

IN paint the best is the cheapest. Don't be misled by trying what is said to be "just as good," but when you paint insist upon having a genuine brand of

Strictly Pure White Lead

It costs no more per gallon than cheap paints, and lasts many times as long.

Look out for the brands of White Lead offered you; any of the following are sure:

"Anchor," "Southern,"
"Eckstein," "Red Seal,"
"Kentucky," "Collier."

For Colors.—National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors.

These colors are sold in one-pound cans, each can containing 16 oz. of 25 shades; they are in no sense ready-mixed paints, but a combination of perfectly pure colors in the handiest form to tint Strictly Pure White Lead.

A good many thousand dollars have been saved by our owners by having our book on painting and color-card. Send us a postal card and get both free.

NATIONAL LEAD CO., New York,
Cincinnati Branch,
Seventh and Freeman Avenue, Cincinnati.

LOCAL NEWS

John G. Overton will probably go to Anderson to open a boarding house.

Dr. P. S. Hulbert, Oak Park, Ill., will preach at Center church to-morrow.

Rev. Fuson severs his connection with the Mission church here about Nov. 1st.

A census just taken of Michigan City shows the population of the lake city to be 13,979.

The total gate receipts for the first day of the Terre Haute races—last Monday week—were only \$55.

Mr. A. B. Champion, the photographer, removed to Anderson this week to take charge of Lawson's gallery in that city.

The Peoria & Eastern, Saturday, handled 1,000 loaded cars. This is the first time the road has reached that figure since spring.

The talk of continuing the towpath railroad from Covington to Terre Haute has been revised, and this time looks as though it would be a go.

In a suit for attorney's fees only, on a \$500 note brought by Ezra Voris against C. H. W. Petro in the Circuit Court, the verdict was rendered against Mr. Voris.

The Big Four has a total of 3,131 miles. It has 224 passenger coaches of all kinds and 126 passenger engines. Its terminals and the bridge at Louisville cost \$3,000,000.

A "write up" of the city, which besides giving an introductory article on the history of the city, contains about 75 notices relating to the business men of the city, Pohlman, Dietz & Co., was issued this week from THE REVIEW office.

Senator Voorhees has just finished a new lecture, called "The Holy Sepulcher," which he will deliver for the first time at DePauw University, Oct. 16. Senator Voorhees is a member of the Episcopal church. The new lecture is an argument for Christianity.

Sunday afternoon the Odd Fellows to the number of fifty visited the venerable T. H. Winton, who resides with his son-in-law, James Gilliland, four miles southwest of the city. Mr. Winton has been a member of the order for near a half century, and appreciated the visit of his fellow members very highly.

The traffic on the Vandalia is so heavy that the company will at once take steps to further increase its power. The company is now running more passenger trains than at any other time in its history, and its freight traffic is heavier beyond precedent. Passenger engines are making extra mileage so that some of the heavier ones may be used in hauling freight.

Last Sunday of Bright's disease at his home near Romney, occurred the death of George Washington House, in his 81st year, a resident of Tippecanoe county since 1828. His estate is valued at \$100,000. During his lifetime Mr. House was a generous friend to educational and religious institutions. Among his donations were \$5,000 for the construction of a Methodist church at Romney—House Chapel—and \$1,000 to Asbury University.

James Seath, founder of the car works at Terre Haute, is dead. He was a native of Scotland, and had lived in this country since 1833. Until 1858 he was with the Hudson River Railroad company. Then he went to the Chicago & Alton at Bloomington. Afterward he was master mechanic of the Terre Haute & Alton at Litchfield. In the first year of the war he was with the North Missouri but returned to the Terre Haute & Alton.

That Tired Feeling
Is a common complaint and it is a dangerous symptom. It means that the system is debilitated because of impure blood, and in this condition it is especially liable to attacks of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for this condition, and also for that weakness which prevails at the change of season, climate or life.

A Wigan (England) boy has died from suffocation, caused by some grape skins blocking the wind pipe.

EIGHT AND NINE PER CENT.
Investments. Nontaxable.
The State Building and Loan Association of Indiana.
Call on JOHN M. SCHULTZ, Crawfordsville.

Nearly everyone needs a good tonic at this season. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true tonic and blood purifier.

The average wholesale value of hats of all kinds imported from Great Britain is \$5 a dozen.

