

RATES FOR ADVERTISING:	
Each square, One or less for insertion	
Each additional insertion, of each square	1 1/2
One-half page, Three months	3 1/2
" " " " " months	6 1/2
One-half page, Six months	10 1/2
" " " " " months	15 1/2
Half column, Three months	9 1/2
" " " " " months	17 1/2
Fourth col., Three months	13 1/2
" " " " " months	20 1/2
Local business notices per line, First insertion	3 1/2
Local business notices per line, Subsequent insertion, per line	2 1/2
CIRCULATION	2000
Job Printing Promptly and Neatly Executed.	

THE REVIEW.



CIRCULATION

Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western Railway.

Trains arrive at and leave Crawfordsville.

Trains at all hours.

LATE:
 5:30 A. M. |
Express
 12:45 P. M. |
Mixed
 11:45 A. M. |
Express
 5:30 P. M. |
GOING NORTH:
 9:30 A. M. |
Express
 1:30 P. M. |
GOING SOUTH:
 10:45 A. M. |
Accommodation
 3:45 P. M. |
Accommodation
 4:45 P. M. |

Arrivals and Departures of Mail at the Post Office in Crawfordsville.

DAILY—Going South.

North

TOMORROW, by 9 A. M.

By 12 M.

Depart Tuesdays & Satu-

days

ALSO, by 12 M.

By 1 P. M.

Depart Tuesdays & Satu-

days

WATERTOWN, by 9 A. M.

Depart Tuesdays & Satu-

days

ROCKVILLE, by 9 A. M.

Depart Tuesdays & Satu-

days

NEWTON, by carrier, arrives Tuesdays,

Wednesday, and Saturday.

12 M.

Depart same days at 1 P. M.

INDIANAPOLIS, by carrier, arrives Tuesdays, Wednes-

days and Saturdays.

1 P. M.

Depart same days at 1 P. M.

"CALL A MAN."

Any one who is disposed to try a laugh, will do well to read on.

John Jackson was a very industrious, hard-working man, of twenty-three years. Being the eldest child, and the only son, he had always remained at home, assisting his father upon the farm. John was much respected by every one in the neighborhood, and many a bright eyed girl had secretly thought she would like to change her name to Mrs. John Jackson. But John was no "ladies man." The fact was, John was very bashful. He would rather hate potatoes all day, than undergo the ceremony of an introduction to a young lady. Not that John disliked the dear creatures—from it. We believe, that he, in common with all other high-spirited and admiring men, entertained the very highest respect and admiration for them. And this, no doubt, was the principal cause of his bashfulness. He felt that they were superior beings, and that he was unworthy to associate with them on terms of equality. But we can not stop to moralize.

Nancy Clark was the daughter of a respectable farmer, whose lands adjoined the Jackson farm. Nancy was a pretty, saucy little wench and she liked John Jackson. When they were children they attended the same school, and as he was a few years her senior, was usually her champion in the childish disputes that arose, and her champion in going and returning. At last John got to be so much of a young man as to be kept from school, as he had been in past years. John discovered, too, that he had been growing in stature, and it seemed as if he had been growing out of shape. His feet and legs appeared very awkward; he didn't know what to do with his hands; his face pained him, and, taken all in all, he was inclined to think he was not more than half put together.

Now, the truth was, John Jackson was really a fine looking young man, and nothing but his admiration of Nancy could have suggested any such foolish thoughts about himself. As the novelists say, it was a lovely day in August. The heavens were clear, serene and beautiful, the trees were laden with golden fruit, and the beautiful birds twirled their songs of love in the branches. Earth—(there, we've said down to earth once more; such lofty flights they make our head dizzy)—we were about to say that "earth had yielded her bountiful harvest of a year's grass and clover, and honeysuckles, which the noble *encyclopedia* of Chesertown had gathered within their storehouses" but, upon second thought, have concluded to word it thus: "The farmers of Chesertown were done haying."

John Jackson's sister had a quilting that afternoon. His father had gone to "Keith's mill" to get some wheat, and John was left to repair some tools, to be ready on the morrow to commence mowing the meadow grass. Suddenly it occurred to John that if he remained about the house in the afternoon, he would be called in at tea time and required to do the honors of the table. To avoid this he quietly shouldered his scythe and stole away to the meadow, half a mile distant, fully resolved that he would not leave there till it was so dark that he could not see to mow, and thus avoid seeing the girls.

The meadow was surrounded on all sides by a thick forest, which effectually shut out what little breeze there

might be stirring. The sun poured its rays as though the little meadow was the focus point where the heat was concentrated. John mowed and sweat—sweat and mowed, until he was obliged to sit down and cool off. Then it occurred to John that if he took off his pants he might be much more comfortable. There could be no impropriety in it, for he was entirely concealed from observation, and there was not the slightest reason to suppose that he could be seen by any person.

So John stripped off, and with no cover save his linen—commonly called a shirt—he resumed his work. He was just congratulating himself upon the good time he was having, and the lucky escape he had made from meeting the girls, when he chanced to disturb a huge black snake, a genuine twister, with a white ring around his neck.

