

THE MAIL

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERRE HAUTE, - - AUGUST 18, 1897

P. S. WESTFALL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TWO EDITIONS

Of this Paper are published.

The FIRST EDITION, on Friday Evening has a large circulation in the surrounding towns, where it is sold by newsboys and agents.

The SECOND EDITION, on Saturday Evening, goes into the hands of nearly every reading person in the city, and the farm ers of this immediate vicinity.

Every Week's Issue is, in fact, TWO NEWSPAPERS, in which all advertisements appear for ONE CHARGE.

A DRAFT has been ordered in Turkey.

Those strapping Nashville barbers are on a strike. They should join the new Wig party.

The Turk who don't want to obey the draft can represent himself as an Asia Minor.

The illness of Senator O. P. Morton has reached a very grave situation, and it is feared he cannot live long.

The editor is spending a couple of weeks in the eastern cities looking up new features for The Mail the coming year.

The Maine Democrat turns sick at the stomach at the idea of inflation; the Ohio Democrat can't sleep without more inflation.

Every editor who can not manufacture a pun on the war now steals one from the exchanges and is Russian it into print.

"Butler would be a Moses rather than a Caesar." If so, he must radically change his motives. The Patriarch of the Israelites worked for the people; while Butler works for himself.

Boasts of long freight trains by local journals must now cease, a locomotive on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern road having pulled recently one hundred and eight cars from Laporte to Chicago.

F. M. Lacy, a former student of Asbury University, has presented the college with a valuable collection of Japanese specimens, consisting of minerals, woods, vegetable products etc. which he acquired during a two years' residence in that country.

In various parts of the country camp meetings are in progress. An idea has been held for some time that the old fashioned camp meeting was a thing of the past; but the numerous gatherings under the sylvan shades last year and this year would seem to show that the custom is even more popular than ever.

We are glad to see that our suggestion in regard to the formation of militia companies has received the attention it deserved. We notice that efforts are being made in many of the towns throughout the State to organize companies, and have little doubt but the undertakings will meet with prompt and enthusiastic encouragement.

The fact that free labor was regarded as a disgrace has been the curse of the South. The Democratic party now pretends to befriend free labor in the north, yet it is the same party which has championed the aristocracy among whom this free labor was a disgrace. This is about what was to be expected of a party which in Maine wants contraction and in Ohio wants inflation.

On the 11th of September will begin the Twelfth Annual Fair and Exposition of the Vigo Agricultural Society. The people of the city should co-operate heartily with those of the county to make the fair an attractive success. The fair is one means of keeping business pushing and of drawing crowds—an important consideration. But above this we owe it to ourselves to maintain the reputation of Harrison Prairie as the best agricultural region in the State. In order to do this we must bring the agricultural people together in sharp competition on the actual merit of their goods, and encourage the production of the very best or everything.

Mr. Ruskin is reported as saying that in the last twenty years much more general progress has been made in the appreciation of good music than in the knowledge and love of good pictures. If Mr. Ruskin could tell us just what the advancement has been in each during that time it would be exceedingly interesting and, we doubt not, encouraging to hear it. And if this Seer of the Beautiful could look forward with the eye of prophecy another twenty years and reveal to us the progress the world will make in the knowledge and appreciation of literature, art and science during that period, the revelation would probably be far more gratifying.

Maurice Thompson, the Crawfordsville lawyer, archer and poet, has been "summer sauntering" in the Michigan lumber region, and this is what he saw, as told in a letter to the Indianapolis Journal: "No State in the Union," he says, "from Florida to these lakes holds so large a body of almost worthless lands as does Michigan. From the beautiful and flourishing manufacturing city of Grand Rapids, to the terminus of the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad at Petoskey, not one really fine farm is within the sight of the traveler. Wild tamarac swamps, alternating with pine

and cedar-covered hills; poor, stumpy or stony farms; little, comfortable, God-forsaken houses; rickety saw mills, tucked away in all sorts of preposterous places; lank, liver-covered men and sad-faced women; lily-clad and dirty, tow-headed children—these are the features, the prominent striking features of the Michigan lumbering region." We venture the prediction that if Maurice ever travels that way again it will be in an impenetrable incognito.

