

The Saturday Evening Mail.

Vol. 9.—No. 3.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 13, 1878.

Price Five Cents

THE MAIL
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.
SECOND EDITION.



Town-Talk.

GO-BETWEENS.
The last few years of the old man's life were not happy ones. He was estranged from his old and life-long friends. He was continually smarting under a sense of injustice, feeling that he had been greatly wronged. He became jealous, fault-finding and a dispenser of discomfort to others. His wife and children sympathized with him, and also became bitter toward old friends, and suspicious of both old and new ones. There was very slight ground for all this unhappiness, and it never would have been but for one of those gadding, talking, tattling busy bodies. There was a little trouble, a very little, and it would have died a natural death in early infancy if it had not been most carefully and constantly nursed by this demon of mischief. She—for in this case the demon was of the feminine gender—would make her call, profess her friendship, offer her sympathy, and then recall all the petty gossip, repeat, in magnified form, everything she had heard said, or that she had heard had been said, or that she had imagined had been said, or thought people wanted to say. By the time her call, usually prolonged to a visitation, was ended, the old man and his family were in doubt whether they had any friends, save this ogre, who seemed to them the most devoted and steadfast friend imaginable. This devil was in their eyes an angel of light. She came and went often enough to keep the wound in their hearts open, and soon it became a chronic, incurable, painful sore, and remained so till the end of life. He might have had a peaceful, happy evening of life among those who respected, and loved him; and were grateful for what he had done for them in earlier and active days. But upon all these real friends he looked with suspicion, and even doubted the sincerity of their declarations of gratitude and friendship, until these declarations ceased, and even the kindly feelings were greatly weakened, if not, in some instances, completely destroyed.

T. T. has never looked upon the face of the one who wrought all this mischief—it was years ago—without an almost irresistible desire to take her by the throat and stop the breath that poisoned the happiness of that man and his household. If there is one spot in the nether world where the flames are hotter than another, T. T. expects to find this woman and her ilk of both sexes scorching there, and if he can get at the stock of brimstone he will throw in an extra handful every time he passes that way.

It is very easy to say that such are not worth minding, that people ought to have sense enough to see through them and let their talk go in at one ear and out at the other. But this is a great deal easier said than done. T. T. has a friend whom he believes to be the "very soul of honor," and he does not believe the story which an enemy told to his discredit; but he cannot help thinking, now and then, what if it were true? The possibility will suggest itself. So of these slanders and gossiping stories that are vended by the mischievous go-betweens of society. They first arouse suspicion, or the thought whether what they say may not be true, and by their constant ding-dong they cause the germ of a suspicion to mature into a belief. They increase their power of evil by acting under the guise of friendship. They warn against false friends by casting down old friends and climbing over them. They do many deeds of real kindness, and thus gain increased power to harm. When the time of affliction came to this old man and his family, she who had been their evil genius was first and foremost in expressions of sympathy and in offers of assistance. She was untiring and self-sacrificing in her efforts to comfort and help. And out of this trouble she came with confirmed confidence, and as "a friend in need," was able to play her devilish work with ten-fold power.

T. T. does not mean to imply that these go-betweens desire to make their

victims miserable. Often they intend to be real friends. Sometimes they are themselves deceived by others. Often they are born gossips who must be tattling all their lives long. T. T. does not intend to imply that the female sex monopolize this species of disagreeable humanity. The worst specimens T. T. ever met were males. But whether male or female, or whatever the cause of their peculiarity, they are the source of untold mischief and misery in society. They destroy confidence in the family physician, or in the trusted adviser in legal affairs. They get into churches and unsettle ministers. They cause bitterness among churches, societies and individuals. They are curses. Out upon the go-betweens, the middle men and women in society.

Topics of the Times.

KILLING THE GOOSE.

