

# The Saturday Evening Mail.

Vol. 9.—No. 5.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 27, 1878.

Price Five Cents

## THE MAIL

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.  
SECOND EDITION.



Town-Talk.

### "GOING TO THE SHOW?"

This was the salutation this morning, instead of the stereotyped "Good morning!" as friend met friend. The variegated horses and the gaily decorated wagons, the pleasant air and the brisk sky suggested the half question, half salutation, "Going to the show?" and T. T. could not but think how the scenes of the circus are associated with the earliest recollections of most of the boys that are now advanced in years. Still young and old are "going to the show."

T. T. remembers more vividly than any occurrence of his early life his first visit to the circus. His father took him. (Fathers are always so willing to take the children to the circus, and it usually takes three or four adults to accompany one child.) T. T. will never forget what a wonder and delight everything about the circus seemed to him then. How brilliant the banners, how terribly funny the clown was, and how little T. T. plied him when that awfully grand person, the ringmaster, with gold all over his person, cracked that long lash around his parti-colored legs. And that beautiful creation in the pink tights upon the bounding, Trakene stallion—(T. T. supposes it was a Trakene, although it wasn't so called then)—was she of this world—a poor workaday being like the rest of us? How bold T. T. thought the clown when he took her foot in his hand and tossed her so lightly upon the padded back of the wild steed, and when the horse stopped, rushed forward and said, "What will the little lady have now? Banners? Ah, yes. Banners this way for the lady." And, oh, wasn't it bully when the clown got off that joke on the ringmaster? So good that it is told to this day with each returning season, in the sawdust ring. You've all heard it. So cunningly the clown would say: "Marster, can you tell me the difference between you and a mule?" And the proud and haughty ringmaster, as innocent as Ben Butler before Mrs. Jenks, never thinking into what a trap he was being led, answered: No, Mr. Merryman, I do not know. What is the difference between me and a mule?" And then that dear, delicious clown would say: There ain't none that I know of!" And then how angry that ringmaster would get, and whip the poor clown until T. T.'s heart ached for him. Oh, what great people they were and what wonderful things they did. To be sure, the circus, as it existed to T. T.'s childish eyes, has vanished, along with other child dreams and visions. T. T. knows that ringmaster to be too often a miserable fellow, who beats his wife. He knows that clown is frequently a dirty loafer around beer saloons, and is merely rehearsing other men's funny things that had been worn threadbare before he was born. T. T. can now see the patches on the cotton velvet cloaks of the cavaliers in the grand entree, and the darned places in the tights of the beautiful Queen of the Air. The gold is gilt, the spangles are tin, but there are and will be till old age comes on, haunting associations of the child wonderland in the scent of the sawdust, the "whoop-la" of the riders, the smell of the newly-trodden grass, the flapping of the canvas over head in the summer sun.

In those early days everybody didn't go to the circus—the church people stood aloof—but oh, how they did devour a menagerie. Now the circular seats are filled alike with saint and sinner; the worldly and the church deacon sit side by side. For after a while show managers got sharp. The circus and menagerie were combined. Usually the animal show is a mere catch. It is an appendage to the circus to satisfy the consciences of the righteous, and look attractive on the big colored show bills. The circus and the animals are kept in separate tents, and it is wonderful what a little amount of zoological study is done on such occasions. It is a poor place to study natural history, unless it is the natural history of man. People do not stop long to chatter with the

frisky monkeys. Even the giant elephant is soon done, and no less so the hateful hyena. But how exceedingly consolatory it is to stand with your back to the cages and watch the vaulting equestre, with her life in her foot—and stand amazed at the terrors of the trapeze or the feats of the acrobats, watch the speed and drill of the horses, the graceful poses of the riders, and laugh at the jokes of the clown—to do all these things and then go home and talk zoology to admiring friends, dilate upon the advantages of studying the habits of the animal kingdom, and tell how nice it had been but for the noise and clatter and unbecoming scenes in the circus ring.

But T. T. will not judge circus goers too harshly. Widow Bedott's husband was not a shallow philosopher when he declared "We are all poor critters." "The elephant now goes round—goes round—the band begins to play!"—the world goes round and over, and the days of circuses come and go, and are bright days to thousands whose hands are weary with ceaseless toil, and whose senses are dulled by the interminable routine of life. Therefore T. T. will call them blessed and welcome their return; and when Barnum comes, two weeks from to-day, T. T. promises to be glad again, as "Good morning!" is displaced with "Going to the show?"

