

THE Vandalia LINE.

SOUTH BOUND.

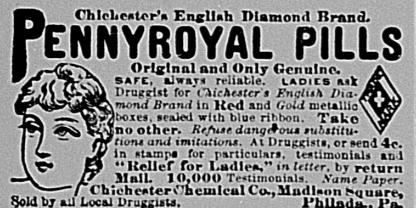
No. 51 Express 9:02 a. m.
No. 53 Mail 5:10 p. m.
NORTH BOUND.
No. 52 Mail 8:16 a. m.
No. 54 Express 6:19 p. m.
Good connection made at Terre Haute for the South and South-west. Trains run through to St. Joseph, Mich., making good connection with C. & W. M. for Michigan points.

J. C. HUTCHINSON, Agent.

Big Four Route.

EAST. WEST
8:17 a. m. Daily (except Sunday) 6:27 p. m.
4:53 p. m. Daily 12:45 a. m.
1:50 p. m. Daily 8:55 a. m.
1:24 p. m. Daily (except Sunday) 1:21 p. m.

TRAIN AT CRAWFORDSVILLE.
BIG FOUR.
G. E. ROBINSON, Agent.



THE Monon Route

Offer Superior Accommodations for reaching the Great Resorts of the South during the winter, and the cool Northern Resorts during the summer, connecting at Louisville with **Full** points to the

South and South-West

and at Chicago with all points to the North and North-west. Elegant dining and Parlor Car attached, and Sleeper on all through trains.

TRAIN ARRIVE AND DEPART:

NORTH. SOUTH
2:18 a. m. Night Express 1:50 a. m.
1:50 p. m. Passenger (no stops) 9:15 a. m.
3:00 p. m. Express (all stops) 1:10 p. m.

For full information address, L. A. CLARK, Agent, Crawfordsville, Ind.; FRANK J. REED, Gen'l Pass. Agt. W. H. McDowell, General Manager.

THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION

WILL BE HELD

SEPT. 18 TO DEC. 31, 1895.

On ground traversed by rifle pits, over which Sherman threw the first she Atlanta 31 years ago, the Exposition is fast taking shape. The excellent railway facilities of the great

Queen and Crescent

Route and its connections to Atlanta, together with low railway rates, will enable the people to make a delightful trip at but small expense.

The Queen and Crescent runs superb vestibuled trains with through sleepers and carrying parlor, cafe and observation cars from Cincinnati direct to Atlanta. More than one hundred miles shortest line. Special low reduced rates to the Exposition. Do you want to know something about it in detail? Write to W. A. Beckler, N. P. A., 111 Adams-st., Chicago, Ill., for free information and printed matter.

W. C. RINEARSON, G. P. A.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

WANTED:—To employ an energetic lady or gentleman to represent our business in every county. Salary \$50.00 per month and a commission. Address with stamp, CHAS. A. ROBINSON & CO., Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

For all kinds of reliable Insurance see G. A. Miller & Co., 118 W. Main St.,

LOCAL NEWS

Nate Lucas, of Frankfort, was in town this week.

W. E. Nicholson was in Indianapolis this week.

The little daughter of Silas Guthrie is improving.

The cold weather has stimulated the clothing trade.

The winter term of circuit court convenes on Monday.

Harry Pontious has returned to his home in Gas City.

Ed Cotton and wife are home from their wedding trip.

J. M. Stephens has removed his stock of groceries to Linden.

Thanksgiving this year is on the 28th of the present month.

The Lafayette Daily Tribune has gone up—want of patronage.

Crawfordsville was well represented in Lodoga last Saturday.

Rev. F. M. Fox occupied the pulpit at Center church last Sunday.

THE REVIEW for 14 months for \$1. The leading democratic paper.

The pay rolls of the Big Four now show over 15,000 persons in its employ.

Alex Mahorney has packed up his goods and shipped them to Montpelier.

Quite a number went to Indianapolis last Saturday to see the foot ball game.

The teachers of the Lodoga schools attended Ingerson's lecture Thursday evening.

John Coleman, who has been working on the Lagoon at Cincinnati this summer has returned.

Rev. Ed Lane, formerly pastor of the Christian church, is very sick at his home in Lebanon.

Mrs. N. W. Ader has returned to Bainbridge after a short visit with her brother, Milt McKee.

November is her now and the weather prognosticators say that there will be much of it will be cold.

THE REVIEW will club with any paper you may wish. We want a good reliable agent to work in every locality.

Tom Sidner and Misses Nannie and Minnie were in Lodoga last Saturday the guest of Mrs. John Brown.

C. L. Rost and wife were in Lodoga last Saturday afternoon. They were the guests of Chas. L. Goodbar and wife.

So far nothing has been heard from the Linden safe robbers, although Trustee White says he knows who they are.

