

## The Weekly Gazette.

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1878.

West's Liver Pills cure Indigestion.

ONLY \$3.75 to St. Louis, on the 20th.

Go with the St. Louis excursionists on Saturday, the 20th inst.

TAKE in that delightful excursion to St. Louis, on the 20th inst.

THE greatest excursion of the season will be that one on the 20th.

MAKE all your arrangements for attending the circus on the 27th.

SELLS Bros.' Great Seven Elephant Show will be here on the 27th.

Don't drink so much ice-water. It makes you thirsty and does you injury.

THE Oratorio Society meets in the chapel at the normal building this evening. Rehearsal begins at 7:30.

FOR a good idea of the true meaning of "hot as hell," just go the Wabash rolling mills and watch those salamanders at work in front of those little furnaces.

DEBTORS to the estate of the late William S. Ryce, should pay heed to the urgent call for payment published by the administrator, Mr. Lucius Ryce, and save costs.

If there is any substance in the saying that "coming events cast their shadows before" then it is certain the population of Terre Haute is to be largely increased pretty soon.

PERSONS wishing second hand clay piping or any of the lumber formerly used on the old trestle should apply to any of the county commissioners as this material is now for sale at reasonable prices.

ARTICLES of association of the Terre Haute Elevator Company were filed with the Secretary of State yesterday. Capital \$20,000. Directors, James M. Haas, Samuel McKee, and Peter J. Kaufman, all of Terre Haute.

THERE will be a Sabbath school festival given at Union church, five miles north of the city, Thursday evening July 18th. Good music, both vocal and instrumental, will be in attendance. Everybody is invited to attend.

THE trestle work, west, will be completed next week. The terrible heat there occasioned Mr. Sibley to lay off a day or two, but he is back to work now. The new timber seems to attract the heat wonderfully. One of the men, Burgess, was yesterday hurt by a timber, which struck him on the ankle.

THE I. &amp; St. L. road will run a grand excursion to Cincinnati July 25th. Trains leave here at 9:55 A. M., arriving in Cincinnati at 5 P. M. Fare for the round trip \$3.00. Those going with this excursion can be sure of an enjoyable time as Cincinnati abounds with places of interest and pleasure.

THE reports indicate that it is getting much cooler in St. Louis than for the past few days. The climax is passed. On Monday fifty-four deaths occurred, and on yesterday but four. We may expect it, according to all indications, to get cooler from now on. Persons thinking of going on the excursion on Saturday need have no fear. The excursion will be a great success.

AN old fisherman reports the heat so great that it is cooking the fish in the river, and cases are reported of five large fish, caught in the bend above the I. &amp; St. L. bridge, all nicely boiled, ready for the table. Fish can now be caught easily in the hand; just take a boat and float along the river, and when you see a fish, quietly reach out and grab it. The heat has burnt their tails and fins so they can't swim.

THE bull pen, more poetically dubbed in GAZETTE nomenclature, "the Taurus Stockade," has removed to the east end. The stock yards have gone back on the star of empire which westward winds its way. They have turned from accident to Orient. The Cunninghams have rented the Dolan property on the south side of Main street, near Jno. Deere's grocery, and will proceed to make decent people in that section as unhappy as they formerly did those on First street. There should be some way in which such people can be driven out of town.

We are told by the Notionals that factories are closed, farms are lying fallow, people are hungry and naked, and without houses in which to rest their weary heads. For the most part, we take it, this characterization of the condition of things is maliciously false. Certainly it is not true here. But the marvel is yet to come. Factory wheels are to be set whirling, farms are to be cultivated and become uncommonly productive, the hungry are to be fed, the naked clothed and the shelterless ones housed by—what? Why, by setting certain printing presses at work issuing an uncertain quantity of rectangular pieces of green paper. Does any sane man really believe that sutterly trivial and contemptible a remedy is or can be an adequate cure for the disease.

## A NUISANCE AND AN EYE SORE

More than a week ago the attention of the board of health was called to a mass of filth, the remains and refuse of an old stable, in the alley, situated between the Normal building and the city hall, which, in the air, was impregnated with the odors arising from that stagnant mass, and the detriment to health in such weather as this, emitted from that decomposing bulk of matter is very great. The proper authorities have been notified by the board, still, the cause of complaint remains. The infection of this weather is sufficient, without having added thereto, and to be wafted by the little breeze which now and then stirs like a ripple on a calm lake the vile odors of dung heap. Patience and forbearance are almost auspicious, and the long suffering desire to know if there is no remedy. That culmination of rottenness should be removed, for as a nuisance and an eye sore.

