

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the great success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the article itself. It is merit that wins, and the fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually accomplishes what is claimed for it, is what has given to this medicine a popularity and sale greater than that of any other sarsaparilla or blood purifier before the public. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum and all Humors, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Biliousness, overcomes That Tired Feeling, creates an Appetite, strengthens the Nerves, builds up the Whole System. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

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Cigar & Tobacco STORE

—DOMESTIC AND—

Imported Cigars!

CHOICE BRANDS.

COMPLETE LINE OF

-Smoking and Chewing Tobacco-

Of all kinds and

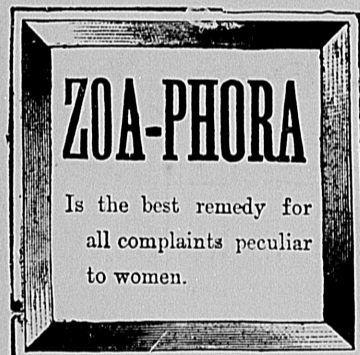
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We Never Get Left.

Our goods are all new and first-class—remember this. We are also "knockers on high prices. Bring us your

COUNTRY PRODUCE

and get the top prices, or receive goods instead. Remember the location,

J. M. Brown,

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Having purchased the undertaking outfit of Dohertry & Son, we are prepared to attend all calls in our line that may be desired.

Corner Washington and Pike streets, opposite the Catholic church.

NIGHT CALLS PROMPTLY ANSWERED

D. C. Barnhill, Lew Cumberland.

THE REVIEW.

—BY—
LUKE & BERRY.

The New Northwest.

The writer was one of a party of three that has just returned from a trip to the northwest. We were all charmed by the beauty of the country, amazed at its resources and rapid development and favorably impressed with its probable future. Some of its many attractions may not be without interest to our readers.

We left home on the afternoon of Aug. 5. It is five hours' ride on the Monon to Chicago. It is the country that makes the city, and Chicago is the great west. It is a great country which can make and maintain so wonderful a city.

P. S. Kennedy was one of our party. He has not been in Chicago since he was a delegate to the republican convention that nominated Mr. Lincoln in 1860. He undertook to show where the wigwam was situated in which the convention was then held. While we did not contradict him, we were somewhat skeptical on the subject.

We left, that evening, for St. Paul, which is 480 miles from Chicago. The run is made in 13 hours by the limited express. The fact that there are now seven distinct lines of railway between the two cities is indicative of the growing business and development of the new northwest.

When Mr. Seward in 1860 addressed the citizens of St. Paul from the steps of the capital it was the seer and the statesman that said, "I now believe that the ultimate last seat of government on this great continent will be found somewhere within a circle or radius not far from where I now stand, at the head of navigation of the Mississippi river."

The seat of government may never be changed, but the center of population is very fast moving in the direction indicated by Mr. Seward.

St. Paul was then a frontier town, now the twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis claim a population of 400,000. At that time the fact that it was the head of navigation of a great river was significant. Now railroads have superseded steamboats, and St. Paul is reaching out her iron arms in every direction.

We spent a day in St. Paul and Minneapolis. The cities are but 10 miles apart from center to center. At Minneapolis we see the great flouring mills with their daily capacity of 80,000 barrels. It is sometimes a serious question where the bread is coming from. It would appear this is the point. But it is not the cities but the country yet beyond in which we are most interested. In the union depot at St. Paul we see the Northern Pacific leaving for the far west. It goes out in two sections of 12 coaches each and every coach is full to overflowing. We are told it has been so for two years now. This is the tide that has been pouring into Washington territory. A little later we go out upon the Manitoba R'y, a railroad that without a land grant, without government aid and without much fuss has already paralleled the Northern Pacific across the continent—has four lines down the Red River valley and more than 4,000 miles of road in operation from St. Paul. The Northern Pacific, with its land grant of more than 50,000,000 acres, was more than 10 years struggling to the Rocky mountains. The Manitoba, with the merits of the country it was seeking to open as its backing, constructed its main line to the mountains at the rate of five miles a day. It was the greatest feat of rapid railroad construction of the age. It is a little remarkable that the Northern Pacific, with its great land grant, and the whole field to select from, should have chosen the difficult and expensive route it did. The Manitoba, by going 100 miles further north, down the Red River valley, turns west to find an unobstructed route, of easy grades, through a fair and fertile land to the mountains. It avoids bridging the Missouri river by literally running around it. It is over this route we make our trip. We go up the west bank of the Mississippi to St. Cloud. A belt of woods forty miles wide extends south across the State to the Iowa boundary. The tract is known throughout the State as the region of the "big woods."

