

THE MAIL

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE

TERRE HAUTE, - NOV. 2, 1879

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 farmers of this immediate vicinity.

Every Week's Issue is, in fact, TWENTY NEWSPAPERS, In which all Advertisements appear for THE PRICE OF ONE ISSUE.

SEE HER LEGS!

ANOTHER MEDIUM SHOWN UP!

"Leaf by leaf the roses fall," and one by one the spiritual mediums are coming to grief. Mrs. Huntoon, a sister of the noted Eddy brothers, is the latest to turn up her toes. A similar proceeding down at Pence's Hall would, without doubt, produce a similar revelation. But, say "the committee," it wouldn't do—it would endanger the life of the medium. So said Mrs. Huntoon, and when she was caught, said she would die before morning. But she didn't. Neither would Mrs. Stewart. However, our medium is too closely guarded to permit such a scene as is thus told by the Springfield, Mass., Republican:

Mrs. Mary Eddy Huntoon, sister of the Eddy brothers, the famous materializing mediums, came to grief, at North Adams, on Monday night, and local editor J. H. Mabbett, of the Transcript, played the principal part in the affair. Mrs. Huntoon, and her brother, Webster Eddy, came from Crittenden, Vermont, by arrangement with local parties, on Friday night, and took rooms over Quackenbush's restaurant, on State street. On Saturday evening they gave their first seance, which about fifteen attended, and there were the usual manifestations. Among the audience was Rev. Dr. Osborne, of the Baptist church, and he and Mr. Mabbett laid their heads together for the exposure which worked so successfully on Monday night.

The room was an ordinary sitting room, with a bed room adjoining, and from the bed room a door led to a wardrobe. The bed room was utilized as a cabinet, a dark curtain being hung up over the doorway, the door of which was pushed back. Colonel Potter and William Hodgkin examined the cabinet before the seance, but no one was in it when the manifestations began. An audience of nearly thirty were present, including eight women. Mrs. Huntoon was bound by Colonel Potter, and sat alone in the cabinet when the manifestations took place. The seance lasted about an hour, and a number of figures appeared, one of them purporting to be the grandmother of Rev. Dr. Osborne, who was present. Mrs. Huntoon's closing materialization is always that of an Indian chief, who bounds out with yell into the dimly lighted room, in which nothing can be distinguished save the "spirit forms." Mr. Mabbett had attended several of her seances, at Lake Pleasant, and knew just when the Indian would appear, so that, when he heard the whoop, he sprang from the front seat, and caught the figure when about three feet from the cabinet curtain. At the same instant Webster Eddy jumped for Mabbett, and all three, Eddy, Mabbett and the spirit, fell to the floor, Eddy endeavoring to get hold of Mabbett's throat, while the spirit scratched his face vigorously. Rev. Dr. Osborne and Col. A. G. Porter, who had agreed to assist Mabbett, at once hauled away Eddy, but the editor did not relax his hold on the spirit, and finally brought out before the audience the Indian figure. At this juncture, by a preconcerted arrangement, Officer Joel W. Hunter and Deputy Sheriff Walden, who had been waiting in the hallway for three quarters of an hour, broke in the door, and when the lights were turned up, the Indian figure proved to be Mrs. Huntoon, her skirts and dress being cunningly tucked up about her body, and her white drawers showing plainly, while she kicked, screamed and cried to her associates for a pistol. The scene was one of the highest excitement and confusion. One woman rushed up and denounced Mabbett as a "shameless thing," and entreated him to put down the medium's dress; while he, excited by the confusion, called lustily: "See her legs!" "See her drawers!" "There's the Indian materialization for you!" After recovery from her hysterics, in which she prophesied her death before morning, she, out of sheer bravado, explained that there was no denying the fact that Mabbett had caught the Indian figure, but that, inasmuch as the materialization emanated from her, it likewise returned to her, and so, instead of keeping the materialization, he found her in his arms. A few spiritualists present swallowed this as truth. Mrs. Huntoon was advertised for another seance last evening, and is also announced to go to Lee, Tyringham and other places in southern Berkshire soon. She was in Sandisfield and New Boston last winter, and had a good many believers there.

