

THE MAIL

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERRE HAUTE, - - - NOV. 4, 1876.

AUTUMN DAYS.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.
Giant shadows stretch along the hill;
Cold clouds drift slowly west.

Under the Sea.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

They were scrambling down the rocks,
gay, chattering procession—pretty Kate
with her Captain; Dr. Gray supporting
his invalid wife; Helen, Isabel, Tom,

Our party felt on the eve of great
things. Having arrived only the day
before, Mount Newport with its wonder-
ful reach of sapphire sea, the bluffs, the
lakes in their settings of dark blue hill,

A shriek of mingled surprise and en-
chantment burst from the party at the
sight. Beneath the low broad arch the
rocky floor rose, terrace above terrace,

Great drops, forced themselves be-
neath the closed eyelids, and she sobbed:
"O, Paul! how can I bear it?"

She was lying with her face almost
touching the anemones. Nobody re-
sponded to her call—each had found
some other point of interest.

With blessed tears streaming down
her cheeks, Esther heard history; how,
picked up—the sole survivor of that
dreadful wreck—by an India-bound
trader, her lover had lain delirious for
many weeks in a far land, unable to tell
his name or story; and, in part recover-

"Well, what is it? Tell us, please."
"Where's the 'Heads,' I guess."
"O, how far off is that? A mile,
did you say? That's not far. Papa, the
boy says there's a place called the
'Heads,' only a mile away, and we want
to go and see it. Can't we go? You
know the way, don't you, little boy?"

"I think this place is very damp,"
sighed Mrs. Gray. "I should be really
glad to go somewhere and feel the sun-
shine again. I begin to have creeping
chills. Suppose we let the boy show us
the way to this other place, father."

"And, O, Esther, you must have some
lunch. You'll be starved before we
come back," cried careful Helen.

"So she and Tom and a basket made
their way upward, and deposit of
sandwiches and portwine was left in a
convenient crevice within reach.

"Good by, dear. I hope the sketch
will be lovely." And they are gone—
up the hillside—Mrs. Gray last, leaning
upon her husband's arm.

"Poor child!" she said, "it makes my
heart ache to see her look so sad. Didn't
you notice how she was longing to have
us go, and leave her alone?"

"And the very worst thing for her.
She needs rousing, and all this morbid
thinking does her harm."

"The voice died away. Esther caught
the words, and she smiled at them—a
bitter little smile. That was what all
of them had said since her trouble came.

"Another second, and the hands were
withdrawn. The peril, the excitement
of the past hour, the strangeness, and
unreality of the spot, combined to kin-

"Why darling," he gently seated her
on the rock, "you are in a dream. Wake
up, love; look at me, Esther. I am not
a dead man, but your living Paul. Feel
my hand—it is warm, you see. God has
restored us to each other; and now, if
the angels permit, we will never be
parted again."

With the answer to some unspoken
prayer?
The thought flashed over her. Had
she really prayed for death? Here it
was, close at hand, and she had found
some other point of interest.

"The doorway had quite disappeared.
Sharp spray dashed against her dress.
The drops struck her face. She shrank,
and clung more tightly to the rock. A
prayer rose to her lips; and through the
fleming light of the submerged arch way
a strange shadow began to go and
come, to move and pause, and move
again. Was it fish or weed, or some
mysterious presence? Did it come ac-

"Well, I don't know. The tide is
going out, the boy says; there won't be
any trouble of that kind. Are you sure
you won't be chilled, or lonely?"

moment wash outward on the returning
billow. The gentlemen went for assis-
tance, and brought a couple of stout
fishermen to the spot. But what could
anybody do?

"If the young women had sense
enough to climb up to the right hand
corner and set still, it won't hurt her
none, perhaps," one of them said, "Not
more than two tides a year gets up
there."

"But, in heaven's name, how has it
come about? Where have you been
since we gave you for lost?"

"It's a long story. You shall hear it
some day. But"—rapidly—"forgive my
impatience—where is my cousin? What
is the matter?"

"The young man staggered. The glow
faded from his face, leaving him ashy
gray. For a moment he stood irresolute,
then he roused himself, and his voice,
though husky, was firm:—

"Within the cave, Esther watched the
strange, moving phantoms which dark-
ened the entrance. The splash reached
without startling her, but in another
second a flashing object whirled down
and inward, and, rising, the waves re-

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Golden Words

No man owns deeper than he knows.
The truth shall make you free.—Jesus
An anonymous letter is the weapon of
a coward.

Every one is the son of his own works
—(Cervantes).
The devil makes short calls where he
receives short welcomes.

The road to ruin is always kept in good
order, and those who travel it pay the
expenses.

