

The Columbus Dispatch.

THE PEOPLE, THE CONSTITUTION AND THE LAWS.

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Communicated.

PARIS, August 17, 1895.

Dear Dispatch:

A week in Paris is simply a glimpse into heaven; or, maybe, like the old negro said when I got my eye lashes, brows and face all powder burned, "a peep at hell." Really, it is not worth while to come here unless one has lots of time and a barrel of money. Our party broke up here on arrival from Bremen, and I have done Paris alone, except for an occasional acquaintance. Having spent a summer here in the long ago, there was nothing left to me but the shops and a good time. After a look in on the galleries of the Louvre—the grand and beautiful Madeline—I took up the shops, and the millions of beautiful things seen have simply bewildered me. The dresses already completed at the women's tailors', the wraps, the world of enormous hats, with top heavy assortments of bows, flowers and feathers loaded upon them, the fabrics for dresses, all so bright, so novel and so beautiful, have just simply knocked me silly. I have a vague kind of memory of it all—a kaleidoscopic vision, as it were—an impression like one had from listening to Neely's sermons or Lamar's grand impassioned efforts in his earlier days. All I can say is this: the hats are large, broad-brimmed, simply loaded with fluted light stuff, great forms of ribbon, flowers or feathers, sometimes all, until a hat seems like a New York summer roof garden. Another thing: while the English women wear their hair in enormous puffs, fluted, or in one big chignon, as it were, the French wear theirs in a tumble down fashion—that is, kind of platted and coiled behind, but very loose and about to fall down all the time, but doesn't, don't you know? Of course this description is not technical, and I hope none of your readers will endeavor to make up by it. The women here have enormous suits of hair, and so black. Lots of them have small moustaches and old ladies almost a beard. I have used my French for all it is worth, and the sentences I have constructed would make old Ollerdorff turn over in his grave. I have had lots of fun with it, though I do not mean to convey the idea that I have had it all, for I have made many smiles for the other fellows. Good living here is about as dear as in England. The cheap is bad, as it is every where in the world—really not worth having. Beer costs about the same as in New York, five cents a glass; brandy five and ten cents a glass, wines the same, and champagnes, the best grades, \$2 to \$2½ a bottle. Oh, but it's good, and in this climate one can keep half full all the time, perfectly oblivious of his troubles, get up the next morning as fresh as a daisy and go right along. The American bar is here, as in England. In fact it has many drinks I never heard of before. For instance, "Maiden's Blush," "John Collins," "Santa Cras Swizzle," "Leave it to Me" and "Heap of Comfort." The last two, it is needless to mention, have as their principal ingredients good old whiskey. The bars here are tended by men, and not so numerously attended as in England, because these pretty girls mix the drinks, and the boys are always about. In fact, our party had a favorite bar in London, and she was a beauty—had sense like a horse. The bars over there are patronized by women also. They up and order their ale or Scotch and water just as the men do, and it is the proper thing to ask the whole party in for a drink, whether all men or mixed.

Last night I went to a concert garden called Moutin Rouge, one of the best of its kind in Paris. It was filled to overflowing, but the pro-

gramme was hardly up to a garden concert at the Casino or Koster & Bial's in New York. After the concert there was a promenade and ball. The dancing, however, was mostly by professionals I judged, and was distinguished purely for the high kicking.

I leave here to-morrow for Trouville, a watering place on the coast, where the best French horses are racing. The card for to-morrow is very fine, and I am told that on Sundays they have the best racing, the largest attendance and best people. Think of it! Racing on Sunday! Why, I hardly escaped jail last fall for fishing on Sunday, and didn't catch anything at that. While here racing is at its best. Note the difference in Mississippi. Everything must close on Sunday, and it's church or nothing. No shave, no drink, no fishing or hunting—nothing. Carry pistols, however, get the drop on a fellow and shoot him in his tracks. Do you know that if we would obey the law in Mississippi in regard to carrying concealed weapons as we do in regard to closing barber shops, we would scarcely ever infringe God's law—taking our brother's life or shedding his blood? Do you know that thousands of good people and millions of good money would come to abide and stay with us, that doesn't now, because men value their lives and happiness? I assert that the pistol has done our State more harm than all evils combined. I favor a rigid enforcement of the laws relative to carrying them as the best thing that can be done for the State.

On banking holiday at London we went out to Hurst's Park to the races. Jem Mace, the ex-champion of the world, was making books. I made several bets with him and lost them all, but got into quite a little conversation with him. He said he was coming over to see us soon. I replied that we would give him a warm welcome and a tip on a sure thing—that is Corbett to whip Fitzsimmons. A little handicap race was on, and not knowing what to bet on, I asked Jem, and he replied with a laugh: "Why don't you back the American?" meaning Foxhall, Keene's horse, which everybody thought had no chance. I handed him a sovereign, saying: "I will. What are the odds?" He replied: "Seven to one, but I'll give you ten." I bet him only a crown, and as he returned the change he asked why I didn't bet the whole sovereign. The horse won in a canter. Now, what do you think I did with the winnings—2½ pounds? I paid it to a man to kick me for not betting the whole pound.