The apostles of communism in Ohio have been venting their spleen on the mowing and reaping machines, having destroyed some and posted up threatening notices of their intention to continue the work of burning and smashing up. At Liberty, in this State, on Sunday night, a factory for the manufacture of agricultural implements was destroyed by fire, and at Connersville a building with a number of show wagons in it was burned to the ground. In both cases the fire was supposed to be the work of incendiaries. This kind of business carries us back a hundred years to the time when the weavers of Lancashire, England, burst into the house of poor James Hargreaves and broke his new-born spinning Jenny all to pieces, and soon after secured the country, destroying every carding and spinning machine they could lay their hands on. This warfare of ignorant laborers against cotton weaving machinery continued for some time and resulted in the destruction of Richard Arkwright's largest and most costly mill by a mob of working men, although it was defended by soldiers and policemen. For some time the prejudice was so strong that the weavers would not buy his cotton-thread for their looms, while confessing that it was the best in England. Yet the very machinery which the Lancashire weavers were determined to exterminate has turned out to be the greatest blessing to the working-men because it enables their wives and daughters to be decently clothed in excellent cotton prints at from five to eight cents a yard. And it is the same with all other labor-saving devices. They multiply the comforts and conveniences of life and elevate the condition of the laboring masses. If a mowing machine, for example, deprives ten men, for a time, of a particular kind of employment, it cheapens the cost of bread to thousands. Just in proportion as food and clothing are cheapened by diminished cost of production, is the laborer enabled to get better food and wear better clothes. And the more we can compel the mechanical forces of nature to aid us in producing what we need, the more is labor elevated and the drudgery of it reduced. It is a mistake to suppose that by labor saving machinery the amount of work to be done is lessened. That is not true. Men live better and their increased wants keep up the amount of labor required to the maximum. Suppose all the railroads were blotted out of existence; all transportation would then have to be done by teams and wagons. But would that increase the number of men employed in this line of industry? Not at all. It would be more likely to diminish it. But travel would be practically suspended and the commerce of the country utterly stagnated. In a word, the comfort and happiness of men would be infinitely diminished.

A LOOK AHEAD.

The impression which has been gaining ground in certain minds, namely, that this country has reached the climax of its development and prosperity, and that henceforth its destiny will be a downward rather than an upward one, has only to be confronted with the real state of affairs in order to be utterly dissipated. Nothing is plainer than that the resources of this country are, to a vast extent, yet undeveloped. Take the State of North Carolina, for example. It is an old State. It is two hundred years since it was first settled. Yet, to-day, one third of its territory lies an unbroken forest that plough has never touched. It is not a poor country. On the contrary the higher portion of it has a fertile soil and one of the best climates on the continent. The mountains are filled with the richest minerals and have not yet been invaded by the pick and shovel of the miner. What the population lacks is energy. The inhabitants are a shiftless, easy-going race, content with the commonest necessities of life and not caring to acquire any of the higher comforts of civilization. A New England population in North Carolina would make the State blossom like a great garden. This is not a solitary example. Instances of a similar kind are abundant in the South and West. Our country has not reached the zenith of

her glory yet. The present trouble is only temporary. As we have often suggested, there is a surplusage of laborers in the cities and towns. The latter have grown faster than the country. There is an abnormal development. There must be an exodus of labor from city to country. This is going on and has been for some time past. By and bye the equilibrium will be restored and we will enter upon a new era of prosperity and it will be more splendid than that of the past.

A SOCIAL OUTRAGE.

There is one feature of modern weddings that needs reforming about as much as anything we know of and that is the imposition which is practised in the matter of making presents. This abuse has reached such proportions that it has come to be a serious tax upon many persons. Everyone who attends a wedding now-a-days is expected—nay, required—to bring a present with him suited to the occasion and which he procures at no trifling outlay. In many cases the guest would much rather stay away than make an expenditure that he can ill afford, but his relations with the parties will not permit him to do so, nor can he think of going without carrying with him the customary present. The result is, he buys the gift, (?) grinds his teeth and hopes there will not be another marriage in his town for a century. Presently another friend gets married and he goes through the same performance and the thing keeps on until, as we have said, the draft on his purse amounts to a systematic tax which he pays on compulsion. Now if this is not a social outrage what is it? It is a beautiful and appropriate custom run to seed. When two young persons get married it is a fitting occasion certainly for their friends and relatives to manifest their good will and wishes by presenting the happy couple with suitable gifts. So long as these gifts are free and voluntary from the hearts of the givers it is very good and pleasant. Such was the case at first and such gifts the recipients might well prize. But what man or woman of spirit and right feelings would care to receive a gift at such a time which came grudgingly from the hand of the giver and was brought, not from love or friendship, but from the compulsion of an iron social custom? The very idea is horrible. And yet it is done every day and at every modern wedding. For the sake of everybody concerned, this practice can not be too soon broken up, and the way to break it up is for the parties to the marriage to make it distinctly understood that no presents are expected. Such a course would not prevent those who really desire to bring presents, while it would leave others free not to do so—thus restoring the custom to what it originally was and what it ought still to be.