Read the Big Store clearing ad.

A Washington man changed his name to please his wife, taking hers instead of his own.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the bowels and liver. 25c.

Read the Big Store clearing ad.

Fashion is gentility running away from vulgarity and afraid of being overtaken by it. It is a sign the two things are not far asunder.—Hazlitt.

On June 1, 1890, the value of all the live stock on hand in the United States was \$2,208,767,573.

Read the Big Store clearing ad.

Victims of the Revolution.

Barthelemy Manrice gives the number of persons sent from the Conciergerie to the guillotine as 2,742. Of these 344 were women, 41 were infants, 102 were over 70 years of age, while one man, D. T. G. Derville, epicier, Rue Moutfard, was 93 years of age. Taine suggests that the numbers given are understated, and it is more probable that such records, at least during the Terror, were badly kept and are unreliable. For anything like a correct record of the total number of victims of the Jacobins we must consult Taine.

The error surely consists in underestimating greatly the number of persons destroyed, and the traditions of the Conciergerie as to the numbers butchered in the September massacres are doubtless untrustworthy. Of those butchered no full record was kept. Considering the Conciergerie as a storehouse for the guillotine and remembering how short a time the mass of the prisoners passed within its walls, it may be asked, How shall we find adequate recorders of the facts of the life in the prison?—Quarterly Review.

Mendelssohn's Contempt For Liszt.

"You know," said Liszt, "that Mendelssohn, who was the most jealous musician that ever lived, always had a dislike for me, and on one occasion, at a soiree at Dr. K. s, he drew a picture of the devil on a blackboard, playing his G minor concerto with five hammers, in lieu of fingers, on each hand. The truth of the matter is that I once played his concerto in G minor from the manuscript, and as I found several of the passages rather simple and not broad enough, if I may use the term, I changed them to suit my own ideas. This of course annoyed Mendelssohn, who, unlike Schumann or Chopin, would never take a hint or advice from any one. Moreover, Mendelssohn, who, although a refined pianist, was not a virtuoso, never could play my compositions with any kind of effect, his technical skill being inadequate to the execution of intricate passages. So the only course open to him, he thought, was to vilify me as a musician. And of course whatever Mendelssohn did Leipzig did also."—Etude.

Charity of Speech.

Charity of speech is as divine a thing as charity of action. To judge no one harshly, to misconceive no man's motives, to believe things are as they seem to be until they are proved otherwise, to temper judgment with mercy—surely this is quite as good as to build up churches, establish asylums and found colleges. Unkind words do as much harm as unkind deeds. Many a heart has been wounded beyond cure, many a reputation has been stabbed to death by a few little words. There is a charity which consists in withholding words, in keeping back harsh judgments, in abstaining from speech, if to speak is to condemn. Such charity hears the tale of slander, but does not repeat it; listens in silence, but forbears comment; then locks the unpleasant secret up in the very depths of the heart. Silence can still rumor. It is speech that keeps a story alive and lends it vigor.—Selected.

Eloquent Rags.

"Eloquence is speaking out—out of the abundance of the heart," say the authors of "Guesses at Truth." An incident related by Dr. Barnardo, the English philanthropist who cares for friendless children, illustrates this characteristic of eloquence.

"I was standing," he said, "at my front door one bitter day in winter, when a little ragged chap came up to me and asked me for an order of admission. To test him I pretended to be rather rough with him.

"How do I know," I said, "if what you tell me is true? Have you any friends to speak for you?"

"Friends!" he shouted. "No, I ain't got no friends, but if these 'ere rags—" and he waved his arm about as he spoke—"won't speak for me, nothin' else will."

Mixed.

Her book lay on a rustic seat with his cane across it; his regiment badge had been transferred from its place on his breast to a spot as near Blanche's heart as possible; the corner of her handkerchief peeped out of his side pocket; the diamond ring worn on his little finger glistened on the third finger of her left hand; her King's Daughter's badge dangled from his watch chain; his penknife was in her hand and she was whittling a birch twig; her fan was in his hand and he was twirling it nervously; the lace of one of her tiny white shoes was tied in a knot; a feather of her boa was thrust into the band of his broad brim.—Private Letter of a Frenchwoman.

How to Address a Letter.

