

THE MAIL.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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If Zola could publish a book at this interesting juncture of the Dreyfus case it would have a sale, beyond a doubt.

If a political campaign wasn't on we would not hear so many stories of hunger, neglect and starvation as we do now, and therefore many of them must be taken with a grain of doubt.

One of the most pointed things that has been said regarding the alleged bad treatment of some of our soldiers, was that of an army officer, who said that "War at its best is but a tragedy, and there is no way to make a picnic out of it."

WONDER if Uncle Sam pays for the numerous telegrams that Major Russell B. Harrison sends to Governor Mount, throwing bouquets at the latter gentleman in complimenting the Indiana regiment in General Lee's army corps? If the old gentleman pays for them, Major Harrison's telegraph bill must be tolerably large.

ONE thing is certain, the mine owners of Pana, who are appealing to the state to help them drive residents of Illinois to the poor house in order to give work to imported miners from Alabama, are not entitled to much consideration. It is all right to talk about the state's duty to protect property from the assaults of mobs, but it has a greater duty to protect the lives and homes of her own people. Lives are more precious than property, no matter how humble the lives may be.

In the death of Claude Matthews Indiana loses a good man. He made an energetic, capable governor, and distinguished himself in a number of instances, where weak men would have failed. While not a great man, he was a strong one politically, and the Democratic party will miss him greatly in future campaigns. His funeral at Clinton, Wednesday, was one of the largest ever held in this part of the state, and gave evidence of the high esteem in which he was held by his friends and neighbors, political opponents as well as friends.

A FRESH incident in the Dreyfus case seems to deepen the disgrace of the French people and to further show the baneful effects of militarism in such countries as France, Spain and Germany, which exalt the army above all other interests. The suicide of Col. Henry at Paris makes plainer the fact that the military officials used forgery to convict Dreyfus, and the French people, like an unreasoning mob, allowed themselves to be hurried into an insane fury against the Jews and Dreyfus. The theory that the Latins are a decadent race is supported by the developments of the Spanish-war and the celebrated French case.

OUR old friend Christopher Columbus has been a long time dead, but his descendants have never got over quarrelling as to the place where his remains are buried. Some of them claim he was buried in the cathedral at San Domingo, while other descendants claim he is buried at Havana and now they want one of the articles of the treaty of peace to be a proviso that his remains shall be taken from Havana, moved back to Spain, and buried in the royal chapel at Madrid. The poor old fellow had a hard time getting his just deserts while living, and it seems a pity that they can't let him rest in peace, wherever his remains may be buried.

It pays to have political pull, even in the United States Volunteer service. This was never better shown than in the case of the 161st Indiana regiment, the last one organized, of which Taylor Durbin is colonel. Mr. Durbin, is a member of the Republican national committee from this state, and one of the shrewdest politicians in the country. When the regiment was organized Colonel Durbin made the announcement that it was almost certain to see service, and now although the other Indiana regiments organized at the breaking out of the war, when all were anxious for service, are coming home to be mustered out, it is announced that the 161st is going to Havana with General Lee in October, and will be a part of the army of occupation.

Two men, well known to Terre Haute people, have died within a week to evoke universal regret. Especial stress is laid upon the kind hearts and winning personal qualities of Claude Matthews, the ex-governor, and Benjamin G. Cox, the great merchant. There is much in the temperament which is born with a man to make it easy or difficult to become admired and beloved, but men too often allow the naturally happy temperament to become cramped and callous. These men never chilled or embarrassed those they met by showing a sense of their own importance, or by shutting themselves up against the interests of their fellow men. One reason why the circle of friendship seems to be permanently smaller, and life poorer to us when a Matthews and Cox depart is because we can look around us to see so many that personally are as fortunate and important who hesitate to turn their hand or utter a cordial word for the help of their fellows and their community. They often mean well, but shrink from taking the

initiative, and when their obituaries come to be written they merely will be catalogues of their business enterprises and offices and the amount of their life insurance.

A STORY OF WATSON.

AN OCCASION WHEN THE OLD SEA DOG WANTED TO SWEAR.