FIFTY-NINE years ago, the first lodge of Masons was organised in this city. Yesterday the event was celebrated, and right royally was it done. The street decorations almost equalled that of the Fourth. In one instance it excelled. That was a beautiful arch of green leaves across Main street at the intersection of Sixth. Early in the morning the Masons of the surrounding country, with their wives and families began arriving. Hundreds of persons took advantage of the excursion rates on the roads, so that by noon the streets were thronged. A lunch, that looked more like a banquet, was spread in the Market House for the visiting brethren, their wives and daughters. The procession in the afternoon was large and imposing—near one thousand Masons being in line—the largest procession of any secret order ever seen on our streets.

At the Opera House Grand Master Van Vaizah called the assemblage to order in a few neatly worded remarks. After prayer by Rev. S. M. Stinson, the Oratorio Society sang in an impressive manner a masonic ode of seven stanzas, written by Judge Long. Then Hon. W. K. Edwards read a complete and interesting history of the order in this city, and Rev. Thomas R. Austin followed with an address on "The Universality, Harmony and Charity of Masonry." The interesting exercises of the day were closed with a reception held by Grand Master Van Vaizah at Armory Hall, which was a pleasant social gathering. The intense heat caused much discomfort, and kept many of the brotherhood out of the procession, but altogether the fraternity have reason to be proud of the manner in which this fifty-ninth anniversary was celebrated.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

The following marriage licenses have been issued since our last report:

Christian Schilling and Mary C. Titus.

John C. Craven and Alice Crandell.

David L. Cottrell and Nancy Tarvin.

Wm. T. Harmon and Margaret Wye.

JACOB MAUKER, an employee of Reinhold Klampf, the brewer, on the Prairie-ton road, in the south part of the city, died very suddenly Thursday morning from congestion of the brain, caused by the excessive heat. His wife and children were on a visit to Greens county.

OLD PAPERS.

We have for sale at this office several hundred old newspapers. They are all straight and clean, and of a respectable and, in some cases, even awe inspiring size. They are highly moral papers at that—many of them religious, in fact. They are done up in handsome packages of one hundred each, and we sell them to parties who know how to appreciate a good thing at fifty cents a hundred. This is dirt cheap; but money is scarce, and we have determined to break up the monotony of dull times and start the wheels of commerce. Besides their excellence for reading purposes, these papers are splendid for wrapping things up. For putting on pantry and closet shelves they can scarcely be equaled, while for lining drawers, modern science has been utterly unable to discover anything at all approaching them. Placed under carpets they are a marvel and a blessing. They make a room cool in summer, and warm in winter. They give to the commonest rag carpet all the luxurious appearance of a body Brussels, while a cheap in-grain is made to appear far superior to the costliest and most elegant tapestry or velvet. And then, whenever these papers are laid down under a carpet, rats, roaches, and every species of vermin, instantly vacate the house never to return! We do not expect the present stock of papers to last long, and our friends who are desirous of securing a few hundred, will do well to call early.

CHURCH NOTES.

Baptist church—Subject of morning address "Japan as a Missionary Field."

Services at 11 a. m. Meeting at Court Park at 7:15 p. m. If weather permits.

C. R. Henderson, pastor.

First Presbyterian church—Public worship at 11 a. m. Preaching at Fort Harrison at 8 p. m. Alex. Sterrett, pastor.

Usual services to-morrow morning and evening at the Congregational church. Preaching by Rev. A. Etheridge.

St. Stephen's—Morning Prayer 10½ a. m. Litany, Sermon, and Celebration of Holy Communion 11 a. m. Even Song, 6 p. m.

Christian Chapel—G. P. Peale, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. Subject: "Good-bye." No services in the evening.

Quarterly meeting at Centenary Church to-morrow. Preaching in the morning and evening by the Presiding Elder, Rev. C. A. Brooke.

Two weeks from to-day Sell's Brother's Great European Seven Elephant Show will exhibit in this city. A big double column advertisement next week will give particulars. Among the many hearty compliments paid the exhibition by the press of the cities in which it has already appeared this season, we find the following in the *Standard*, Ohio, *Daily Herald*:

"Sell's Great Seven Elephant Aggregation was crowded on Saturday with delighted audiences, both afternoon and evening. The magnificence of display has perhaps rarely, if ever been equalled on the shores of either continent. The condition of the enormous array of wild beasts, birds, etc., etc., was far superior to those of any similar aggregation that has ever travelled through the West. The aerial presentation was universal encumbrance and the plaudits of thousands. It was a grand array of the splendors of the Orient, the fierce beasts of the tropics and jungles, the curious birds of a thousand forests and isles, and the best physical and equestrian discipline among men. The management spared no effort to make everybody happy, and will ever be welcomed here by immense crowds."

