

Peculiar

Many peculiar points make Hood's Sarsaparilla superior to all other medicines. Peculiar in combination, proportion, and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom.

Peculiar in its strength and economy. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "One Hundred Doses One Dollar." Medicines which require larger doses, and do not produce as good results as Hood's.

Peculiar in its medicinal merits. Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown, and has won for itself the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered."

Peculiar in its "good name home,"—there is now more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell, where it is made, than of all other blood purifiers.

Peculiar in its phenomenal sales abroad, no other preparation ever attained such popularity in so short a time, and retained its popularity and confidence among all classes of people so steadfastly.

Do not be induced to buy other preparations, but be sure to get the Peculiar Medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1. six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Millet!

Just the thing to sow when your wheat has failed. It makes the finest hay and largest yield of any grass that you can sow. I have a large stock of Millet seed on hand, and am selling at lowest price. Also

HUNGARIAN GRASS

And best brands of family flour for sale or exchange. Corn meal for sale or exchange. Try our roller process corn meal. It is the best in the market.

A. E. Reynolds

118 and 120 E. Market St.

**W. L. LOCATION,
NEW GOODS and
LOWER PRICES.**

Tomlinson & Co. having purchased the John Brown grocery store, and added many new goods invite the city and country friends of the old house to call around at their new location, 113 East Market street. We will quote low prices on

SUGAR, COFFEE, FLOUR

And other household necessities.

We will give you the best prices for any country produce you may have to sell, and invite you to come in and inspect.

Tomlinson & Co.,

113 E. Market St.

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT.

Notice of Cynthia A. Little, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed and duly qualified as administrator of the estate of Cynthia A. Little, late of Montgomery county, Indiana, deceased. Said estate is supported to be solvent.

ISAIAH HUNTER,

Administrator.

June 17, 1890.

Birds, Parrots, Dogs, Ferrets, Rabbits, Birds, Beagles, Gold Fish, Sea Restorator, Trap Cases, Flea, Soap, etc. WILSON'S BIG BIRD STORE, Cleveland, Ohio.

ORGANS free. Pianos \$135. Catalogue, N. J.

NOTICE TO HEIRS, CREDITORS, ETC.

In the matter of the estate of Jesse B. McCallister deceased. In the Montgomery Circuit Court, term of 1890.

Notice is hereby given that David V. McCallister, as administrator of the estate of Jesse B. McCallister deceased, has presented and filed his account and vouchers in final settlement of said estate, and that the same will be presented to the Circuit Court on the 1st day of September, 1890, at which time all heirs, creditors or legatees of said estate are required to appear in the Court and show cause why the same may not be approved, and the heirs or distributees of said estate are also notified to be in said court at the time aforesaid and make proof of heirship.

David V. McCallister, Administrator.

Cottage & White, Atty's.

THE REVIEW.

BY
F. T. LUSE.

BALHINCH BROTH.

Jim Harwood and Dan Keller have purchased the Electric Street Car line, paying \$5,000.

It is said that our city council has been taking bribes from the consolidated street railway company and other rich corporations.

The Balhinch board of trade has been making war upon its smaller competitors, the bucket shops, and had their tickers removed last week.

The strawberry crop has been very prolific in this vicinity and the fruit unusually large, the smallest berry being the size of a common teacup. Fact.

Dick Hall, Bill Stump and Tom Lewallen are forming a powerful syndicate to purchase all the gas wells and coal mines in Indiana. They want the globe.

Hundreds of people are arriving every day at the Offie Springs, the famous summer resort of Indiana. This is one of the finest watering places in the United States. You can get any kind of water you want, from bog water to fire water.

Some incredulous individuals outside of this place seem disposed to doubt the story of the cave which appeared in last week's letter. I desire to state that I merely chronicle facts as they come under my observation, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

A hen-headed sprig of the human species, from the land of grasshoppers and cranks, (Kansas) was in town this week canvassing for a book entitled "The Devil and His Angels." He was given fifteen minutes to get outside of the corporation. He said he required but three, and got up and sailed followed by a shower of brickbats and bull dogs.

I observed that Bill Campbell, a correspondent of the REVIEW at New Richmond, had something to say about the Balhinch scribe. He had best keep out of this mix. He will find himself in a cyclone if he fools with me. He is said to be on his muscle. So am I, and have from infancy been taught to fear no one and take my own part. I am no John L. Sullivan, but can give a few points to outsiders at any time needed.

