

THE MAIL

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERRE HAUTE, - - OCT. 24, 1885.

STICK TO YOUR BUSH.

When I was but a tiny boy,
And went to village school,
I thought myself, as boys will think,
That I was no man's fool.
But in the village there was one
Who was the fool at all;
Poor fellow, he was Crazy Ben,
A man both little and tall.

But Ben was gaunt and gray, a fool
The village folks called him,
He'd been so, they said, all the while,
For since his true love died,
But Ben was kind, I'm not afraid,
And Ben became my chum,
Even though at times poor Ben took freaks,
His idiot tongue was dumb.

One day that tongue uttered a truth
That made me then to wince,
And though it came from idiot's lips,
Has never left me since,
That day when Ben was gone,
And Ben had gone along,
And, boy-like, from bush to bush
Had wandered with the throng.

Ben stuck, in silence, to one spot,
And whispered this to me,
"Stick to your bush if you of fruit
A basketful would see."
And so I did, and proved the fact,
While through the world we push,
There's nothing better to be learned
Than this "stick to your bush."

[Irene Irving in N. Y. Mercury.]

A Wounded Life.

If the predictions of the neighbors, that she would "come to grief," had reached the ears of Eunice Brewster when she left Oldham, five years ago, for a life in the city, she would have laughed the croaking prophets to scorn in that rather exasperating way of hers. She had all the arrogance of youth, joined to high health, uncommon beauty and unbounded hope.

Yet the prophecies had reached fulfillment, albeit there had been a spice of malice in their utterance. She had crept back in the October twilight on a broken wing to die beneath the shelter of that low-roofed, unpainted house which she had left with such disgust.

Her sister and aged father, when they had believed her dead, and shocked beyond measure by the change wrought upon her, for the undeveloped beauty of five years ago had faded into the wasted form, pale, thin cheeks and hollow cheeks seemed to indicate that her life would be short.

She shrank from recognition. She knew that Oldham had regarded her with disfavor through all her rather headstrong, motherless girlhood, and that some would rejoice over her downfall. But the promptings of natural affection had overcome petty considerations. A face to face view of death is apt to alter the estimate of things.

Her father's mind had weakened. He clung to her, childishly calling her his little Eunice, and seemed to rest in her presence. Eunice had always ruled Oldham, who was ten years her senior, in an imperious way, and the latter felt the old spell of her influence.

"You wrote about your husband," Oldham ventured, rendered timid by some subtle instinct, "is he—"

"He is dead," Eunice replied, abruptly. "You must not question me, Oldham, about my past. I cannot speak of it."

This was said with a touch of her old imperiousness. It set the seal upon her silence. Oldham rebelled against the decision in secret, but she had to submit.

The reaction from the effort to reach home set in at once, and Eunice could not rise from her bed the next day. The neighbors who came, eager to retail the news, were refused admission to her room, and were completely taken aback by Eunice's strict neutrality of speech, for she had neither art nor desire to invent a plausible story. There was no lack of inventive genius in Oldham, however, and in lieu of actual knowledge, a malicious story was started and circulated industriously.

Oldham had a more galling cross in addition to her anxiety about her sister. A retailer of gossip had told her of the rumor that Eunice had gone to the bad. But she bore it meekly, as was her wont, remembering how little authority she had to contradict it.

Oldham did Eunice injustice, although its theories touched upon actual facts. It possessed no will of power of discrimination, would have admitted no palliation of her conduct could it have known the whole truth.

Upon her entrance into a new life in the city, she had conducted herself with due discretion. For a year her path was chequered and uncertain. Then, through the influence of a lady who was interested in her, she obtained a situation in a large jewelry establishment as a saleslady. As was to be expected, she drew custom. She could not be unaware of the attention she excited, or that men and women, especially the former, turned for a second look.

At this juncture she displayed equitable balance of character. The consciousness of beauty, instead of making her vain, gave her a higher standard of self-value and invested her with a becoming dignity. While she thrived in this atmosphere, she disdained to hold herself cheaply. She was chary of her words and smiles. Men spoke of her as they might of a wife or sister. She acquired grace of speech and bearing rapidly and the flower of her beauty expanded towards perfection.