CHAUNCEY ROSE died on Tuesday evening, 18th August. When a rich man dies, the inquiry is, "What did he have." But in this instance, good answer can also be given to those other questions, "What did he do?" and "What kind of a man was he?" It is not a sudden and shocking death, but the decease of a man ripe in years, whose time had been stretched considerably beyond the three score years and ten, and whose physical strength kept him alive long even after it was thought that his time had come. He was a man of deeds, not words. His kindness of heart, and the grand usefulness of his life, have fitting tribute in the grateful remembrance of our citizens.

If we must have fiction, let us have the best. It is encouraging to see that really meritorious works seem to be more popular of late than the "trash." Munro now issues the standard writings as his "ten cent novels." The Lakeside Company and the Seaside Company publish the works of the best writers of fiction. Serials written by standard authors are printed in very many of the weekly papers which come to our table. These things show not merely that publishers are trying to elevate the public taste, but that there is a demand for the better class of such writings, which it is for them to fill. Thus the shallow imitator must stand aside to make room for the real thinkers—for the close students of human nature.

It is quite beyond explanation, how editors when prejudiced can misrepresent people. Beecher said something in a sermon on the strike, about bread and water, and was accused of asserting that these were good enough for a laboring man; but he even took the pains to deny it and explain what he really did say. Yet half the papers in the country keep harping on Beecher's bread and water. Then again, the telegraph reports Rev. Joseph Cook as complaining that the railroad magnates by running trains on Sunday demoralized and overworked their employees. But up pops an editor "hard up" for subjects on which to write editorials, and makes fun of Cook on the ground that he said the strike was a judgment for running trains on Sunday—an entirely different proposition.

MANY wild and visionary schemes for the amelioration of the laboring man's condition are just now being thrust upon public attention by shallow-brained blatherskites which are not worthy of a moment's thought. There is one plan, however, that of arbitration which is entitled to respectful consideration. Where it has been fairly tried it has worked well. Beginning in the hosiery trade in England nearly twenty years ago, the method has extended generally over the iron and coal trade of England and Wales. A great deal of practical good has resulted from it. In some cases a large advancement in wages has been awarded by the board of arbitration while at other times wages were reduced, and as in the first instance the proprietors had stood by the rise, so in the latter, the men stood by the fall. This method of settling labor troubles has not yet been as extensively attempted in this country as its merits deserve and we hope to see it grow in popular favor. It is a reasonable and peaceful method and one which is peculiarly calculated to succeed in this country where intelligence is so generally diffused throughout the laboring masses.

A FEW COMMON MISTAKES.

Perhaps there are few things more certain than that too many young men nowadays rush into what are termed "the learned professions." They do so because they labor under several false impressions in regard to professional life. Many of them think it is comparatively easy, almost certainly lucrative and eminently respectable. As to the first, no mistake could be greater. Take the lawyer as an example. If successful he is a hard and incessant worker. He is perplexed and harassed beyond expression. He carries a weight upon his mind, which it is not easy to get rid of. A lawyer in good practice told the writer that he dreamed over his cases every night. He did not want to do so but he could not help it. The popular impression that lawyers earn their fees easily is a great delusion. All this is true in a modified form of physicians. The strain upon a doctor in large practice is terrible. It's work day and night and every day and night. There is no escaping it. The call comes and he is obliged to answer it. The sick and dying are awaiting and, whether sick or well himself, he must attend them. His sleep is disturbed and broken and, unless his system is capable of withstanding an immense strain, he will sooner or later break down.

The next mistake is in regard to the profits of professional life. And here it may be admitted that lawyers and physicians who have attained a large practice, frequently realize handsome incomes. But is seldom if ever true that there are not several other men in the community, merchants, manufacturers, business men of one kind or another, whose incomes greatly exceed those of the foremost professional man. Then again it is to be remembered that the majority of professional men never

achieve anything more than a moderate living and, in a great many cases, not that; and many a man who has dragged out a laborious life as a mediocre lawyer might have made three or four times as much in some calling for which he was naturally better suited. Besides this overcrowding of the professions causes the young members to undergo a long and hard struggle before they obtain a foothold. In many instances the struggle continues for years before the severity of the trial is ended. It is something akin to the experience which Hawthorne underwent and which he so beautifully pictures in a letter to his friend Bridge: "I sat down by the wayside of life, like a man under enchantment, and a shrubby sprang up around me, and the bushes grew to be saplings, and the saplings became trees, until no exit appeared possible, through the entangling depths of my obscurity." How often does the shrubby seem to be growing up around the young professional man while his companions in more active pursuits are hastening on to success and competency!