Col. John Lewellen, in a thoughtless moment, has donated the sum of \$10,000 to Wabash College instead of using it in a worthy cause. This college, like all theological institutions, is nothing more than a school of hypocrisy, and a majority of the students who attend it are young men of little more than half sense. They are "fools for Christ's sake," and become unreasoning blatherskite preachers or quibbling attorneys.

George Keller was hunting squirrels last Monday and stopped to rest beneath a tree, leaving his gun lying on the ground. A small garter snake, pursued by a blue racer, came running along and crawled in the barrel of the gun. Mr. Keller dispatched the racer with a club when he observed a large hawk floating in the air near the tree tops. Taking his gun, forgetting it was loaded with snake, he blazed away at the airy chicken thief. His snake ship flew heavenward while his hawk ship made a dive for the striped crawler, seized him in his bill and soared away.

Rev. Abe Snyder, the apostle of a narrow, selfish creed, while preaching here to the United Brethren the other Sunday, happened to spy the writer and his girl in the congregation. He paid his respects to me in a very complimentary and Christian like manner. Now Abe, outside of the pulpit, is a very clever sort of a chap, although he has one fault, unlike brother Job, he has no patience. But then, perhaps, Mr. Job had no skeptics to contend with. Keep thy temper, brother Abe. If a man striketh thee on the left cheek, turn thy right fist and smite him on the nose.

I was traveling last week through the southern part of the county (I do most of my traveling on foot) and leaving the little town of Jacksonville last Sunday morning, I started out through the woods on an exploring tour. I started without my breakfast, with the expectation of a meal at the house of a friend some miles distant. I lost my way and after a three hours' jaunt trying to find the road, I suddenly came to the mouth of a large, winding ravine. Being parched with thirst, I started up the ravine in the hope of finding a spring. I had gone but a short distance when I came to a dense growth of shrubbery, which obstructed my progress. With great difficulty I cut my way through it, and found myself in a charming little valley. If I could draw, I could picture it so that you could catch an idea of its beauty—so weird. The place was like what we imagine the scene was where the true knight found the Sleeping Beauty in the wood. The sun blazed over the hill tops, but its rays seemed to roof in the narrow valley without reaching it. There was no breeze; there was no sound of any sort. Looking to the left I beheld an old two-story log cabin, the roof of which was covered with moss.

The door and windows were closed, stained, cracked and rotten with age. I must have had a wild craving for food and drink to lead me to pound on that forbidding door, but I did so. I continued to pound against all hope. Presently I heard a noise overhead and saw some one trying to hoist a stubborn window which he finally did.

"What in the hell do you want?" shouted the man who hoisted the window. "Want something to eat," said I. "This is no hotel, an if it wuz my cook's not to home," replied the man, an old bald headed individual, with a Rip Van Winkle beard which reached to his knees "so you had better git!" "I'd be much obliged to you for anything," "Go to the devil, he growled. I was infernally hungry. He was closing the window. In a voice trembling with emotion and eloquence, I yelled, "Hold on, man! I want to see you, I'll give you a dollar. Come down and open the door." The window went down with a bang and sooh I heard a lumbering noise below. The door was opened and the old fellow bade me enter. I did so. The room contained nothing but an old fashioned cupboard and a three legged table. "Anything to eat?" I asked. "Nope," said my host, "Anything to drink?" said I. "Reckon so," he replied.

"That," taking a large jug out of the cupboard and placing it on the table, he continued, "that's a good round here. Uster be. Somewhere." I felt around and accidentally struck the gourd with my foot. I held it up to the light. It was covered with dust and cob webs. I said so, "By God," said my host, "air you the king of Russy? Drink out of that or git." I mopped the gourd out with a clean handkerchief and poured a few drops of the liquid into it. I tasted the stuff, and then I took a mouthful; then I took a gourdful.

I cannot begin to describe that magnificent fluid. It had the aroma of five thousand flowers, the flavor of all the sweetest fruits of earth, the softness of a cordial, the smoothness of oil the hue of burnished gold. It melted on the palate like strained honey, and while not intoxicating, it suffused one's physical system with the first feelings that inhalation either provokes. It was the first time I had drunk genuine nectar. I offered him one hundred dollars for the jugful, but he refused. He would not tell where or how he got it. Seeing it was no use to argue with the old recluse, I took my departure, resolving to return the following Sunday.

BILL GULLIVER.

OTTERBEIN.

And still it rains.

Havest is almost here.

Corn looks fine throughout the country.

But Ol Clark beats them all taking a collection.

Uncle Bob Stevens drives the dandy span of mules.

