

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### WHITESVILLE.

Minnie Mangus visited Mrs. Tom Everson Monday.

The meeting Sunday night was not very well attended.

Lulu Chadwick gave an apple peeling for the young folks Friday night and all had a nice time.

A large crowd attended the Thompson reunion, held in Mr. Mangus's woods northwest of here.

The following are on the sick list: Olga Fall, Laura Rettenger, Anna Broach, and Harney Williams.

### New Market.

Pete Hicks and family moved to Indianapolis this week.

Mrs. Jas Rush returned to her home at Terre Haute, this week.

Miss Viola Hicks is visiting her sister, at Covington, this week.

Quite a number of pupils from the country are attending high school here.

Several of our citizens are making arrangements to attend the street fair next week.

Mr. Darter, of Crawfordsville, takes charge of the elevator here the first of the week.

Rev. Handley, the new pastor, preached at the M. E. church Sunday morning and evening.

Wm. Wray, of Linden, will move back to New Market, having bought the Fullenwider property.

A large crowd attended the Vancleave reunion which was held three miles west of here Tuesday.

S. H. Watson, Misses Hoover, Armentrout, Follick, Harriet Harding and Mollie Hall are the teachers.

### Rural Route No. 4.

Wilse Ingersoll is working for A. W. Herron.

Catherine Switzer is staying with Mrs. Peacock.

Simon Peacock and wife are the parents of twin girls.

Miss Mabel Fink visited Verna McCormick, Sunday.

Several from here will attend the street fair next week.

Miss Lillie Stull is in the city working for George Welty and family.

Charles Brown and wife spent Sunday with Everett Brown and wife.

W. S. Fink and James Wilkinson attended lodge at Alamo, Monday night.

Odes Hankins, of New Market, spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives here.

Mrs. Jennie Dodson and child were the guests of Elbert Hughes and wife, last week.

Mrs. Margaret Wert and Evaline Gilliland visited at James Wilkinson's last Wednesday.

Mrs. Ethel Herron, of Ladoga, visited Mrs. Nora Ingersoll the latter part of last week.

Joseph Wilkinson and family will make an extended visit with friends at Montezuma, Ind.

John E. Brown, accompanied by his neice, Miss Gertrude, was in Indianapolis last week.

Bud Fye, wife and daughter, and Dot and Gert Wilkinson were at A. D. Wilkinson's, Sunday.

James Wilkinson and wife, Abner and Jacob Livingston and sister Kate, and Walter Radcliff took dinner with Thomas Livengood and wife, at Ingersoll's Corner, Sunday.

Andrew Herron and wife will occupy the house vacated by W. S. Fink and family. Mr. Herron will have a sale soon. George Simmons will move on the Herron place.

Buggy sale October 14, at Fisher's

### WHITE CHURCH.

William Sutton is better.

The gravel shovel is at work again. Abner Bowen sports a new buggy. Robert Bowen is not so well at this writing.

Shade Cook returned from Wesley Sunday.

Meeting was well attended at this place Sunday.

Will Jobe and Joe Slodge started for Iowa Tuesday.

Several attended meeting at Potato Creek Sunday night.

Crist Ball and wife spent Sunday evening at Will Cook's.

Kirk Brothers are still working on the well for Mose Riley.

Say, boys, THE REVIEW is just the stuff. Why not take it?

The surprise on Charley Boots was

a success. They gave him a good scare.

Nervia Buhultz went to Ohio Thursday to see her mother.

Charles Campbell went down to the Wex to see his mother, who is sick.

Mat Rettinger and family, of New Ross, spent the first of the week with his brother John and family.

Remember the auction sale of buggies, surreys, pheatons, etc., at Joe E. Fisher's on October 14, at 1:30 p. m.

### Says He Didn't.

In answer to the charge of assaulting Hiram Churchill, an aged colored man, last winter, Elva Derrickson has entered a plea of not guilty. It will be remembered that the Derrickson's, two negro toughs, assaulted, almost killed, and then robbed old man Churchill last winter.