A number of newspapers are discussing the impropriety of addressing letters to John Smith, Esq., instead of to Mr. John Smith. In London there is a cast iron rule to this effect. You are to address your tradesman as Mr. John Smith, the gentleman in your social set is to be addressed as John Smith, Esq. This distinction is invariably adopted by Americans who reside in Great Britain for any considerable length of time, and we note that it is being observed to a growing extent in this country.—Chicago Record.

Mistake Somewhere.

"What a striking clock this is!" exclaimed Mrs. Gaskell, admiring a new timepiece on Mrs. Fosdick's mantel.

"Oh, no; it doesn't strike!" replied the clock's owner, who ought to know.—Detroit Free Press.

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On June 1, 1890, the value of all the live stock on hand in the United States was \$2,208,767,573.

Mapleson's Ruse.

When Mapleson was on a tour in Dublin, Miles, Salla and Anna de Belocca were in the company. On arriving at the hotel both ladies chose the best suit of rooms in it, each saying, "These will do for me." "I shall have them," said Salla. "I am prima donna." "There are two prima donnas," returned Belocca, "myself and Patti." This began a furious quarrel. Mapleson went to the hotel keeper and ascertained that there were some other rooms nearly as good. He enjoined the men to declare that they were for Lady Spencer, wife of the viceroy, and stand to the statement. He then called him up and said loudly: "Both these ladies must have equally good rooms. Where are the others?" "The only others as large are reserved for the Countess Spencer," returned the hotel keeper. "But we could see them?" exclaimed both singers at once. "Oh, yes," said the man, leading the way. Belocca instantly flew upstairs past him into the suit, and locking the door in their faces shouted through the keyhole that Lady Spencer must get on as best she could, leaving Mapleson to congratulate himself on the effect of his stratagem.

America's Frostless Belt.

What is supposed to be the only frostless belt in the United States lies between the city of Los Angeles and the Pacific ocean. It traverses the foothills of the Cahuenga range and has an elevation of between 200 and 400 feet. In breadth it is perhaps three miles. The waters of the Pacific are visible from it, and the proximity of the ocean has of course something to do with banishing frost. During the winter season this tract produces tomatoes, peas, beans and other tender vegetables, and here the lemon flourishes, a tree that is peculiarly susceptible to cold. Tropical trees may also be cultivated with success, and in connection with this fact it is interesting to know that a part of the favorite territory has been acquired by Los Angeles for park purposes, and it is only a question of time when the city will have the unique distinction of possessing the only tropical park in the United States. Strange to say, only the midway region of the Cahuenga range is free from frost, the lower part of the valley being occasionally visited.—New York Post.

O'Connell's Legal Wit.

O'Connell once defended a man of the name of John Connor on a charge of murder in Cork, and the principal witness for the crown was a policeman who found the prisoner's hat, which he left behind him in his flight from the scene of his guilt. After traveling backward and forward, as was his habit in cross examination, from the all important question as to the identity of the hat he thus continued, "Now, then, you swear that the hat in my hands is the hat you found—in every particular the same?" Witness—"I do." O'Connell—"And inside the hat was written the prisoner's name" (looking into the hat and spelling the name very slowly). "J-o-h-n C-o-n-n-o-l-l-o-r?" Witness—"Yes." O'Connell (holding up the hat in triumph to judge and jury)—"My lord and gentlemen of the jury, there is no name in the hat at all." This made a sensation, and ultimately the prisoner was acquitted.

Freshest News.

Mr. Joseph Willard, for a long time clerk of the superior court of Massachusetts, in Boston, relates in his "Half a Century With Judges and Lawyers" many good anecdotes.

Colonel Edward G. Parker, who was rather pedantic, wrote a life of Mr. Choate. He was relating an incident which happened in the third century before Christ, about the time of the death of Ptolemy III, and he appealed to John S. Holmes, who stood by.

"Didn't he die about that time, John?"

"Who's that that's dead?" asked Holmes.

"Ptolemy III," said Parker.

"What! What!" said Holmes, stretching out his hands. "You don't say he's dead?"

Art Critics.

Some genuine "voices populii" overheard at the academy are given in The National Observer. The writer "came upon a couple of old men entranced with the realism of Mr. Joy's 'Bayswater Bus.' That's what I call a picture," cried one of the patriarchs. "You can read the advertisements so plain."

