

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 unreasonable 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 provision 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 FEW weeks ago Dr. Talmage issued one of his weekly sermons, which maintained that evolution is infidelity. Last week, in England, Dr. Henckel read a paper at the Cambridge Congress of Zoology, which positively declared that science has now established the absolute certainty that man has descended through various stages of evolution from the lowest form of animal life during a period estimated at 1,000,000,000 years. If we can accept the idea of the immense age of creation, that this world is millions of years old, the greatest difficulty in accepting the truth of evolution will disappear. The average man can hardly believe what he cannot see or has not plain evidence of. He knows that man has existed in his present form for several years and, unable to grasp the facts of a history of millions of years, he stops at Moses and is incredulous of revelations relating to a dim antediluvian darkness. Nothing is better demonstrated than that this earth is very much older, than our interpretation of the Mosaic books teaches, and whoever admits that has accepted one statement of the evolutionists, and must go farther.

LAST spring but few escaped the haunting fear that the loss of life from disease would be very great in invading Cuba. Those who remembered the civil war knew that disease carried off more Union soldiers than the bullets did. Yet, now that disease has claimed its inevitable toll people are astounded at some unexpected casualty. A surgeon-general's report in 1870 put the number of union soldiers killed in battle at 35,408, dying from wounds at 90,205, or in all 125,613, against 186,216 dying of disease. We are not realizing how rapidly men died of disease to make a total of 186,216, nor how many died before facing the enemy. It is estimated that the total loss was 11 per cent. of the enrollment. Over 6,000,000 cases were treated in the hospitals during the civil war. Thus far in the present war 350 have fallen in battle, or died from wounds, and nearly 1,500, in an enrollment of over 250,000 have died from disease, but if the government had listened to the cry of "On to Havana," the deaths from Cuban fevers would have numbered many thousands ere this.

It is right to condemn incompetency and neglect, but a reasonable attention should be paid to facts and figures.

An Editor's Hard Lot.

There are always those who will kick. For instance, if you publish jokes with whiskers on them some will say that you ought to be in a lunatic joint. If you don't print something to smile at, they say you are a pessimistic fossil. If you spread yourself and write a good, original article, they will say it is stolen. If you reprint an article, they say you can't write. If you say a deserving word for a man, you are partial; if you compliment the women, the men are jealous, and if you don't the verdict of the women is to the effect that your paper is not fit to use in the construction of a bustle. If you stay in your office, you are afraid to remain on the streets; if you do, you are lazy. If you look seedy, you are squandering your money; if you wear good clothes, you are a dude, and don't pay for them. If you play a social game of any kind and get stuck, you are a fish; if you win, you are a tin horn, and so it goes through one continual round of pleasant complications.—Roslyn (Mich.) Sentinel.

A Speak Easy.

A Philadelphia policeman the other day received a letter informing him that a "speak easy," by which term an unlicensed saloon is designated, was in operation near Franklin and Spring Garden streets. His detective instinct was at once aroused, and he made an investigation, only to discover that he was the victim of some practical joker. The place referred to proved to be an Episcopal church for the deaf.—New York Tribune.

A Military Exquisite.

Marshal Ney, who was as handsome as he was brave, is said never to have appeared on the field at a great battle until he was dressed with scrupulous elegance and his beard carefully curled and perfumed. When he was led out to execution, he was cool and calm as though he were going to open a dance, only asking that the guns should be aimed low, that his face might not be disfigured after death.

The Svantians, who live in the inaccessible mountain range between the Black and Caspian seas, are probably the laziest people in the world. They have made no advance toward civilization in 2,500 years. It is their invariable rule to observe holidays four times a week, with saints' days as extras.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Electric Ice Cream,

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

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 breach 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 breach. 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 no 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 equalled. 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 perforation 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 saluted.

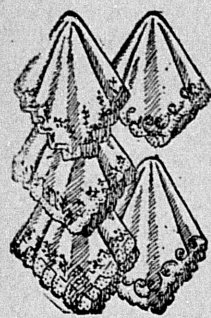
"It's stuck proper, sir," said Fuller. "I can't get it adrift."

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

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



If you don't use as many as a half dozen a day this kind of weather you're not using many. These perspiration-dripping days demand a plentiful change. We've anticipated this, and have some excellent things to show you.

Ladies' all linen hemstitched 05c.
Ladies' all linen hemstitched, 8 1-3c, 3 for 25c.
Ladies' all linen hemstitched 10c.
Ladies' all linen hemstitched 15c.
Ladies' all linen hemstitched 18c.
Ladies' all linen hemstitched 25c.
Gents' corded borders 5c.
Gents' corded borders 7c, 4 for 25c.
Gents' linen corded borders 10c and 18c.
Gents' plain hemstitched 15c to 50c.
Gents' reversed hemstitched 25c.
A full line of all the better grades.

Hammocks

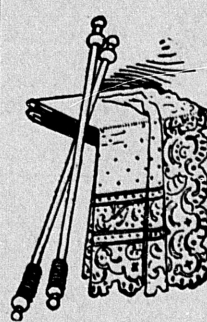
You can take a book and a good hammock and spend pleasantly these hot summer days. We've got a full line and are closing them out at less than cost.
See our Utopia was \$8, now \$2.25.

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 a 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 50c.
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.
19 x 38 hemmed Huck Towels 12 1/2c.
18 x 36 extra heavy 15c.