The evidence is abundant to send them up, and the plea is only to give the court the trouble of a trial. Ninety-nine years would be about the proper time for these young desperadoes to serve—but they will get justice.

### Married at Church.

At Trinity church on Wednesday evening occurred the marriage of Harry A. Wilson and Miss Elizabeth Myers. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. L. Davis. Following the ceremony the newly married were tendered a reception at the home of the bride's parents. The couple will remain in the city this winter, moving on a farm in the spring.

### Small Fire.

About 11 o'clock Thursday night fire broke out in the rear of the Robbins House. The alarm was turned in and the company responded promptly. The blaze was put out with but slight damage to the property.

### Marriage Licenses.

Henry A. Wilson and Elizabeth Myers.

Willis R. Fry and Norah N. McCormick.

Harry Elzy and Eva Bowen.

### Millinery Opening.

Miss Wray will give a grand opening in her millinery parlors in the Y. M. C. A. block on next Wednesday, Oct. 4, to which she extends an invitation to the ladies of Crawfordsville and Montgomery county.

In the opening Miss Wray will be assisted by Miss Thompson, of Chicago, an expert trimmer, and Miss Myrtle Wray. The fall and winter styles this season are unusually beautiful and Miss Wray has equipped the Y. M. C. A. millinery parlors with all of the latest and newest novelties in millinery creations. Remember the opening, Wednesday, Oct. 4, day and evening.

### Prettiest, Sweetest,

Daintiest fall hats in the city at Miss Cade's. This splendid millinery parlor never held prettier hats, and the wonder of these hundreds of fashionably dressed women who thronged the room during the opening this week, has been that so many original and strikingly exclusive hats could be gathered together. The fall styles are beautiful. Don't fail to see them.

### The Street Fair

Will be on next week, but you will not enjoy it unless you have layed in a supply of Hoboe cigars. They are necessities, not luxuries.

Are you coming to the carnival? Of course you are.

Auction sale of buggies at Fisher's Saturday October 14, \$1.30 p. m.

The Lafayette papers all think the Crawfordsville band is about the proper thing.

Buy a dozen first prize cabonets, waterproof, fadeless, for \$1.50, at the Willis Gallery.

Judge West held court at Rockville Thursday, and the business here was suspended.

Grover Wells, a boy about town, is under arrest for pilfering fruit from the commission house.

You never bought fine, fadeless, waterproof cabonets as cheap in your life as you can now at the Willis Gallery.

Dora Skaggs has been granted a divorce from M. F. Scaggs, and granted alimony in the sum of fifty dollars payable at the rate of \$2.50 per week.

Rev. J. A. Blair and wife were tendered a grand farewell reception on the occasion of their removal to Paris, Ill., by the Washington avenue church people of Terre Haute.

The twentieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Snodgrass was pleasantly remembered Friday evening by some forty friends executing a surprise in them.

## BRIARSMERE.

Esme Barton, as she rode along on her trusty little cob, paid no heed to the weather, so absorbed was she in her own thoughts. Ralph Underwood was coming that night to ask her to be his wife, she felt sure, for his manner at the Fletchers' dance had been unmistakable.

What answer should she give him? Could she ever love a man she did not altogether trust?

Ab, if only Jack could speak, she knew what answer she would give, but Jack never would now, though years ago he had shown in a hundred little ways that he loved her.

But that was before his father died, and Briarsmere was found to be mortgaged and all the affairs terribly involved. So now Jack was a poor man and had even undertaken work as Underwood's agent to pay off the mortgage which Ralph held.

Esme was rich and could do as she liked with the fortune she had inherited from her mother, but was powerless to help Jack because of that unwritten law that "a man is to woo, a woman is to be wooed."

The rain poured down and at last awoke Esme to a sense of what was going on around her.

The rain was coming down in torrents, and an ominous roll of thunder in the distance made Beauty tremble.

It was a lonely part of the road. Only a little cabin, much out of repair, was in sight. She hastened toward it, not knowing if Mrs. O'Grady still occupied the place or whether she had already gone to live with her sister in Kerry.

On trying to lift the latch Esme found it was locked, but discovered a key in the peat shed at the back.