The longer I am here the more I love our country, and the more firmly convinced am I that the free coinage of silver is our best policy. It is not the balance of trade that is against us, but the balance of travel. It is that that makes us export gold.

Hoping to be with you early in September, I am yours truly,
A COTTON TRAMP.

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—Mrs. E. Bosch, Eaton, Ohio.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Received Highest Awards
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR
1893

New York Letter.

New York City, Aug. 25, 1895.

EDITOR DISPATCH:

"There are more summer resorts within a radius of twenty miles from the New York post office than in any similar area elsewhere in the Union." So says the "Sun's Guide to New York," and I well believe it is so. Since I have been here, nearly two months now, there have been very few hot days, and on these few I have generally been fortunate enough to be able to get to the sea-side or some other cool place. One of the most delightful, in temperature and surroundings, is Manhattan Beach. An hour's ride takes one down there, and many delightful hours may be spent watching the handsomely dressed men and women saunter by on the parade. Far out may be seen the dim outline of the Jersey coast, but no obstructive headland breaks the broad expanse of tumbling blue water. It is to me a never ending pleasure to watch the white sails come and go, so softly, so swiftly, that they hardly seem to belong to this earth. Behind us rises the roomy hotel with its broad verandahs always full of a moving mass of humanity. Here one may for a most exorbitant price, have a most excellent dinner, looking the while at the beautiful lawns and flower beds and on out to the broad Atlantic, a boundless blue expanse. From the pavilion adjoining the verandah, sweet strains come from Sousa's military band. The last afternoon I was there they played Sousa's "Liberty Bell" march and the new "King Cotton" march written for the Atlanta Exposition. Both are highly popular, "Liberty Bell" especially. All the while the outer part of the verandah is thronged with well dressed people, and now and again a couple leaves the promenade and enters the space railed off for diners wandering its whole length in search of a table, perhaps standing a half hour to wait for some one to vacate. Dinner over we go to the parade again and see the lights of Atlantic Highlands come out of the darkness, while just above us, at one end, the long rows of electric lights shine out, illuminating the innumerable faces on the benches and promenade. Later we may go to Paine's fireworks or to Brighton, to the greatest feature of all the shore, Seidl's inimitable orchestra. The fireworks

are very fine and have splendid audiences. One of the best displays is a representation of the war between China and Japan. The firing on the fort and the great naval battle were excellently portrayed. But to music hungry souls there is nothing so full of interest, pleasure and instruction as the delightful Saini concerts. It has been my good fortune to attend at least one every week, sometimes more, since I have been here. There are fifty or sixty musicians on the stage, each master of his instrument, and completely dominated by the leader, the Saini. He is said to be a brilliant Wagnerian in preference to any other composer. He is very fine. The program is very fine. The program was entirely from Wagner. On three successive evenings the three acts of "The Valkyrie" were sung by some of the best singers for next season's opera. Madame Jansachowsky was especially charming, not only in voice but in manner. Another evening, two indeed, the program was from Beethoven. The beautiful "Third Leonore" overture introduced one of a series of Beethoven-Wagner Festivals. Still another delightful programme was made up from living composers entirely. One of the composers, S. B. Mill, was pointed out to me at Manhattan. I could write whole columns about these delightful concerts, but I fear I could not impart to your readers the same pleasure they gave me. Their memory will always be to me the pleasantest portion of a delightful vacation.

Another pleasant afternoon I spent at Riverside Park and the evening North Beach. First, being at my brother's office near the City Hall, a friend of mine undertook my entertainment to the Washington Arch near which is a Fifth Avenue stage stand. Mounting away on the top we went to a good place up the beautiful avenue. Most magnificent clubhouses, beautiful churches, handsome stores, palatial private residences line both sides of the street. Fortunately my companion was familiar with all these and told me something of each; I cannot even enumerate them here, it would be too long. After these we came to Central Park and for some distance rode on its beautiful grounds. Descending from the stage, we took a car and rode quite awhile, with now and then a glimpse of the Hudson. When we got off the car and climbed a long hill, I turned and fairly started at the beauty of the scene before me. At my feet, beneath the high bank, rolled the majestic Hudson, dotted with white sails, busy canoes and all manner of water craft. On the other



