

The Saturday Evening Mail.

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Price Five Cents.

THE MAIL

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

SECOND EDITION.

GIVE HIM A CHANCE.

Poor soul! he is down at the foot of the hill. An' despairing, we see at a glance; Beset with temptation, surrounded by sin. Don't spurn him! just give him a chance.

Were you in his place and as tempted as he, You might be as bad even worse; Then give him your hand and a blessing beside, Instead of a kick or a curse.

So hunted, so branded by merciless men, No wonder he eyes you askance; No wonder he thinks you are like all the rest, Be merciful; give him a chance.

He is somebody's son! in childhood, perhaps, He shared a fond mother's caress; Oh give him a lift—a kind, cheery word, You surely can do nothing less.

To exercise charity, Christ-like, to him Will only your pleasure enhance; As for mercy you hope from heaven above, Have mercy and give him a chance.

Town-Talk.

WINTER-QUARTERS.

"November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh," reminding T. T. of "the wrathful winter hast'ning on apace," and the necessity of his looking about him, like a good general, to see how and where his grand army of readers are encamped. If he were a rich, or powerful, general, they should all have the snug and cozy quarters, and every reasonable requisition they might make on the great Quartermaster above should bear his willing endorsement—"approved, T. T." Unfortunately he is not either rich or powerful. His influence at Headquarters is, he regrets to say, small indeed. His own requisitions for "supplies" are seemingly but little regarded; his endorsement of the requisition of any body else would scarcely strengthen it. He will have to submit to the pain of knowing that many of his comrades, and those not the least deserving, are going through the campaign on half rations and without overcoats. He will know that they are marching with bleeding feet—wounded, sore, and without shelter, for such are the fortunes of war; but when he meets one on whom the hand of misfortune rests heavily, he will as he is a man and a Christian, greet him like a man and not like a dog, and send him away filled though it be only with "hard-tack and sow-belly."

To the rich and well to do, Winter is a delightful season. When one's winter-quarters are made the scene of parties and balls; of pleasant family gatherings around the home fireside; of Thanksgiving dinners; of Christmas trees, and turkeys, and holiday rejoicing; of good warm clothes, and wholesome food, and an abundance of both; of playful caperings of happy children; of romp and song and cheerful story; of long, pleasant evenings and comfort, happiness and health continually; then the battle of life seem a very brave and beautiful thing.

But when the winter-quarters are a hovel, and Want and Despair sit at your fireless hearthstone; when the pitiless winds of heaven rave and shriek about your rotten roof, and the drifting snow is sifted in at every crevice; when the very marrow in your bones is chilled with the bitter cold, and the pangs of hunger are tearing you to pieces; when your sick and suffering child is moaning for bread which you are unable to give it, and you sit in the dark, holding its thin hand in yours and praying in your great agony that you both may die; when you have sought for work for days and days in vain; and been cruelly, inhumanly repulsed when you would have begged for bread; when you have been insulted, mocked at, spurned, at one door after another, and have returned to your kennel with despair in your face and murder in your heart; then you will have tasted more than the bitterness of death, and realized something of the immense difference that exists between the winter-quarters of the rich and the winter-quarters of the poor.

There are those whose winter-quarters will be the almshouse, the hospital or the prison—quarters which some shall only leave when they are borne by careless hands feet foremost to the grave. There are lonely winter-quarters unblest by childish prattle or gentle womanly presence, where old bachelors like T. T. sit solitary amid cobwebs and dirt and dream of a better time coming, when peace and plenty shall smile again on all the land, and every man shall cheerfully regard the obligations of an universal brotherhood. In that good time men will not wait for distress to present itself at their gates. They will go abroad and search for it. They will go into squalid streets and alleys where penury and the police now have driven the homeless, homeless poor; and when they have found what they seek, will relieve it promptly as best they can. Then, and then only, will men whose lot in life is easy, have earned the right to fully enjoy their own snug winter-quarters.

Husks and Nubbins.

No. 231.

ON THE SEA SHORE.

"Let the dead past bury its dead." It is related of William M. Tweed, the escaped convict, that when he and Hunt reached the shore of Cuba, in their flight from justice, they spent the first night on the seashore, Tweed sitting up with an umbrella over his head the whole night, anxiously waiting for the coming dawn. One can imagine some of the bitter reflections that chased themselves through the "boss" thief's mind during that long night. Doubtless his thoughts passed swiftly over his whole past life, bringing to his mind in their order the first humble beginning, the departure from the path of honesty, the increasing wealth and power, the glitter and blaze of the last giddy height and then the sudden and terrible catastrophe. What a life! There is in it ample materials for the construction of a tale as wonderful and much more real than any contained in the "Arabian Nights." It seems commonplace to us of the present, as present things always do, but how Tweed's career will seem generations from now gleamed from the pages of history!