## Topics of the Times.

### LIFE'S LOTTERY.

In the Christian Union Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher has a very sensible article on the married state and the danger of entering into it thoughtlessly. Young people rush into marriage little knowing its obligations and responsibilities; they see life only in rosy tints and think little of the fiery trials that await them. During courtship all the best points of their characters and dispositions are brought out and the opposite are naturally kept in the background. They see each other in holiday attire and jump into each other's arms and get married without making sufficient allowance for mutual defects. Then comes the stormy sailing on the sea of life, interspersed with harsh words, quarrels, coldness and neglect, ending too often disastrously. The husband, Mrs. Beecher believes has more influence in shaping the character of the wife than she can have in molding his. She has more of those cares and perplexities which tend to develop irritability and impatience than he and hence has more need of forbearance and tender guidance. She says: "A woman can be easily influenced and molded by gentleness and love, but it is not easy or safe to attempt to drive her either by sternness, studied neglect or disapprobation silently manifested. Ah! this wretched mode of censuring by solemn silence! A good round scolding, or a sharp quarrel even, and then a loving reconciliation—bad as such a course is—would be far less disastrous." "Nay! call me not cruel, and fear not to take me. I am yours for my lifetime, to be what you make me." To wear my white veil as a sign or a cover, As you shall be proven my lord or my lover; A cover for peace that is dead, or a token Of bliss that can never be written or spoken."

### "SWEET FIELDS OF EDEN."

A rather sad but withal decidedly edifying phase of the "hard times" is to hear an industrious, hard-working man, who is in the receipt of a comfortable income, complaining that he would be quite happy and contented if it were not for his real estate! Poor fellow; a few years ago he could not get enough of it (or thought he couldn't). Every extra dollar he could get went into a piece of ground somewhere. Nothing seemed good then but land. He would have liked to own a whole county or State. Now he finds that, instead of not having enough, he had altogether too much. He has in fact more than he thought he had—some that he sold, but the purchaser having failed to pay the original incumbrance on it, he is obliged to take it back again and pay the debt himself. There are a good many of these fellows. The writer heard one talking not long ago. He was deriving a really handsome income from his legitimate business and would have felt quite rich, as the times go, but every dollar he could save above his living was required to pay his old real estate debts! Had to do it. There was no help for it. He had some property that was really valuable, and this would be swept away by his voracious creditors if he refused to pay. This is a sad spectacle because it is hard for a man to have to spend his legitimate earnings in such a way; it is an edifying one, because it shows how unprofitable it is for a man to leave his legitimate business for speculation of any kind. Such a man will never be bitten again. Though he should live to be as old as Methuselah he would not live long enough to forget the lesson he has learned and become an investor in the most alluring Eden that ever sprang forth full grown from a real estate agent's brain. But there are others younger who will, and who will learn wisdom in the same school (if not in the

same class) with him. There will always be Eden, and as long as there are there will be men to buy lots in them.

### COSMOGONY.

Among recent astronomical discoveries is that of a dark sun whose mass is nearly seven times that of our sun, but which gives no light and has only once been seen by the aid of the most powerful telescope. The existence of another such body has been demonstrated, it is said, in the neighborhood of the star Procyon, but has never yet been revealed to mortal vision. Astronomers believe that these vast invisible worlds may at any time burst out in fiery combustion; indeed there have been several actual instances of the kind. Sir William Thompson and Clausius theorized that the planets will eventually fall in upon their respective suns; that these suns, thus magnified, and separated by inconceivable distances, will rush together and be aggregated in one vast, blazing mass, containing all the matter of the universe; that this great globe will gradually grow cold and then the universe will be dead. But Herr Loschmidt, an eminent European savant, takes a more hopeful view, namely, that after the worlds have fallen into the suns and the suns aggregated together, the surface of the new globe will cool, but its interior will store up and develop radiant heat from surrounding space. It is calculated from known data that an amount of heat would be thus generated sufficient to convert the interior of the globe to a gaseous state and eventually burst the surrounding crust into fragments. Of these new worlds and systems would be formed and this process of death and life go on to all eternity. So much for cosmogonical speculations!