John was no coward, but he was mortally afraid of a snake. "Self preservation" was the "passage" that flashed upon John's mind, and "legs take care of the body" was the next. Dropping his scythe, and spinning round like a top, he was ready to strike a two forty gait, when at that moment the snake was near enough to hook his crooked scythe in John's shirt, just above the hem.

With a tremendous spring he started off with the speed of a locomotive. His first jump took the snake clear off the ground, and as John stole a hasty glance over his shoulder, he was horrified to find the reptile securely fastened at the extremity of his garment, while the speed with which he rushed forward kept the serpent extended at an angle of ninety degrees with his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long.

They used to say to one another sometimes: "Supposing all the children on the earth were to die, would the flowers and the water and the sky be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. For, say they, the birds are blood back, curdling about his neck, and he came to a dead halt. The next moment he felt the body of the cold, clammy monster in contact with his bare legs, his tail creeping around them in a sort of oozing way, as though his snakeship only mediated a little fun, by way of tickling John upon the knees.

This was too much for human endurance. With a yell, such as man never utters when in mortal terror, poor John again set forward at a break-neck pace, and once more had the pleasure of seeing the snake resume a horizontal position, somewhat after the fashion of a comet.

On, on he flew! John forgot the quiting, forgot the girls, forgot everything but the snake.

His active exercises (he paid particular attention to his running), together with the excessive heat, had brought on the nose bleed; and as he ran, ears erect and head thrown back, his chin, throat and shirt bosom were stained with the flowing stream.

His first wild shriek had startled the quilters, and forth they rushed, wondering if some mad Indian was not prowling about. By this time John was in a few rods of the barn, still running at the top of his speed, his head turned so that he could keep one eye on the snake, and with the other observe what course he must take. The friendly barn concealed him from the sight of the girls. He knew they were in the yard, having caught a glimpse of them as they rushed from the house. A few more bounds and he would be in their midst. For a moment modesty overcame fear, and he once more halted. The snake, evidently pleased with his rapid transportation, manifested his gratitude by attempting to enfold the legs of our hero within his embrace.

With an explosive "ouch!" and urged forward by circumstances over which he had no control, poor John bounded on. The next moment he was in full view of the girls, and as he turned at the corner of the barn the snake came around with a whiz, something after the fashion of a coach whip.

Having reached the barn yard, to his dismay he found the bars up, but time was too precious to be wasted in letting down bars. Gathering all his strength, he bounded into the air, and again he had the pleasure of finding the snake in a straight line, drawing steadily at the hem of his solitary garment.

Again John set forward, now utterly regardless of the presence of the girls, for the extra tick of the snake's tail as he leaped the bars, banished all his bashfulness and modesty, and again he had the pleasure of finding the snake in a straight line, drawing steadily at the hem of his solitary garment.

The house now became the center of attraction, and around it he revolved with the speed of thought. Four times in each revolution as he turned the corner, his snakeship came around with a whiz which was quite refreshing.

While describing the third circle, as he came near the group of wonder-

struck girls, without removing his gaze from the snake he managed to cry out:

"CALL A MAN!"

The next moment he whisked out of sight, and, as quick as thought reappeared on the other side of the house.

"CALL A MAN!"

And away he whisked again, turning the corner so rapidly that the whiz of the snake sounded half way between a whistle and the repeated pronunciation of double-e.

Before either of the girls had stirred from their tracks he had performed another revolution—

"CALL A MAN!"

Away he flew, but his strength was rapidly failing. Nancy Clark was the first to recover her presence of mind, and seizing a hoop pole she took her station near the corner of the house, and as John reappeared she brought it down upon the snake with a force that broke its back and its hold upon John's neither garment at the same time.

John rushed into the house and to his room, and at tea time appeared in his best Sunday suit, but little the worse for his race, and to all appearances cured of his bashfulness. That night he walked home with Nancy Clark. The New Year they were married, and now, whenever John feels inclined to laugh at his wife's hoop, or any other peculiarity, she has only to say: "Call a man," when he instantly sobered down.

Life and Death—Beautiful Sketch by Charles Dickens.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long.

They used to say to one another sometimes: "Supposing all the children on the earth were to die, would the flowers and the water and the sky be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. For, say they, the birds are

blood back, curdling about his neck, and he came to a dead halt. The next moment he felt the body of the cold, clammy monster in contact with his bare legs, his tail creeping around them in a sort of oozing way, as though his snakeship only mediated a little fun, by way of tickling John upon the knees.

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There was a baby born to a brother to the child, and while he was so little that he had never yet spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on the bed and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people; and all the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon the people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said: "Not that one but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was still at his book when an old servant came to him and said:

"The next mother is more:

"I bring her blessing on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said: "Thy mother."

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the stars because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried: "Oh, mother, sister and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered: "Not yet, " said the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning grey, and he was sitting in his chair by his fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the stars opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

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