As she stood there caressing her horse to allay its fears she was startled to hear a key fitted into the lock of the door in front of the house.

The boards of the mud covered walls were ill fitted and rotten, and Esme could distinctly hear two men talking as they entered and shook the water from their clothes.

"You must do something for the place," said a voice she recognized as Jack's.

"I'll not spend a cent."

"That is, of course, your affair, Mr. Underwood," said Jack. "In my position as agent it was my duty to point out to you what was needed, but I can't make you do it. Only I tell you, as man to man, that the neglect of your tenant's interests is a disgrace to the neighborhood. I have worked as your agent in order to work off the mortgage which you hold on my property, but I suppose the foreclosure you threaten must come, for I cannot work for you any longer and have not money to redeem the estate."

"And, pray, why am I to lose your valuable services?" said Underwood.

"You know that during my management your profits have nearly doubled, but when it comes to distilling liquors in underground distilleries and expecting me to be a party to the fraud I draw the line."

"How dare you speak like this to me!" said Underwood, choking with rage. "You pauper, if I had not employed you, you would have starved!"

"You are exaggerating my poverty," said Jack, in a calm tone. "It is true by honest work I hoped to regain my property, but when you expect dishonest work you have come to the wrong man."

"By the way," continued Jack, and Esme could hardly catch his words, for he was already on the road, "I have ordered back the pipes and stills."

"The Dickens you have!" roared Underwood, as he paced the miserable room.

A quarter of an hour later Esme was in the cozy office of her friend and adviser, Mr. Rance.

"It is a large sum of money to invest in landed property, Miss Esme."

"I know," said the girl in her quick, bright way, "but what does that matter? I have ever so much more when that is spent. Besides, I happen to know the mortgage will be foreclosed if this money is not paid, and I have other reasons as well."

Beauty, trotting along in the twilight, was within a mile of her own warm stable when she suddenly swerved from a dark figure walking rapidly in the shadow.

Esme, who had been sitting lightly in the saddle, thinking over her afternoon's work, was taken unawares and flung to the ground.

Stooping over her, Jack—for it was he who had unwittingly frightened the cob—lifted her quickly in his arms. She was dazed and stunned, and as her head rested on his shoulder he stooped and pressing his lips to hers stole the kiss that he had never dared to hope would be his by right.

"Esme," he said after a pause, in which each read the other's heart, "I never dared to hope that you had given me your love, and I have no right to ask you to be my wife, for in a few weeks I shall have no home. Briarsmere is no longer mine. I kissed you because I could not help it as you lay in my arms, and I thought you had fainted."

"Briarsmere is mine," said Esme, smiling, "and it is very mean of you, Jack, only to want to kiss me when I have fainted."—Exchange.

Mrs. Scoville, the sister of Guittee, who was much heard of during her brother's trial for the assassination of Garfield, is now Mrs. Norton. She lives at Ravewood, near Chicago, and goes in for anything which is advanced.

Mrs. A. Osborne of Columbus, O., an aunt of President McKinley, is spending the summer at Chautauqua. She has recently celebrated her eightieth birthday but is as active and looks as young as a woman 20 years her junior.

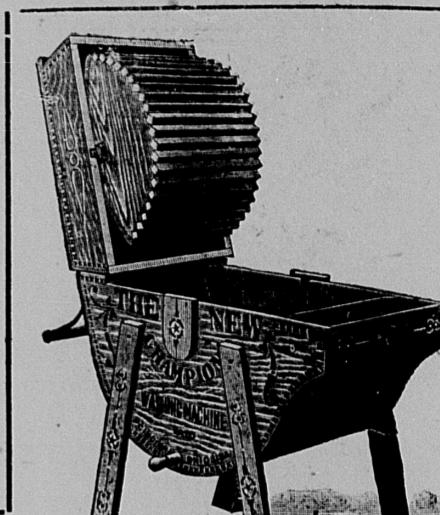
Miss Ethel E. Stevens, who has been studying at the Royal academy for three years under John Thomas, harpist to Queen Victoria, has won the bronze and silver medals and also the certificate of merit for proficiency in her art.

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