All of Minnesota east of the Mississippi is a timbered region. North of St. Paul the bluffs of the river disappear and the surface of the river is but a few feet below the general level of the country which is about a thousand feet above the sea level. For a thousand miles to the northwest the elevation is about the same.

Now we are at a point where the water on one hand runs to the gulf, on the other, to the Arctic ocean. A little further to the east the water finds its way to Lake Superior and hence to the Atlantic ocean. A little later we stood on the divide where the waters run to the Missouri river and the Columbia—the Atlantic and the Pacific. Here, if anywhere, is the hub of the universe, and the greatest rivers of the world are but spokes in the wheel. After leaving the Mississippi we pass through the Park region of Minnesota. It is a delightful land, a thousand lakes, fringed with oak, ash and elm, with white sand bottoms and pebbly beaches, are scattered everywhere. Here was the hunting ground of the Dakotas—here now is New England thrift and enterprise. We see beautiful harvests of wheat and oats, in shock and stack, green fields of wheat and potato patches, that promise an ample yield, and the white blossom of the buckwheat. There are white cottages, with green shutters, great red barns, half hidden in the groves of oak, elm and maple, all indicating plenty and prosperity. At daylight we are in the valley of the Red River of the North. The river winds its way more than 200 miles to the north to Lake Winnipeg, through a country as fertile as the valley of the Nile.

Here is the home of the No. 1 hard, wheat that stands at the very top in the flour world, and only 250 miles from Duluth and Minneapolis, the best wheat markets in the west.

It has been but a few years since the writer went down the Red River valley. At that time it was an unbroken wilderness. With the exception of a Hudson Bay trading post the valley was unoccupied.

The Red River cart, a huge vehicle made entirely of wood, with two wheels six or seven feet in diameter, the motive power being a horse, a cow or an ox, was the only means of transportation between St. Paul and Winnipeg.

Now, the whole valley is gridironed with railroads. The Manitoba alone has four lines down the valley, two on either side the river, about 20 miles apart.

It is a fine morning. The fresh, bracing air is exhilarating. It has rained during the night and the rich, black soil looks its best. Fences have disappeared. We are at sea, but it is in an ocean of grain. Wheat and oats everywhere as far as the eye can see.

The squire looked out upon the scene and simply said, "we can't compete with this." And that is the fact. With cheap land, no fences, no ditches, every section line a public highway—not a free gravel road, but a good road—only 100 days from seed time to harvest, it is hard to compete with them with wheat—when they have a crop. "Ah, there's the rub!" They don't have a crop every year. Last year they were damaged by a frost—this year by the drought.

The crop in the Red River valley is good, but west of that it is bad.

There was but little snow last winter, which was followed by a dry spring and summer. The rains came the last of June, but it was too late. What wheat they have is good. The grade is No. 1 but the straw is short, and the yield is small. The situation was succinctly stated by a farmer, who posted his farm after this manner: "No rain, no grain; no dunnage allowed on these premises." We spend a few days in Dakota before going "out west."

After leaving Devil's Lake, settlements disappear. We are getting toward the frontier. We come upon Indians, now and then. Wigwams are along the streams, and occasionally a fox flees frightened from the track. The gophers watch us apparently unconcerned from their villages. The bones of the buffaloes, that he bleaching on the plains are gathered by the Indians and half breeds in great piles along the track. A thousand skulls are piled into a pyramid. It is the first shipment the road makes east. They go to the sugar trust, to be used in the refineries. To what sweet uses are they come at last. We secured a set of buffalo bones in memory of a race that was. The Indians and the buffaloes, twin dwellers of the plains, are disappearing before the advance of that great civilization, the locomotive. In their place will be the happy homes of a free and prosperous people.

We pass Forts Buford, Assiniboine and Benton, on the Missouri river—important government posts in their day, but now the frontier is gone.

In 1804 Lewis and Clark, under Thomas Jefferson's administration, made the first exploration of the northwest, going to the Pacific ocean. They were three years in making the round trip—now it is but four days from Chicago to Puget sound.

We are a day at Great Falls of the Missouri, a town two years old, with 2,000 inhabitants, water works, electric lights and a smelting plant that cost \$1,000,000.

We visited Helena and saw the constitutional convention the day it adjourned. Our last day we spent at Butte, the largest mining camp in the world, and then turned our faces homeward.

NEW RICHMOND.

A good rain is badly needed just now.

George Long has bought a new safe. It is a daisy.

George Washburn and family are visiting at Lake Maxinkuckee.

Health is terribly good, the doctors say, and look down their nostrils.

Ira Stout had a troublesome tumor removed from his neck last Monday.

It is feared the dry weather, if continued, will cut the corn crop considerably.

Sam Mithey has taken quarters with Dr. Washburn and forsaken the livery stable.