### REMEDY FOR TROUBLE.

Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, you hit something else hard; pitch into something with a will. There's nothing like good, solid, exhausting work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake and think about them. You want sleep—calm, sound sleep—and eat your dinner with appetite. But you can't unless you work. If you say you don't feel like work, and go loafing all day to tell Tom, Dick and Harry the story of your woes, you'll lie awake, and keep your wife awake by your tossing, spoil your temper and your breakfast next morning, and begin to-morrow feeling ten thousand times worse than you do to-day. There are some great troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that can never be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great panacea, work. Try it, you who are afflicted. It is not a patent medicine. It has proved its efficiency since first Adam and Eve left behind them, with weeping, their beautiful Eden. It is an efficient remedy. All good physicians in regular standing prescribe it in cases of mental and moral disease. It operates kindly as well as leaving no disagreeable sequel. We have taken a large quantity of it with most beneficial results. It will cure more complaints than any nostrum in the materia medica, and comes nearer to being a "cure all" than any drug or compound of drugs in the market. And it will not sicken you if you do take it sugar-coated.

### ABOUT BEEF.

An inquisitive reporter of the Indianapolis News has ascertained that very few good cattle are killed by the butchers in that city, and we are inclined to the belief that a similar course is pursued by the butchers of this city. The News man says:

"There are not more than half a dozen men who kill first-class animals in this city. They seem to sell poor meat just as readily as they could sell the best grades. In 400 head of cattle received at the yards and sold to the butchers, not over forty head will average No. 1. The majority are common, thin and second class. It was also learned that there is only one firm that manufactures bologna sausage out of bull meat and they put it in preference to any other kind on account of the superior firmness and solidity of the flesh. The popular brands of bologna are made of 'chuck' and neck pieces. The best judges of meat say that bull beef is not in the least unwholesome, it is tough and sometimes too strong and rank to be savory, but it is not bad meat to eat and makes first-class sausage meat."

### CHURCH NOTES.

Baptist Church—C. R. Henderson, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. No evening service. Morning theme: "Whom does Jesus Count Blessed?"

Presiding at Centenary Church to-morrow morning by the pastor. Subject: "Consolation." No service at night.

First Presbyterian Church—Alex. Sterrett, pastor. Public worship at 11 a. m. Preaching at Union Church at 4 p. m.

### HORTICULTURAL MEETING.

Monthly meeting, Thursday, August 1st, at the residence of L. Heintz, at Montrose. Question for discussion: "Has the invention of labor-saving machinery been a benefit to the laboring classes?" Meeting at 11 o'clock. Bring baskets.

## People and Things.

All the Cabinet officers but Evans live within their salaries.

Never encore an unripe watermelon. —Wheeling Sunday Leader.

The poor man outwears the rich, because perspiration comes from the pore.

Variegated slabs of indigestion are what a London paper calls Neapolitan toes.

If a young man cannot marry the girl he wants, let him try the girl who wants him.

When married men complain of being in hot water at home, it turns out that half the time it's cold.

This is the season when a man wants to pull down his vest and dress himself in a pair of suspenders.—N. O. Picayune.

The muscles of the human jaw exert a force of five hundred and thirty-four pounds. Moral—Don't get married, cautious youth.

The Hawkeye man has been to Chicago and stopped at one of the palace hotels. He wrote home to his wife: "I tell you what, Mrs. Palmer is a good cook."

Barnum told a Buffalo Express reporter that he was pestered with beggars, from the clergyman whose church was in debt, to the tramp who wanted a ticket to the next station.

A scientist says angle worms do not suffer when put on the hook. They wriggle out of pure joy, we suppose, the same as a man does when a good-looking woman steps on his corns.

It is the confession of a widower, who has been thrice married, that the first wife cures a man's romance, the second teaches him humility, and the third makes him a philosopher.

Rev. John Jasper sticks to it that "the sun moves." We believe him. We have seen it move a corner loafer over to the shady side of the street when no other power could so have moved him.

A New Yorker has discovered that women in this country are gradually growing taller, and the men shorter. His theory is that the use of tobacco tends to shorten the stature of men.

Impecunious sweethearts will do well to cut out and learn this item from the Chicago Times: "Oregon, Ill., July 15.—Coroner Keyes held an inquest on the remains of Miss Lizzie Shelley, on Saturday, resulting in a verdict of death from apoplexy. The young lady ate two dishes of ice cream while heated."

A convict at Auburn escaped hard work during his confinement of two and a half years by feigning paralysis. He was so successful in the fraud that he was lifted about by attendants, and on his release had to be carried to the depot in a chair and placed in the cars. An hour afterward he visited the prison officials and astonished them at his speedy add full recovery.

Those newspapers which are too proud or too obstinate to retract any unjust or improper language when they have admitted it to their columns should profit by the example of an exchange, which gives notice as follows: "If any subscriber finds a line in his paper that he does not like and cannot agree with, if he will bring his paper to this office and point out the offending line, the editor will take his scissors and cut it out for him."