We all sit sometimes like Tweed on the seashore looking anxiously to the future and regretfully to the past. We too are convicts, vainly endeavoring to escape from the recollection of our past mistakes and follies. Into the future we cannot see. All there is dark night with no ray of coming dawn. The past is clear—too clear, alas! Too easily we can retrace our steps and see the many blunders we have made. Here and there are the decisive turning-points where we left the right road and took the wrong one. At some of these places we stood long, doubtful and hesitating unable to make the choice and at last it was a foolish one. At others we passed on almost carelessly, not dreaming that we were doing anything important even yet they were occasions of great moment, the effects of which will mark all our future life. The steps we took seemed then the evident matter-of-fact thing to do. How vastly different they appear now in the light of the present. It may have been the choice of a profession, or the going to or leaving a place, or the buying or not buying a certain property, or our marriage, or some other thing. But be it what may, it is something in each one of our lives that we see now so clearly and so easily what a mistake it was that we wonder how we ever could have committed it. Ah, if we could only see before as behind, then would we be wise indeed! As it is, we are not so wise after all, for doubtless we go on making similar mistakes and committing similar blunders to those we made long ago.

How do we know so certainly we blundered? May we not be as greatly mistaken now as we think we were then? We see indeed what has resulted but can we see what would have resulted had we done otherwise than we did? There are many contingencies in life. Sometimes a single word or act costs or makes a man his fortune. Often when we have done what everyone regards as a very wise and proper thing it turns out to have been the most foolish and harms instead of helps us. Say what you will there is a great deal of luck in this world. Many a man is rich on account of having blundered accidentally into a good thing years ago. People give him credit for great shrewdness when in fact he was not shrewd at all. He didn't know what he was doing any more than the biggest booby in the town; never thought of the railroad running through his patch of ground, or the town's suddenly spreading out in that direction or of his land becoming from fifty dollars an acre worth five thousand dollars a town lot. Half the rich men in every city are petrified old fellows who stumbled into some investment fifty years ago which brought them their fortune; and no fool in the town but might have done it just as well as they. Doubtless they pique themselves on the superior foresight which enabled them to make such a judicious investment and others echo the refrain; but in real truth the man who had ten times as much sagacity as they, and used it as well as he knew how, may be a poor devil still. There is such a thing as superior business ability of course, but no man living can look into the kaleid-escopes of modern progress in its myriad forms and say what arrangement the elements will next assume. It is all guess work at last.

"Let the dead past bury its dead." Our business is not with it. When a man has done the best he knew how he should be too much of a Spartan to regret his act, let it seem how foolish it may afterwards. Besides he will never be wise enough to say whether it was foolish or not. It is idle to repine over the past. It is beyond our reach for evil or for good and should be dead, save the pleasant recollections it may contain. Let these be treasured in the memory as beautiful pictures, worthy to be preserved and enjoyed. But as for lamenting the fancied mistakes and errors of

the past, there is much more profitable business on hand. Better sail off, like Tweed, on the first boat, if only to be recaptured, than sit on the seashore bewailing what it is too late ever to mend. The days behind us are gone, those before us may never come, the day that is with us is all there is of life. Let our wisdom be concentrated into its use and enjoyment.

Personal.

J. T. Wiley is back from the Centennial. John D. Chestnut returned to the city yesterday. Mrs. Tillotson is visiting friends in Minnesota. Owen Tuller left Monday for a visit to California. Mr. Edward Gilbert and wife went East Thursday. Capt. Myton, of Casey, is visiting the Centennial. Sam McDonald left for Baltimore Monday evening. Lawrence Heintz is back from Philadelphia and the east. Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Griswold returned to St. Louis Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Crawford have returned from the Centennial. A. L. Smith, the north Fourth street grocer, is at the Centennial. Governor Hendricks and Hon. Will Cumback spent last night in the city. Harry Danaldson has at last been assigned to duty as gauger, at St. Louis. Mrs. Frank C. Crawford returned Saturday from a visit to Mt. Vernon, Ohio. Mr. M. N. Dial, superintendent of the gas works, has returned from the East. Mr. Edward Black, son of Judge Asa Black, has returned from a Centennial trip. Mrs. M. C. Wade, of Logansport, is visiting Mrs. V. G. Dickhout, in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Havern returned Thursday from the Centennial and eastern cities. Mr. and Mrs. Demas Deming and Miss Floyd returned from the East, Saturday night.