## MRS. SMITH AND MRS. JONES.

## Two Mothers-in-Law and How They Didn't Get Along.

## Tin Pan vs. Organ, or Old Muscle vs. New.

## A Romance From Real Life in the Fifth Ward.

Not a thousand miles from Twelfth street, and less than a hundred from Eagle, stand two small houses nestling side by side. In them respectively dwell two widows, elderly females, who are connected to each other by matrimonial ties. The son of one, whom we shall call Mrs. Smith, for the joint reasons that it is a pretty name and not her own, married the daughter of the other, whom for the same reasons, we shall call Mrs. Jones. Our readers have heard that one mother-in-law in a house is a cause of disturbance forever. Will they please come to our assistance this sweltering day and aid us in imagining the turbulent joy that would ensue from two mothers-in-law living side by side. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones have not lived lives of peace and placidness chiefly, we are constrained to say, as an impartial historian, owing to the obstreperous disposition of the latter lady. Her daughter's husband's mother has seemed to be more prosperous than herself that has "riled" Mrs. Jones. Not long ago Mrs. Smith purchased a cabinet organ for an unmarried daughter, and on it that young lady was accustomed to play, joining the music with the sweet songs of her melodious voice. But while others enjoyed this music, the strains that crossed the dividing fence and came to Mrs. Jones' envious ears, were like cow bells jangled out of tune and harsh. Day after day the music of this rival's organ has sunk like iron into her soul and she has been compelled to ascend to the garret or fathom the cellar to give vent to the torture that was tugging at her heart. But there is a time when patience ceases to be a virtue, and to Mrs. Jones that time came yesterday.

Evangeline Smith was playing on the hateful organ. Mrs. Jones' wrath was roused. Seizing a tin pan and an iron spoon she rushed into the yard and beat and banged that unoffending pan as if she thought it was the person of Mrs. Smith. Nor was this all. With a preliminary snort, to the crowd that her performance had gathered, announcing that if she couldn't afford to buy an organ she, at least, could keep in tin pans, she lifted up her voice in a prolonged series of howls, up and down the scale, crescendo and diminuendo, fortissimo and pianissimo, (though not much of this latter), deceiving herself with the fond delusion that she was a prima donna and fairly overwhelming Evangeline with the splendor of her song. As there seemed to be no admission fee, and as it was an excellent variety show, the crowd grew as the performance progressed, and cheered her to the echo; when fairly winded, (for Mrs. Jones is an old woman, old enough to know better.) She retreated to the house proud in the consciousness of having "laid over them stuck up Smithses."

## THE GREAT SEVEN ELEPHANT PROCESSION.

Of the gorgeous and sensational free street show with the Great Seven Elephant Railroad Menagerie and Circus will inaugurate its exhibitions here on Saturday, July 27th, the Pittsburg Daily Chronicle says:

"The display was a very fine, novel and attractive one, and all the material features announced were honorably presented. The seven elephants, unlike the bearded little brother in the lugubrious poem, were still seven, and one of them occupied his position in uncertain grandeur, on top of the huge tableau car of India. The camels were also there in all their ungainly gravity, and chariots, "panoplied retainers," inspiring music, gay banners, beautiful horses and ponies, and a grand caravan of landscaped cages, presented a rich, bizarre and animated spectacle, unsurpassed in arena annals. The richness and liberality of the outside display justified large anticipations as to the concealed resources, and will attract crowded audiences. All along the line where the show was exhibited the press unreservedly compliments it in every respect, and its undoubted merit will be liberally recognized in this pre-eminent circus-going community."

## A CARD.

Having been solicited by many of my Republican friends to become a candidate before the Republican Convention, for the office of sheriff of Vigo county, and not wishing to be in the way of other candidates who may be before said convention for the same office. I take this method to inform them and my friends generally that I cannot get the consent of my mind to become a candidate for the following reasons:

1st. I am a poor man and have a large family to support, which requires all my time and the greater portion of my salary in that direction.

2nd. I have no available means out side of my salary to make the campaign with.

3rd. There are other good Republicans before our convention for that office who are worthy and willing to make the race, either of whom may be more able to make the race than I am.

