

THE MAIL

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERRE HAUTE, - - MARCH 31, 1877.

THE TABLES TURNED.

To hear of shrinking and timid young men being dragged to the altar by "her" stern relatives, and compelled by the moral suasion of a revolver to slip their necks into the cannibal noose has become so dreadfully monotonous that it is real refreshing to hear of an instance where the sex of the compelled party is reversed. Such a case occurred recently at Bloomington, Illinois. A young gentleman of that city, named Barrows—was devotedly attached to a young lady in Peoria, who led his trusting young heart into the delusion that she reciprocated his passion. But she changed her mind about the desirability of a union with him, and wrote a note to him dissolving the engagement. Many a young man in such a case would have sunk under this harsh blow, and letting

Concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey upon his damask cheek would pine away into the silent tomb. Mr. Barrows did not. He was not of the pining away variety.

He sent a telegram to the recalcitrant fair one, begging her to come at once to his bedside, as he was dangerously ill. Being a woman, she could not refuse to minister to one whom she once regarded tenderly, and whose illness was doubtless caused by her cruelty. She hastened to Bloomington. She was met at the depot by her lover's friend, who conducted her to Barrows house.

There she was astounded to find her lover, apparently enjoying the best of health. Before she had opportunity to inquire into what had effected this miraculous convalescence, the door was looked on her, and she was informed that she had been brought there to marry Barrows. She declined with positiveness; Mr. Barrows produced a revolver and talked sanguinely; she feared for her life, and consented. The obliging friend hurried off for a person before she could again change her mind, and in a few minutes the bonds were as firmly tied as ministerial manipulations could do it. For a day and a night the husband kept his wife locked up with him in the house. At the end of that time she succeeded in escaping and making her way back to Peoria, where she is now preparing to institute proceedings for divorce.

SIGNING RECOMMENDATIONS.

The Indianapolis Journal a few days ago had a sensible and timely editorial concerning the civil service reform and recommendations to office. After referring to the general expectation that the new President will do whatever is possible towards purifying and elevating the civil service, it makes the point that every member of the Republican party is as much interested, both for political and party reasons, in civil service reform as the President is; and that if it is expected of him to remove unworthy men from office and appoint none but good ones in their place, then Republicans should take care how they recommend any but good ones for position. "It is impossible," says the Journal, "that a President should know personally all the men he appoints to office, or that he should even be able to make any very thorough inquiry as to their character or qualifications. He must depend almost entirely on the recommendation of others, either personal friends or political friends whose position he knows and whom he has reason to trust. This being the case it is manifest that a large portion of the responsibility for good or bad appointments falls on the personal and political friends of the President—those who recommend appointments. And this leads us to say that nothing in American politics is subject to greater abuse than this very thing of making recommendations for office. It is at once surprising and humiliating how worthless fellows can get up strong recommendations for office, and how honorable and high minded men will sometimes sign a paper recommending for appointment a person whom in their hearts they despise and whom they know to be utterly unfit or unworthy. Sometimes the paper is signed without knowing the person recommended, and simply because the signer sees the names of others whom he knows and who have probably signed it in the same ignorance and for the same reason; sometimes it is signed upon the request of a person whom the signer does not like to refuse, and sometimes at the request of the applicant himself and because the person applied to has not moral courage enough to decline. In such cases each signature obtained by trickery or through the weakness of the signer gives cumulative strength to the recommendation and makes it easier to obtain the next, until by perseverance and pertinacity a very formidable list of names is obtained. Each signer thinks it is easier to sign than refuse, and so affixes his name while perhaps one half do not know the applicant and the other half know him to be of doubtful character or capacity. This is the way many, if not a majority, of the ordinary recommendations for office are gotten up, and then when the appointment is made the very persons who recommended are among the first to condemn it. The whole system is demoralizing and wrong, unjust to all concerned, and especially so to the appointing power. No man should sign a recommendation for office unless he is willing to go before the President in person and say: "Mr. President, I know this man; I know his appointment will reflect credit on you, on the Republican party and on the public service,

and I therefore recommend and ask it." Thousands of prominent men sign recommendations for persons of doubtful character or qualifications would suffer one of their fingers to be cut off before they would do this. We repeat the whole system is wrong. If Republicans expect the President to make good appointments they must recommend only such, and not deceive and mislead him by affixing their names to papers because they see thereon some other name they know, or simply to get rid of the applicant."