A new way of filling a theater is reported to in Paris, where in summer the theaters are empty in fine weather, and only full when the rain drives folks in from the boulevards. There is a kind of chemical paper which changes color with the damp. When the atmosphere is dry it is blue, when wet it turns to pink. The manager prints free admissions on this chemical paper, and puts at the foot a condition: "This ticket is only available if the ticket be blue. If it be pink it will be refused."

Clarence Hoeler, of Laporte, this state, is a queer criminal. He was a clerk in the Laporte post office, and stole money, so he confessed, in order to get the means to dress well. "The first I took," he said, "was \$25 to buy a dress suit. I belonged to the choir of the Episcopal church, and the rest were getting new clothes and my means would not admit of my buying them, so I took the money. I belong to the Episcopal church, and never took a dollar without vowing on my knees never to do so again. Then, at length, when I could no longer withstand the temptation any longer, I would vow to do it once more and then quit." When Mr. Hoeler does convict stripes he will probably regret that he was not content to dress within his income.

The Devil has broken loose over the river in Sugar Creek and Fayette townships. One night recently a couple of men going home discovered that the Bethesda church had been set on fire. They put out the fire and saved the church. The Sanford church, the Piegah church, and that at New Goshen have been burned recently. These, together with the St. Mary's depot, burned Sunday night, aggregate property destroyed amounting to some fifteen thousand dollars, and as yet no clue to the midnight incendiaries.

## Feminitems.

Not even the ghost of a dress train is seen at some of the fashionable summer resorts.

A pretty dress of pale blue bunting and a white chip hat make some women look sweet enough to bite.

A French writer, presumably married, defines trousers to be the things which the men put on and women wear.

A schoolmistress on the Pacific coast is reported to have shot one of the school trustees on account of "some difficulty not yet explained."

One of our girls says she finds nothing so good for the complexion as rubbing her face on a young man's vest. The young man must be inside of it, though.

One extra strong minded woman has remarked that an old bachelor is a man who, through selfish motives, has refrained from making some woman wretched.

In the vote to expel Mrs. Tilton from Plymouth Church nearly all the hands raised were small, white and glittering with rings, says the maligner of the Chicago Journal.

Mrs. Thomas Wilco, of Chicago, who is trying to establish an Inebriate Woman's Home, estimates that for every twenty drunken men there is one drunken woman.

The numerous ladies who are running away with other ladies' husbands these days would do well to remember at the last moment that man is a creature to run away from rather than with.

The Chicago Journal asks the Toledo Board of Education this question: "If it takes a faithful, intelligent teacher seven years to be worth \$475 per annum, how long must she teach to be worth a decent salary."

A woman will carry a pocket handkerchief till she loses it. She regards it as an ornament. If the baby's nose is to be depleted, or her own black silk is to be cleaned, she always borrows her husband's handkerchief.

Queen Mercedes's death is now explained to the satisfaction of all the gossip in Spain. It is remembered that she entered the church on her wedding day, her train-bearer stumbled, an ill omen that was never known to fail.

Charles (playfully): "How much really did that hat cost, Jennie?" Jennie: "If you really wish to inspect the bills of my dry goods, Charles, there is a way to do it." And what else could Charles do but to propose on the spot?

An old dry goods man says: "American women are the most capricious and extravagant class of people that God lets live." [Albany Argus.] "Old dry goods man" has got a level head—he don't dare to sign his name to that assertion.—Boston Post.

The Indianapolis Herald has found out that in the United States five hundred and thirty women practice medicine, forty-two pull and fill teeth; five dabble in jurisprudence, sixty-eight preach the gospel, forty or fifty are in journalism, and the remaining millions keep an eye on their neighbors.

A pretty girl stepped into a store where her spruce young man stood behind the counter. In order to remain as long as possible she cheapened everything, and at last she said: "I believe you think I am cheating you." "Oh, no," said the youngster; "to me you are always fair." "Well," whispered the lady, blushing, "I would not stay so long bargaining if you were not so dear."

A woman put herself in the hands of a Boston dentist to have her teeth reorganized. He found them in a very bad plight and asked her why she had allowed them to become so decayed, without coming to him or some other dentist. She replied that she had not had time. "But," he insisted, "it would not have taken long, and you could have come in almost any time." She saw that he was bent on an explanation, and she fired this at him like a cannon ball: "Well, I guess if you had had a baby every year for the last ten years you would think it was about enough to 'tend to' it." He acknowledged that he should.