Then as to respectability. Let us have done with this foolish notion that one business is any more or less respectable than another. Each is respectable if we make it so; otherwise, not. In truth, respectability usually attends success and never waits upon failure. So that even if it is this element that is sought it is far from certain that it is not to be found in commerce, agriculture or mercantile business rather than in professional life. It is a false notion, too, that the active practice of a profession allows of more spare time for mental culture and discipline than other pursuits. If professional men as a rule are more cultivated in art and literature than others, (a proposition which we are far from asserting) it is only because they have had stronger natural inclinations in that direction and have made a better use of their opportunities than men in other pursuits and not because their opportunities have been more favorable.

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

The business prospect is steadily and daily improving. There can be no doubt of this. The crops throughout the West, Northwest and South have been so far much beyond the average, while there is an excellent prospect for those yet in the fields. It is estimated that when the entire crops of these sections are put into market each State will realize a clear revenue of \$25,000,000 over and above the ordinary returns. Such a surplus will go far towards accelerating the wheels of commerce. It will carry comfort and happiness to thousands of homes and banish the spectre of want and deprivation.

In New York the indications are that the fall trade this year will be the largest since 1873. The Herald, after an interview with many of the leading business men, says the conviction of the great majority of them is that business will be better than it has been for several years past and they feel cheerful and hopeful. "The indications are that the country is rounding slowly to better times," says one of them. Southern buyers have already made their appearance and a larger Southern trade is expected than for any year since the war.

Of course nothing sudden and extraordinary is looked for by sagacious and careful business men. They know better than to expect an instantaneous change or even to desire it. Relief must, in the very nature of things, come gradually. "Rounding slowly to better times," expresses it admirably. Patience, hope, confidence, these are the qualities to be exercised, now. When we are fully satisfied that times are not getting any worse we shall pretty soon be satisfied that they are getting better. And when we are once quite sure that we are on the upward grade, confidence will speedily return, energy quicken, and the wheels of commerce begin to go round again with something of their old time velocity. The outlook is certainly encouraging and, on the whole, satisfactory.

THE GRANDEUR OF TIME.

The generations of the earth—how many have there been? Is there any that can count them? Traces of man's presence are found by the truthful student of nature in strata upon whose decay lies the debris of countless ages. The people of this earth have been as the sands of the sea-shore; and almost every individual of all the mighty hosts who remain as the piled-up mummies of Egypt and Peru and India, every plain-dweller on the wide stretches of Asia, every dusky member of the multitudes of Africa, each one from the throngs which once peopled ancient America and prehistoric Europe, whose very bones have gone back to the elements long ago—every one of these many millions had in his breast the spirit of progression, of at least maintenance or better, and of, let us say, improvement, even though it were from a selfish motive. And yet where are we to-day?

The very idea of a God, a being who looks down with an eye of ever-watchful but unlimited patience, is sublime. The thought of a Being whose source is from everlasting, and who watches these toiling millions coming and going—watching them without haste or anxiety, waiting in that divinity to whom eternity is but a day—is the grandest and most awe-inspiring theme that can take possession of the human soul.

And now when we picture in our minds this infinite Being as overlooking, and as having seen the birth of the world itself, and witnessed its slow successive changes, we can think of Him as one who regards not time, who counts not the years, and who reckons the hu-

man race only by generations. Then in grasping one more idea, that of a millennium, the mind must not only reach backward among the long past ages, but must bound forward toward an indefinite time that we can not yet see, and which we can only hope for as representing perfection. The Bible teaches such an idea, and the prophets of Israel foretold it. The desire for ultimate perfection is one that is universal, including in more or less degree all hearts. Infidel and skeptic, Christian and pagan, savage and idolater—all, vaguely though it be, look forward to some golden era far away in the dim future, when the best is to be realized.

Such happy state we choose to call Millennium. And now it is but natural to clothe this infinite Ruler, whom we have just considered, with a great purpose, which is that of attainment, gradual, and to the human mind immeasurably slow, though it be, toward this millennium. This makes it even more easy for us to think of Him as reckoning the millions of mankind only by generations.

