

THE MAIL

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERRE HAUTE, - - OCT. 31, 1885.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING.

Is life worth living? "I asked the lad... Is life worth living? "I asked the tramp... Is life worth living? "I asked the duke... Is life worth living? "I asked the philosopher... Is life worth living? "I asked the great..."

[Sara T. Smith in Godey's Lady Book.]

Eric's Legacy.

Neither of them had ever thought of such a thing before, and they had known each other all their lives. He was at Brest Haven for the first time in a year. There have been sad changes since his last visit. The first great sorrow of his life was made fresh and new by these silent and lonely rooms...

sunlight, her hair tinged golden bronze, her cheeks a little flushed, her lips just parted, and her eyes soft with pleased surprise and cordial greeting, she was even lovely. He took the little warm hand she gave him, and held it. There was a sudden flutter in her calmness. "Are you glad?" he said, simply. "And I?" The throbbing emotions of the day leaped to his voice and to his eyes, lending depth and tenderness to his look. These two never saw each other again by the old light. She did not answer his implied question. "I brought Laura down to church," he said, still holding her hand, as they turned on the walk. "I have an hour to spare, I think?" "A little more than an hour," she answered. "They have a sermon now. It's so different here."

to excuse me, after all, from going in. But I promise not to forget you. "I will trust you—once more," said Laura, with a little drawl of doubt. He flushed under her look, but he drove off, and towards the Dyke House. "How would she look?" he wondered. "Was it the night, and his softened heart?" The sun was blazing on river and field, the porches were blistering, the doors and windows bowed against the heat and glare. He knew the way of the house, and walked in at the front door unceremoniously. As the brilliant light flashed upon the twilight of the hall, Therese came to the door of the library, white-robed and pale, her soft hair loosed upon her shoulders. "You have dared this sun!" she exclaimed. "Yes," he said, very quietly, taking her hand. "Come in here. It is as cool as is possible to-day. I suffer, thinking of your ride."

in his clasping arms—"yet—once—I loved Eric, and he knew it." One sharp, swift pang shot through the heart on which she rested, but the loving arms never loosened their hold. Then he kissed her. "Too, loved Eric better than myself," he said. "He was worthy—all worthy of all love." "Oh, Harry! Oh, my love!" She was clinging to him as she has never done before, she was crying, she was holding his hand against her trembling little mouth. "Something more of contentment, of trust in her, than he had ever known surged upon him. He knew now, as he had never known, that her love for him was greater than the limit of her life, the dead cousin had never been his rival. "He never loved me, Harry," she whispered, hiding her face—never a moment! But I was a silly little thing— I let him find me out, and he was always swayed by me. Let me tell you, when he died, I thought I should die, too. I wanted to die. But then, it came to me that he knew it now, just as it was, and he seemed very near to me, and—and—then you came. Oh, Harry, that very first night, everything seemed different! And when you came again, I knew I could never, never have been so happy without you. You seemed to come to me from him!" She looked up at him, with that awed look he had seen first upon the ever memorable Sunday, when he told his love. He kissed her, gently and tenderly. "But it is all different. And I love you—love you best, best!" "He blessed you, my darling!" He had not a doubt of it. And of the strange features of this late-begun, new-old love, the strangest and fairest to him was ever the consciousness he felt that it was Eric's legacy to him, a bond elastic, golden, imperishable, linking him forever to his happy unconscious youth, and to his brother with whom his youth was one.