The barn of Cleve Cook near Darlington burned down Sunday night with the entire contents except the live stock.

The gas was turned off this week at a number of houses in town where the occupants were dilinquent in the payment of bills.

Rev. G. P. Fuson preached his last farewell sermon at the First Baptist church last Sunday night. He will move to Nebraska.

Rev. Creighton has begun a service of sermons for the young men of Crawfordsville. The one last Sunday evening was a very able address.

Mr. H. S. Watson, formerly ticket agent for the Monon at this place, is now in the employ of a railway company at New Albany.

Joe Jones was up before the Mayor on Monday on the charge of appropriating a coat, but the proof was not sufficient to convict him.

It is probable that quite a number of new houses will be erected in the Whitlock addition next year, as several lots have been sold with that intention.

Ed Voris at a shooting match at Linden last Friday, broke 147 out of 150 clay pigeons. He shot 70 before he missed. This is the best record he ever made.

Wm. Hesper and Cack Blacker disturbed a box social at Darlington and were fined \$20 and costs by the squire at that place. Not having the money they are compelled to remain at the Davis Inn.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Exposed to cold, damp winds, may result in pneumonia unless the system is kept invigorated with Hood's Sarsapilla.

Read the Big Store clearing ad.

An iron church, weighing fifty tons, seating six hundred people, and costing \$75,000, is being put up for the Bulgarian congregation in Constantinople.

Read the Big Store clearing ad.

It is said that Kalamazoo celery growers are out \$50,000 as a result of recent frosts.

Read the Big Store clearing ad.

Lawrence (Kas.) has a "colored lady dog doctor."

EMMA LOCATED.

Chicago Is Her Present Abiding Place.

All readers will remember the terrible flag episode in Clark township some four years ago in which Emma Conner, a school teacher, was going to make mince meat of one Jim Starks for daring to remove a flag from the school house at which she was teaching. The affair was the sensation of the hour. Emma was considered a heroine of the first water, and illustrated newspapers had a picture of the supposed tearing down of the American flag. The republican newspapers took up the subject and were anxious to make it a campaign document, and the "heroine," it was said, received numerous presents of money, and several gold presents for her determined defence of the flag. The sensation soon subsided, people began to see there was much ado about nothing, and Emma passed into obscurity. Emma failed to obtain license to teach in the county and soon after left it. Many people wondered what had become of her. By a letter recently received from her by a friend in the country it is learned that she is a housekeeper for a wealthy widow with two children in Chicago, and is pleasantly situated. In the meantime Jim Starks is still a living, breathing and moving individual on the old farm in Clark, indifferent "as to whether school keeps or not." And so passeth the world.

Bamboo pens have been used in India for over 1,000 years. They are made like the ordinary quill pen, and for a few hours' writing are said to be very serviceable.

MYSTIFIED AUTHORS.

Father Prout Made It His Business to Hoax Notable Characters.

Authors have often mystified the public, but a man who made a business of mystifying professional writers is a notable character. Such a one, however, was the Rev. Francis Mahony, better known as "Father Prout." His favorite trick was to take a well known and popular poem, translate it into another language, boldly assert that in its new form it possessed great antiquity and charge the author with having stolen it. This trick he played on more than one noted author during the early days of the present century, and each was sorely puzzled to explain the identity of the poem which he knew to be his own with that in a foreign language.

Prout translated Moore's "Go Where Glory Waits Thee" into excellent French verse, attributed it to Mme. La Comtesse de Chateaubriand and charged Moore with having stolen it bodily. The song, "Lesbia Hath a Beaming Eye," he rendered into choice Latin and claimed it as a youthful production of his own, which he had once shown to Moore. Another of Prout's achievements was the translation of Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore" into French, claiming, at the same time, that the lines were written by Colonel de Beaumanois, who was killed at Pondicherry in 1749.

Not satisfied with this, he proceeded further and translated the lines into German verse and stoutly declared that, while Wolfe had stolen from the French poet, the latter had in turn pilfered from the German; the latter poem having, as he stated, been written to commemorate the death and burial of the Swedish General Toistenson, who was killed at the siege of Dantzig. Poor Wolfe was dumfounded at seeing his popularity disappear and was not much comforted when the hoax was discovered. —Philadelphia Press.

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AIDED WILKES BOOTH

THOMAS JONES, THE MAN WHO SHIELDED LINCOLN'S MURDERER.

Kept Him in Hiding Six Days and Helped Him to Reach Virginia—The Reward of \$300,000 Offered by the Government Had Not the Power to Move Him.

