

# 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..... 6:30 p. m.  
Good connector 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.  
8:17 a. m. Daily (except Sunday)..... 6:37 p. m.  
4:03 p. m. Daily..... 12:45 a. m.  
1:50 a. m. Daily..... 8:35 a. m.  
1:24 p. m. Daily (except Sunday)..... 1:24 p. m.

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

## PENNYROYAL PILLS

Chickster's English Diamond Brand.  
Original and Only Genuine.  
Solely for the relief of all cases of  
Druggist for Chickster's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metal boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutes and imitations. At druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper, Chickster Chemical Co., Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Sold by all Local Druggists.

## 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 all 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.

TRAINS ARRIVE AND DEPART:

NORTH.  
2:18 a. m. Night Express..... 1:50 a. m.  
1:17 p. m. Passenger (no stops)..... 9:15 a. m.  
9:00 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. McDOEL, 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 shot. 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 C. A. Miller & Co., 118 W. Main St. St. Louis.

## 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 Ladoga 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 Mostpelier.

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

The teachers of the Ladoga schools attended Ingersoll'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 that 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 Ladoga last Saturday the guests of Mrs. John Brown.

C. L. Rost and wife were in Ladoga 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 delinquent 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 Sarsaparilla.

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 hog 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 county 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 Toistenon, who was killed at the siege of Dantzic. Poor Wolfe was dumfounded at seeing his popularity disappear and was not much comforted when the hoax was discovered.—Philadelphia Press.

## Useful Parrots.

It has hitherto been customary to fritter away the intellectual force of parrots by merely teaching them to say "Pretty Polly" and things of that sort, but the municipal authorities of a French town have instituted what it is to be hoped will become a general reform.

The poor box at the town hall, it seems, had for a long time been in a condition discreditable to the more prosperous of the inhabitants. To remind them of their duty toward their poorer neighbors a parrot was purchased, which was installed close to the box and trained to cry, "For the poor, if you please!" The result, it appears, has been highly satisfactory, peace and silver coin having been freely given in response to the bird's appeal.

The idea is capable of being applied in a variety of ways. Parrots might be used, for example, to warn passersby of the proximity of a fire alarm on fences or shop fronts, or to remind people on entering a house to wipe their feet.

In fact, parrots might be made really useful members of society.—Youth's Companion.

## Electric Freak In a Church.

Recently there was an eclipse of the electric light at Elm Road Baptist chapel, South-east, and, curiously enough, the pastor had chosen for his texts, Proverbs xxiv, 20, "The candle of the wicked shall be put out," and Psalm xvii, 28, "For thou wilt light my candle; the Lord my God will enlighten my darkness." A combination rather cruel to the electric light, for when the lights went out some of the congregation went out, too, and obtained candles and lanterns upon service proceeding. The pastor could not conveniently read his texts in consequence of what he thought, and he may have been right, for the general titter which followed his announcement, having been of a similar case occurred in a church, and the amusement was increased by the action of a deacon, who abundantly lighted a candle and set it to one of the electric lights, which was lighting.

## 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 Machodoc creek and gave him directions to Mrs. Quisenberry'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.

## An Opening.

"Why don't you quit the stage and start a secondhand book store?" "I don't see why there is any special call for me to start a secondhand book store any more than any other business," replied the actor haughtily. "Oh, I thought it would suit you pretty well. It is the very place for back numbers."—Cincinnati Tribune.



# SAY! MISTER! YOUVE DROPPED YOUR Battle Ax PLUG

## A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 0 CENTS.

## THE POWER OF HOME.

Its Relation to Society and Its Influence in the Church.

The unit of society is the home. Enrollment that assumes to be thorough is not a registration by individuals, but by families. If we were to say that the structure of society is cellular, we should have to say that it is the family that constitutes each separate cell. No man, however entire, is a cell. No woman, however complete, is a cell. There is no finished cell except in the grouping of several individuals bound by the ties of domesticity. A bachelor is a dislocated fragment. His female counterpart is in the same category. It may not be their fault. It may lie in the necessity of their case. Still, all in all, it is a condition foreign to divine intention.