OF OUR SLEEPING ROOMS. A physician of note says: "We hear a great talk about malaria now-a-days, but there is more malaria to be found in most modern bedchambers than anywhere else." Persons who are moderately intelligent on other topics, appear to have small thought, or that very perverted, on the subject of hygiene in their sleeping-rooms, and especially those occupied by children. The ventilation of a bed chamber can not be too carefully attended to; and, as says Horace Mann, "seeing the atmosphere is forty miles deep around the globe, it is a useless piece of economy to breathe it more than once." Yet nine mothers out of ten carefully close all the windows "for fear of colds and night air," and leave two or three children to sleep in a stifling atmosphere, and see no connection between the colds and throat troubles they have and the vitiated air she compels them to breathe night after night. Let the morning air and sunshine into the bedrooms as soon as possible after the occupants have arisen; and if there is no sunshine, and it is not raining, let in the air. Do not make up beds too soon after they are vacated. Look carefully after the washstand and the various utensils belonging thereto. The soap dishes and toothbrush holders should be kept so scrupulously clean. All slops and foul water should be emptied very promptly. Wash out and sun all pitchers, glasses and whatever vessels are used in the sleeping-room. Never allow water or stale bouquets of flowers to stand for days in the spare chamber after the departure of a guest. After such places the housewife should be promptly removed, and no soiled clothing allowed to hang or accumulate about the room. Closets opening into a sleeping apartment are often the receptacles of soiled clothes, shoes, and other articles, and become fruitful sources of bad air, particularly where there are small children. After such places the housewife should look with keen eye for objectionable articles, and remove them with an unflinching hand. Even so innocent a piece of furniture as the bureau may, by carelessness, become the recipient of articles which may taint the air of your bedchamber. Damp and soiled combs and brushes are not only unsightly and disgusting, but, lying soiled and unaired from day to day, will certainly contribute to evil air and odors, as will also greasy and highly scented hair ribbons, etc. Never lay freshly laundered clothes upon the bed, nor air the same in your bedchambers, if possible to do so elsewhere. After such places the housewife should be prompt to light a fire on cool mornings and evenings, and if so fortunate as to have an open fireplace, you possess a grand means of comfort and ventilation in the bedchamber.

SOME FRANK CONFESSIONS! "Our remedies are unreliable."—Dr. Valentine Mott. "We have multiplied diseases."—Dr. Rush, Philadelphia. "Thousands are annually slaughtered in the sick room."—Dr. Frank. "The science of medicine is founded on conjecture, improved by murder."—Sir Astley Cooper, M. D. "The medical practice of the present day is neither philosophical nor common sense."—Dr. Evans, Edinburgh, Scotland. Dr. Dio Lewis, who abhors drugs as a rule and practices hygiene, is frank enough, however, to say over his signature "if I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I should use Warner's safe cure because I am satisfied it is not injurious. The medical profession stands helpless in the presence of more than one such malady." An old proverb says: "If a person dies without the services of a doctor, then a coroner must be called in and a jury empaneled to inquire and determine upon the cause of death; but if a doctor attended the case, then no coroner and jury are needed as everybody knows why the person died!"—Medical Herald. It is so much easier to get into jail than society. "NO PHYSIC, SIR, IN MINE!" A good story comes from a boys' boarding-school in "Jersey." The diet was monotonous and constipating, and the learned Principal decided to introduce some old-style physic in the appearance, and await the happy results. One bright lad, the smartest in school, discovered the secret mine in his sauce, and pushing back his plate, shouted to the pedagogue "No physic, sir, in mine. My dad told me to use nuthin' but Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and they are a doing their duty like a charm!" They are anti-bilious, and purely vegetable. A Remarkable Discovery. As a Blood Purifier and a Lung Remedy, use Dr. Jordan's Lung Renovator, the great Blood Purifier. For sale by all druggists. For consumption this remedy stands unequalled. Thousands have been cured with it. Try it. See testimonials. Also good for all Scrofula, Skin and Eruptive diseases. —Monday, Nov. 23, is the last day for paying county taxes without penalty. The most scientific compound for the cure of coughs, colds and all throat and lung troubles is Dr. Bigelow's Positive Cure. It is pleasant, prompt and safe. 50 cents and \$1. All druggists. 17-41. Invalids who are wasting away from a want of proper action of the liver, stomach and bowels, will find Dr. Richmond's Samaritan Nerve a constitutional specific and a fountain of vitality and vigor, as refreshing and exhilarating as a cool, gushing spring of water to the parched and fainting traveler in the desert. \$1.50. Those who take Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic never have dyspepsia, costiveness, bad breath, piles, pimples, ague and malaria, poor appetite, low spirits, headache or kidney troubles. Price 50 cents. Sold by all druggists 17-41. Nervous Debilitated Men You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Fry's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, terms, etc., mailed free by addressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich. Ja-3-1-y. "The best on earth" can truly be said of Griggs' Glycerine Salve—a speed cure for cuts, bruises, scalds, burns, sores, piles, tetter and all skin eruptions. Try this wonder healer. 25 cents. Guaranteed. t1. A CARD. To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to Rev. Joseph T. ISMAN, Station D, New York City. Jy 18-1y

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Men Think they know all about Mustang Liment. Few do. Not to know is not to have.