Not Being a Profane Man, However, He Gave the Job Which Roused His Wrath to Fuller, the Bos'n's Mate, and Then Let Events Take Their Course.

John Crittenden Watson does not belong to the list of "cussing officers," yet as a man-o'-war skipper he never had a man of his ship's company aft for swearing. He was singularly indulgent of the hard swearers forward.

"Hard language helps a man along occasionally," he has been known to say to one of his deck officers upon overhearing a stream of maledictions from the lips of some old flat foot working at a stubborn job forward, "and it is better for the men to work off their wrath over fouled anchor chains in cuss words than to take it out of each other's hide."

Aboard one of the ships under Watson's command there was an old bos'n's mate named Fuller, who had the call throughout the whole navy as the champion profane man of the government's line of packets. Fuller never raised his voice when he swore. He would simply stand back and quietly regard the inanimate object of his wrath—a bent belaying pin perhaps or a slack ridge rope—and then he would open up in an ordinary conversational tone. But the utterances he gave vent to were sulphurous. It always took Fuller a good five minutes to work off what he considered the necessary number of remarks on such occasions, and it always seemed, when he was through, that he had quite exhausted the whole vocabulary of profanity. But this was a mistake. The very next time anything went wrong with a bit of Fuller's gear he would start in on a new line that would contain absolutely not a single repetition of any of his previous performances. It was always a source of wonder to Fuller's shipmates, even the old timers, where he picked up the new ones, all of which were of startling originality and force.

These shipmates related only one instance in which he found himself at a loss for words. He was with a landing party from his ship, marching on the outskirts of Chemulpo, Korea. He stubbed his toe on a loose boulder in the road and fell on his face in the dust. He picked himself up and looked at the road. He opened his mouth to say something, but he had no words. He was dumb with wrath. Two or three times he attempted to begin, but it was no go. He was stuck for once, so he pulled out a pistol and deliberately fired it into the air five times. He had to express his feelings in some way.

When Fuller was serving aboard Watson's ship, he was in good shape, and his frequent quiet outbursts kept the forward part of the ship keyed up with wonder as to what was coming next. One morning at big gun drill Captain Watson himself was superintending the exercise. One of the wooden cartridges became jammed in the breech of the 6 inch rifle to which he was devoting most of his attention. He wouldn't permit any of the gunner's mates around him to attempt to loosen the cartridge, but essayed the job himself. He tugged at the jammed cartridge and broke his finger nails over it, and still it wouldn't come out. It was a pretty hot morning on deck, and the perspiration began to roll off his face in streams, but he persisted in trying to loosen the stuck cartridge. He looked as if he would like to say a heap were he a swearing man, but he wasn't a swearing man. When he had been working for five minutes over the jammed cartridge with no success, he looked pretty helpless and miserable. He gave one final tug, but the stuck cartridge remained in the gun's breech. The skipper gathered himself together, mopped his forehead and looked at the gun. "Confound it all," he broke out, "where's Fuller? Send me Fuller, somebody."

Fuller was on hand directly. He wasn't a gunner's mate, and he had nothing to do with the guns, but Watson wanted Fuller to tackle the jammed cartridge all the same.

"Fuller," said Watson, "try and get that dummy out of that gun."

Fuller looked at the stuck cartridge, and Watson retreated to the starboard side of the quarter deck. Fuller made two or three claws at the wooden cartridge, but it wouldn't come out. A gunner's mate could have got it out in a jiffy, but Fuller wasn't in that line of the service. He tugged away, but it was no go. Watson stood regarding the horizon on the starboard side of the quarter deck. Fuller spat on his hands and made one more try. The dummy didn't move a tenth of an inch. Then Fuller mopped his forehead with his neckerchief, clapped his cap on the back of his head and opened up. It was great work, this performance of Fuller's, and mistake. He eclipsed all of his former efforts. He stood with his hands on his sides, looking at the gun breech and saying things at it that no Morgan or Kidd or Teach or other heaven defying pirate could ever have equaled. The men stood around, just looking at Fuller in open mouthed amazement. They couldn't make out where he got them all. They were all in English, but the combinations were weird. The peroration was frightful, although delivered in the mildest tone imaginable.