Childhood counts the very days eventful; but gray-haired age sees only the few major points of interest that have been included in three-score years. Thus must be a faint realization of the comparison between the conception of time and events as seen by the human mind and by the Infinite.

Speculation on the character and mode of manifestation of the Almighty belongs to the sects. But now considering only His unfathomable existence and this one stupendous purpose, how little and simple must be to Him the things that to us are so great in our lives! The everyday worries and triumphs which rack our brains and seem so big to us, are of no consequence. His consideration, as regards our relation to that grand future culmination, is only the part each one plays in the real struggle—the niche each fills in the whole immense system.

After such retrospect we can now conceive of this Deity as appointing tasks for men, and on their failing to fulfill them he don't compel them to do so, but merely gives the work to somebody else. If this generation are enervated by the vices of the preceding one, it is a different matter, but if we waste ourselves, if we give ourselves up to pleasure and lust and idle vanities, if we live as the inhabitants of ancient Pompeii evidently did without even the redeeming traits of the Spartans and Phœnicians, if we weaken before the little tasks imposed upon us, God is not going to send angels to help us—he will merely wait for another generation. He may send to us Jonahs. He may provide the tools and the directors for our work in the vineyard, but if we refuse to dig and prefer to lie dreaming in the shade he will not take up the spade and do the work himself; he is in no hurry; he has plenty of men and will have plenty more; he can afford to let us do and get out of the way.

If this Ordainer appoints any certain man for some extra task in the great work, and that man turns out to be a bigot or a drunkard or a libertine or a miser, his gifts will shine just as clearly in some other man a hundred years hence. This infinite patience tries one after another. Here is one that would give a great impetus toward that golden realization, but some trifling and unnecessary defect turns him aside among the little nothings which stand outside of the one great purpose. Here are another and another and another, each well fitted for the work, but each showing some fault. What is to be done? Shall the worm eaten and wind blown orchard be trained and cultivated? No, there is plenty of time, the Gardener will just root out the whole, and plant new trees. He will try another generation. Each may be better than the last, but none are yet perfect.

We worry sometimes as to the hundreds of drunken drones that defile the streets of our cities; the vile wretches who in every land are postponing the millennium; the consumers who are not producers; and above all the worse than worthless women who are poisoning the race with scrofula. What is to be done with all these? The solution is easy—they'll all die off!

This is a terrible sight, and in contemplation of such seemingly endless succession of generations, the mind stoops low in humility. It must have been in such feeling that the song was written, the favorite one of Abraham Lincoln, "O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud, A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave, Man passes from life to his rest in the grave. The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade, Be scattered around and together be laid; And the young and the old, and the low and the high, Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie."

Akin to this feeling also was that in which was penned that old song, "Where, where will be the birds that sing, A hundred years to come? The flowers that now in beauty spring, A hundred years to come? Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth, And childhood, with its heart of truth; The rich, the poor, on land and sea; Where will the mighty millions be, A hundred years to come?"

The attraction of to-morrow is a lecture in the morning at the Congregational church and another in the evening at Centenary, both by Col. A. B. Meehan, remembered by all as having narrowly escaped the massacre of the U. S. Commissioners which led to the war with the Modoc Indians. Notwithstanding the terrible wounds he received, his object is a missionary one, to speak in behalf of the peace policy and for Christian dealing with the Indians, and to inform the people on the true standing of the red man.

A CURIOUS FAMILY.

Five Persons Leading a Secluded Life Who Will Not Marry.

