

The Columbus Dispatch

Mr. Will Richards, runner of the First National, is taking a vacation.

Mr. Geo. H. Teasdale has been unwell for some days past, suffering with throat trouble.

Abbott's East Indian Corn Plaster
Is a quick cure for Corns, Bunions and Warts.
June 29 2w

Col. J. O. Banks and family leave tomorrow for Ocean Springs where they will remain for a month.

Mrs. Carr and Mrs. Chambers, of Waverly, Miss., will spend today with the family of Col. J. O. Banks, before leaving for Ocean Springs, where they will spend the summer.

Erysipelas, swollen limbs, bad sores, scales and scabs on the leg have been entirely cured by P. P. P., the most wonderful blood medicine of the day.
June 29 2w

An entertainment of some note was given at Mulrow Station last Friday night by Mrs. Jno. Ervin. Those who know Mrs. Ervin know what an elegant affair it must have been.

Free Soda Water.
On the first day of August we will give away 150 Soda Water Tickets. For further particulars call at our store, 70 Main street.
6-18-1m TERRY & ATKINSON

Water melons are dirt cheap now, and can be bought for any price. One wagon load was disposed of at a cent and a quarter a piece yesterday, and late yesterday afternoon a number were given away.

I am an old man and have been a constant sufferer with catarrh for the last ten years. I am entirely cured by the use of Ely's Cream Balm. It is strange that so simple a remedy will cure so stubborn a disease.—Henry Billups, U. S. Pensioner at St. Washington D. C.
June 29 2w

The temporary absence of Dr. Johnston will cause the Baptist church to be closed this morning during the church hour. Dr. Johnston is attending the State Baptist Convention at Natchez, and will return in time to occupy his pulpit next Sabbath.

A CARD.
I am now prepared to make shoes and boots to order. Splendid fits guaranteed, at prices to suit the times. Repairing also done neatly and promptly, at No. 48 Main Street.
7-8 91-6m S. K. ADAMS

Rev. R. H. Sanders, of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, was suddenly called to Starkville last Thursday by the death of his father, who had attained quite a ripe old age. Mr. Sanders has the sympathy of the community in which he is doing so much good in his misfortune.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all Drug Stores.
May 14 1y

Anthony Miso, the powerful negro that is now in jail awaiting trial charged with robbing the G. P. depot, came very near effecting his escape last Friday by the use of a piece of iron that he had managed to secure in some way. His purpose was frustrated by a fellow prisoner who informed on him.

For sale Cheap.
A dining table and seven chairs, almost as good as new. Apply to H. M. Teasdale.
6-10 1f

Mr. Sam Meek, who left in the early part of the week to resume his work on the Memphis Sunday Times, returned Friday evening very ill with malarial fever. He is at present at his parents' home in the city, under whose care it is hoped his recovery will be speedy.

For sale.
The property formerly occupied by Rev. Dr. Teasdale, consisting of half a square of ground with residence containing six rooms, outhouses, &c., all in good repair. Also four cabins of four rooms each, yielding a good annual rental. For terms, &c., apply to 6-10 1f H. M. TEASDALE, AGT.

Mr. Sam D. Harris is stopping at the Gilmer during his mother's visit to Monticello, Tenn. The Gilmer seems to be a pleasant summer resort for those whose business will not let them leave Columbus, and there are a large number of young men at present stopping there.

NOTICE TO CITY TAX PAYERS.
City tax payers will return their assessment blanks to me at once, or they will be assessed as the law directs.
H. M. LAMER,
City Marshal.

In Memory of Mrs. Ida Billups.

With blinded eyes we could not see
The messengers God sent,
Nor note the length of that glad light
That marked the way they went!
But if we could have seen, ah! me,
Like one who saw of old,
We would have cried aloud with joy,
Such glory to behold.

We could not hear with deafened ears
One word of all their song—
Nor catch the music as it rolled
The vaulted space along!
But if we could, what ecstasy
Would thrill our hearts today,
To know that rapture of sweet sound
Encompassed all her way.

With human feet we could not go
Where she and they went in—
But in that perfect home of God
There is no pain—no sin.
Could we have walked one little step
Along its golden way,
We'd only grieve that longer yet
God wills us here to stay.

To lose the light of earth, that sight
May see a heavenly throng—
To lose the sound of earth, that ears
May hear an angel song!
To walk no more with human feet,
That we may learn to fly—
Makes this assurance very sweet,
God takes us when we die.

