

THE MAIL

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERRE HAUTE, - OCT. 7, 1876.

DONALD GRÆME.

"Twas in the joyous spring-time
I strolled with Donald, - come;
He did not then know me;
I whispered back the same.
I scarce could speak for rapture,
The world seemed bathed in light;
The air was filled with fragrance,
And all things charmed the sight.

The birds so sweetly warbling,
Poured forth their thrilling lays,
While my glad heart re-echoed
Their grateful hymns of praise;
And next day, as I yandered church,
He led me forth a bride,
Through Love's eternal spring-time
To wander by his side.

The Story of A Physician's Wife.

"I have heard of persons whose hair was whitened through excessive fear, but as I never saw myself any one so affected I am disposed to be credulous on the subject."

The above remark was made to Dr. Maynard as we sat on the piazza of his pretty villa discussing the different effects of terror on dissimilar temperaments. Without replying to me, the doctor turned to his wife and said: "Helen, will you please relate to my old friend the incident within your own experience? It is the most convincing argument I can advance."

I looked at Mrs. Maynard in surprise. I had observed that her hair, which was luxuriant and dressed very becomingly, was purely colorless, but as she was a young woman, and also a very pretty one, I surmised that it was powdered to heighten the brilliancy of her fine dark eyes.

The doctor and I had been friends and fellow students, but after leaving college we had drifted apart, I to commence practice in an eastern city, he to pursue his profession in a growing town in the West. I was now on a visit to him for the first time since his marriage.

Mrs. Maynard, no doubt, reading my supposition by my look of incredulity, smiled as she shook down her snowy tresses over her shoulders, and seating herself by her husband's side, related the following episode:

"It is now nearly two years ago since my husband was called on, one evening, to visit a patient several miles away. Our domestics had all gone to a 'wake' in the vicinity, the dead man being a relative of one of our serving women. Thus I was left alone. But I felt no fear, for we never had heard of burglars or any sort of desperadoes in our quite village, then consisting of a few scattered houses. The windows leading out on the piazza were open as now, but I secured the blinds before my husband's departure, and locked the outside doors, all except the front one, which I left for the doctor to lock after going out, so that if I should fall asleep before his return he could enter without arousing me. I heard the doctor's rapid footstep on the gravel, quickened by the urgent tones of the messenger, who awaited him and after the sharp rattle of the carriage wheels had become but an echo, I seated myself by the parlor astral and soon became absorbed in the book I had been reading before being disturbed by the summons. But after a time my interest succumbed to drowsiness, and I thought of retiring, when the clock in the doctor's study adjoining the parlor struck twelve; so I determined to wait a few moments more, feeling that he would be home now very soon. I closed my book, donned a robe de chambre' let down my hair, and then returned to my seat to patiently wait and listen. Not the faintest sound disturbed the stillness of the night. Not a breath of air stirred the leaf. The silence was so profound that it became oppressive. I longed for the sharp click of the gate-latch and the well known step on the gravel walk. I did not dare to break the hush myself by moving or singing. I was so oppressed by the deep stillness. The human mind is a strange torturer of itself, I began to conjure up vivid fancies about ghostly visitants, in the midst of which occurred to me the stories I had heard from superstitious people about the troubled spirits of those who had died suddenly like them whom my servants had gone to 'wake,' who had been kill'd by an accid'nt at the a'm. In the mid of these trysting reflections I was startled by a stealthy footfall on the piazza. I listened between fear and hope. It might be the doctor. But no, he would not tread like that; his step was too soft and cautious for anything less wily than a cat. As I listened again my eyes were fixed on the window blinds. I saw the stats move slowly and softly, and the rays of the moon disclosed a thin, cadaverous face, and bright, glittering eyes peering at me. 'Oh, hor'r! who was it? what was it?' I felt the cold perspiration start at every pore. I seemed to be frozen in my chair. I could not move, I could not cry out; my tongue seemed glued to the roof of my mouth, while the deathly white lips pressed closer, and the great sunken eyes waded d in their gaze about the room. In a few moments the blind closed as noiselessly as it had been opened, and the cautious footstep came toward the door. 'Merciful heav'n!' I cried, in a horror-stricken whisper, as I heard the key turn in the lock, the doctor, in his haste, must have forgotten to withdraw the key."

"God forgive me!" ejaculated Dr. Maynard, interrupting his wife, and looking far more expited than she. "I can never forgive myself for such a thoughtless act. Please, proceed, my dear."