The Times and Dispatch of Reading says: "Albany, the township of snakes and catamounts, possesses one of the most curious families in the country, whose history is quite remarkable. Known as the name of the family, which consists of five persons, four old bachelors and one old maid, brothers and sisters, who are bound together by the most affectionate ties and refuse to be separated. The sister is in her seventieth year, and is noted for her excellent management, wielding a great influence over her younger brothers, who range in age from fifty to sixty-five years, the youngest being upward of fifty years old. They are all over six feet tall, possessed of herculean frames. The farm upon which they live has been handed down over a hundred years, and was acquired by the ancestors over a century ago. Their house was erected more than one hundred years ago, after the style of the first settlers, split logs for a floor, filled up with clay. They do all their own work, and are neat and clean in all they do. Their farm is in excellent condition, and produces annually large crops. They do not have their horses shod in the winter, only in the summer. In winter the shoes are removed, and the horses are not taken further than to water. They carry all their grain to the mill and back on their shoulders, never using the horses for this purpose. The barn roof and a number of the out-buildings are thatched with straw. The family is much respected, and is reported to be wealthy. A sister who married a number of years ago has been utterly discarded, her singular brothers and sister having paid her the portion to which she was entitled out of her father's estate, and will have no further intercourse with her. This curious family resides near Wesserville, in Albany township, and have never been out of the township. They are said to have relatives in Philadelphia whom they have never seen or visited."

WANTED TO SUIT HIS CUSTOMER.

[Oil City Derrick.]

"Cut my hair," said a customer, as he seated himself in a barber's chair, "and be sure you let it run down the back of my neck," referring, of course, to the particular style of the cut.

The barber was a Western artist, having lately arrived in Oil City from St. Louis. After clipping away for some time he concluded that perhaps the hair wasn't running down his customer's neck as fast as that individual might desire it—although for the life of him he couldn't see why he should want it to run down at all—and when a quantity had accumulated inside his shirt collar, the accommodating barber shoved it down and out of sight with the handle of the brush.

This performance repeated two or three times, and the customer began to realize what was going on. Henceforward he took a lively interest in the proceedings. He said:

"What in the name of the bird with the broad and sweeping wing are you doing?"

"It didn't seem to run down," said the barber, apologetically, "and so I crammed it down with the brush."

The customer acted like a man who had just made the discovery that a rat had built her nest between his shoulder blades and had kittens there; so he yelled:

"Cram your crammed head to crammation!" and then turning a double summersault out of his chair he kicked at the reflection of the barber in the looking glass, and fell to knocking it for ways for Sunday.

While he was knocking the daylight out of the barber in the seventy-dollar looking glass the barber in the flesh escaped.

DOWN AT THE HEEL.

"Down at the heel" is an expression frequently applied to individuals in the first stages of poverty. There is more significance in it than most people suppose, for almost invariably one of the first indications of the downward course of a man toward the region of impecuniousness, is a neglect, intentional or involuntary, of the heels of his boots, and the dissipation of the extreme lower portion of his nether integuments. Why this is so is not readily explained. None of our social economists have undertaken to explain the mystery. All we know is that it is one of the almost certain premonitions of coming insolvency. A man in prosperous circumstances is rarely down at the heel while one whose fortunes are waning, and especially if his mishaps have been caused by indulgences in drink, almost invariably, Thackeray says: "Poverty seems disposed, before it takes possession of a man entirely, to attack his extremities first; the coverings of his feet, head and hands are his first prey."

SHABBY-GENTEEL PROVERBS.

A patch well put on is as good as a new shoe.
A paper collar never goes to the wash.
Always put off till to-morrow what you cannot pay to-day.
In a shower of rain an old hat looks as good as a new one.
The man who goes often to the tailor gets the account at last.
Half a pair of gloves is better than none at all.
It is a short bill that has no renewal.
Never leave off a brass chain till you get a gold one.
Level boot heels and a light heart always go together.

WHAT TO EAT IN SUMMER.

Dr. W. H. Vail publishes an article on Summer diet, and makes the following argument:

"God, in his providence, has stocked the polar regions with the seal, the whale and the bear; all the personification of fat and oil—while vegetation is comparatively unknown. On the other hand, as you approach the tropics, oranges, bananas, lemons, and all our luscious fruits greet you on every hand, and vegetation runs wild. This disposition of Providence teaches us—that our appetites confirm—that in cold weather our diet should consist mainly of oily substances, or such food as is converted into fat by the process of digestion; while in the Summer we should select such articles of diet as are not convertible into fat. Dr. Vail adds that vegetation, the edible parts of which ripen underground, such as potatoes, carrots and parsnips, are heat producing, while those that ripen above the ground are cooling. The latter, including especially asparagus, lettuce, peas, beans, tomatoes, corn and all fruits, should be freely eaten. Meat should not be eaten oftener than twice a day, and lean is preferable. He particularly recommends tomatoes."