All went well till the passion of love dawned upon her soul, and would have continued so had she not been made the victim of a grievous wrong. Her love for Gerald Fletcher recreated her. Her dormant capacity for affection awoke. She worshipped him as women have worshipped men in all ages to their undoing. She could have died to secure his happiness.

For one happy year she believed herself his lawful wife; and with her head pillowed upon her breast she reposed in the security of his love and protection.

But one day the door of her room at the hotel, which had been her home ever since her marriage, opened to admit a strange visitor, a diminutive, faded beauty, who eyed the superb physical development of the woman before her, jealously, gazing over the awful look that came into the face of her rival when she produced a certificate of her marriage with Gerald Fletcher five years before. It needed but one glance into his ashen face, as he at that moment entered, to convince Eunice of the truth of the story.

She had a nature capable of extremes. What need to dwell upon the first mad dening sense of wrong and reckless despair of that intense, passionate nature,

nor how faith in both God and man wavered and fled, since her being had proved ignoble? Why recount the steps taken on a downward course, or describe her awful lapse from innocence and purity? Her mad endeavor to stifle all womanly impulse toward a pure, holy love? It is the old, sad story of woman's betrayal and man's selfishness.

After weeks of pain and patient suffering, Eunice began to rally. As Spring advanced, it became evident that the boon of death was to be denied her. Her native air and Oldham's careful nursing had aided a naturally fine constitution to resist the disease.

The pure blood circulating in her veins eliminated some of the poison from her diseased mind. The resentment against Gerald Fletcher died away within her. Bleeding fragrances from that Eden whose flowery path she had trodden for a season, were wafted to stifle all dark grief of self from which she had escaped. They purified her nature. Her wounded heart bathed itself in the fullness of that remembered love, and now in its passionate flood-tide, but flowing softly and tenderly over her being.

The womanly attributes of her nature, which in her despair she sought to stifle, plucked longing for the purity she had lost came over her. His transgression seemed white, to her quickened sensibilities, compared with the evil she had wrought upon herself.

So through the Summer and Autumn that followed her recovery, this finely strung nature sought to bring the discords of her soul into harmony.

The first snow storm of the season was gathering in the air and the December twilight was closing in earlier than usual. Among the passengers who alighted at the Oldham station was a stranger whose metropolitan air attracted some attention among the loungers.

Having engaged a room at the hotel and ascertained the direction of Enoch Brewster's domicile, which was three quarters of a mile distant, he set off on foot.

His brisk pace slackened when he came to the foot of the hill over which the low-roofed house was visible in the gathering gloom. Some uncertainty was apparent. The fiery impetuosity which had urged him forth upon his quest for the woman he had wronged, seemed all at once to diminish. But the elements urged him on. Gusts of the wind swept over the hill, whirling the snow in his face in seeming impatience with his indecision.

A careless question at the hotel had assured him that Eunice was at home. He was not a pleasant prospect to face her and ask for pardon, with the memory before him, of the tearful flashing eyes and scathing denunciations, with which she had parted from him three years before. He summoned a recollection that lay behind that of a soft cheek against his, and a low, clinging arm and passionate kisses, of a love given without measure. It gave him courage to enter in the storm and darkness. To have and to hold that love again, this time lawfully, would be almost worth his hope of heaven.

The low, curtained windows at his left were lighted. Standing on the flat door stone, he felt mechanically in the darkness for a bell or knocker, then wrapped lightly at the door.

The step he heard presently renewed his courage. The door was opened. It was Eunice who stood there. Her face was a shadow, but he knew the contour of the graceful shoulder and the proudly poised head. He took a step nearer, while she scanned him searchingly.

"Eunice!" he said gently. He could see that she started as the well remembered voice was heard. "Gerald Fletcher," she said in a quiet tone, which indicated no lack of self-possession.

A gust of wind threatened to extinguish the lamp. "Will you come in?" she invited in a tone that somehow did not increase his courage.

He shook the snow from his umbrella and stepped into the narrow entry, feeling that he deserved scant courtesy.

"I have been seeking you for weeks," he explained, as he removed his overcoat and hat. I had a particular wish to see you. It occurred to me to come to your native place on my quest."

His visit is quite unexpected," she remarked, as she took up the lamp and led the way into the next room, where were her father and Oldham.