There died in Charles county, Md., not long ago Thomas A. Jones, at the age of 74. Jones held a position in the Washington navy yard, but was dismissed through the influence of Congressman Mudd of Maryland, who had informed the secretary of the navy that Jones had played a prominent part in the escape of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln.

"It's quite true," admitted Jones at the time of his dismissal. "John Wilkes Booth, with a broken ankle, sick and suffering the tortures of the damned, was placed in my hands to be spirited across the river, and the \$300,000 reward, or even \$3,000,000, would not have caused me to turn traitor to the southern Confederacy, the people I loved, and surrender a man whose life was in my keeping, even if I did know he had assassinated President Lincoln."

Jones afterward told how Booth came into his hands. "It was on the morning of the 16th of April," he said, "when friends of Samuel Cox came to my house on Huckleberry farm, Maryland, and told me that Cox wanted to see me at once. I had heard the evening before that Lincoln had been killed. I had a horse saddled and rode over to Cox's, who told me that Booth and David Herold had been there and wanted assistance to get across the river. I was told where the men were—in a pine thicket about a mile and a half from the house.

"I was given instructions how to reach them without being shot—certain signs by whistling, etc. Upon reaching the dense pines I met Herold, to whom I explained that I was sent by Cox. I was then piloted to where Booth was. He lay on the ground wrapped in a pile of blankets, and his face bore traces of pain. Booth asked many questions as to what people thought of the assassination. He appeared to be proud of what he had done. I at the time thought he had done a good act, but, great God, I soon saw that it was the worst blow ever struck for the south!

"I did the best I could for the poor fellow. I carried him papers to read and something to eat and tried to keep him in good spirits until I got a chance to send him across the river. The country was full of soldiers and detectives, and I did not know how soon I could get him away.

"I think it was the following Tuesday I went up to Port Tobacco to see how the land lay, and it was there in the barroom of Brawner's hotel, that Captain William Williams, chief of the United States secret service, said he would give \$300,000 to any man who would tell where Booth was."

"That's true," admitted Captain Williams at the time of the above interview, "and he would have been General Jones instead of a discharged employee from the navy yard if he had given the information."

"I did the best I could for Booth and Herold," continued Jones. "I did not know them, but when Cox put them in my keeping nothing would have tempted me to betray them. I could have placed my hands on Booth, but honor and truth were worth more to me than the entire wealth of the government."

"At the expiration of the sixth day I heard the officers give orders for the cavalry to go down in St. Mary's county; that the assassins were there. That was my chance, and I made good time to where Booth and Herold were concealed. Booth was glad to know that his time to get into Virginia had come.

"The night was dark, and Herold and I lifted Booth on to my horse. Our progress was slow. We finally reached my house, and I went in to get them something to eat. We then proceeded to the river. Booth was lifted into the boat and was placed in the stern, while Herold took the oars. I then lighted a candle and showed Booth by his compass how to steer to get into Machado's creek and gave him directions to Mrs. Quesenberry's, who, I thought, would take care of him. That was the last I saw of Booth.

"When notices were posted up that to furnish bread or water to Booth meant death," went on Jones, "I felt pretty shaky. I knew that Booth had hit the Virginia shore. I was arrested and taken to Washington, where I was held for seven weeks. Then I was discharged because nobody believed I knew anything." —New York World.

Seat of the Thunder God.

"Trembling mountain," a massive pile of peculiarly arranged rocks lying on Rogue river, almost directly north of Montreal, was known to the Indians by a combination of words signifying "seat of the thunder god." According to their traditions, the thunder god formerly used a broad and deep indentation on its summit as a seat, and that there he would sit for three days in spring, seven in summer, five in autumn and two in winter. They also believed that during the time he was present great chasms would open in the side of the mountain, from which fire would stream for hours without ceasing. Nothing is known concerning the early history of the mountain, but it is thought that the legend refers to old time volcanic action, an opinion strengthened by its geographical name of "Trembling mountain." —St. Louis Republic.

A DISLINE OF DUKES.

A Handicap Which the Highest English Peers Have to Carry.

We may note a peculiarity in the English feeling about titles of which we have never seen a reasonable explanation. The political populace dislikes the title of duke. Some of the ablest peers in politics have been dukes, but to a duke weights instead of lightening a man in the great race for power. There is a widely diffused impression, the origin of which we cannot trace, that a brilliant duke is, in fact, an impossibility. The title is a positive drawback to the Duke of Devonshire, and a Duke of Derby would never have been described as a "Rupert of debauch."

The Duke of Argyll, who is an intellectual athlete, would have been far more completely recognized as Earl of Argyll, and we are not sure that the dukedom has not impeded one or two promising politicians in the house of lords. Certainly a duke rarely rises