How true is the saying that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin?" Here was a prominent clergyman in Louisville, the other day, who requested the ladies who were making clothing for the inmates of the orphan asylum connected with his church, to make the little girls' dresses with ruffles and overalls, and put bird wings on their hats, and send him the bill for extra expense. He added that it made him sad to see the little ones who had no mother's fingers to dress them tastefully come into church with plain, long, dark clothes, and old style hats that said plainly—we are charity girls, orphans, we don't need to look pretty, and when they shrunk into a corner, to hide their ugly clothes, their eyes peeped wistfully all during service at the bright ribbons and ornaments of the happy children blessed by their parents' love. Did not his words touch a soft spot in everybody's heart? To be sure they did, and who wouldn't gladly cross the street in mud that was pretty deep for the pleasure of shaking hands with such a noble hearted specimen of genuine manhood.

All foreign travelers have remarked upon the superior robustness and health of the English women. An idea of the causes which produce this may be gained from the following account of the habits and dress, and exercises of the daughters of the English Minister Thornton at Washington. They dress with the greatest plainness, their abundant light hair braided and tied with ribbons, their dresses rather short and free from natural expansion, and their shoes, that are not at all diminutive, have soles thicker than any American shoe-maker would dare to make. The miles that they walk, ride, or "pull on the river" are an unfailing source of astonishment to young ladies whose only miles are danced out on waxed floors. In summer or winter, rain, snow, or slush, they are out, taking their exercise, accompanied by their father or governor. At concerts, opera, or the theater, Lady Thornton comes in brave with silk, laces, and jewels; behind are the daughters, with their governess, dressed just as plainly as when out for a walk. In their long beaver cloth sashes and plain broad-brimmed felt hats down over their eyes.

Henrietta Paine Westbrook announces that the farmers of our country consume on the average two and a half wives apiece! Such is the proportion of wife necessary to make one successful farmer. Every prosperous homestead, abounding in well filled barns, fat turkeys, geese and pigs, pumpkin pies, fresh eggs and butter, is attained at the expense of two and a half female funerals. Because the baking and broiling, the Monday's washing and Tuesday's ironing, the daily dusting and scrubbing, the care of poultry, the making of cheese and butter, the regular three meals per day, and the ornamental fringe to the farmer's cuisine of custard, cake, pie and jelly—all these added to the cares and contingencies of maternity—says Mrs. Slocum, who seconds Henrietta P. Westbrook—break down the farmer's wife long before her time, and enables the husband who thrives through her labors to enjoy the luxury of the second and a fractional proportion of the third.

The death of Sarah Felix, elder sister of the great Rachel, is directly attributable to her indulgence in what the ladies call "a good scolding." She was a woman of very high temper. Coming out of the theatre, with a friend, one night, she found that her coach was not waiting. She walked home, and found the coachman lazily harnessing his horses. She rated him sharply, and on entering the house had her irritation heightened exceedingly by the discovery of an ill-trimmed lamp, which filled the whole house with stench. She flamed out against the servant who was responsible for it. She then retired to her bed room, but a moment afterward her servant heard her fall heavily, and running in found her fallen against a dressing-table. She was apparently suffering from a cerebral attack, and was moaning "My head! My head!" She died shortly after.

A Rochester woman wore in the streets a ballroom costume—a dress with short sleeves and low at the bosom. A crowd followed her, and she was arrested for disturbing the public peace. She proved, in court, that she was reputable, and that her conduct in the street was decorous. Her lawyer argued that a dress that might be worn in a ballroom by gait without impropriety was fit to be worn in the street by daylight. She was released; but subsequently, when she made another appearance in the same attire, she was arrested and committed to an asylum for the insane.

Miss Gail Hamilton says gayly that her experience with free passes has been of the most short, slender and spasmodic kind, but so far as it has extended it has been one of unalloyed delight. "It has been one of unalloyed delight," she says, "to pay money for going from place to place, because you want all your money to spend when you get there. I have never yet refused a railroad pass, and Heaven helping me, I never will!"

WHY WOMAN WEDS.