Death of Mrs. Ida Sykes Billups.

Our entire community was shocked on Thursday evening last when the information went forth from the grief-encircled residence of Thomas Carlton Billups, that the wife of his bosom—the mother of his children, and the idol of his heart, was dead.

About 6 o'clock on Thursday evening last, this sweet and beautiful human flower, which had shed its fragrance upon one of the loveliest homes of our city for so many years, after an illness of two or three weeks, and a struggle with that fell disease typhoid fever, surrendered her noble spirit to the unerring archer, and by the soft and loving hand of her Maker was transplanted to His garden in Heaven, there to bloom in everlasting loveliness and beauty, to await the coming of those dear ones whom she had left on earth.

The hour seemed appropriate to such a death. Just as the sun was going down, and shedding its evening rays upon the earth, and the bright jewelry of heaven was beginning to deck the blue vault above, her sweet spirit shook off its tenebrous of clay and winged its way to the companionship of angels beyond the skies.

In the flush and bloom of early womanhood, surrounded by everything calculated to make life worth living for—a tender, kind, and devoted husband, sweet and affectionate children, and hosts of loving relatives and friends, it does seem that the fates were cruel in taking her away. But God does nothing wrong. Everything He does is right, and poor, frail humanity should uncomplainingly yield to his will.

In the death of this sweet and noble woman, so good, accomplished, active and useful, the words of the poet seemed to be verified:

—"The good die first;
But those whose hearts are dry as summer's dust
Burn to the sockets."

Mrs. Billups was born in Columbus, Miss., in February 1858. She was the daughter of the late James W. and Marcella Sykes, who, if not natives, were reared in this city. In her early childhood, death deprived her of her parents and she was left solely to the guardian care of her grandparents, who watched over her, together with an older sister and younger brother, with tender care and unceasing solicitude and love. Everything that wealth could afford was hers. She had all the advantages afforded by the best female institutions of learning, while her heart-training in all the Christian virtues and graces was thorough, constant and never neglected. From that early period, when she went through her morning and evening worship at her mother's knee, to the hour when her sweet spirit calmly and uncomplainingly recognized the call of her Maker to "come up higher," she was a devout and humble follower of the meek and lowly Jesus.

From her early childhood she was remarkable for a sweet, gentle and confiding nature, and this grace shone with increasing beauty and peculiar lustre in the tedious hours of her illness. No petulant expression ever escaped her lips; all that

was done for her she regarded as well done, and would often sweetly smile and express her thanks.

The writer of this brief and imperfect tribute has been struck with her uncommon intellectual powers—her sound and cultivated understanding, together with the quickness and liveliness of her perception, which gave beauty and brilliancy to her conversational powers, and eminently fitted her to adorn the social circle, and to give and receive pleasure from the interchanges of friendship.

In her 18th year she was married to Thos. C. Billups, with whom she lived up to the hour of her death in unalloyed wifely devotion. She left four children and a tender and devoted husband to mourn her death, to whom she left the legacy of a Christian life, which should constantly shine along their pathway to guide them to the better land to which she has gone. Mrs. Billups was a strict member of the Methodist Episcopal church, to whose tenets and doctrines she was warmly attached and thoroughly devoted, and yet no narrow sectarianism ever marred the symmetry and beauty of her Christian life. Liberal to all denominations, eminently distinguished for her charity and benevolence to the poor, unostentatious and unassuming, she moved along the pathways of life leaving in her every step shining evidences of the Christian principles which guided and controlled her life. Thus blessed and thus surrounded, it does seem a cruel fate, to be thus cut off, when she had scarcely reached the meridian of life, and yet, this true woman, wife and mother repined not at the decree which called her to resign these enjoyments, "ere the evil days had come, or the years drawn nigh, in which she had no pleasure."

While she preferred to live, she feared not to die. With gentle and confiding trust in God as her Father (for she loved to think of him as such) and in Jesus as her Savior, she faced the King of terrors unappalled and undaunted and shrunk not from his icy touch, which, though it withered her mortal frame, had no power over the heaven-born and heaven-going innate. Our entire community deeply sympathize with the father and grief-stricken children, in their deep and irremediable affliction, and trust that He, who "tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb," will ever be with them. The funeral of Mrs. Billups took place on yesterday at the M. E. Church. Rev. Mr. Oakley preached an eloquent and appropriate sermon to an immense congregation, after which the remains were buried in Odd Fellows Cemetery.