Ed. Chesterton is the heart breaker of this vicinity.

Ed. Grimes is the best swimmer in the neighborhood.

Ben Laban says he is glad that his girl is of age—don't have to ask her parents.

They say that Uncle Jim Robinson is going to get married. Hurrah for Uncle Jim.

Wilmot McCormick, formerly of this part, is now "playing the devil" at the REVIEW office.

Gracie Byrd, little daughter of J. F. Byrd, has been quite sick, but is better at this writing.

Parson Snyder and wife got caught in the rain Saturday afternoon and got their good clothes wet.

Colored basket meeting at Tinkersville next Sunday. Bet there'll be more white folks there than darkies.

Alf. Lookabill, our "umble-bee man," has the best wheat in the neighborhood, except Elmer Crist, who sowed bone dust. Alf. says if you want good wheat, "sow in the moon." John Snyder says if you want to kill wrens, "peal them in the moon."

We have observed, however, in the last few issues of this paper, a correspondent supposed to be from Balhinch, who writes considerably like the atheistical pimpl from the so-called Hog Heaven. He is well known in the vicinity of Mt. Zion and slightly in this community, and, as soon as we are more certain of the venomous brute, we shall give a history of his impudent character.

CHERRY GROVE.

Harvest is here.

Farmers are plowing corn.

Miss Eliza Kerr has the whooping cough.

James Vail is hauling his wheat to the city.

The Round Hill scribe made a slight mistake last week.

Mrs. Wilhite has returned home from a visit among friends.

Mr. Taylor and family and Mr. Miller and family took dinner with Mr. Nolan Sunday.

A man was around taking pictures of farm houses, barns, horses and people. He got away without getting his machine broken.

Harry Freeman, the capturer, purchased a buggy and harness. The colt will have to get up and go.

A Revolution in Prices

OF

WOOL DRESS GOODS.

We will offer for 15 days anything in our Wool Dress Goods department at strictly first cost and some at even less than cost.

Johnston dress goods only 19 cents. Our \$1 black Henrietta now 90 cents, 48 inches wide. Our \$1 black Henrietta now 73 cents, 48 inches wide.

It will pay you to buy your dress goods now even if you don't need it at present, as you rarely have an opportunity to buy new and desirable goods at the prices we are quoting.

Abe Levinson,
Next Door to Elston Bank.**No! We Are Not Bragging!**

When we say that we are prepared to show

**THE FINEST, FULLEST, FANCIEST AND BEST STOCK OF
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Slippers, Oxford Ties,**

Ever offered for sale in this part of the country. We expect that you will put our large claims to the test, and stand prepared to prove every point that we claim in favor of our goods over all others. It is generally recognized that figures are the first and final test other things being equal, and we triumph in this test as the

Champions of Choice Cheap Goods.

You may be sure you are right when you go to

YEAGLEY & McCLAMROCK,

105 and 107 N. Washington St. Opposite Court House.

HIRE'S

25¢ HIRE'S IMPROVED 25¢
ROOT BEER!
IT IS BOILING OR BOILING EARLY MARKED
THIS PACKAGE MAKES FIVE GALLONS.

ROOT BEER.

The more APPETIZING and WHOLESALE
TEMPERANCE DRINK in the world.
Delicious and Sparkling. TRY IT.

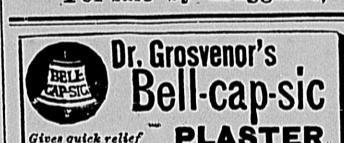
Ask your Druggist or Grocer for it.

C. E. HIRE'S, PHILADELPHIA.

SURE CURE FOR CATARRH

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS
this old Sovereign Remedy has stood the
test, and stands to-day the best known
remedy for Catarrh, Cold in the Head
and Headache. Persist in its use, and
it will effect a cure, no matter of how
long standing the case may be.

For sale by druggists.



Commissioners' Allowance.

Somerville Bros., shoe county asylum.....\$21.40

J. F. Davidson, medicating poor Ripley Tp.....17.25

F. G. McCormick, map drawing for products.....10.25

J. A. Gobin, stationery, stamps, etc.....22.00

J. T. Grimes, printing.....5.75

Jerry M. Keeney, printing.....5.75

A. W. Horn, stationery, shafts.....2.25

J. F. Davidson, medicating poor Ripley township.....2.25

Yeagley & McLamrock, goods county asylum.....3.15

W. H. Francis, salary janitor, court house.....2.25

Jesse Gilkey, dept. auditor, Union Tp.....22.25

Crawfordsville Water Works Co