R. J. SPARKS.

## TICKET BEGGARS.

The demand for complimentary tickets for parties who have not the money to pay for the management, in the case of the unmitigated nuisance of Sells' Great Show has been waylaid, set upon, importuned, woke up and hounded in this respect here by this sort of genteel tramp proceeding, until he sees in every one that approaches him a living statue of begging brass. Shows have nothing to sell except tickets, and it would be far more decent and manly to ask the agent for the equivalent of complimentary in money, and be done with it.—(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

Capt. William Barrick, who has been stopping for some time past at Grand Haven, Mich., is now at the Gardner House, Chicago. His health is yet quite poor.

## OUR WOMEN'S DICTIONARY.

## SOME OF MY OWN EXPERIENCES.

(By G. Von Trotha.)

Among those facts which are not yet fully appreciated or known we have to mention, that the women, though using the same idioms as the men, nevertheless talk another language—a language which has its own grammar and its own dictionary. That, therefore, might be the reason for it happening that women and men do not understand one another. Certainly! The Englishman and the Italian likewise do not understand one another. Both have to learn new idioms which will enable them to throw down these barriers. It is just about the same with man and wife. This one or that one has to use the grammar of the other person that he might enter the way of agreement. Whenever two persons say the same and both represent those two sexes, their talking will not have the same meaning.

Only industrious studies and assiduous endeavors are able to procure the knowledge of that mystery, the dictionary of the women.

This knowledge is already implanted in the minds of the girls. The sixteen year old maid, knowing as many romances too much as she has read, is looking for an ideal. She is dreaming about a male youth with pale cheeks, shining like moonlight, with long curled hair, slender and hero at the same time, a "pell mell" of Romeo, Leander, and Marquis Posas. In the most cases the young girl discovers the hero she is looking for in the private teacher, who gives her lessons in literature at her home. He is pale from hunger, and wears long hair because he does not like to confer his tribute to the barber for having his hair cut. The young maid silently adores him. But how does she explain her feelings in saying, "I admire him?" Certainly not, if she pretends to talk about her ideal, the girl says with the greatest defiance:

"He is insufferable to me."

Perhaps I have been able already to explain with this one quotation what I would like to have understood talking about our women's dictionary. In proportion to the maturity the dictionary keeps on growing. In the course of years the circuit of her cognizance increases, and at the same time the abundance of expressions.

Therefore, a person has to be able to translate. We will take for instance, the sentence: "My friend, C., keeps a very nice residence." Having consulted the dictionary of the women, we soon will find that the meaning of this sentence is in our language: "I have to live a very poor and miserable life, because my husband can not afford to keep a nicely furnished home."

Whenever I should try to write a grammar about the women's idioms, I hardly think I should want practical principles.

"Dear Harry," I set another example, "my friend Sadie, this old stupid, ugly looking person, went with her husband to Saratoga."

Translation: "I am handsome and ingenious and I would very well claim that my husband goes with me to Saratoga. If he would earn more, it would not be necessary for us to stick always at home."

Practical principle: "My husband does not like me any more."

Translation: "My husband has made me a present to my last anniversary which corresponds with his income."

Practical principle: "My friend Anny only lives for dresses and amusements, I pity her husband, indeed."

Translation: "My friend lives a very happy life, she enjoys her living. I envy her in regard to her husband."

Practical principle: "Do you not think, dear friend, I am growing older every day?"

Translation: "I wished you would have the kindness to tell me that I am yet quite as young as I used to be thirty-seven years ago."

Practical principles: "Do you not think my picture flatters me?"

Translation: "Please condemn the artist because he was not able to reproduce my appearance according to the reality."

When I first started to study the mentioned dictionary, I very often became surprised about some turns and some strange usages. I very often remember laughing at how much I have been surprised once, when the wife of one of my former colleagues of my studies, told me the following, in talking about the position and rank of her husband, who occupied an office of the State. She said:

"I have nothing to wear."

I became embarrassed, supposing I had taken a seat next to the lady, without noticing any deficiency of her dress, and only after gaining the persuasion that only her handsome looking face was unveiled, I became calm and continued the conversation. Since that time I know that "I have to dress myself in a manner that the people notice to well on me the small income of my husband."

I will quote here, also, the phrase: "I look like a cook," which signifies "I am not enabled to put on any style and I envy the women who have more style than I have."

The same young wife, whom I have spoken of already, embarrassed me another time. One morning I came to see her husband, shortly after they were married. Her husband had stepped out, and the young wife made her appearance, saying, before I was able to open my mouth: "I beg your pardon, sir, for receiving you in such a manner."

I did not understand what she really meant, and I did not know what to say until the lady continued:

"Wearing such an old morning-gown—it is very early yet—if I had known."