Progress.
It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be pleasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects, possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known. 7-7-1m.

A DISPATCH man sought an interview with the president pro tem of the College, Miss M. E. Calloway, yesterday upon matters of general interest to the public, and more especially upon the suppression of the College Echo, and the question of the presidency for next session. His effort was unattended with any success, as he found out too late and after a warm walk to that seat of learning, that Miss Calloway was not in the city, being at her home in Brooksville, where she is having all her mail directed and discharging all the duties of president pro tem from that place.

Rev. Jas. A. Heard, D. D., Florence, Ala., used the electropoise for Dyspepsia and General Debility says "I am a walking advertisement for the Electropoise." DuBois & Webb 1911 1st Ave. Birmingham, Ala., will give answer to all inquirers. 7 12 1m

Miss Louise Buchanan, one of the most popular and fascinating belles of Memphis, and deservedly so, is in the city visiting her friend, Miss Collins, on College street. Miss Louise was a student at the College for some time and will be remembered by all her old friends with pleasure, who welcome her presence in this city with delight.

I suffered for more than ten years with that dreadful disease, catarrh, and used every available medicine which was recommended to me. I cannot thank you enough for the relief which Ely's Cream Balm has afforded me.—Emanuel Meyers, Winfield, L. I. N. Y.
June 29 2w

SCRIBBLER'S COLUMN.

Mr. Atkinson, Jim Hodson, Dr. James and others have returned from their camp at Camp Springs, and it would do you good to hear Ben's fish stories. I haven't heard but one, and this one I intend using as a serial provided I can educate my readers' credulity up to that point bordering on belief. I am at present at work on myself.

Next Wednesday is to be a red letter day in Lowndes County politics and I look forward to the result of the election with much pleasure, because I am confident I have some friends that will secure the vote for me after. The race will be a close and exciting one from State Senator down to Constable, and some close electioneering will be done between now and the time for casting ballots. The grand democratic rally at the Court House Tuesday night should bring every one out to hear the many speeches that are to emanate from the various candidates, and I hope to see a large crowd present. A little music would help but greatly and I wonder if the band cannot get together and give us a tune on the occasion referred to.

Matt Clay is in town. He is of the illustrious Clay family of Mississippi and needs no introduction to Columbus people, being a son of Dr. Matt Clay, well known in Lowndes. He was one of the attendants at the barbecue and picnic at Frowell's the other day, and his presence contributed greatly to the pleasure of the day. He is a great joker, and one has only to look into his rugged but strong countenance to see he has an inexhaustible supply of good stories to entertain you with. And they are not the funny stories that are published in books, either. No one enjoys a good joke better than Mr. Baldwin, and as he went out with Matt Clay it must be presumed he has a good time. I can picture no more refreshing scene to my mind than that of Mr. Baldwin listening attentively to Matt Clay's jokes, as they rode along the dusty road last Thursday en route to the picnic. I fancy I see his countenance beaming with smiles, and see him evaporating his brow with the end of his linen duster, muttering, "warm," (soft voice, rising inflection), periodically between each joke. But I diverge. I was speaking of Matt Clay, whose good nature and jovial disposition never showed up better than on the occasion referred to. He is one of the men you like to meet in life, for he mixes things pleasanter and brighter by his presence.

The fertility of a man's imagination most indeed be wonderful for him to fill four columns of space with local, a vast number of which are absolutely unknown to anyone but the writer, and the thought of drawing on my already overdrawn imagination for items to load up Scribbler's column, is an unpleasant one, and one that I would much rather relieve my mind of by postponing the appearance of Scribbler for another week. But this cannot be done, for Scribbler's column is a permanent feature of the Sunday Dispatch, and people are beginning to look forward to it. I do not flatter myself that this is the result of any particular merit in its writing, but attribute it solely to one reason, and that is human nature. People like to see their names in print, and especially when accompanied by a few adjectives, and as my column heretofore has been a series of compliments, you can easily account for its popularity. Hereafter I intend writing what I think—regardless, and if it does not meet with your approbation, I hope you will not wreck your wrath against this paper by stopping your subscription—and not paying up what is due. I can conceive of no madder man than the one who stops his paper because you have antagonized his opinion or belief, and then refuses to pay for it. I suppose it is clearly apparent by this time that I have little to write about this week, else I wouldn't scribble about mean men, delinquent subscribers, et al., and if this is your opinion, I can say you are in a large measure correct. I have very little to write about, but will do my best, so here goes.