I heard the front door open, the step in the hall, and help less as a statue I still sat riveted to my chair. The parlor door was open, and in it stood a tall, thin man, whom I had never beheld before. He was dressed in a long, loose robe, a sort of gabardine, and a black velvet skull cap partially concealed a broad forehead, underneath which gleamed black eyes, bright as living coals, and placed so near together that their gaze was preternatural in its directness: heavy grizzled eyelids hung over them like the tangled mane of a lion; the nose was sharp and prominent, and the chin was overgrown with white hair, which hung down in locks weird as the ancient mariner's. He politely doffed his cap, bowed, replaced it, and then said, in a slightly foreign accent:

"Madame, it is not necessary for me to stand on any further ceremony, as your husband, Dr. Maynard, (thereupon he again bowed profoundy) has already acquainted you with the nature of my business here to-night. I perceive, he added, glancing at my negligee robe, 'that you were expecting me.'

"No, I found voice to stammer. 'The doctor has said nothing to me about a

"Ah, he wished to spare you, no doubt, a disagreeable apprehension,' he returned, advancing, and taking a seat on the sofa opposite me, where for a few moments he sat and eyed me keenly from head to foot with a strange glittering light in his eyes that mysteriously impressed me. 'You have a remarkably fine physique, madam,' he observed, quietly; 'one that might deceive the eye of the most skilled and practical physician. Do you suffer much pain?'

"Unable to speak, I shook my head. A terrible suspicion was creeping over me. I was alone—miles away from aid or rescue—with a madman.

"Ah," he continued, reflectively, "your husband may have mistaken a tumor for a cancer. Allow me to feel your pulse," he said, rising and bending over me.

"I thought it best to humor him, remembering it was unsafe for a helpless woman to oppose the, as yet, harmless freak of a lunatic. He took out his watch, shook his head gravely, laid my hand down gently, then went toward the study, where, on the table, was an open case of surgical instruments.

"Do not be alarmed, madame," he said, turning to me as I was about to rise and flee, and in another instant he was by my side, with the case in his possession.

"Involuntarily I raised my hand and cried:

"Spare me! O, spare me, I beseech you!"

"Madame," he said sternly, clasping my wrist with his long sinewy fingers, with a grip of steel, "you behave like a child. I have no time to parley, for I have received a letter from the Emperor of the French stating that he is suffering from an illness abscess, and is desirous of my attendance. I must start for Europe immediately after performing the operation on your breast," and before I could make the slightest resistance he had me in his arms and was carrying me into the study where there was a long table with green baize. On this he laid me, and holding me down with one hand with the strength of a maniac, he brought from some hidden recess in his gown several long leather straps, with which he secured me to the table with the skin of an expert. It was the work of a moment to unloose my robe and bare my bosom. Then, after carefully examining my left breast, he said:

"Madame, your husband has made a mistake. I find no necessity for my intended operation."

"At this I gave a long drawn sigh of relief, and prepared to rise.

"But," he continued, "I have made the discovery that your heart is as large as that of an ox! I will remove it so that you may see for yourself, reduce it to its natural size by a curious process of my own, unknown to the medical science, and of which I am the sole discoverer, and then replace it again."

"He now began to examine the edge of the cruel knife, on which I closed my eyes, while every nerve was in a perceptible tremor.

"The mechanism of the heart is like a watch," he resumed; "if it goes too fast the great blood vessel that supplies the force must be stopped like the lever of a watch, and the works must be cleaned and repaired and regulated. It may interest you to know that I was present at the post-mortem examination held over the remains of the beautiful Louise of Prussia. Had I been consulted before death I would have saved her by operating on her heart and removing the polyp, which it was wedged too late. The king and I had a little difference—he was a German, I am French. I trust that is insufficient explanation."

"He now bent over me, his long white beard brushing my face. I raised my eyes beseechingly, trying to find some way to save myself. 'Oh, sir, give me an anesthetic, that I may not feel the pain,' I pleaded.

"Indeed! indeed, madame, I would comply with your wish were you not the wife of a physician—or of a skillful surgeon. I wish you to note with what ease I perform this difficult operation, so that you may tell your husband of the great savant whose services he secured, fortunately in season."

"As he said this he made the final test of his knife on his thumb. How precious were the moments now! They were fleeing all too fast, and yet an eternity seemed compressed in every one. I never fainted in my life, and I never felt less like swooning than now, as I summed all my presence of mind to delay the fearful moment, fervently praying in the meantime for my husband's return.