HOW LONG HAVE I TO LIVE?

Harper's Bazaar.

It is not every one who asks himself this question, because, strangely enough, it is the belief of most persons that their lives will be exceedingly lengthy. However, life assurance companies are aware of the credulous weakness of those whose lives they assure, and have therefore compiled numerous tables of expectancy of life for their own guidance, which are carefully referred to before a policy is granted. The following is one of these well authenticated tables in use among London assurance companies, showing the average length of life at various ages. In the first column we have the present ages of persons of average health, and in the second column we are enabled to peep, as it were, behind the scenes of an assurance office, and gather from their table the number of years they will give us to live. This table has been the result of careful calculation, and seldom proves misleading. Of course sudden and premature deaths, as well as lives unusually extended, occur, but this is a table of the average expectancy of life of an ordinary man or woman:

AGE,	MORE YRS. TO LIVE.	AGE,	MORE YRS. TO LIVE.
1	80	21	51
13	61	23	41
21	50	30	34
31	34	40	28

Our readers will easily gather from the above tabulated statement the number of years to which their lives, according to the law of averages, may reasonably be expected to extend.

SOCIETY PICTURES.

BELLES WITH AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

DRAWING ROOM BEAUTIES WHO HUCKSTER THEIR PICTURED CHARMS TO ALL BUYERS.

SWELL WOMEN AND STREET WALKERS COMPETING FOR NOTORIETY.

"All actresses?" repeated a prominent photographer to a Dispatch reporter who was tumbling over an immense heap of female likenesses in his reception room. "Well, I guess not. Hardly the half of them are. It's plain that you're not much of a society man, anyhow."

"Why?"

"Because if you were, there is hardly a face there you woudn't recognize. Two-thirds of those have been reflected by the mirrors of our swell drawing rooms much oftener that they have by a camera."

"The originals are society ladies, then?"

"They are, indeed."

"And they permit their photographs to be exhibited here side by side with those of actresses and models whom you hire for sittings?"

"They not only permit, but like it, and more than that—"

"Well?"

"THEY LIKE TO BE PAID FOR IT, TOO."

"Do you mean to say that I do as regular, though of course a less extensive business, posing society women for commercial purposes as I do in photographing popular actresses?"

"And you pay them for it?"

"Not only that, but they are in many cases more keen and exacting at a bargain than women who serve me regularly as models. Your Bohemian is always generous, you know, even when hard up. That lady whose picture you have in your hand, for instance, figures her percentages down to a cent, and fights for the exact sum. Yet she lives on Fifth avenue and is married to one of the wealthiest importers in the city. That little girl, on the contrary, is only a ballet girl at Niblo's. She never quarrels as long as she gets enough to buy dinner or pay board with, although she is as poor as the poorest sort of a church mouse ever dared to be and not strave."

"How long has this new departure in the business existed?"

"About three years now. It originated with me, and every photographer of note here, now does more or less of it. The way it began was curious. I took half a dozen negatives of a well known society woman by a new process. The result was a style of picture which made a tremendous hit. I put the picture in my showcase, and the first morning had at least twenty applicants from people who wanted to purchase copies. Of course I could not sell them. That afternoon my sitter called, and I said, laughingly:

"You ought to be an actress, Mrs. X."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because, if you were, I could make money of your pictures."

And I explained. She was flattered at first, then interested, and finally she said:

"How much can you get apiece for those pictures?"

"TWENTY FIVE OR THIRTY CENTS."

"Well, give me five cents for every one you sell, and you can print them by the thousand, if you choose. The more the merrier."

"I took her at her word, and of those and some more sitting which she gave me, sold over two thousand prints in a month. In the meantime another lady, famous for her beauty, heard from the first one of our arrangement, and came to me, too. For about a year these two were my only customers in this way. Then others got wind of it, and the business began to grow till it has now become more of a nuisance than otherwise."

"In what way?"