"But the best remark of all was made by a comely dame named Mr. Sydney P. Hall's 'Viva Voce in the Old Schools, Oxford.' Which of them is Viva Voce? she inquired of her cavalier, who replied evasively, 'I suppose the one repined over the table.'"

Why We Eat Soup First.

It has been remarked that the habit of beginning dinner with soup doubtless grew out of the fact that aliment in this readily digested form soon enters the blood and rapidly refreshes the hungry man. In two or three minutes after taking a plate of good warm consomme the feeling of weariness disappears, and the temper is apt to be greatly improved. The custom of taking a glass of sherry before dinner is spoken of by Sir Henry Thompson as a "gastronomical and physiological blunder."

Loved His Fellow Men.

Diggs—Scribulous must be a very sympathetic man.

Figgs—What makes you think so?

Diggs—He was asked to send a copy of his latest book to the hospitals, and he wouldn't do it.—Pittsburg Post-Dishpatch.

It has been found that the growth of lettuce subjected to the rays of the electric light is considerably hastened, but unfortunately the operation of the electric light on other useful plants is not taken by it. It is a sign the two things are not far asunder.—Hazlitt.

Sun spots, now believed to have an effect on meteorological phenomena, were first observed in 1611.

Anything to Please.

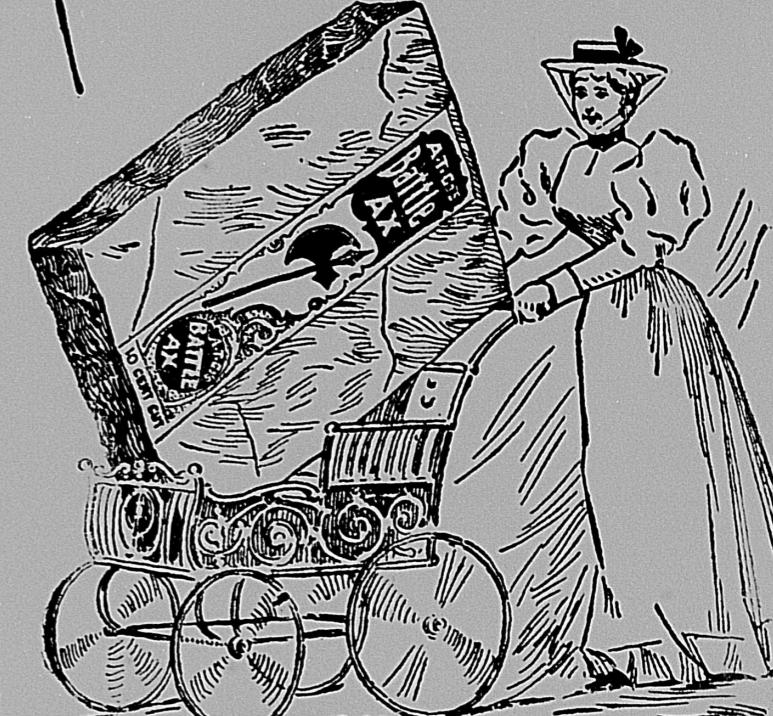
Mudge—See here, what did you mean by saying I wasn't half witted?

Yabsley—What shall I say? That you are half witted?—Indianapolis Journal.

Bumble's Staff.

Bumble is disappearing from sacred

A GOOD THING - PUSH IT ALONG



BATTLE AX Plug Tobacco A Great Big Piece for 10 Cents.

Couldn't See the Joke.

One evening last week there sat in a North Side beer garden two stout old Germans enjoying their pipes and lager beer and placidly listening to the strains of an orchestra. In moving his chair one of them stepped on a parlor match, which exploded with a bang.

"Dot vas not on de programme," he said, turning to his companion.

"Vat was not?"

"Vv. dot match."

"Vat match?"

"De match I valked on."

"Vell, vat I didn't see no match. Vat boud it?"

"Vv. I walked on a match, and it went bang, and I said it was not on de programme."

The other picked up his programme and read it through very carefully. "I don't see it on the programme," he said.

"Vell, I said it was not on the programme, didn't I?"

"Vell, vat has it got to do mit the programme, anyway?"

A weary look came over the face of the first man as he said: "You tam fool! You can't see no choke, anyway. Zwei beer, waiter."—Chicago Chronicle.

The Old Fashioned Flowers.

"What do I care for orchids and American Beauties and all those other expensive things