Mrs. W. B. Tuell and her daughter, Miss Mamie, are visiting relatives in Cincinnati. Mrs. M. L. Clark, of St. Louis, formerly a teacher in this city, is visiting friends here.

Wm. Colbourn, a Vandalia baggage master, has been promoted to a freight conductorship. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Warren and their niece, Miss Sallie Warren, have returned from a trip East.

Mr. William Pellissier has named November 25th as the date on which he will appear as Shylock.

Rev. S. S. Martyn, having arrived with his family, preached at the Congregational church on Sunday. Mrs. Whitecombe and daughter, of Clinton, purchased the last Centennial ticket that was sold in this city.

Judge Harrington, independent nominee for Governor at the recent election, will speak at the court house to-night. Mrs. Dr. Thompson, who has been quite ill in Baltimore, is recovering and will return home the latter part of next week.

Bob Hunter went into the detective business this week and captured a Michigan horse thief, for whom a reward of \$125 had been offered.

Mr. R. L. Ball is satisfied that his "Common Sense" is a big thing and is in Cincinnati making arrangements to have it introduced to the trade. Miss Octavia Burnett left Tuesday with Mrs. Naylor, of Eugene, for Philadelphia. She will visit other points in the East before returning home.

A young lady of this city is still suffering from the effects of a little fun on last Tuesday evening, Hallow eve. A sprained foot, caused while running.

Mrs. Laura A. Douglas, widow of the late J. A. Douglas, has received from the Mutual Benefit society \$4,157.55, insurance money on the life of her husband.

"Squire Wolfe is a marrying man and no mistake. He has performed the ceremony, for others, one hundred and twenty-four times since he has been a magistrate. Messrs. Kester & Wheeler have disposed of their "Eagle Drug Store" to Dr. Ballew, of Greencastle. The goods will be moved away from the city and the house closed.

W. C. Ball, of the Gazette, spent a few days, in early part of the week, at the feet of the Chicago evangelists, Moody & Sankey. Spiritually he has been greatly refreshed.

The Vincennes Sun announces, as a rumor, that Charles S. Voorhees, son of Daniel W., will be Governor Williams' private secretary; whereupon the Journal of this city says that that is a mistake; that James P. Voorhees, brother of Charles, will probably be appointed assistant secretary. So it won't be Dan!



"Die!" cried Phil, starting back, bewildered, "what am I to die for?"

THE BOY CAPTIVE.

OR, LIFE IN THE GREAT FOREST.

BY C. LEON MEREDITH, Author of "Early Time Incidents," "Quagmire," etc.

"The Boy Captive" was commenced in The Mail of October 7—Vol. 7, No. 15. Back numbers of the paper can be procured at the office, at the news stands, or they will be sent by mail on the receipt of five cents for each copy desired.

CHAPTER IX. A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

There appeared to be no way of escape for the old Indian and his young companion. The savages upon the river were rapidly advancing, armed with rifles, while the party from the land were flourishing their tomahawks in the wildest and most terrible manner. Phil and Mugwa drew themselves back into the clustering willows and stood silent for a second or two, but that was all; it took not longer for them to see that what was to be done must be done quickly.

The Bear Slayer glanced at both parties, then in a rapid whisper said: "Shoot quick; take first Wyandot in boat!" With these words he leveled his gun and fired. Phil did the same, and then both caught up the guns that had been found in the little barks, and turned to meet the enemy rushing down the bank, but they had suddenly disappeared.

"Look," said Phil, a moment later, "both the warriors have gone down into the water. The canoe is empty and floating away." "No more trouble from them," said Mugwa, "but the snakes skulking close by will be soon hurling their tomahawks at us, if we stand here. We must take to the river, quick!"

The two canoes were shoved out, instantly mounted, and rowed into the current of the stream. "Shall we make for the other shore?" asked the boy.

"No," was the quiet answer, "pull down stream. We must get away from the Wyandots before we take to our feet." This conversation was as rapid as words could be spoken, and both piled full strength to the paddles. The canoes shot away, aided by the current, like things of life.

The savages now appeared upon the shore with howls of murderous rage. They ran with the speed of a Mustang along the margin, half screened by the bushes, until they had gained a point in advance of the Shawanoe and the pale-face lad, and enraged to desperation, two plunged into the water, and made for the escaping party.

Again the rifle shots rang out sharp and loud, and two more of the Wyandot warriors sank to rise no more. "Will the others be likely to follow?" asked Phil, anxiously.