28x44 hemmed Huck Towels 10c.
25x32 extra heavy fringed 25c.
A good Turkish Towel 6c.
21x42 Turkish Towel 10c.
22x46 Turkish Towel 12 1/2c.
24x46 fine fringed Turkish Towel 25c.
24x46 all Linen Turkish Bath Towel 45c.

L. B. ROOT CO.

FOR SALE—An elegant, almost new Piano, for \$250 on easy payments. Can be seen at W. H. PAIGE & CO.

For Your Sunday Dinner.

Spring Lamb, Sweet Breads, Tenderloins, Beef Tenderloins, C. H. EHRMANN, Fourth and Ohio. Clean Meat Market. Telephone 229.

Pepsin Soda,

The latest, at Eisler's.

FOR SALE—A square Piano for \$40, on easy payments, at W. H. PAIGE & CO.

Special Cut Prices

on full rolls of Chicken Wire Fencing; also 75-cent Hammocks at 50 cents. All at A. G. AUSTIN & CO.'S.

During my absence, the first carload of shoes was received at the Palace Shoe Store, and now in readiness for your inspection.

T. J. GRIFFITH,

420 Main Street.

(Quarters saved by giving heed to this gentleman.)

The ... Ermisch Dyeing Co.

HAS MADE A

REDUCTION

IN THE PRICE OF

CLEANING AND DYEING Ladies' and Gents' Garments and Household Goods.

Best workmanship, employed who will give satisfaction to everyone.

652 MAIN STREET.

Sponging and Pressing.

Coats 25c
Trousers 15c
Vests 10c

Highest Quality of Work Guaranteed.

HUNTER Laundering & Dyeing Co.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FLAGS! FLAGS!! FLAGS!!!

There is no need of sending away from Terre Haute for Flags when you can buy them here of as good quality and as cheaply as elsewhere. We have a fine line of Wool Bunting Flags of all sizes, and our prices will please you. Flags of every description and quality we can furnish as cheap as you can get them elsewhere. Come and see them and learn the prices.

JOHN HANLEY'S SONS,
855 Main Street.

HOW WILL YOU LEAVE YOUR FAMILY?

Not one business man in thirty-three leaves his family anywhere near money enough to continue the comforts he has educated them to need and expect.

This suggests, immediately, action on your part in the direction of life insurance.

Your life represents a money value to your family. That value should be protected by an equivalent amount of life insurance.

Your duty to your family does not end when you die. The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York can protect your family fully. Call on the general agent for particulars.

W. A. HAMILTON,
General Agent.

No. 24 south Sixth St., Terre Haute, Ind.

NOTICE OF PETITION TO SELL AND QUIET TITLE.

STATE OF INDIANA,
County of Vigo.

In Vigo Circuit Court, September 3rd, 1898.

I. H. C. Royse, guardian of George M. Tuller vs. Squire Smith, and if he be dead, his unknown heirs. Henry Craig, and if he be dead, his unknown heirs. Jennette C. Purdy. Thomas C. Purdy.

To Squire Smith, and if he be dead, his unknown heirs. Henry Craig, and if he be dead, his unknown heirs. Jennette C. Purdy and Thomas C. Purdy.

You and each of you are hereby notified that the above named petitioner as guardian of George M. Tuller, has filed in the Vigo Circuit Court of Vigo County, State of Indiana, a petition making you and each of you defendants thereto, and praying therein for the sale of certain real estate therein described, and to quiet title therein to said real estate.

Said petition so filed, and which is now pending, is set for hearing in said Circuit Court, at the Court House, in the city of Terre Haute, County of Vigo, and State of Indiana, on the 31st day of October, 1898.

Witness the clerk and seal of said court this 30th day of August, 1898.

DAVID L. WATSON,
Clerk of Vigo Superior Court.

To the Young Face

POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER gives fresher charms; to the old, renewed youth. Try it.

WANTED.

WANTED—Position as housekeeper by middle-aged widow with one child; willing to go out of city; none but reliable parties need answer. E. L. G. No. 17 Big Four Railroad, Springfield, Ohio.

WANTED—Ladler and gentlemen in your city to represent our business at good wages. No experience required. Inclose stamps for particulars.

THE LIS-TER CO., South Bend, Ind.

IF the public could stand and see the brewers putting the hominy grits in the beer that is made nowadays they would ignore all the beers which contain hominy grits. Come to Peter N. Staff and he will give the business entirely away. P. N. STAFF.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Second floor of 709 Main street. A suitable for office purposes. Apply to 709 Main street.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENTS.

State of Indiana, county of Vigo. In the Vigo Circuit Court. In vacation.

No. 19-116. Thomas H. Parrish vs. Maggie Bell Parrish. In divorce.

Be it known that on the 1st day of September, 1898, said plaintiff filed an affidavit in due form, showing that said Maggie Bell Parrish is a non-resident of the State of Indiana.

Said non-resident defendant is hereby notified of the pendency of said action against her, and that the same will stand for trial October 25th, 1898, the same being at the September term of said court in the year 1898.

DAVID L. WATSON,
Clerk.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

T. W. BARRYDT, JR., Lessee and Manager

Tuesday Night, Sept. 6

AL G. FIELD'S

FAMOUS

MINSTRELS

Bigger and Grandier than ever before. Prices, 25, 50, and 75 cents.

Saturday, Sept. 10th

MATINEE and

NIGHT

STETSON'S

BIG SPECTACULAR

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

COMPANY

The banner of them all.

A. M. HIGGINS.

Lawyer.

Telephone 332. Over McKeen's Bank