It is to the family, therefore, that we shall have to look as being the prime point of concern in all that relates to the weal of our times and our kind. The strength and health of society are to be measured by the amount of affectionate emphasis that is laid on the home idea, and the wholeness of society is simply the sanctity of the home writ large. Homes are each of them the separate roots that carry their several contributions to the organized structure of the general life.

All of this holds whether society be considered in its religious relations, which we know as the church, or in its secular ones, known as the state. The home is the first church, and the home is the first state. There is nothing in either of the two that is not initially present in a small way inside the home circle. As regards the former there is a very important idea conserved in so arranging our church auditoriums as to combine the congregation without sacrificing the identity of its families. The pew system of worship is the left way that our church architecture takes to teach the doctrine that each home is a little religious organism. This is one of those interesting cases where a sense of fitness, even without being distinctly conscious of it, nevertheless asserts itself and creates a very substantial expression of itself. And there is no preacher—at least there is no pastor—who does not carry distinctly in his head, and particularly in his heart, this cellular structure of his congregation and does not feel that the significance of his congregation depends not on the number of its individuals, but on the number of its families.—C. H. Parkhurst in Ladies' Home Journal.

## A DISLIKE OF DUKES.

A Handicap Which the Highest of 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 be 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 duke is sure to be a little stupid, 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 debate."

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

there unless he has become known to the country before the title crashed him. Is it that the rank overpowers the popular imagination till men cease to see the person—a thing which constantly happens in the case of kings—or is it that men can never forget the special rank by merging it in the simpler and more familiar title of "lord?"

No peer except a duke is invariably mentioned by the title which marks his grade. We have not an idea of the true explanation, but we know that a political earl who accepted a dukedom would lose heavily in popular estimation, and that even a marquis like Lord Salisbury, who would alter his rank so little, would find that the coronet of strawberry leaves acted, to a certain extent, as an extinguisher, while if his son never entered the house of commons he would have to struggle against some inexplicable weight. The fact is one of the very oddest in the whole of the odd history of the influence of rank, but of its reality we entertain no doubt whatever. To say "that is a dual opinion" is to say it is an opinion that no one in our days need consider.—London Spectator.

## Depew's Chicago Story.

Chauncey M. Depew has a story which he won't tell when he goes to Chicago. Here it is:

"There was once a prominent man in Chicago, who, like all others out there, had a very exalted opinion of his town. He died, and when he reached his eternal home he looked about him with much surprise and said to the attendant who had opened the gate for him: 'Really, this does great credit to Chicago. I expected some change in heat on.'"

"The attendant eyed the Chicagoan a second, and then observed, 'This isn't heaven.'"—New York Telegram.

## Talking Shop.

March—I think I'll spring into being about now.

June—Summer given to that sort of thing.

September—I guess I'll take a fall out of the year myself.

December—All right. Go ahead. I'll go winter it too.—Detroit Free Press.

## Throws Away the Chances.

When an American heiress marries a count, she has no show of ever being anything higher than a countess, but if she marries a bright young American she may some day be the wife of the president of the United States.—Boston Globe.

## Bowie's Great Knife.

The bowie knife obtains its name from Rezin P. Bowie, who lived in Maryland in the early part of this century. He had a brother who had many enemies, and he, being turbulent and fond of hand to hand fights, stood in need of good weapons. Rezin undertook to furnish him with a weapon somewhat superior to any that could be found in those parts at that period. A knife was made out of a blacksmith's file, and a blade was had nine inches long, to which was fastened a handle of six inches. The knife was simple, strong in build and had an admirable temper. Bowie used it in 19 sanguinary contests, and then, happening in Philadelphia, he met with a cutler who fashioned it over for him. Bowie afterward settled on the Mississippi, and entertained the celebrated actor Edwin Forrest, to whom he gave the original knife. Forrest placed the knife in his collection, where he retained it until his death.—Hardware.