I laughed aloud. Now the misunderstanding seemed to me to be very clear.

"I beg your pardon, Madam," I remarked, "perhaps you take me for your tailor, I am—"

"I have the pleasure to know you," said she.

We both became embarrassed, more and more, until her husband returned and redeemed us.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for receiving you in such a manner," means, "Pity me poor victim, because I have to suffer so much, my husband not being able to supply me with the necessary comfort and luxury."

Since that time it would not be very easy to embarrass me, but still I hear once in a while, remarks passing out of the mouth of a lady, that I do not yet fully understand.

A married man told me once that each conversation between man and wife, even if it starts on Julius Caesar or any thing

else, has always the same point of view, namely, the wife wants to spend money. I rather should think his opinion was somewhat too extreme, even if it contains a good deal of truth. But I hardly could describe the facts if I would not mention a few more phrases from the dictionary which may be very often used by the female sex.

"That won't do."

"You men-folks don't understand that."

The sentence last spoken of always will be sent into the field as soon as the first one does not show its effects. What do they signify? Anything a lady wants: "Sic volo sic jubeo—l'Etat cest moi—car tel est mon plaisir—what would the world say?" and so on; all that can be found in these three words: "That won't do."

When ever you try to show a lady the necessity of any measure—she always will reply: "That won't do." And now prove to her if you are able to do it, that it will do—certainly she will defeat you with the triumphant phrase: "You men-folks don't understand that."

When ever a lady tells me: "That won't do," I never wait until she slings into my face the twin-phrase of the falling understanding. I rather keep silent and think in my mind: "The will of a woman is God's will."

When I was yet a neophyte of that department, I pitied the same young lady very much, when she stammered, one evening:

"Alas! A person has to perish spiritually in the conjugal life."

"How is that, Madam," I asked her in astonishment. "Don't you live in very convenient circumstances? no cares press upon you? your husband does not make you fight through the battle of existence?"

"That's all well enough," said she, "but with these consultations with the cook day by day about the bill of fare and with the care for a thousand or trifling matters—who is able to keep herself upright?"

"How can the man do it, who has to go through a very hard mill regarding to his position in life?" I remarked.

"Oh, but that won't do with a woman," she replied.

"What makes you suppose that, Madam?" said I.

"You men-folks don't understand that," was her logical answer, and I kept silent, and I still keep silent, whenever I hear a married woman say "As long as I was a girl, I supposed the matrimonial life would be quite different, or I have to make great sacrifices for the sake of my husband!" etc.—expressions, the real meaning of which I sufficiently appreciate at the present time. But such a knowledge can not be taken from books. You only can gain it by practical experiences. My sources were dialogues with ladies, about the following style:

Lady: A married woman has to represent her husband in a deserving manner.

I: Certainly, she has to show that her husband is the one she cares for the most; that she would not like to exchange with any other woman; that she respects him and esteems him.

Lady: Yes, sir, but she ought not to be left behind by other women in any manner, because her husband in such a case would not enjoy any longer his general reputation.

I: O yes, that is true.

Lady: Mrs. W. is a splendid lady.

I: Very likely unpretending and simple, but distinguished and animated!

Lady: She knows how to make herself the centre of society and to manage her dress like an enchantress in such a manner that a person might be induced to believe she changes her costume three times every day. She—

I (interrupting): Indeed, a splendid woman.

Lady: I would like to spend a summer in beautiful S—. I am very fond of charming scenery.

I: But, if you allow me, Madam, I hardly think, S— has much nice scenery.

Lady: You are quite mistaken, sir; you can always find there the latest styles; you have there parades every evening; two times a week balls take place in the Casino-club.

But this may be sufficient for the time. If I should undertake to exhaust the dictionary of the female sex, I ought to have the "Danaergeschek" of an eternal life here on earth. Perhaps the reader will be kind enough to concede that this dictionary is not a product of my imagination, but that it exists, loosely it is true; but requiring only a master-hand for its compilation. He who would understand a woman, must comprehend the technicalities of her dictionary.