The rumor is that at least two changes will be made in our business houses in the near future.

It is said that Wint Washburn will take the grip and commence traveling for a wholesale house soon.

Wm. Campbell has a glass bee hive, and the bees can be seen making honey, which is quite a novel sight.

Wheat is coming in at a lively rate, and the New Richmond market is still a few cents better than elsewhere.

The potato crop is promising, and if the crop is as plentiful as is expected 25c a bushel will be the market price.

The cemetery west of here is in better shape than it has been for a long time and we hope it will be kept that way.

Chas. Woliver has occupied the new shop Dr. Detchon built for him and we now have another blacksmith shop on the list.

George Long, with his one eyed pony, made the quickest trip to Lafayette, last week, yet on record. George is a flyer when he gets out.

Why can't New Richmond have some secret lodges, as well as other places? A Masonic, Odd Fellows or Good Templars lodge would do well here.

New Richmond democrats are promised the use of blacksmith's anvils to make noise with if they should need them. Competition is the life of trade.

John Detchon has a full photographer's outfit and takes good pictures. He does not charge anything, either, which is below all competition we ever heard of.

Our village can boast of less drunkenness, thieving and general cussedness than any place of its size in the State. New Richmond is a model town, if you please.

"Be a father to the fatherless," etc., but married men should not be husbands to two wives. "A word to the wise is sufficient," but if it does not do, a few more will follow.

Scott Dewey and Will Ebrite had some very saucy words for each other last week and would have punched each other's noses, a la Sullivan, if their friends had not interfered and stopped them.

Bill Austin was seen behind a fine team Monday evening, with a Crawfordville lawyer by his side. We did not learn the name of the gent with the plug hat, but took him to be a lawyer.

Ed King slept soundly while the fire was in progress Saturday night. When he arose next morning and saw nothing standing but the brick chimney he had to pinch himself to see if he was awake.

It is said that some old soldiers do not like Corporal Tanner's way of pensioning deserters from the army, while some that have honorable discharges and honorable wounds can get but very light pensions. All they have to do is to vote for honest men, and they will get honest treatment.

A new house belonging to Sam Tribby took fire last Saturday night and burned to the ground. It had just been finished, ready for occupancy, and would have been occupied this. It was the finest house in this place, and the town receives quite a setback by the loss. It is thought it was set on fire.

It is said that Richard Bible will be a candi-

Five Questions:

Do You Suppose

{ That Yeagley & McClamrock would have as large a sale as they now have if they did not give real worth in every pair of Boots and Shoes sold?

Did You Know

{ That our Boots and Shoes outwear any others for the price charged you? Test this and see for yourself.

Would We Receive

{ Unsolicited testimonies regarding the splendid wear and qualities of our Buffalo Kip Boots if they were not reserved? None genuine unless stamped Forbush & Bros.

Is It Not Worth

{ Your while to try Yeagley & McClamrock for Boots and Shoes this fall and judge for yourself as to our claim.

Will You Come

{ And take a look at the best Snag Proof Rubber Boot in America. None genuine unless stamped Stout's patent.

YEAGLEY & McCLAMROCK

West of Court House, Crawfordville, Indiana.

Advance Sale!

—OF—

Blankets, Flannels, Yarns, Canton Flannels and Flannel Skirts.

Of course you will not need them now, but you can afford to buy them now, as you can save one fourth the price that they will be in 30 days from now. See our 5c canton flannels; see our canton flannel that we sell 12 yards for \$1, as it is better than you can buy for 12 1-2c per yard in 30 days from now. 10 dozen flannel skirts at 1c each, worth \$1.25. Call and see our 5c calicoes. We respectfully ask you to call and look through our wares goods. We have some beauties and at less price than any one else can or will sell them, yours.

ABE LEVINSON,

The Cheap Dry Goods Man, Next Door to Elston's Bank.

—AT—

The Capital

You will find

Tade and Dan.

The two Sullivan brothers, who have bought the old Coleman saloon, on Washington-st., opposite the court house, invite their friends, enemies, strangers, in fact everyone, to call in and give their cards. Bring your knitting and stay a while, drink a few glasses and be happy. Don't forget the place. We will entertain you.

Tade and Dan.

Feed : You : Horses

When you are the city, at

Insley & Son's Livery Stable.

They put your buggies in the shade, give your horses a good, square meal. "Squarealing" is our motto.

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The Purest and Best Liquors

The Coolest and Healthiest Beer.

The Neatest and Most Attractive Place is the

Celebrated Clipper Saloon.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

Carriages, Buggies and Spring Wagons.

Agents for all eastern standard makes of buggies, etc. Repairing done on short notice. Work warranted one year. Factory north of court house.