An opinion worth having, is one that
is never given, until it has been care-
fully formed.

A good life hath but few days, but a
good name endureth forever. Have re-
gard to thy name.

Success never did, nor never will,
come to that young man who knows
everything,—in his own opinion.

"Very near are two hearts that have
no guile between them, if the proverb
traced back to Confucius.

The fire-fly only shines when on the
wing; so it is with the mind; when once
we rest, we darken.—(Bailey).

What is defeat? Nothing but educa-
tion, nothing but the first thing to some-
thing better.—(Wendell Phillips).

If there is a past in which men have
done ill, let them have hope, for there is
a future in which they may do well.

Men are frequently like tea—the real
strength and goodness are not properly
drawn out until they have been in hot
water.

There is no contending against neces-
sity, and we should be very tender how
we censure those that submit to it.—
(L'Estrange).

Write your name by kindness, love
and mercy on the hearts of the people
you come in contact with, year by year,
and you never will be forgotten.

"Love is blind." There is but one
thing blinder,—selfishness. A selfish
man stands in his own light; is engage
in a devastating war upon his own inter-
est.

Though God came not to Adam till
the evening, yet He came; although the
fire came not on Sodom till morning, yet
it came; and so comes the Judge, though
He be not yet come. Though He hath
laden feet, he hath iron hands. Oh, to
be ready to meet Him in peace.—(Henry
Smith).

When dark hours are down, work
through them. No exorcism charm like
labor. Men's souls were never made to
dwell in night shadows like the owl's.
To repine for one's self is something so
narrow and mean. While one has
health, and strength, and sight and lib-
erty, is it not rank blasphemy to say one
has not happiness?

Don't be a grumbler. Some people
contrive to get hold of the prickly side
of everything, to run against all the
sharp corners, and to find out all the
disagreeable things. Half the strength
spent in growling would often set things
right. You may as well make up your
mind, to begin with, that no one ever
found the world quite as he would like
it; but you are to take your share of the
trouble and bear it bravely.

The chiefest authors of revolutions
have been, not the chimerical and intem-
perate friends of progress, but the blind
obstructors of progress; those who, in
indifference of nature, struggle to avert
the inevitable future, to recall the irrevoc-
able past; who chafe to fury, by dam-
ning up its course, the river which
would otherwise flow calmly between
its banks, which has overflowed, and
which, do what they will, must flow for
ever.—(Goldwin Smith).

BRODERICK'S BOWIE-KNIFE.
At the Delta saloon in Virginia City
may be seen the knife formerly owned
by Senator D. C. Broderick. The blade
has the usual curve of the bowie, is
about eight inches long, and is very
sharp on the point and edge. The tem-
per is perfect, and it will cut through a
half-dollar as nicely as through a piece
of cheese. The knife was gotten up in
the days when men decorated their
"armory" in an extravagant manner. It
has a common leather sheath, the
original gold-mounted scabbard
having been lost. Where the steel enters
the handle, it is held by a broad band
of gold, perfectly plain. The handle is
covered with a rattlesnake skin, bound
by two heavy gold wires, which run
around the haft in a serpentine man-
ner. The blade is beautifully embossed,
and upon its gleaming face is announced
that it was made by the Ames Manu-
facturing Company, Chicopee, Massa-
chusetts. The hilt is mounted by a
massive grizzly bear, chiseled from a
nugget of native virgin California gold.
The animal stands in the position of
looking back, as if on the defensive, and
his half-exposed teeth, and the warning
of how dangerous it would be to force him
to take the offensive. The cut upon the
title page of the late lamented Overland
Monthly seems to have been taken from
this model. The guards are of gold and
very heavy, though shorter than usual.
The knife is a curious historical relic.

CHARACTERISTIC NAMES FOR
BULLDOGS
A late traveler in Western America,
says the North British Agriculturist,
was struck by the absence of the usual
translated language of the bulldock-
driver in the case of a man on the road
with a small team, which he thus ap-
proprised: "Come hither, Baptist!
W-o-o-o! Presbyterian," etc. This mode
of address seemed so strange to the
traveler that he entered into conversa-
tion with the man, and asked him how
these names were applicable to a bulldock
team. "Well, sir," says he, "I call this
the 'classical team.' You see that
bulldog on the off-side, leading—I call
him Baptist; we'll be crossing the creek
presently—he'll be bound to make for
water. That one on the near side, he's
'a piscopalian, 'cause he holds his head so
werry high. That bulldog on the off-
side of the pole, the one with the crum-
pled horn, I call him Presbyterian;
he's the most out and out knowing bul-
lock of the lot. The brindle in the same
yoke with him, he's Wesleyan; he's all
ways a grunting and a groaning, as if
he was dragging the whole load; bless
your life, sir, he's not pulling an ounce."