"My father and sister, an old acquaintance of mine from New York," she said with quiet dignity.

He was a strongly built man of about forty, dark-faced and handsome. Oldham, a shy constraint in the presence of the dignified stranger, bent down to her sister stood, looking fully his equal.

A rather embarrassing silence followed the introduction, which was relieved somewhat by Enoch's remarks about the weather, to which Fletcher made brief replies.

He had met something worse even than the hard, cold defiance he had expected. Her attitude towards him was intangible, unexplainable. It did not quite savor of indifference, yet it seemed to place an infinite distance between them.

Oldham slipped out and kindled a fire in the stove of the old-fashioned best room, called, by courtesy, the parlor.

Later Eunice and Gerald stood in the bright glow of the wood fire, with their eyes upon the blaze, nervously themselves for the coming ordeal.

Gerald broke the silence. "Eunice, are you sorry to see me?" he asked.

She turned slowly toward him. She let her eyes rest upon his face. It was older, grayer. Beneath the troubled expression in his eyes the still flame of that old-time passion was burning.

"What reason have I to be glad?" she asked, with a sadness he did not yet understand.

"I come to you a free man," he said. "Freed by death. I come asking forgiveness, longing to make all the reparation in my power for the wrong I did you, anxious to spend the rest of my life in winning back the love and esteem I forfeited."

"To make me your honorable wife?" she asked slowly, with that insouciant calm.

"To make me your honorable wife," he repeated. "If you do not despise me too wholly to receive my name. Oh, Eunice!" with a sudden accession of passionate entreaty in his voice, "has the old love, whose strength and sweetness tempted me into dishonor, died out past re-kindling?"

He took an eager step towards her, she motioned him back quietly. How was he to guess what a tumult was raging beneath that strange calm?

"You shrink from me," he cried, passionately. "I see your love is dead, killed prematurely by my own hand. I was a blind fool to think that you were a woman to condone such a wrong. My punishment is just; to love you

through life madly and hopelessly." He paced the room in strong agitation. She sat silent, still, with every fibre in her heart responding to his passionate appeal while the ghastly details of that dark period of her life thrust themselves hideously before her vision, barring her from grasping the proffered happiness.

He stood still suddenly. "Why do you not upbraid me?" he cried. "I can bear reproaches, denunciations, anything but this horrible silence."

She turned her face again toward him, but it was no longer calm. The anguish of a terrible inward struggle was written upon it. There was a painfully pathetic expression in the eyes that might easily overflow in tears, the sensitive lips quivered.

"You do not understand," she said, speaking so rarely, as one exhausted by the rude beating of a storm. "You offer to make me your honorable wife. You little dream what my life has been since I parted from you."

She paused, trying to summon resolution to proceed. What a coward she felt as she noted the change that had altered her own heart. It spoke much for the truth and nobility of her nature that she felt constrained to make the confession, even though it must lower her forever in his estimation.

"You shall know the worst," she went on, speaking rapidly, as if she feared to falter. "You will despise me, but I cannot deceive you. For two years I was numbered with those whose gilded cage and flaunting attire are the price of their soul's purity. I laughed at truth and honor in man or woman. I tried to drown my heart in longing for the love I had lost. In midnight revels my laugh rang louder than all else, hollow mockery of gaiety. At times, self-contempt would drive me to the verge of self-destruction, from which, I think some pitying angel held me back, giving me time for repentance."

"My health failed. I came home to die, as I thought. It has been reserved for me to look once again upon the face of the man I loved, to hear from his lips an offer of honorable marriage, and although I am powerless to place an unaltered hand in this, I desire to right the wrong I am like balm to my heart."

A feeling of terror crept over Gerald as he listened. The extent and scope of his own wrong-doing revealed itself with new and startling distinctness. Driven out, he felt the fiery impetuosity which had urged him forth upon his quest for the woman he had wronged, seemed all at once to diminish. But the elements urged him on. Gusts of the wind swept over the hill, whirling the snow in his face in seeming impatience with his indecision.

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TWO TRUTHS.

"Darling," he said, "I never meant to hurt you; and his eyes grew wet. 'I would not hurt you for the world! Am I to blame if I forget?'"