When Fuller finished, he mopped his forehead with his neckerchief again and walked over to his commanding officer, who was looking over the starboard rail, apparently thinking deeply. Fuller said, "It's stuck proper, sir," said Fuller. "I can't get it adrift."

"Well," said Watson, "I didn't think you could, Fuller, but I needed you. Thanks. You did very well. Go forward."—New York Sun.

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Made from choicest cream and with most improved machinery, at prices to suit, at Eiser's, Ninth and Main.

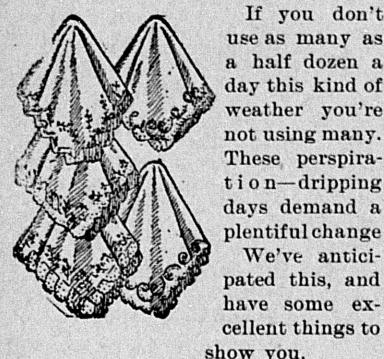
Hall's Family Pill's are the best.

Spongeling and Pressing.

THE TEST OF A STORE.

is its true value giving. Do your buying at our store and you will always have a feeling of security. Not that all goodness lies in our store, but that all shoddiness and unsafe goods are kept out of it. When you make a purchase of us, it matters not how small, you know that you have just as much or more of that quality of goods as your money would buy in any store, besides you have a larger assortment, better styles and newer designs to select from. Our fall stocks are now daily coming in. Remember, the choice goods always go first.

Handkerchiefs



We have just received a beautiful assortment Royal Hanover, patternware. Just the thing for wedding gifts, card party prizes, or room decorations. They are on sale now at remarkable low prices.

Laces

It's once more nearing school days, and the girls must have school dresses. What's nicer than neat pattern in gingham, trimmed nicely in lace. We've just received some new things in woven torchons, which for style and beauty can not be equalled.

Edges and insertions to match. They start at 3c and go up to 25c.

Curtains

Our stock of curtains never was before so large and fine as it is today. Curtains of all kinds and descriptions and at prices that cannot be matched.

Nottinghams—Full size for \$1 worth \$1.25.

Full size for \$1.25, worth \$1.75.

Full size \$1.50, worth \$2.

Full size \$2, worth \$2.50.

Irish Points—\$2 per pair up, worth \$3.00.

Latest designs in Renaissance and Brussels.

Swisses by the yard, in white and fancy stripes.

Door hangings in all styles.

Linens.

If you see housekeepers going home looking unusually happy, you may know that they are loaded down with the happy thought of having attended our great Linen sale, which is now going on.

Our sale has proven that linens will sell at all seasons of the year if the price is right.

54-inch Cream Damask 25c.
60 " " " 30c.
72 " " " 40c.
64-inch Silver Bleached 50c.
72 " " " 60c.
72-inch Bleached Damask 50c.
72-inch extra quality 75c.
72-inch double Damask, heavy, \$1.00.
72-inch Damask, heavy, \$1.25.This is the season of the year when the use of towels, is extremely heavy.
17 x 34 hemmed Huck Towels 10c.
19x38 hemmed Huck Towels 12½c.
18x30 extra heavy 15c.
23x44 hemmed Huck Towels 19c.
25x52 extra heavy fringed 25c.
A good Turkish Towel 5c.
21x42 Turkish Towel 10c.
23x46 Turkish Towel 12½c.
24x46 fine fringed Turkish Towel 25c.
24x46 all Linen Turkish Bath Towel 45c.

Hammocks

You can take a book and a good hammock and spend pleasantly these hot summer days. We've got a full line and are closing them out at less than cost.

See our Utopia was \$6, now \$2.25.

Full size for \$1.25, worth \$1.75.

Full size \$1.50, worth \$2.

Full size \$2, worth \$2.50.

Door hangings in all styles.

Irish Points—\$2 per pair up, worth \$3.00.

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