I would that it were in the power of my feeble pen to paint a just and worthy tribute to she that has gone to join the vast unknown! I would that my feeble voice might say a word or sing some song that embodied in it the grace and charm of her life! I would that mine eye might express a look that indexed the emotions of sadness that the writer feels! I wish that mine ear might fathom the length and depth of the wave of grief and sadness that has swept this community! Then would I be prepared to speak of her. I stand with that number who viewed the beautiful symmetry of her life from afar off, and whose misfortune it was not to know her better, being scarcely within the vast throng known as her acquaintances. But the memory of this acquaintance comes to me forcibly now that Mrs. Ida Billups is no more; and it shall be cherished by me through the countless years to come as one of the sweetest memories of my life. I write now as a Mikado, and shall I tell Scribbler's readers of our last meeting with Mrs. Billups? It was in April—a beautiful April night—and a fair moonlight never lighted up the spacious flowered yard, as we silently stole our way beneath the window where we commenced our serenade. We had just finished our last song, when our departure was arrested by Mrs. Billups, whose cordial invitation to enter and partake of the dainty lunch set for us knew no refusal, and we entered her beautiful home greeted by a welcome that every feature of her beautiful face showed. And shall we ever forget the delightful moments spent in the presence of herself and her beautiful family? I can answer for the Mikados, No! they will remain with us always. It was when saying goodbye that some one suggested that we sing another song, and Fate must have made the selection for the hidden meaning and significance of our farewell number was never revealed to us until late Thursday evening. We sang that beautiful ballad, "Never to Meet Again."

An important arrest was made by officers Smith and Munger and Deputy Sheriff Donnell last Friday evening, in connection with the systematic robbery of the Georgia Pacific depot, when by a clever piece of work Jim Miller, an ex-convict boss on the G. P., was captured. He had been wanted by the police for some time and it was not until Friday that officers Munger and Smith, ever alert in the discharge of their duty, caught a glimpse of him as he left an incoming train and took to the woods. A posse was immediately organized and started in pursuit, and it was late in the afternoon before he was suddenly found in a small grove near Mr. Moebey's old place, when he surrendered without any resistance. Miller is what is known as a "bad man" his record justly entitling him to that distinction, and had it not been that he was taken unawares, he would give his arresters a warm reception. A negro by the name of Ed Austin was also put behind the bars he being implicated in the robbery. Their trial occurs Monday.

P. P. P. makes positive cure of all stages of Rheumatism, Syphilis, Blood Poison, Scrofula, Old Sores, Eczema, Malaria and Female Complaints. P. P. P. is a powerful tonic, and an excellent appetizer, building up the system rapidly.
June 29 2w

Mr. E. C. Chapman left Friday to attend the 27th annual Reunion of his Grand fathers family, Capt. Thos. G. Ezell, on the old plantation near Pickensville, where the entire family meet every year on the 25th July. His children and grand children live in several States but he calls them together once a year. We are sorry our friend Geo. Ezell can't attend on account of Mr. Snell's ill health.

Skin and scalp diseases, the head at times, a running sore, the body entirely covered with sores as large as a quarter of a dollar, and no medicine had the desired effect until P. P. P. was taken. The disease yielded at once, and P. P. P. proved itself the best blood purifier of the age.
June 29 2w

Quite an enjoyable birthday party was participated in last Wednesday, the 21st inst. by the many young friends of Miss Julia Hury, in whose honor the party was given by her parents Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Hury. The occasion was that of her 13th birthday. Elegant and dainty refreshments were served, and all kinds of amusements indulged in.

Furniture of every grade at Leopold Loeb's.
Celebrated Joel B. Frazier, finest whiskey in the market at Childers & Walburg's.

Never before introduced here, the celebrated Joel B. Frazier whiskey. Both Bourbon and Rye at Childers & Walburg's. 7 25 2t

Old and Mellow, Joel B. Frazier brand of whiskey at Childers & Walburg's.

Card of Thanks.
I desire through your paper to thank the friends who contributed recently to the ladies soliciting funds for the completion of the Cumberland Presbyterian church. I speak for the entire church.
R. H. Sanders, Pastor.