"In this. There are hundreds of women who would willingly pose for me on the same basis, but out of the lot there are only a comparative few whose pictures really will sell. Yet no matter how ugly a woman is, you can't tell, much less persuade her of this fact, and you can imagine the annoyance I have to get rid of the undesirable ones. My best excuse is a stagnant market. I explain that business is dull, and that people are not buying pictures now as they used to. Then they lasso me on another tack. They insist on being photographed for nothing, and on my keeping the negatives until business brisks up, when they'll arrange about price."

"How do your prices run?"

"I pay from two to five cents a picture, according to the subject. Sometimes I buy the right of sale for a lump sum—say from \$15 to \$50. But that exposes me to the liability of loss. Women, even of the best society are as tricky as trained monkeys. I've had a lady take money from me for the exclusive right to a set of negatives, and then go right off to another artist and sit for him on the same terms; and not only that, but she will tell him how she posed for me, and he will actually produce almost the same set of pictures, as I have already paid for, and take the wind completely out of my sails."

"Is there any special class of purchasers for these society pictures, or do they go into the same market as the dramatic ones?"

"They do, and they don't. The fact of the matter is this: Society women who pose with me are of that class

FLIRTATIONS MAKE THEM AS POPULAR

With men about town as the public character of actresses does. Every one whom they honor with a passing flirtation therefore wants a picture of them. You know how it is. You see a lady's portrait on a man's table, "Aha! a new girl; eh Jack?" Jack winks, or drops a sly word, and his vanity is satisfied. Why, I've seen men coolly write an autograph on the back of a picture they've just bought, and carry it off to exhibit as a gift from a new "mash." Then there is a class of would-be-ashionables, who buy these pictures to make people who look over their albums believe that they are acquainted with the originals. To these kinds of purchasers society pictures sell on account of the identity of the sitters. The general public buys them for their pictorial value. Then again the rivalry among the originals is very great. It's like making collections of New Year's cards. Each tries to sell more pictures than the other, and so send a great many customers to us. One of my sitters has a cunning way of pushing business which beats the deck."

"What is it?"

"She is a widow, a leader of the 'ton,' and resides in an elegant flat up town. When she gets a new lot of pictures she carries a bundle home and hands them over to her maid. The maid always happens accidentally to be looking at a couple when some gentleman calls

passes out. He notices it and then it is:

"What is it, Jane?"

"Some pictures mistress gave me, sir. Ain't they just perfect?"

"They are indeed. I've half a notion to steal 'em."

"And then there is a little playful tussle; the gentleman chuckles Jane under the chin. She pouts, he drops a dollar into her hand and goes away hugging himself and the coveted picture, and she turns the money over to her mistress. That's just the beauty of it. It's the lady let her pictures to me to sell she would only get five cents apiece on them. By buying them from me and getting rid of them in this way she raises as much as an admirer is fool enough to give her deputy."

"ANOTHER FAVORITE DODGE

has been put into practice lately. It is to have a pile of pictures on the parlor table. Beside it is a little fancy dish. A caller naturally notices the pictures and makes some remark about them.

"Oh, yes," says the lady. "They're some pictures I had taken the other day. We're getting up a fund for the Bunglum Orphan Asylum, and as the photographer who complimented me by saying that I make an attractive enough trade mark, as it were, has certain pecuniary value. But this argument holds really good only in the case of stars. I can understand that such ladies as Fanny Davenport, Maggie Mitchell and Kate Claxton should apply such, as because their identity, which means their value, at attractions would be lost, should they suddenly adopt their proper cognomina. Who, indeed, would know to go to see Fanny Price, Maggie Padden or Kate Stevenson, unless it were generally known and thoroughly understood who they were. The change would undoubtedly be ruinous.