Some close observer of our social relations, having looked about among his married female acquaintances, ventures to give the following list, with an attempt to indicate the real reasons which influence too many to marry. We hope and believe that he is not correct in the proportion he assigns to the right motive for marrying, but we are sure that all the other motives he mentions are more or less influential. He says:

MARRYING FOR A HOME.
Number One married for a home. She got tired of working in a factory, or teaching school, or making dresses, and she thought married life was nothing on earth but moonlight walks, buggy-rides, new bonnets, and nothing to do! Well, she has got her home; whether or no she is tired of the accompanying life, we know, this deponent does not positively know.

CONSULTING FAMILY INTERESTS.
Number Two married because she had seven younger sisters, and a papa with a narrow income. She "consulted the interests of her family." Perhaps she would better have consulted her own interests by taking a light washing, or going out by day to work.

SHE LIKED THE SOUND OF MRS.
Number Three married because Mrs. sounded so much better than Miss. She was twenty-nine years and eleven months old, and another month would have transmuted her into a regular old maid. Think how awful that would have been!

WANTED SOMEBODY TO PAY HER BILLS.
Number Four married because she wanted somebody to pay her bills. Her husband married for precisely the same reason, so they are both of them repenting at leisure.

NOT GOING TO BE LEFT BEHIND.
Number Five married because Fanny White had a nice new husband, and she wasn't going to be left behind! Pity if she couldn't get married as well as other folks!

MARRYING FOR MONEY.
Number Six married because she was poor, and wanted riches. Poor child! she never counted on all the other things that were inseparable from those coveted riches.

SHE LIKED TO TRAVEL.
Number Seven married because she thought she would like to travel. But Mr. Number Seven changed his mind at once, and all the travelling she has done has been between the well and back-kitchen door.

MARRYING OUT OF SPITE.
Number Eight married out of spite, because her first love had taken to himself a second love. This piece of retaliation might have done her good at one time, but in the long run, Number Eight found it did not pay.

NUMBER NINE MARRIED because she had read novels and "wanted sympathy." Sympathy is a fine thing, but it cools down at a rapid rate if the domestic kettle is not kept boiling, and the domestic turkey is under done. Novels and housekeeping don't run well together, and Number Nine's supply of sympathy don't hold out very long.

MARRYING FOR LOVE.
Number Ten married because she loved her husband with all her heart and with all her soul. And she loves him still, and will probably always continue to love him, and is the happiest wife in the world—so she says.

We have the right motive at last—one which, when sanctified by a desire to elevate and improve each other, and to live true and holy lives before God, can not fail to call down the blessings of heaven. But sad is the fate of those who marry from wrong motives—to escape their share of life's work, or to get something for which they have nothing to give in return.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.
Prominent among the wrong motives for marrying is the desire for wealth, or for the luxuries, the privileges, and the ease which wealth is supposed to insure. Wealth is a good thing in itself, and, when rightly used, may be made a source of happiness to its possessor, and of great benefit to the world at large. But the leading motive for forming matrimonial alliances, it almost always proves a snare and curse; and those who succeed in making a pecuniary "good match," generally get misery as well as money—more of the former than of the latter—and learn, too late that cupid is a more dangerous love to peace than any other.

But though woman, under the present system of unjust discrimination between men and women in the distribution of the rewards of industry, is more frequently necessitated, as well as less qualified to struggle with adversity, and more confiding in her nature, and, therefore, under stronger temptations to accept money in place of a heart, yet the strong sex is scarcely less addicted to mercenary designs than the weaker. Fortune-hunting is not confined to one sex, but is pursued with equal zest by both, each eager for a "good match"—in other words, a good bargain. But is it a good bargain, after all? You may have obtained a large pile of gold, but is it an adequate price for a free-born spirit—for a life of love and happiness resigned, and made forever impossible? Mrs. Child says: "I never knew a marriage for money that did not end unhappily. Yet managing mothers and heartless daughters are constantly playing the same unlucky game. I believe that men more frequently marry for love than women, because women think they shall never have a better chance and dread to be dependent. If I may judge by my own observation, marrying for a home is a most tiresome way of getting a living. Prudence will dictate that marriage should not take place till there shall be a reasonable prospect of a comfortable support; but this is not so difficult to attain as many suppose, and, as a rule, need not long delay the happy consummation, where industry and economy are incited to activity by true love, and sustained by the hope of a future happy home."