## THE VINCENNES EXCURSION.

The excursion given by the Ringgold band and Governor's guards, to Vincennes, yesterday, was, barring the excessive warm weather, a decided success. The train carrying the excursionists, left the Union depot at 9 A. M., there being eight coaches comfortably filled and not crowded, as precaution was taken to take coaches enough so that the trip could be enjoyed and the passengers not be crowded. The train arrived at its destination about 11:20, and the excursionists went to the different hotels and restaurants, and after dinner the throng commenced going to the picnic grounds, known as Brouette's Grove, where a large platform, about 500 feet long, had been erected, swung out up, and everything arranged for the comfort and enjoyment of the excursionists. Hacks, cabs, omnibuses and other vehicles, were constantly making trips to and from the grounds, and in addition to this, the pretty little steamer "Belgrade," made a trip to the grounds every half hour. The picnicers amused themselves in tripping the light fantastic toe, playing croquet, swinging, and—drinking that well-known beverage, lager beer, until 6 P. M., when they returned to the city. About 8:45 the train started homeward, arriving here at 10:25, with everyone safe and sound and all looking as though they had enjoyed themselves.

One circumstance took place which caused considerable hard feeling among the excursionists who stopped at the La Plante House, which was advertised to feed them at twenty-five cents each, and when it came time for settlement, were charged double that amount. About 250 took dinner at the La Plante, but very few, if any, patronized the house at supper time.

A most refreshing and healthful institution is the morning bath, and it is doubly beneficial when GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP is added. Use it in preference to the costly scented soaps which sometimes injure instead of improving the skin.

HILL'S INSTANTANEOUS HAIR DYE is a standard article.

# THE ELEPHANT RAILROAD SHOW!

And the only one on earth, will exhibit at  
**TERRE HAUTE,**  
Between Sixth and Seventh, south of Vandalia Railroad,  
**Saturday, July 27th.**

A Canvas Colossus of Captive Zones and Equestrian Exposition by Special Trains;  
An Unfettered Menagerie of Moving Mountains.  
A Stupendous Steel screen Guarded Zoological Garden, drawn by Locomotives;  
The One Great Circus of the World on Sumptuous Palace Cars;



## 7 ELEPHANTS 7

In Glittering Harness on the Highway Seen.  
**A Living Elephant Borne High Aloft,**  
On a Great Gold-Encrusted Tableau Car, through the public streets.

## 5 Performing Baby Elephants 5

In combined and simultaneous acts. And behold the marvel of marvels, A PAIR OF NURSING TWIN-BABY ELEPHANTS, but thirty inches high, and less than one year old—the first and only ones ever exhibited anywhere, and an exclusive feature alone more wonderful than all the menageries of the past.

## The Only Two-Horned Black Rhinoceros

In captivity, a Pachydermatous Iron-clad, in which \$22,000 gold is invested.  
A Living Museum of Marine Monsters;  
A Vast Tent Temple of Illustrious Human Prodiges, embracing the veritable Miracles of all Mortal Marvels.



## A Peerless, Separate Gas-lit and Aladdin-Decorated Arena of the Universe.

Five-score New and Famous Circus Faces;  
An Amazing Amphitheater of Brute Scholars.  
The Grandest Embodiment of Natural Object Teaching and Moral Amusement either Hemisphere has ever known;  
And yet to every department of which ONE TICKET ADMITS, and for the price charged by shows which are but a decimal fraction in comparison with it.

## Each Morning, Free to all, a Grand Gratuitous Gala Exhibition

Many times more show for nothing than any other Exhibition charges you half a dollar to see.

Come early and secure good places for the ladies and little ones to see the magnificent public illustration of the Railroad Leviathan's Millionaire Resources, in the Mightiest Without-Price Amusement Pageant of any Age.

A Menagerie of Mammoths marching in the streets, a Darius Open Den of Monster Lions, performed in procession by the Dauntless Bosworth; the Gorgeous Memore Throne of Music, drawn by Twelve Camels; the Steam Piano of the Cyclops, whose notes may be heard for miles; Massive Squares of Vehicular Spectacle and Landscaped Lairs; Allegoric Illustrations and National Tableaux; the Mardi-Gras of the Memphis; the Marqueses of the Komikal Ku-Klux; Succeeding Squadrons of Spirited Thorough-bred Steeds; a Living Avalanche of Royal Robed Employes; A Moving Triumph, such as Thebes ne'er saw.



## An Exhibition Presenting far More than can be Advertised.

Approved by the Pulpit, Press, and Public everywhere, and the Great Family Field Show of America, meriting the patronage of the mothers and daughters of our favored land.

Admission to all, 50 cents; children under nine years, 25 cents.  
Doors open at 1 and 7 P. M. Performances in the Worlds' Arena one hour later. Will also exhibit, in all its stupendous entirety, at

**Rockville, Monday, June 29th.**