"Doctor," said I, with assumed composure, I have the utmost confidence in your skill. I would not trust my life to another; but, doctor, you have forgotten to bring a napkin to staunch the blood. If you will have the goodness to ascend to my sleeping chamber, at the right of the hall, you will find everything you need for that purpose in the bureau. I did not dare to tell the doctor, he had been reading before being disturbed by the summons. But after a time my interest succumbed to drowsiness, and I thought of retiring, when the clock in the doctor's study adjoining the parlor struck twelve; so I determined to wait a few moments more, feeling that he would be home now very soon. I closed my book, donned a robe de chambre' let down my hair, and then returned to my seat to patiently wait and listen. Not the faintest sound disturbed the stillness of the night. Not a breath of air stirred the leaf. The silence was so profound that it became oppressive. I longed for the sharp click of the gate-latch and the well known step on the gravel walk. I did not dare to break the hush myself by moving or singing. I was so oppressed by the deep stillness. The human mind is a strange torturer of itself, I began to conjure up vivid fancies about ghostly visitants, in the midst of which occurred to me the stories I had heard from superstitious people about the troubled spirits of those who had died suddenly like them whom my servants had gone to 'wake,' who had been kill'd by an accid'nt at the a'm. In the mid of these trysting reflections I was startled by a stealthy footfall on the piazza. I listened between fear and hope. It might be the doctor. But no, he would not tread like that; his step was too soft and cautious for anything less wily than a cat. As I listened again my eyes were fixed on the window blinds. I saw the stats move slowly and softly, and the rays of the moon disclosed a thin, cadaverous face, and bright, glittering eyes peering at me. 'Oh, hor'r! who was it? what was it?' I felt the cold perspiration start at every pore. I seemed to be frozen in my chair. I could not move, I could not cry out; my tongue seemed glued to the roof of my mouth, while the deathly white lips pressed closer, and the great sunken eyes waded d in their gaze about the room. In a few moments the blind closed as noiselessly as it had been opened, and the cautious footstep came toward the door. 'Merciful heav'n!' I cried, in a horror-stricken whisper, as I heard the key turn in the lock, the doctor, in his haste, must have forgotten to withdraw the key."

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"How easy it is to be neat—to be clean! How easy it is to arrange the rooms with the most graceful propriety! How easy it is to invest our homes with the greatest elegance! Elegance resides not with the upholsterer or the draper; it exists in the spirit presiding over the apartments of the dwelling. Contentment must always be most grateful; it sheds serenity over the scenes of its abode; it transforms a waste into a garden. The homes lighted by those intimations of a noble and brighter life, may be wanting in much which the discontented desire; but to its inhabitants it will be a palace far outvying the Oriental in brilliancy and beauty."

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THE DUNKERS.

A Curious Sect and Curious Customs.

"Dunker," says a correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, from the German word dunken, to dip or duck a word used in familiar, conversational German. The German Baptists immerse their converts in a manner wholly peculiar. They take the convert down to the water's edge, always to a river or running stream, none of your new fangled warm church cisterns and have him kneel down in the water. Then the preacher takes him by the back of the neck and dips him under the water, face foremost, you understand, not backwards, as do other Baptists. They dip him under, face foremost, three times, once in the name of the Father, once in the name of the Son, and once in the name of the Holy Ghost, thus giving him a triple or trine baptism. Hence the nickname Dunker or Ducker.

The men of the church part their hair in the middle, wear both hair and beard quite long, and look like pictures of the old Ptolemaic patriarchs. They wear long hair and beard because the patriarchs and 'postles' did, and are forbidden to crop their hair short or to shave their beard off.

The religious ceremonies which particularly distinguish this from other Christian churches, are kissing, feet-washing and soup-eating. In various places in the New Testament the "holy kiss" and the "kiss of charity" are mentioned; therefore, when these brethren and sisters meet at church they shake hands and kiss. When a brother comes into church he shakes hands and kisses all the brethren, a sister kisses the sisters. I confess it nearly upset my dignity to see these gray bearded old fellows come in and kiss one another, with a sounding smack, all around. I dare say one could get used to it though. The brethren kiss the brethren, and the sisters kiss the sisters.

But they never kiss across. In the matter of greeting colored brethren with the holy kiss the church rules say that inasmuch as some white members have a weakness against kissing colored folks, it is "considered advisable" that the colored brethren put up with that weakness for the present, and excuse the holy kiss until such time as the white brethren become stronger in the faith.

The German Baptists take their children to church, babies and all, in ancient pioneer fashion. There were people in the little meeting house from seventy years to six months old. The old Dunker women have the peerlesslest, prettiest faces I ever saw on any old lady. The faces of the women from the oldest to the youngest, are all so fair and sweet looking. There sat a venerable grandmother with snowy hair and calm, fair face. Beside her a beautiful young mother with her baby, the cutest little bright eyed Dunker baby, a perfect picture of the Madonna and Child. And, if you'll believe me, even that Dunker baby wore on its face the Dunker look of ineffable calm and peace too.