THE MORTGAGE INCUBUS. Mr. H. A. Haigh gives the following wholesome advice on mortgages to farmers in the American Agriculturist: Mortgages are necessary and beneficial in civilized society, but there are unpleasant features about them. They often enable a man to accomplish what he could not otherwise do, and they also often involve a man who would have been otherwise successful. They often enable a man to get out of trouble which he could not otherwise avoid, and they perhaps equally often make miserable a life which would have otherwise been happy. It is easy to get them on the farm, but it is not always so easy to get them off. Farm mortgages are about the best investment of capital one can find. In view of generally like them. They partake of the nature, permanence and other substantial qualities of real property, but are relieved from many of the burdens imposed upon land. Therefore:—1. Do not mortgage the farm unless it seems absolutely necessary. But, as a general rule, it may be well to mortgage the farm, if it may be well to specify, by adding: 2. Do not mortgage to build a fine house. By so doing you will be sure to lose your money. 3. Do not mortgage the farm to buy more land. Where there is absolute certainty that more can be made out of the land than the cost of the mortgage, this rule might not apply. But absolute certainty is rare, mistaken calculation is common. 4. Do not mortgage the farm unless you are sure of the continued fertility of the soil. Many persons borrow with an expectation of repayment based on an experience of the land's virginity only, which, on falling, means of repayment thus be removed. In this way trouble begins which may result in the loss of the farm. Keep very clear of mortgages.

ASTONISHED AT THE SIZE. Do women know the value of money? Here is a story that would indicate that they do not: Mr. W. was quite an elderly, wealthy gentleman, having for his second wife a lady many years his junior and much petted. Any expressed wish of hers he had at once gratified, if money could be the medium. One evening she remarked in her charming way: "I saw to-day at a store a lovely camel's-hair shawl that I want ever so much. Would you bring home to-morrow a check? It's only \$1,500." "Yes, dear," he replied, "I will bring the money," and the next evening, with the assistance of his porter, he did bring home and placed on the parlor table 1,500 silver dollars. At the sight of this pile of metal, weighing nearly a hundred pounds, the wife exclaimed: "What are you going to do with all that money?" "Why, love, it's the money you wanted for the new shawl." "Good gracious! Does it take all that to make \$1,500? Why, I had no idea it meant so much. I will do without the shawl; it will put all in the savings bank, if you will let me." And she did so, and has since added several sums to the deposit. Mr. W. affirms on his honor that since that event she has not asked for a quarter part so much money as before the incident.

SAM JONES'S ELOQUENCE. We venture to offer a few gems from the courtesing eloquence of the Rev. Sam Jones: Show me a man who was a soldier in the late war who says he didn't steal and I will show you a liar. I have contempt for a man who has the time to play cards. I never knew a first-class billiard player who was worth the powder and lead it would take to kill him. There's a merchant in this town who tells the truth, but he's mighty lonesome. A horse-trader lies by keeping his mouth shut. Galileo said the world was round, but under pain and tortures of a barbarous age he was forced to recant. No person who has discovered the virtues of Miahler's Herb Bitters could be induced to change their opinions. Thousands of persons now living owe their lives to it. Mr. Robert Evans, Lancaster, Pa., recommends it for kidney and liver troubles.

GRANT'S FIVE-CENT KNIFE. Detroit Free Press. Gen. Phil Sheridan and Senator Palmer sat side by side at table at the Army of the Cumberland reunion at Grand Rapids. "Senator," observed Sheridan, "I have a knife here that I'll sell you for five cents. I cannot give it to you, because the gift of a knife cuts friendship. The man of whom I secured it sold it to me on the same reasons." "Who sold it to you?" "General Grant." The Senator bought it, and says that \$1,000 would not buy it.

Why do Doctors Prescribe Liquors? Because they know not what else to do; or because sometimes a little liquor serves to kindle the exhausted fires of digestion. But this liquor prescription is bad business for the patients, for it makes drunkards out of a large majority of them. Brown's Iron Bitters does not kindle a temporary fire. It nourishes, enriches, strengthens, purifies. It drives out debility and dyspepsia, and sets the invigorated system at work on a basis of health.

A widow of 67 years, with ten grandchildren, was married to a boy 15 years old at Port Jervis, N. Y., Thursday. "Hello!" we heard one man say to another, the other day. "I didn't know you at first, why? You look ten years younger than you did when I saw you last." "I feel ten years younger," was the reply. "You know I used to be under the weather all the time and gave up expecting to be any better. The doctor said I had consumption. I was terribly weak, had night-sweats, cough, no appetite, and lost flesh. I saw Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' advertised, and thought it would do no harm if it did no good. It has cured me. I am a new man because I am a well one."