The art of cooking Indian meal has
not received that attention which its
merits deserve. A baked Indian pud-
ding, with a little suet to soften and
lubricate the meal, makes a dessert fit for a
Governor, and almost to good for com-
mon folks. With milk, butter, eggs,
and sugar, and lots of fruit, Indian-meal
can be made to keep a family in the
most thrifty condition. These are all
produced, sugar excepted, on the farm,
and on many farms we need not make
an exception. When sugar is made
from beets in this country—as it ought
to be, and soon will be—the farmer will
be almost independent of the grocer.

FOUND—THAT THE SATURDAY EVE-
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AND STEER IT FOR YOUR PROFIT!

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PEOPLE SHOWERS OF BARGAINS AND THEY WILL SHUN

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AS THEY WOULD A PLAGUE.

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A SPRAGUE PRINT at our store at 5 or 6 cents, is the same quality as if we
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EXCELLENT WATERPROOF CLOTH, for 65 cents.
8,000 yards, TYCOON REPPS, at 12½ cents a yard. (These Repps were previ-
ously sold for 25 cents.)
Big lot genuine SPRAGUE PRINTS, at 5 cents.
Entire stock COCHEO AND PACIFIC PRINTS, only 6 cents.

DRESS GOODS AND BLACK ALPACAS!
We are now offering in this department the finest display of stylish goods
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Nice PLAID DRESS GOODS, at 12½ cents, 15 cents and 20 cents.
New colors in PLAIN GOODS, at 10 cents, 12½ cents and 20 cents.
BLACK ALPACAS, 40 and 50 cents, well worth 55 and 65 cents.
Real good BLACK ALPACAS, at 25 cents, 30 cents and 35 cents.
First-class BLACK SILKS, for \$1.00, \$1.20, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

GREAT BREAK DOWN IN CARPETS, CASSIMERES, JEANS,
BLANKETS AND FLANNELS,
They were never so cheap before as they are this fall. Few samples of prices are a
GOOD COTTAGE CARPET, at 20 cents, 25 cents and 30 cents.
HEAVY FARMERS JEANS, at 25 cents, 30 cents and 35 cents.
EXCELLENT WATERPROOF CLOTH, for 65 cents.
ELEGANT BOULEVARD SKIRTS, at 65 cents and 75 cents.
GOOD HEAVY CASSIMERES, at 60 cents, 60 cents and 65 cents.

In an immense stock of goods such as we carry it is simply impossible to give
quotations on every article.
All we can do is to select such as the people will most readily understand.
This enables them to compare our prices with other stores.
It is almost impossible to realize how cheap goods are this season without a
personal inspection.
Please bear in mind that they are the best Prints. Fall Styles, 6 cents a yard,
only at

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FOSTER BROTHERS, TERRE-HAUTE.
FOSTER BROTHERS, GRAND RAPIDS.
FOSTER BROTHERS, FORT WAYNE.
FOSTER BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

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TIME-TABLE EASTWARD
via INDIANAPOLIS and
PANHANDLE ROUTE
APRIL 16, 1876.
No. 1. No. 5. No. 7.
Express. Line. Express.
Indianapolis 4:30 am 9:25 am 8:10 pm
Cambridge 6:25 am 11:55 am 7:55 pm
Richmond 7:10 am 12:25 pm 8:35 pm
Bradford Junction 8:45 am 2:25 pm 9:55 pm
Piqua 9:10 am 2:50 pm 10:14 pm
Columbus 12:00 am 6:10 pm 12:45 am
Columbus 12:20 pm 6:30 pm 1:00 am
Newark 1:25 pm 7:35 pm 2:07 am
Fresden Junction 2:10 pm 8:25 pm 2:50 am
Dennison 3:50 pm 10:25 pm 4:28 am
Steubenville 5:31 pm 12:07 am 6:10 am
Pittsburg 7:15 pm 2:00 am 7:50 am
Altoona 11:35 pm 7:10 am 12:20 pm
Harrisburgh 3:45 am 11:30 am 3:55 pm
Baltimore 7:30 am 6:25 pm 7:35 pm
Washington 9:02 am 8:07 pm 9:07 pm
Philadelphia 7:35 am 3:30 pm 7:20 pm
New York 10:25 am 6:45 pm 19:20 pm
Boston 9:05 pm 6:15 am

Nov. 1 and 7 leave Indianapolis daily,
running through to destination without
detention on account of Sunday inter-
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Rival routes do not compete with the
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