Christ never forgot that His mother's husband was a mechanic, and he never promised reserved seats in Heaven for those who would be classed with the aristocracy on earth.

ANECDOTE OF FRED DOUGLASS.

There is a story told of Fred Douglass, who has been confirmed United States Marshal of the District of Columbia, that is worth telling now. In 1844 (we believe that was the year) he was in London, and attended a great meeting in Convent Garden and was invited to address it. We do not now recall the occasion of this meeting, but there were present the Earl of Shaftesbury and hundreds of the ablest men of England. At the conclusion of his eloquent speech, Mr. Douglass was personally congratulated before the audience, earls, nobles, and gentry stepping forward and shaking hands with him heartily. Among those who came forward to patronize the colored man was the Rev.—but no, we will not mention the name, suffice it, he was an eminent divine of the city of Brooklyn. As he approached, Mr. Douglass drew himself up to his full height, and said: "Sir, were we to have met under similar circumstances you would never have ventured to take my hand, and you shall not do it here." The effect was electrical. The reverend brother drew off, and soon after left the garden. Nor was there any more to be said all London that, after the Convent Garden affair, he was invited to fill; and it is believed it hastened his return to America, for that followed soon after. Probably Douglass has forgot the old bitter past now, and would greet the Brooklyn divine heartily, and introduce him to the President with the grace of a courtier.

WHAT THE CARS SAY.

[Bret Harte.]
Having raised my window curtain to look over a moonlit snowy landscape as I pulled it down the lines of a popular comic song flashed across me. Fatal error! The train instantly took it up, and during the rest of the night it was haunted by this awful refrain: "Pull down the bell-lid, pull down the bell-lid; somebody's kink kink. O don't be shoo-shoo!" Naturally this differs on the different railways. On the New York Central, where the bell is quite perfect and the steel rails continuous, I have heard this irreverent train give the words of a certain popular revival hymn after this fashion: "Hold the fort, for I am Sankey. Moody slingers still, wave the swish swish back iron klinky, klinky klanky klink." On the New York and New Haven, where there are many switches, and the engine whistles at every crossroad, I have often heard "Tommy make room for your whoop, that's a little clang, bumpity, bumpity boopy, cickety, cickety clang." Poetry, I fear, is a little better. One starling night, coming from Quebec, as we slipped down the forest, the mingling lines of Evangeline flashed upon me. But all I could make of them was this: "This is the forest primeval; the groves of the pines and the hem locks locks-locks-locks!" The train was only "slowing" or "braking" up at a station. Hence the jar in the metre.

A FRESH SCANDAL IN NEW YORK.

[New York Correspondence of the Springfield Republican.]
One of the sensations of the season has grown out of the infatuation of a young woman with Gough, the leading actor of the Fifth Avenue Theater. She is an heiress to one of the largest fortunes in the city, and, unfortunately, is the wife of a German nobleman, who met and won her while serving his country in a diplomatic capacity. She is a superb blonde; her rosy complexion and golden hair set off by sparkling black eyes, are seen when the theatre is accessible, apparently unconscious of everybody except the handsome actor whom she delects with eager and greedy attention. She leans from this box to see him, and when he seems for the moment to forget her presence, she utters a little appealing cough. Altogether, it is too much, for so much, for the gravity of a respectable New York audience, and people have begun to throng the theatre to see a play not put down on the bill. It is said that the handsome actor receives numerous *billets doux* from his charming persecutor, with bouquets and other presents, all of which, like a model husband and virtuous actor, he, of course, hands over to his wife. But one would like to have the German husband's version of the affair translated into idiomatic English.

LAWYERS' EXTORTIONATE FEES.

[New York Mail.]
What a time some of the newspapers are making about lawyers! After allowing the lawyers to make the laws for a whole century; after looking upon lawyers as a kind of demigods, far too wise and good for ordinary comprehension; after running to lawyers with thousands of foolish complaints that three grains of common sense might have settled in three minutes; after paying lawyers thousands where other professional men asking tens would have been kicked out of doors; after enacting statutes drawn always by lawyers that make it impossible for any except lawyers to fill the more important offices; after submitting to taxes and fees until a man instinctively puts his hand in his pocket when he meets a lawyer on the street; after accepting the doctrine that no business man is a man unless he has retained his private lawyer; after so abnegating so completely that one dare not make a bargain or draft a will without consulting a lawyer, the trodden worm of a layman has risen in his wrath and begins to use hard words about lawyers! He even has the astounding presumption to ask why lawyers should have a thousand dollars for a day's work, when a doctor with seven ounces more brains, twice as much common sense, and one, too, who can beat the lawyer out of sight in dog Latin, is satisfied with ten dollars a day. It is a conundrum too deep for us, and so we give it up.