You won't be surprised that the Dunker sisters' faces look fair and unbroken and sweet tempered, when I tell you how they dress. Their dress-up church costume is a plain calico dress and cape, and a gray calico sun-bonnet. The men's dress is of the very plainest cut too. Only think of it, friends. Suppose we could one and all suddenly cut away everything cumbersome and uncomfortable from our dress and from our lives, and have no more overskirts, busties, ruffles, tight boots, tight dresses, tight coats, tight heads or corn doctors; no pearl powder, false hair, false smiles or false hearts, no worry and heartache and scheming to dress as well as this woman or that one, and no wicked envy or spite in our hearts because we can't do it; suddenly to throw all this rubbish aside forever, and be simply natural and comfortable! The very thought of it makes a woman's heart ake to fly away and be a Dunker sister too.

Whatever multiplies the ties that bind man to man makes him better and happier.

If a man could only look at himself with a sober eye when he is drunk he would never drink again.

All minds are influenced every moment, and there is a providence in every feeling, thought and word.

Keep the horrors at arm's length. Never turn a blessing round to see whether it has a dark side to it.

The knowledge of words is the gate of scholarship. The history of a word is often more instructive than the history of a campaign.

Six things are requisite to create "a happy home." Integrity must be the architect and tidiness the upholsterer.

It must be warmed by affection and lighted up with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting glory and canopy, nothing will suffice except the glory of God.

It must be something in the peaceful, simple lives of these women which makes them so eager to look at. It appears to me I never saw so many silk dresses together in a life as I saw in a Cincinnati congregation last Sunday, and yet, among all these elegant ladies I failed to see one face a serene and fair and pure as the faces many of the Dunker sisters that I saw in the rude little church. It must be there is some hidden spell, too, in a straight, light calico dress and gray sun bonnet, for the young Dunker girls, who most wore the world's dress, looked coarse and commonplace beside their mothers in the Dunker costume.

HOW TO BREATHE PROPERLY.

[Rochester Union.]

Most people breathe properly often by accident or instinct than by design, but, on the other hand, hundreds of thousands do not breathe properly, while many thousands at this present moment are suffering from more or less severe affections of the lungs or throat owing to a faulty mode of respiration—in other words, because they breathe through the mouth instead of the nostrils. The mouth has its own functions to perform in connection with eating, drinking and speaking; and the nostrils have theirs, namely, smelling and breathing. In summer the error of respiring through the mouth is not so evident as in the winter season, when it is undoubtedly fraught with danger to the person who commits the mistake. If any one breathes through the natural channels of the nostrils, the air, passing over the mucous membrane lining the various chambers of the nose, becomes warmed to the temperature of the body before reaching the lungs, but if he takes the air between the lips and in the mouth the cold air comes in contact with the delicate lining membrane of the throat and lungs, and gives rise to a local chill frequently ending in inflammation. Many persons, without knowing the reason why they are benefited, wear respirators over their mouth in winter if they happen to go out of doors. By doing this they diminish the amount of air which enters between the lips, and virtually compel themselves to breathe through the nostrils. But they could attain just the same result by keeping the lips closed, a habit which is easily acquired, and conduces to the proper and natural way of breathing. We believe that if people would only adopt this simple habit—in other words, if they would take for their rule in breathing, "Shut your mouth!" there would be an intense diminution in the two classes of diseases, namely: those of the lungs and throat, which count many thousands of victims in this country in the course of a single year.

A little Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, became absorbed in contemplation of the skies. Being asked what she was thinking of she replied: "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be?" Exactly so if the glimpses that we catch here of the sun and moon affords us such glory and joy what

RENCONTRES WITH THE IN-SANE.

A lady was one evening sitting in her drawing room alone, when the only other inmate of the house, a brother, who for a time had been betraying a tendency to unsoundness of mind, entered with a carving knife in his hand, and shutting the door, came up to her and said, "Margaret, and odd idea has occurred to me. I wish to paint the head of John the Baptist, and I think yours might make an excellent study for it. So, if you please, I will cut off your head." The lady looked at her brother's eye, and seeing in it no token of a jest, concluded that he meant to do as he said. There was an open window and a balcony by her side, with a street in front; but a moment satisfied her that safety did not lie that way. So putting on a smiling countenance, she said, "That is a strange idea, George; but would it not be a pity to spoil this pretty new lace tippet I have got? I'll just step to my room to put it off, and be with you again in half a minute."

Without giving him time to consider, she stepped lightly across the floor and passed out. In another moment she was safe in her own room, whence she easily gave the alarm, and the madman was secured.

The story of the gentleman commanded by some insane persons to jump from the top of a tower in their asylum, and who escaped by telling them he would rather jump from the bottom to the top, and ran down stairs as if to execute his intention, is well known; but the following anecdote of a similar situation will be news to most readers: A gentleman accompanying a party to inspect an asylum, chanced to be left behind in the kitchen, with a number of the inmates who acted as cooks and scullions to the establishment. There was a huge caldron