### LADIES, STEP DOWN.

The absurd and ungainly practice of mounting the hinder part of the feet on stilts, while the toes press the ground and bear the weight, is one against which it is not easy to write with temper. It does not need a knowledge of anatomy to convince the shallowest that the foot is forced into a wholly unnatural position, and is distorted, by the heel being raised and the body being made to rest on the ball of the toes. It should be unnecessary to explain that this disturbance of the foundation throws the whole superstructure out of gear, and deranges every mechanical function. But as the foot looks somewhat smaller as seen from the front or side when placed obliquely, fashionable people will cling to the practice.

The Turners will run an excursion to Evansville two weeks from to-day.

## Fashions' Fancies.

Ladies wear gentlemen's flat-folded neckties.

Alsatian bows are worn on dresses, hats and slippers.

Yellow, in all its many ugly shades, continues in favor.

Vests for ladies are much in favor, as they do away with wraps in the street.

New silver combs are in the shape of a crescent, and are delicately carved.

Silver jewelry still continues in favor, and the finest of filigree work can be found.

Ladies' croquet and lawn tennis dresses are made short and trimmed with bright colors.

Unique watches of tortoise shell are worn suspended from the right side of the belt.

Blouses are much worn, and one of the newest makes is called the "Carmen" blouse.

The new Worth bow for the hair consists of six narrow stiff loops, strapped tightly in the center.

Russian green is one of the favorite midsummer colors, probably on account of its cool appearance.

Ladies again wear the hair in the Grecian coil in favor a few years ago, and which was so universally becoming.

The Japanese umbrella is the favorite sun shade at the mountains and seaside, and makes the face look picturesque beneath.

Many stylish bonnets are trimmed simply with long loops of narrow white watered ribbon, which is the favorite ribbon and color this summer.

The wide white ladies' cuffs grow in favor, and are now worn on the sleeves, which reach only to the elbow, as well as on the long tight sleeve.

Ladies' open work stockings are embroidered by hand with colored designs to suit different dresses; this work is done by ladies themselves with colored worsted and floss, as fancy work.

Traveling dresses are made with the "canzon," or sacque with few seams, which belts in at the waist; the pockets are set far back, and small double capes finish it at the neck. All dresses, either of muslin or thick material which are cut high in the neck have separate sets of colors—a square sailor collar and a double collar.

An observer in London writes that the Grecian simplicity of hair dressing is tyrannically the vogue. At operas and at theaters, where bonnets and hats are prohibited, the hair of budding belle and bounding dowager is alike free from rolls, puffs, wads, and frizzes. This makes a homely woman winning, and a pretty one demurely rascally to look upon.

Suits of solid percale, dark blue or brown, are more worn than last year, if that can be. Those most stylish are made wholly of percale, self trimmed, and give the effect of a walking suit of silk in the same color. Next to these and more expensive, are the suits trimmed with embroidered bands. These embroideries, in several colors, are also much used for linen suits, which, cool and inexpensive, continue to be popular.

Calicoes are extremely cheap; fifty cents—ten yards at five cents a yard—suffices to buy the material for a princely wrapper, allowing a flounce at the foot, collar, pockets, and bias bands for trimming. Fifteen cents' worth of French percale in solid color for piping will improve the garment, but is not necessary, and you will want a dozen and a half vegetable ivory buttons, at from twelve to fifteen cents a dozen, to complete your work.

Emmeline Raymond, in Harper's Bazar, says it may be predicted that the coming winter will deliver the ladies from closely clinging, narrow and flat dresses. Without being officially announced as yet, the change may be divined through certain symptoms. The short dress has produced and must produce this easy transformation of the toilette. The dress, in fact, cannot be clinging as the trained dress, and the eye will easily accustom itself to the lack of fastness. For the summer, sleeves frequently come but just below the elbow, but these are only worn with gloves long enough to meet them, for in France it is not admissible to show the bare arms in the street, and although the corage may be covered by a wrap of some kind, it would be indecorous to let the arm be uncovered by the extremely long glove which is fashionable. As for mitts, they are worn only in the house. These are made of undressed kid with embroidered initials and of black or colored thread embroidered with black or colored silk. They are even made of velvet, and of silk, embroidered in gold or silver, for fashion has relapsed into a caprice for metal, and glides and plates itself at pleasure, even as regards hats, gloves and ribbons.

The cheapest and best excursion of the season will leave this city for St. Louis over the Vandalia line, next Saturday, Aug. 3rd., at 10 o'clock, a. m.