Latest styles in Oak and Walnut, also imitation, in all kinds of Furniture. Call and inspect it.
Leopold Loeb.

Gen'l Lee made a visit to the A. & M. College last Thursday to see if everything was alright. The prospects are that next season will be the most prosperous in the history of this great institution.

Joel B. Frazier whiskey has never been brought south before. Try it at Childers & Walburg's.

The small boys of the southern portion of town are largely engaged in that sport known as kite flying every afternoon now, and the skies are dotted here and there with these pleasure givers.

An assorted variety of Baby Carriages and Cribs, at Leopold Loeb's.

A Columbus negro by the name of Curry was killed at the Coal Mines up on the Georgia Pacific last Thursday by being crushed to death by a large rock that fell on him. His remains were brought here on Friday for interment accompanied by a large number of the miners and a delegation from some colored society.

Many persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

M. M. R. C.
Mrs. M. McGee Snell will leave this week for Nashville, consequently this will be the last Sunday for some weeks with the Bible Class. The meeting this morning is for the consideration of the visit of Nicodemus to Christ 9:30 a. m. music; lesson at 10. This afternoon at 4:30 a miscellaneous meeting during which christian workers will assist the teacher. Everybody invited.

The Furniture Store of Leopold Loeb is now stocked from cellar to garret, with the latest novelties in Furniture. Call and inspect it.

For some days past the subscribers of the DISPATCH have complained of irregularly receiving their papers, and we have sought to remedy this evil by appealing to our carriers for a more faithful and careful discharge of the important duty entrusted to them. We are sure our appeal has met with success for our carriers are taking more care in the distribution of the DISPATCH than ever before. We are inclined to think that some non-subscribers, that are not above doing such a thing, are appropriating the papers for their own use, after they have been distributed. Should such a case ever come to the notice of any one we would be glad to have our attention called to it. In the mean time persons not receiving the DISPATCH regularly will please notify us.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Bookcases and Desks, Parlor Suits, L. Unges and Hat-racks, plain and fancy Rockers, Sideboards and Wardrobes, or anything else in the furniture line.
Leopold Loeb.

During the coming week Columbus loses one of her most distinguished citizens in the person of Capt. T. C. Belcher, who goes to cast his lot in the Lone Star State, and devotes his time and talents to the training of the advanced mind in the Gainesville College. As a citizen, he has been a valuable one to Columbus, always united to every effort that had for its end the advancement and prosperity of this community; as an educator he ranks high with those whose lives are devoted to the beautiful task of enlightening the young mind and teaching it the inestimable value of knowledge. He leaves us to guide and direct the affairs of an institution devoted to the higher branches of learning, situated in a city famed for its beauty and progressiveness, in one of the greatest states of our union. Capt. Belcher and family have the best wishes of our community for a life of prosperity and happiness in his new field of labor, in which wish the DISPATCH heartily joins.

Miss Annie Jones, whose visit to Miss Lucy Banks occasioned so much pleasure to her friends in the city, returned to her home in Aberdeen last Friday morning.

Misses Angelo Ferro and Josie Kroecker leave this evening on a visit to friends in Crawford.

That delightful Comedy "Our Boys" refined by constant rehearsals and new features will again be presented to our theater goers on Monday night August 3rd. As an additional attraction for the evening this comedy will be preceded by the comedietta entitled "Breaking the Ice" with Miss Sherrill and Mr. Topp in the cast. It is a comedy short, pithy, full of merriment and charming climaxes. The object of the entertainment is to raise a fund that in time will be appropriated to the building of some structure suitable to theatrical purposes a thing we absolutely need. The young ladies and gentlemen in the cast of these comedies will present them in Winona, on the 4th, West Point on the 5th and Aberdeen on the 6th. At all of these cities they have very flattering inducements offered them. To all who may attend we can assure them there is a great treat in store for them as the manner of presenting them is far above that offered by the professionals visiting us. We wish the troupe every form of success and ask our own people to support them liberally—encourage local talent and do everything you can to aid the fund. Turn out. Take your family, have two hours of hearty laughter, and have your eyes opened to the rare talent we have here at home.

Here is the result of the shooting match at Frowell's last Thursday, as handed us by a young gentleman who participated. Matches won by: Jno. R. Maxwell 3, F. R. Simms 1, Z. P. Landrum 6. Team shooting as follows: Maxwell's team won 8 matches, Landrum's team won 6 matches.