There is not a joyful boy or an innocent girl buoyant with fine purposes of duty, in all the street full of eager and rosy faces, but a clinic can chill and dishearten with a single word.

HOBERG, ROOT & CO.,
OPERA HOUSE.

Decided Bargains!

Now is the time to buy

BLACK SILKS!

BLACK CASHMERES!

Black Alpacas!

LARGE STOCK!

LOW PRICES!

BLACK ALPACAS, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 50c per yard.

BLACK CASHMERES, all-wool, 40 inch wide, 65, 75, 85c and \$1.00 per yard.

BLACK GROS GRAIN SILKS! Particular attention is invited to this the

LARGEST STOCK OF BLACK SILKS EVER SHOWN IN TERRE HAUTE, and at prices lower than they have ever been sold.

They were all bought by our Mr. Root at forced sales for cash and will be sold at a small advance over cost.

Elegant Black Silks at 1.00, 1.15, 1.25, 1.35, 1.50, 1.60, 1.75 and \$2.00.

Many of the sets can never be replaced at the price.

HOBERG, ROOT & CO.
OPERA HOUSE.

Wanted.

WANTED—A SITUATION AS TEACHER, having experience, license and a good recommendation. Address MARY A. PARKER, Terre Haute, Ind.

WANTED, A SITUATION BY A GERMAN girl in a good family, to do general housework or as nurse girl. Call at 205 South Eleventh street.

SURE POP ON BURGERS. Assured wanted to secure a BURGERS. (7 varieties) and small. Can be placed on any door or window, and we do a business to open without the usual housework. Burgers are in place, (caps and all complete, ready for use), with illustrated circular, sent upon receipt of 50c each. County rights for sale. Address, BURGERS ALBANY CO., 100 State Block, INDIANAPOLIS.

WANTED—SITUATION—I WANT A Situation as a helper. I have a set of tools, and will work with or without tools, or will sell them. Address HENRY N. EASTON, City.

WANTED TO BUY INDIAN RELICS. Mound-builders' Implements and Geological specimens. Call at Mail office or address Lock Box, 1855, Terre Haute, Indiana. Jy28-6m

LOVERS KEEP YOUR SECRETS. RE- ceipis for INVISIBLE INK. (7 varieties) mailed for 12 cents in stamps. Address VARIETY INK CO. Indianapolis, Ind.

WANTED—ALL TO KNOW THAT THE SATURDAY EVENING MAIL has a large circulation than any newspaper published in the State, outside of Indianapolis. Also that it is carefully and thoroughly read in the homes of its patrons, and that it is the very best advertising medium in Western Indiana.

For Sale.

FOR SALE—A YOUNG FRESH HALF Alderney cow, from deep milking stock. Over stock reason for selling. T. HULMAN, north of town.

FOR SALE ON EASY TERMS, OR IN exchange for real estate in Terre Haute, 100 acres of timberland in one body, 4 miles southwest of Casey, Ills. Apply to G. Kerckhoff, No. 10, 12 south Fifth Street, Terre Haute, Indiana.

FOR SALE—ALDERNEY BULL—SIX- teen months old, fawn color, handsome and good size. His dam is a superior cow. I. V. PRESTON, P. O. Box 167. 14-41

FOR SALE OR TRADE—THREE GOOD Houses and lots, unimproved, for sale, or to trade for a good farm. Address Box 62, or call at No. 124 south Sixteenth street.

FOR SALE—THE PROPERLY KNOWN "TUTTLE MILLS," at Ellsworth, Indiana, consisting of flouring mill, five run of burrs, and all the necessary machinery, warehouse, cooper shop, dry lot, sixty acres of ground with several dwelling houses, for sale at one-half its value on long credit. For terms or any information in regard to the property apply to E. R. RYANT, Agent Adams Express Co., Terre Haute, Ind.

FOUND—THAT WITH ONE STROKE OF the pen you can reach, with an advertisement in the Saturday Evening Mail, almost every reading family in this city, as well as the residents of the towns and country surrounding Terre Haute.

KÜSSNER
Palace of Music213 OHIO STREET,
North Side of the Public Square,
Sells the best and cheapest

ORGANS

—AND—

PIANOS
—IN THE
WORLD.

CALL AND SEE!

PIANOS and Organs for rent and sale; easy monthly payments.