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adopting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and procured the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the kidneys, Liver and Bowels, without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50 cent bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

side, a little way up, rose the Palisades, frowning precipices of perpendicular strata. Beyond them the river turns so that the blue mountains seem to enclose it to shield its shining surface from troublous storms. In the afternoon sunlight it was a most beautiful sight, one never to be forgotten. Along the Riverside drive we strolled to Grant's tomb. A handsome marble structure is being erected for the tomb, but the remains are now in a small brick tomb near at hand. Beautiful floral offerings were there, one placed by the Princess Eulalie, the Infanta of Spain. On the drive were countless bicyclists of both sexes, in all sorts of costumes. Most of the ladies wear either very short skirts or regular bloomers, reaching anywhere from the knee to the shoe top. There were many handsome carriages and other equipages here, more than at any other place I have seen. After a half hour here we went on to the Harlem car and so across and down to 99th st. dock, where we took the boat for North Beach. We passed Ward's Island, the beautiful home for the 2,000 lunatic patients of the great city. The attendants and various attaches of such an enormous establishment form a community of their own. Passing through Hell Gate, where the channel is marked with innumerable buoys, we came in sight of the lights of North Beach. A very pleasant evening I spent here, including my first experience on a toboggan slide. But as it grew rather late we turned our faces homeward, leaving another pleasant memory for the winter days. I suppose I had better not begin to talk of any other of the delightful afternoons I have spent, or the many visits to places of interest. I should never finish an issue letter. Yet, in spite of all the interest the city holds, and of the pleasant resorts I have visited, I shall be very, very glad to see Columbus again, to hear the welcome I know is in store for me and to see my friends and pupils again. I trust the rest and recreation of the summer have made me better able to cope with the difficulties of the winter's labors than ever before.

M. H. M.

"Hello Central! Ring fire alarm, fifth ward. Flames are now bursting from the roof of Mr. A's dwelling. I will go over and arouse the family." A reporter the next morning, finding the citizen who had turned the alarm in the night before, congratulated him upon his timely warning. "Why there is nothing in that," said he "I could not have done less if I had tried. Fortunately for me as well as my neighbor, I had subscribed for a Citizen's Long Distance Telephone and Telegraph Co's. instrument, which had been put in my house just a week ago. On my return from a professional visit at 2 A. M. I saw from my window the fire, and it was a very simple thing to ring up the Central, whose vigilant attendant promptly gave the alarm. In the shortest possible time the entire fire department was on the ground, and before the family had well collected their wits the fire was extinguished, our gallant firemen on their way home and a \$6,500 house saved. Well sir, the fire insurance companies alone should pay this telephone company a bonus large enough to meet its current expenses. Never in the history of our town has a better deal been made than securing the location of the Central so near the fire department. Day or night either a call for a policeman or an alarm of fire will receive immediate attention by the operator at the exchange." It is needless to say Mr. A. is now a subscriber to the telephone and its staunchest friend.

The fall trade promises to be immense. Do you want a big slice of it? Try the columns of the Dispatch with an "ad."

COTTON STATEMENT.

For week ending Friday, Aug. 31st, 1895 Prepared by J. W. HOPKINS, Cotton Factor and Commission Merchant For the Columbus Dispatch.

1895.	1894.
Receipts last report.....	40339
Same date last year.....	25341
Receipts this week.....	33
Same date last year.....	3
Stock, September 1, 1894.....	269
Stock, same date last year.....	733
(Total).....	40411 26077
Shipments last report.....	40590
Same date last year.....	25806
Shipments this week.....	26
Same date last year.....	3
Total shipments.....	40160 25808

Stock on hand..... 23 269
Local consumption, 1908 bales; mill stock, 416 bales. First bale received August 27. New cotton received, 8 bales.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold by Chapman, the Druggist. 4

Boll worms in distressing numbers have made their appearance in portions of the delta section of this State, and the cotton planters apprehend serious damage. The Greenwood Enterprise says the crop is 30 per cent. short of what was expected three weeks ago.

The DISPATCH trade editions will bring to this city into every avenue of business and trade thousands of dollars of additional business. This paper should be upheld in its effort to aid the commercial life of Columbus.

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."

I suffered terribly from roaring in my head during an attack of catarrh, and became very deaf, used Ely's Cream Balm, and in three weeks could hear as well as ever.—A. E. Newman, Grating, Mich.

One of my children had a very bad discharge from the nose. Physicians prescribed without benefit. After using Ely's Cream Balm a short time the disease was cured.—O. A. Cary, Corning, N. Y.

Price of Cream Balm is fifty cents.

Fall and Winter Tailoring.

I have received a full and complete line of elegant goods for fall and winter wear, which I will be glad to show my friends and customers. Tailor made suits this season cheaper than ever, with fit guaranteed. Examine my samples before ordering elsewhere.

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