Passion costs too much to bestow it upon every trifles.

What can we wish that is not found in God? Would we have large possessions? He is immensity. Would we have long continuance? He is eternity itself. Would we be perfectly and forever satisfied? We shall be when we awake in His likeness.

An Honest Medicine.

Of all medicines calculated to cure affections of the throat, chest and lungs, we know of none we can begin to recommend so highly as Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Tickling in the Throat, loss of voice, &c. It does positively cure, and that where everything else has failed. No medicine can show one half so many positive and permanent cures as have already been wrought by this wonderful remedy. For the Asthma and Bronchitis it is a perfect specific, curing the worst cases in the shortest time possible. We would say by all means give it a trial. Three doses will relieve the worst case. Trial bottles free. Regular sizes \$1.00. For sale by Groves & Lowry.

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Office and residence on corner of 13th and Chestnut streets, three streets east of Vandeventer depot. Visits made to the country, if required.
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Office, 21 Main street, near Seventh. Extracting and artificial teeth specialties. All work warranted.
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Dental Room, 157 Main Street, near 6th.
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Nitrous Oxide Gas administered for pain in Tooth Extraction.

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Office, 119 Main Street, over Sage's old confectionery stand.
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The popular Grocer, on north Fourth street between Cherry and Main street, keeps on hand at all times a large and well selected stock of Groceries, Canned Goods, confections, &c., and will pay the highest price either in cash or trade, for all kinds of country produce.

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HEAVY AND FANCY GROCERIES,
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Corner of 4th and Cherry. Makes country produce a specialty.

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Main Street, between Eighth and Ninth. TERRE HAUTE, IND.
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PROF. T. E. GUTHRIE,

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Is ready at all times to furnish music for all occasions, at the lowest rates. Leave orders on the corner of 12th and Main Sts., TERRE HAUTE, IND.

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Buys hogs every day in the year, "cash up and no grunting." On south Fourth street, one half square south of the market house, one door south of H. W. W. house. All I ask is to try me. Trade with me once and you will trade with me again.

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ANDREW RODERUS.

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Has removed to the flat 11 room, formerly occupied by Dr. Byers and attached to Woodruff's grocery store, on the corner of 12th and Main, where his many customers can find him at a neat, comfortable and ready to do the best of work in his line at all times. He also makes a specialty of a hair restorative which he warrants in all cases.

SOMETHING NEW.

MR. LAWRENCE, the well known Barber, between 6th and 7th, on Main, has removed his place of business to the second door east of 6th street depot, south side, where, as usual, he has a first class Counter and Barber Shop and would be pleased to see all his old friends.

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All work warranted to give satisfaction.

Commissioner's Sale.

By virtue of a certified copy of a Decree, to me directed, from the United States Circuit Court, for the District of Indiana, I will, on
Wednesday, April 4th, 1877,
between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., sell at public auction, for sale, for sale at public auction, the rents and profits, for a term not exceeding seven years, of the following described Real Estate, to-wit:
The west half of the southeast quarter of section No. eleven (11), and fifty-six acres of the north end of the east half of the southeast quarter of section No. eleven (11), and also the south half of the north west quarter of section No. thirteen (13), all in Township twelve (12) north of Range nine (9) west, in the County of Vigo, and State and District of Indiana, and upon failure to realize a sum sufficient to satisfy the demand, I will, at the same time and place, and in like manner, offer for sale the fee simple for the same.

Ordered to be sold as the property of Samuel Milligan, in the case of Jonathan Edwards, Trustee, versus Samuel Milligan and Malinda Milligan, his wife, and others, and without any relief whatever from valuation or appraisement laws, and subject to statutory redemption. BEX. J. SPOONER, March 2, 1877. (10-38) Special Commissioner.

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