"Forgive my selfish tears," she cried. "Forgive! I know that it was not that you would mean to hurt me, love; I knew it was that you forgot."

But all the same, deep in her heart rankled this thought, and rankled yet: When love is at its best, one loves so much that he cannot forget.

Wooing His Wife.

Although Farmer Tucker had long dreamed of a visit to Chautauque, when he found himself at the Mecca of devout excursionists, the brawny man was tempted to doubt his own identity. The holiday surroundings, with their wholehearted devotion to the full, sweet tone of the grand organ, his cramped, selfish heart was strangely touched and expanded. For an instant the wish crept in that he had asked Jane if she would like to come, too. But there was not much time for his own thoughts, for, as the music ceased, a white-haired gentleman arose and announced the name of the orator who is well known from Maine to California.

"Well, now, it beats all to think I'm going to hear the man I've wanted to hear for more'n twenty years," Farmer Tucker whispered to himself.

The lecturer commenced his brief address with one of his inimitable descriptions. The story was of a man who applied for a divorce and was advised by his eminent lawyer to try the effect of making love to his wife as he had done before marrying her, instead of resorting to the measure he had proposed. It included, also, an account of a late visit, when the happy husband withdrew his application, and, fairly dancing with joy, assured the lawyer that his experiment had worked like a charm, that "Sally had become as amiable and affectionate a wife as a man could ask to have."

His representation of the scene drew forth loud applause, but Samuel Tucker's interest was of too serious a nature to permit his joining in the laughter. As if unconscious for a moment of the multitude about him, he said, in an undertone:

"I'd be willing to take my oath that I wouldn't work with Jane. All I have to say is, that man's wife was different from mine; I'd as soon think of feeding sargassum to a mummy as to begin sparring with her."

Length he quieted his conscience with the determination to prove that his estimate of his wife was correct.

"When I go home," he said to himself, "I'll just show the woman some little attentions, and I'll see that I have any more effect on her than that would be the old day, more Jane's would be to be silent and obstinate, and I suppose I may as well make up my mind to it."

On reaching home the resolution was not easily carried out. When Mr. Tucker planned some gallantry toward his wife the very thought made him feel that he was to be silent and obstinate, and I suppose I may as well make up my mind to it."

The farm was nearly a mile from the church, yet Samuel Tucker had for years been in the habit of driving back alone, leaving his wife to attend the Sunday school and then walk home as best she could, through mud and dust. Great was Mrs. Tucker's astonishment, therefore, on the Sabbath after his return, to find him waiting for her at the close of the Bible service. The faintest suspicion that he had driven back to church for her did not cross the good woman's mind, she supposed he had business with some of the brethren, and hesitated whether to walk on as usual or to suggest waiting for him, when the farmer called out: "It's just as cheap to ride as to walk." Silently the woman took her seat in the buggy, and silently they drove home, much to the husband's satisfaction, for it seemed to him a proof of the woman's dull, unappreciative nature. "She didn't act pleased, but was only dazed like, as I knew she would be," he muttered, and he went about his midday chores.

At the same time Mr. Tucker was conscious of having performed a most praiseworthy act, and felt so comfortable that he resolved to repeat the experiment. So on the following Sabbath Jane again found her husband waiting, and, as she mounted the high buggy, ventured to utter a half audible "Thank you," and to ask Samuel if he had been waiting long. To which Mr. Tucker replied that he had just reached the church, and did not know but what he might find she had started on foot. His reply seemed to Jane a positive assurance that her husband had really returned for the sole purpose of taking her home; and her chilled heart glowed with warmth unknown for years. She longed to tell her husband how much she appreciated his trouble, but imagined it would sound "so foolish" that she kept her pleasure to herself.

The third Sabbath was rainy, and as she washed the breakfast dishes Mrs. Tucker kept thinking: "I wonder if Samuel means to come for me this noon; it would be such a help in the rain; I'm half a mind to ask him!" This resolution was soon stifled with the reasoning which had silenced many a similar remark in the past ten years. "No, I won't ask no favors; if he don't think enough of me to come, why he needn't!"