"No," was the reply, "they will be shy of us." The boy felt a comfort in this, for he had no taste for bloodshed; indeed, he regretted having to lift his gun against any creature in human form, and would not under any circumstances, but where the preservation of his own life forced him to it. He knew that the savages whom they had met would have killed him in cold blood could they have done so, and another thought brought relief to the troubled heart. Had he not avenged the death of Uncle Lewis?

They glided quietly down the river for half an hour, and had about determined to take to the bank and make their way homeward, when Phil suddenly cried out: "Look, there they are coming!" The old Indian turned quickly, and sure enough, not twenty rods behind came the two remaining Wyandots, in the canoe that had been so suddenly relieved of their comrades at the beginning of the engagement.

"They have guns," remarked the old Bear Slayer, after a moment's watching; "the warriors we sent into the water did not take their rifles along." "They are gaining upon us every minute," said the lad, applying all his strength to the paddle. Both set to work in good earnest, but in spite of all they could do, the enemy

came nearer and nearer. The gain was not rapid, but so that it could be plainly seen that the distance between them continually grew less.

At last Mugwa, who was a little in advance, laid down his paddle and told Phil to draw up alongside and get in with him. The boy did as directed, and transferring the guns, furs and effects, the old Indian drove his tomahawk through the bark his companion had deserted, and left it to fill with water, while the two put their united efforts upon one canoe.

It appeared that the pursuers either had a better craft or were more efficient in the management of it than themselves, for still they gained. "We cannot escape by means of the paddles," said our hero, "after five minutes' hard work. You will have to outwit them in some way, Mugwa."

The old Indian made no reply, but kept an eye upon the enemy. Presently he changed his position, left the running of the boat to Phil, and took up his rifle, which he had already carefully loaded.

The Wyandots, it appeared, saw this move, and both dropped out of sight, lying down in their canoe and rowing with no further exposure of person than their hands.

The boy rowed as fast as he could, at the same time keeping watch of the pursuers; but with all his efforts he could not prevent the distance between himself and the enemy being gradually lessened, although the latter were paddling at something of a disadvantage, from their prostrate positions.

The Wyandots were arful, determined and revengeful, and evidently bent on recovering their property and killing the intruders. The Bear Slayer saw it all and became sullenly silent. Phil's questions or anxious suggestions were only answered with a fierce frown, and soon he learned that it would be better to remain passive, and let the old Indian deal with his kind as he thought best.

Mugwa held his rifle ready for instant use, and his sunken black eye bent unmovingly upon the canoe, now not more than a hundred yards distant. For fully ten minutes there was no further signs of life in the little bark behind them, save the moving of paddles, than if the thing had been but a floating log; but finally a dark object rose up slowly and appeared in full view above the prow.

"Shoot," whispered Phil, "now's the time." Mugwa moved not a muscle. The ruse was sufficiently well performed to fool him and draw his fire, and the boy, a moment later, saw that the thing lifted up was not a real head.

The object disappeared, and our friends were wondering what would come next, when the barrel of a gun was seen moving out over the end of the canoe. Mugwa lifted his rifle to his shoulder, Phil raised his paddle so as to keep the bark steady, and both sat breathlessly waiting.

The time of suspense was of short duration. A real head darted up, and at the same instant a blaze of fire streamed from the muzzle of Mugwa's gun. A cloud of smoke arose from the enemy's canoe, and a ball whistled close by our hero's head.

"Did you hit him, Mugwa?" asked Phil, anxiously, in spite of the warnings to keep quiet. "May be not," was the answer, as the old Indian quickly laid down his own gun and took up another.

The youth turned to his paddle again, while his companion sat as before, on guard. They soon noticed that there was no movement on the part of the enemy to follow, in fact that the paddle used was working up stream, instead of down. Five minutes passed; the distance between them was nearly doubled, and suddenly a single Wyandot arose to a sitting posture, and began rowing the other way with all his power.

The distance had become too great to warrant a shot, besides, the shadows of the evening were rapidly settling over the river. Mugwa laid down his gun, and taking a paddle, told Phil to give pursuit. The little craft shot up stream as fast as it could be made to go, and in turn gained upon the retreating foe. Suddenly a heavy dark object was rolled from the Wyandot canoe into the river. The old Bear Slayer put his finger up to his forehead with a significant grunt.

Phil nodded, and said: "Yes, took him square in the head. I thought he was foolish all the time, to try and get the better of you."

"Only one left, and we must give him a hot chase," answered Mugwa, with extra exertions upon his paddle. The retreating foe was evidently frightened, for an Indian will only part with the body of a dead companion to save his own life.

