courts.

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EMMA HAMILTON'S BRAVERY.

The Villagers of Northport Present Her With a Watch.

A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL DIVES SEVERAL TIMES TO RESCUE A DROWNING BOY AND THEN SETS ABOUT SKILLFULLY TO RECOVER HIS BODY.

New York Sun.]

Capt. William Hamilton, who owns a produce boat running to this city, lives in a neat hill-side cottage in the village of Northport, Long Island. From his front stoop one may get a glimpse of the blue Connecticut hills across the Sound. In front of his house is a road, and from the road to the ground slopes suddenly about forty feet to a narrow beach. On the afternoon of July 7, the Captain's daughter, Emma, was sitting under the trees that shade the slope. She was not 16 until last Thursday, and she does not appear to be even so old as that. William Beebe, the 15 year old son of Captain Henry Beebe, a Sandy Hook pilot, was in town visiting an uncle. He came along and invited Miss Emma to go up the beach to the bathing-houses, and join a number of women and children who were in the water. She declined to go and the boy went on. "There's a boy drowning!" As that was common among the children when playing in the water, she paid no attention to it. Soon, however, she heard a woman cry:

"For God's sake, is there no one on this beach that can swim?"

She knew then that somebody was indeed drowning. It was nearly 100 rods to the sand point where the bathers were, but she reached the place in time to see young Beebe rise to the surface for the last time. He was about three rods from the beach. Hastily throwing off her shoes, she plunged in, and swimming to the place, as nearly as she could judge, she dived several times to the bottom, but she failed to find him. By this time John Murray had reached the beach. A boat was launched, Miss Hamilton got into it, and with Murray went to the place where Beebe had gone down, being able to judge more accurately where it was than when she was swimming. Leaning over the stern of the boat, she put her face under water so that a clear view of the bottom should not be cut off by the surface waves and ripples.

When she discovered the boy lying motionless on the sand and undoubtedly quite dead, owing to the time that had elapsed, she made Murray hold the boat over it with an oar while she went ashore and got a heavy oyster rake. This she carried to the boat and with it the body was brought to the surface. Efforts were made on the shore to revive him, but he had probably died before the boat was launched.

The courage and energy Miss Hamilton had displayed were the talk of the country around. Captain J. L. Knight, of this city, a relative of the boy, and Captain Jesse Carr, a shipbuilder of the village, started the project of making a present to the girl for her bravery. A subscription paper was quietly circulated.

Christmas night was selected to make the annual presents to the Sunday-school pupils. There was a union gathering at the Methodist Church. The building was crowded. After Santa Claus had climbed out of the window of a house made for the purpose and given away many beautiful things to the children, Lawyer N. S. Ackerly stepped up in front of the pulpit. He said giving of presents was a fitting service in memory of the life that had been given that all night life. Nothing was more precious than life; nothing more noble than self-sacrifice to save it. The village had been called last summer to mourn the death of a lad known and loved of all. But, great as was the grief, there was a light shed upon it by the heroic efforts of a young girl to save the boy as he struggled with death. The whole village had felt that it was a deed worthy of something more than praise. They had procured a gift for her, but they knew that it could not add to the satisfaction which follows an act like hers. It would show to her, however, the estimation in which she was held by her neighbors. The heroine, he said, of whom he spoke, was Miss Emma Hamilton.

Amid a great roar of applause Miss Hamilton, then stepped forward. A gold hunting case watch, with a chain and seal was given to her. She bowed her thanks amid profound silence, and, as the applause again burst forth, she returned modestly to her seat. The watch is very handsome, and is worth over \$100. Inside the case are engraved the following words:

Presented to EMMA HAMILTON, By her friends at Northport, L. I., As a tribute of admiration For her heroic effort to Save life on the day of July 7, 1882.

Miss Hamilton has long, brown hair, a clear complexion, large brown eyes, and regular features. She was the heroine of a similar adventure two years ago. A playmate of about the same age was in the water, a short distance from shore, and accidently got beyond her depth. She could not swim. Miss Hamilton, who was on the beach, promptly went to the rescue and brought her to shore, where restoratives were successfully applied.

Still Another Weather Prophet. Dalton Argus.]

"Yes, sah, Ise obnosdecates de mos' ongreable winter dat de oldest inhabitant can dismember," remarked a Virginia gentleman of reconstructed privileges, in front of the National Hotel the other day.

"Why so?" queried an interested bystander.

"Well, sah, boss, de fact am, when de chicken he roost in de cedar tree on de souf side of de big house close to de front winder, yer can bet yer bottom dollar ders gwine to a hard winter. Dat am a fact, shoah."

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THE CLARION

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