In the case of small people, however, there is little or no force in such an argument. The people of the stock or support seldom draw money, whatever may be their names, and for small actresses therefore to abandon their names when they marry, would entail no loss whatever. On the other hand, it would add to their self-respect, and to the respect of the public for them. They would certainly be from many of the insults which actresses; especially unmarried ones, are constantly subjected to. Take the case of Joe Bally as an instance. Had she been known by her proper name of Mrs. Josephine Etington, and had the Wilksburg reporter, who coupled her name with that of Bangs, known that she was a married woman, she would certainly not have used her name as lightly as he did, and a great deal of defense and explanation would have become unnecessary.

The idea is fallacious that an actress loses her attraction to the public through marriage. In fact the idea is an implied insult in itself. Will anyone seriously insist that Fanny Davenport has lost her "draw" by becoming Mr. Price? Is Kate Claxton doing any worse since she became Mrs. Stevenson than she did before? Everybody knows that both of these actresses are married women.

No; the public care not a jot or tittle whether a woman is married or unmarried so long as she pleases by her acting.

DEMI-MONDE BEAUTIES

are now commencing to compete with the flowers of upper tendon for pictorial favor, and the photographers say, with much success. There are some dash and style about them, even if it is a trifle loud, and they make much better pictures.

Far from haggling over percentages, they willingly pay for their pictures, giving the artist full permission to use all he can, and rejoicing in the novelty thus gained. Nude pictures of these models are common, though, of course, their sale is conducted on the most careful plan. One of the foremost of the beautiful lights of the local half-world—a woman notorious through all the country, has, however, developed a weakness for Oriental costumes, India shawls and the like. Perhaps the most curious feature of the entire business is that these actresses are married women.

"She tells me that she applies the proceeds to the benefit of the missionary fund of her husband's church," observed the photographer. "But I notice, all the same, that she is extremely anxious not to have him know anything about it."

TREATING.

The New York Star thinks: "If man were less of a social animal, he would be less of a drunkard. Few men drink simply because they like it; they drink to 'treat,' or to 'stand' for a friend or two, and have a 'good time' at the treat passing around."

"I was placed in a pleasant predicament the other day by one of my society sitters," remarked a Broadway photographer to the reporter; "I had half a dozen of her pictures in the case at the door when in walks a gentleman. He was the maddest man ever I saw, perfectly purple with rage."

"What do you mean?" he yelled, "by exposing my wife's picture at your door?"

"How dare you do it, eh? Blank your blanched soul! I've half a notion to pound the blanched head off of you, you double-blanked blackguard."

"He didn't, though, and I explained to him that the pictures were in the case with his wife's permission. I didn't tell him I was selling them and paying her a percentage, mind; I supposed she would be decent enough to explain matters, however. He fired more blank cartridges at me, called me liar and went off to his wife about it. Would you believe it, sir? He came back an hour afterward with her. She pretended to know nothing about the matter, swore she had strictly forbidden me to put her picture even in my table album, and blackguarded me worse than he did. Of course I understood that she was afraid of him, and took it all as good naturedly as I could. But

AT LAST SHE SCREAMED,

"George! you must sue the villain for damages. I'll testify against him!"

"Blank my heart if I don't," says George.

"This made me mad so I dove into my desk drawer and fished out some letters of correspondence which had passed between me and the lady. 'I'll leave you copies of these to use in evidence,' I said.

"But before I began to read the first one she fainted and I got rid of them. I haven't heard of the lawsuit since, but I got a letter from her."

"Oh! simply that in consequence of what had occurred she would in future deal with a photographer who knew his position, and wouldn't I settle up at once for such pictures as had been sold in the last week. How do you rate that?"

HINTS ON CALLING.

Stare around the room. If you haven't got a child, take a dog with you.

Stick to the very last at the dinner table.

Tackle the piano the first thing after you enter a strange parlor. Always turn your back to the one seated near you.

Make it your special business to handle all the ornaments and furniture in the room.

If there is an invalid in the room, make what noise you can.

When the conversation lags, take out your knife and fork and back the chair you are sitting on.

Examine all the pictures in the room even if you have to stand on the chairs to do so.

Be sure to get in your argument on religion and politics.

A GREAT SPIRITUAL DROUGHT.

New York Observer.

Thousands of pastors may perhaps take the word of warning and entreaty, when