This week has been one of great heat. People swelter in the day time and sweat the night through. While people are actively employed they don't think much of the heat, and indeed have less cause to. Motion of any kind accelerates evaporation on the surface of the skin, and this evaporation is productive of refreshing coolness. It is quite true that perspiration is unseemly and detrimental to the appearance of one's clothes but, nevertheless, it is something far more to be sought in summer than to be avoided. A healthy action of the pores in summer time is essential to both health and comfort, and the people who persistently seek cool spots, and eat less and drink less drinks, are steadily injuring their bodily health.

On occasions like that of yesterday it is quite handy to have such a musical organization as the Oratorio Society, ready and prompt to give gratuitously their services. Judge Long's poem was rendered with a force and majesty such as to elicit immense applause. We are glad to learn that the society is constantly gaining in strength. It now numbers 113 members, forty of whom have been added since the last concert, with an orchestra of twelve or fifteen instruments.

NEXT Saturday morning half fare trains will be run from Oaktown, on the E. & T. H. R. R., from Rockville, and from Newport, to connect with the great excursion to St. Louis, which leaves this city on the Vandals at 10 a. m.

Written for The Mail, TO ONEAFAR.

When the pale moon slowly glideth
Through the darkening skies,
Dost with wild and passionate longing
Lift thine eyes?

Glancing with a spirit vision,
Over hill and over sea,
Till thou lookest with joy gaze,
Upon me?

Tells not thee each star its story,
Through its silvery rays,
Of the eyes that upon it
Saidly gaze?

And when music floateth round thee,
In its melody,
Mingle with its witching sweetnes
Thoughts of me?

Doth the south wind that thy forehead
Fan caressingly,
Speak to thee of lips that ever
Met thine tenderly?

Wears the earth a gloomier aspect,
E'en the flowers, and
Than if with the one thou lovest,
Their fragrance drew?

Ah, if all these fond emotions
Are thine,
Then thy spirit with love overfloweth,
Like to mine!

F. von MOSCHINSKAR.

People and Things.

Nice thing for a hot day—a cool thousand.

A farmer should try to grow almost anything but poor.

A felon on the hand is worse than ten in the penitentiary.

Another minister has fallen! He stopped on an orange peel.

Base ball now days, says the wise man, is either all base or all baw.

Motto for hot nights—Learn to lay bare and to wait. —C. J. Small Talk.

The tramps want work so bad that they run away from it as fast as they can.

To the great American mind bent on pleasure, an "excursion" is the first thought.

In the bright Lexington of Kentucky there are no such words as "No, I thank you, I don't drink."

Of all put phrases fortunates or pen the smoothest is this: "Please lend me a ten" —[N. Y. News.

Now, says a poetical exchange, small boys fall from cherry limbs and there by the cherry-bins.

Col. Ingomar takes it calmly. —[Ex.

A majority of the Illinois colonists take it straight. —[N. Y. News.

Two classes of men it is well to be shy of—the one who never smiles, and the one who always "smiles."

The Evangelist says that one of the most distressing signs of the times is the "general decay of seriousness."

Seven country residents named "Idle wild" have been sold by the sheriff this year. It takes money to be an Idlewild. —Detroit Free Press.

An Illinois preacher, who believed fire insurance was defying the Lord, is now living in a barn until his congregation can find him another house.

The peripatetic condition of the atmosphere is such as to make it an object for travelers upon sleeping cars to wash their feet every month, and avoid toe movement during the night.

Immoral men are not to be permitted to practice law in Ohio. Thus do a half dozen shrewd attorneys seek to monopolize the entire legal business of the State. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Methodist minister considers that Bob Ingomar is worth saving, because he is capable of a hearty laugh. This implies that, after all, the devil has only a second mortgage on a circus audience.

Francis Murphy may be a good man, but the sooner he gets through mixing up the name of the Heavenly Father with his own signature the better it will be for yours truly, Francis Murphy. —Detroit Free Press.

Four hundred years ago the art of printing was discovered and the "regulars" of the medical profession haven't learned how to make use of it in the legitimate business of extending their practice and influence.

Judging by correspondence from that city, everything in New York revolves around the theatre. Actors and actresses form the text of half the letters sent from Gotham. Perhaps New York has nothing more important.

A delicate mechanical device was recently

accomplished by a watchmaker of Providence, Rhode Island, who drilled a hole throughout the entire length of a common pin, from head to point, just

large enough to admit the passage of a fine hair.

A Bridgeport lawyer refused to accept

a sign which a painter had made for him on his order. The knight of the brush labeled the rejected "sign for sale cheap," and placed it in his shop window, at which the layer is rite, and talks of damages.

An enterprising Yankee stenographer

connected with one of our courts is said

to have hit upon the happy thought of