

# The Saturday Evening Mail.

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## 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 bright the spangles were; how brilliant the banners, how terribly funny the clown was, and how little T. T. pitied 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—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: "Mastor, can you tell me 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 darning 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 soon the hateful hyena. But how exceedingly consolatory it is to stand with your back to the cages and watch the vaulting equestrienne, with her life in her foot and occasionally her foot in her hand, 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 Bedot'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 back-ground. 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 care 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 censoring 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

I am here for thy 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 edi-

ting 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 there 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 incum-

bance 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 hand-

some income from his legitimate busi-

ness 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 legiti-

mate earnings in such a way; it is an

edifying one, because it shows how un-

profitable 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 Edens, and as long as there are there will be men to buy lots in them.

#### COSMOLOGY.

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, hit something else hard; pitch into something with a will. There's nothing like good, solid, exhausting work to cure trouble.

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#### 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 eat

to savor, 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?"

Preaching at Centenary Church tomorrow 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. Heinl, 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 Evarts live within their salaries.

Never encore an unripe watermelon.—Wheeling Sunday Leader.

The poor man outwits the rich, because perspiration comes from the pores.

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

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 scald.

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 horns.

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 lower 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.

Ine