The two against one gained on the Wyandot, who saw that his chances for escape would be rather slim if he kept to the river. Suddenly his boat was turned shoreward, and he pulled for dear life. Reaching the bank, with a terrific yell he sprang from the bark, and disappeared in the forest.

Feeling certain that they would see no more of the last Wyandot of the six, Mugwa rowed up to the deserted canoe, and selecting from that and their own such things as they wished to keep, continued their journey.

Phil took the great bear skin that had belonged to Uncle Lewis. The scalp he could not identify, so he cast it away in horror. After a few days' uneventful tramp, the hunters reached the Shawanoe village heavily loaded with booty. Phil was glad to get back into camp, for he did not dream of the trouble that the future held in store for him there.

CHAPTER X. DOOMED TO DIE.

The winter passed away and summer came again, and Phil had been with the Shawanoes for fully a year. His clothes were outgrown and worn, so that he was obliged to cast them off and array himself in buckskin, but through the kindness of Dove Wing, the Indian maiden who made his garments, he had them to conform as much as possible to the border style of civilized men.

The long winter months that had passed away were in most part dreary and unsatisfactory to the boy. The bear skin, which was kept sacred, brought sad recollections of the past, and over and over again Phil asked of himself, "Is Uncle Lewis dead? If so, will I ever know who I am, who my father and mother are, and why I was made a foundling? There was some terrible secret in the noble heart of Uncle Lewis, I know, some cause for his life of seclusion, or he would never have been a hunter and a trapper, with all his intellectual refinement."

Thus the captive boy lay and soliloquized many and many a night, until slumber came to his relief and carried him away into dreamland, and held him there to the beginning of another day.

Phil had grown tall, and his athletic exercises had developed his muscular frame until not an Indian lad of his age could match him in tests of skill and strength.

One competitor for the laurels of the town was there, however, but this one was some two years the senior of our hero. Wolf Tooth, a young Miami who had come to remain with the Shawanoes, felt proud of his athletic accomplishments, and challenged Phil to many trials of strength and endurance.

Our hero had won in the shooting of a rifle and acrobatic exercises, while the Miami had outstripped the pale-face lad in the foot race and in jumping.

Wolf Tooth was a great admirer of Dove Wing, but the blithe maiden cared nothing for him, while she showed a warm affection for Phil. The Miami felt jealous of this preference, and determined to vanquish the youth at all hazards.

He sought the girl and said to her: "Why do you smile so tenderly upon the pale face, when he is not so great of blood as the men of the forest. Am not I greater than such a boy?"

Dove Wing answered with an earnestness that could not be mistaken: "My paleface brother has not seen so many seasons as Wolf Tooth, and yet he has shown himself equal to the Miami, who counts himself very great. When you show yourself greater, then Dove Wing will look upon you with favor."

"I can leave the paleface behind in the chase, can leap over streams that he has to step into," said the Miami, proudly. "The pale-face can send a bullet to the heart of the beast or the eye of the bird, as you cannot, and can go to the top of a tree while Wolf Tooth would clamber among the lower limbs," answered the maiden, quickly.

"Wolf Tooth can send an arrow better than pale-face," the Miami said. "That is what you say. My brother does not use big words of what he can do, but he has never refused to meet you in any game."

"Will he cast the arrow with me?" "I'll might speak for him, I should say he will."

"The pale-face is no match for me, then shall I have the favor of Dove Wing?" The girl thought a moment, and replied: "A rabbit shall be set free, and the bows shall be sprung while it is running away, and the arrow flown nearest its heart shall tell who is to be looked upon with greater favor by Dove Wing."

"Go now to the weak pale-face and see if he will be brave enough to do as you say," said Wolf Tooth, coldly. The maiden did as directed, but she moved away with such an air of dignity that the Miami looked upon her with greater admiration than ever before.

Phil was given the challenge and willingly accepted, for he had been thoroughly drilled as an archer while at the cabin of Uncle Lewis. The next day the match took place. A rabbit that had been captured was placed at a distance of twenty paces to be let loose when the contestants were ready, and the shots were to be made while the little animal was on the run. Phil and Wolf Tooth appeared with their bows, and took their stations. A quiver of arrows was presented, and the Miami claiming first choice, Phil stepped back and let him select.

After the Indian had satisfied himself, our hero stepped forward and put out his hand, when Dove Wing suddenly drew from beneath her blanket an arrow made by herself and feathered with red, and handed it to the youth. Wolf Tooth shrugged his shoulders with an ugly "ugh." Dove Wing understood its meaning and answered: "If a pretended brave is weak enough to try every shaft in the [Continued on Fifth page.]