Although proudly unwilling to seek any attentions, Jane longed for some demonstration of her husband's love and care. She had walked home in the rain too often to greatly dread such exposure. But a week before the wife had tasted the joy of being considered and longed for some further proof of her companion's affection.

Mrs. Tucker's heart leaped for joy when at noon she saw the mare's head from the lecture-room window. Indeed, her hungering heart became quite unmanageable, and, entering the carriage door, melted Jane sobbed out:

"I sure it's very good of you, Samuel, to come for me this rainy day," and then the tears flowed so fast that further words were impossible.

Completely taken by surprise, Mr. Tucker explained:

"I wouldn't mind the walk," he responded the wife, "but Samuel—I'm so happy to have you—care enough about me to come."

The strong man was brushing away a tear from his own cheek now, his tenderer, better nature was mastering the hard, selfish spirit which had long possessed him, and with coughing and choking, he said:

"Jane, I see you're an awful batch of our married life; if you've a mind to forgive me, I'll see if I can't treat you from day to day as a woman ought to be treated."

This confession was all too much for the weeping wife, and she answered quickly:

"You're not a bit more to blame than I am; I've been proud and obstinate; but I tell you what it is, we will begin all over again."

There was now thoroughly broken; and that afternoon Farmer Tucker and his wife had a long talk over the past and future. And in the evening, when they were about to start for the prayer meeting to be held in the neighboring schoolhouse, the renewed husband stooped and kissed his wife, saying:

"Jane, I've been a-thinking that married life ain't so different from farming or any other occupation. Now, I ain't such a fool as to think a field will keep a-yielding if I only enrich it once and plant it twice; I have to go over the same ground every season; and here I suppose you are to always do as you did when we were scoring, without my doing my part at all."

"If I hadn't changed any, maybe you would always have been as tender as you used to be," pleaded the wife.

"Perhaps so and perhaps not; but I don't mean to leave you to try such a plan. I tell you what it is, Jane, I feel as if we hadn't really never been married until to-day. It most seems as if we ought to take a wedding tower."

"I'm afraid we'll have to wait until next summer for that," was the smiling response.

"I suppose we shall, but we'll take it then, certain."

Pleasant to the taste and surprisingly quick in relieving coughs and colds, it is not at all strange that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup always succeeds.

Salvation Oil, the greatest pain-cure on earth, is guaranteed to effect a cure where it is possible for the seat of the disease to be reached by a liniment. Price 25 cents a bottle.

A TRAIN LOAD OF LOVERS. VALUABLE OPPORTUNITY FOR STUDYING THE INTRICACIES OF THE GRAND PASSION.

[New York World.] The New York Central train that pulls into the Grand Central Depot at 10:55 every Sunday night is called the "Lovers' train." For years it has been called along the entire length of the road, from Albany down.

"How did it get the name?" said the old conductor to his inquiring passenger. "Just look through those seats and judge for yourself. You see there are no other persons aboard but young men. This is the last train into the city to-night, and from every village along the line—Garrison's, Peekskill, Sing Sing, Tarrytown, Yonkers—it gathers the young fellows together and whisks them back to town. They are all lovers and have been calling on their rural sweethearts. Of course, in summer, when city people come up to spend the warm days along the Hudson, our load of lovers is increased and we put on an extra car or two. But throughout the entire year we can count on a regular complement of Sunday young men visitors."

The conductor cast a friendly glance down the row of seats. "It is odd," he continued, "what a happy lot these passengers are and how differently the day with their idols affects different men. Some of them curl up selfishly in a corner and think over the good time they have had, while others are full to the brim, and how she looked when she said it. When I reflect what the result of—"

The engine whistled for Yonkers. The conductor started for the platform whistling softly to himself "What Will the Harvest Be?"

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"IT KNOCKS THE SPOTS," and everything in the nature of eruptions, blotches, pimples, ulcers, scrofulous humors, and incipient consumption, which is nothing more nor less than scurf of the lungs, completely out of the system. It stimulates and invigorates the liver, tones up the stomach, regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, and builds up the weak places of the body. It is a purely vegetable compound, and does more than is claimed for it. We refer to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

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THROW AWAY TRUSSES when our new method is guaranteed to permanently cure the worst cases of rupture, without the use of the knife. Send 10 cents in stamps for pamphlet and references. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case