

THE REVIEW.

—BY—
F. T. LUSE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year, in the county, \$1.00
One year, out of the county, \$1.10
In advance, for advertising, \$1.00

JANUARY 2, 1897.

Wholesome,
pure and
full of
fruit.

NONE SUCH
MINCE MEAT

School Superintendent's Recommendation.

At a State Convention of county school superintendents at Indianapolis this week the following recommendations relating to school matters were passed, and may be used in form of a bill to be presented to the legislature for its action:

"1. That a law be enacted making it the duty of township trustees, and the trustees of town and city schools, to furnish high school accommodations, free, to all graduates from the common school branches.

"2. That a law be enacted making it the duty of the superintendent of public instruction to examine all teachers for license to teach in the public schools of the state, thereby making the license valid in any part of the state instead of in one county as at present.

"3. That there be a law enacted providing for the qualification of county and city superintendents.

"4. That an enabling act be passed enlarging the work of the state library board (instituted by the general assembly of 1895) whereby a district library system may be established, extending the privilege of reading good books to children in our country, village and town schools.

"5. That the state board of education be authorized to recognize state certificates issued in other states."

Kokomo Lawlessness.

At a meeting of the Kokomo Pastors' Association, including all the ministers in the city, with a single exception the following resolution was passed:

"Resolved, That it be the sense of this association that a public meeting be held to protest against the lawlessness so manifest in our city at this time."

In one pulpit, last Sunday, the city government was given a severe scolding by a number of councilmen being charged with countenancing and upholding violation of the laws. The Pastors' Association will call a public meeting in a few days to urge a law of extermination on gambling joints and houses of ill repute.

New Bridge for the County.

At a special session of the county commissioners this week contracts for the erection of three new iron bridges were awarded. One is to be placed over Walnut Fork, north of Mace, by the Lafayette bridge company and will cost \$982. Two others, one over Offel's creek, near North Union, and the other near Wingate, the first to cost \$804, the last \$255, and all to be finished by March 1.

Insurance \$2,000.

The late Wm. B. Hardy had a life insurance policy in the order known as Modern Woodmen to the amount of \$2,000.

Broken Chain

The family circle is never so happy after the chain is broken and a link taken. Some family chains are strong, others weak. Have you a good family history? Or is there a tendency to coughs, throat or bronchial troubles, weak lungs? Has a brother, sister, parent or near relative had consumption? Then your family chain is weak. Strengthen it. Take SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It makes rich blood, gives strength and vigor to weak lungs and run-down constitutions. With its aid the system throws off acute coughs and colds. It prevents the chain from breaking. Shall we send you a book about this, free?

For sale by all druggists at 50c, and \$1.00
SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

THE JOKER'S CORNER.

WIT, HUMOR AND SATIRE ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Kleptomaniacs in High Life, or the Misadventures of Miss Bertha Brown—A Logical Conclusion—A Few Attacks—Up-to-Date Jokes.

HE lady fair she crimped her hair,
And buckled on her bands,
And pockets deep she donned to keep
The labor of her hands;
For she had vowed to toll all day

In the department shop;
The floorwalker was naught to her
Nor eke the bloomer coop.

Each unconsidered trifle that
She found she stowed away—
'Twas here a fichu, there a spat,
A hon a musk sachet
And naught she'd reck of yellow gold,
Nor yet of silver white,
As on six collars she'd lay hold
And stuff them out of sight!

At last she grew so reckless she
Would give shop-lifting bees,
And say: "Come lift a while with me,
For oh, I strive to please!"
At last a petticoated slouch
Who'd from Chicago came,
Put her foot down on Bertha Brown
And stopped her little game!

The Janitor's Suggestion.

From the Washington Star.
The janitor had conducted her through the building, and she seemed altogether displeased with some of the apartments.

"I hope," she said, "that none of the people here keep dogs."

"Some of them do," replied the truthful employe.

"Are there any children?"

"There ain't no use of insistin' on folks bein' born growed up."

"The style of the decorations doesn't exactly please me."

"They're all brand new, and I'm afraid the landlord wouldn't change 'em."

"Does anybody in the building play the piano?"

"No, ma'am; but two or three people is learnin'."

"That's too bad. I dislike noises. It's a very nice place in many respects; but dogs bark and children cry and pianos jangle, and I'm very particular about decoration."

"Well, ma'am, there's only one thing I can say."

"You can't expect to rent heaven for sixty dollars a month."

An Obstacle.

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"No," he said, with the air of a man who feels it his disagreeable duty to deny a request, "it won't do to allow women to vote."

"Why not?" his wife inquired.

"They are quite as competent to understand political questions as men are."

"I don't deny that. But there are other more practical considerations. Whenever there is an election there are bound to be bets made. Now when a man bets a hat it never costs more than six or eight dollars if he loses. But if women got their sympathies aroused there wouldn't be anything for them to do except to precipitate a panic by wagering bonnets that in the nature of things can't cost less than twenty dollars apiece."

Cause for War.

Brown—If the English should ever attempt to abolish the House of lords it may lead to serious trouble with the United States.

Smith—How?

Brown—Why, it might be our duty to send a few cruisers over there to protect the interests of American citizens who have invested their money in that institution.—Puck.

A Logical Conclusion.

GRAND PRIZE FIGHT
CHAMPIONSHIP
Mooseley Wragg—"Do you think it's so that every man has iron in his blood?"
Tuffold Nutt—"Course 'tis."
Mooseley Wragg—"Then it must be scrap iron that Sharkey has in his blood."

Overwhelmed by Fate.
The villain was felled at last.
It was worse by far than the dramatist intended or the audience suspected.
Just at the moment when his power seemed unassailable; when he was in a position to taunt the heroine with unkind remarks about a lover, his face blanched and his step became unsteady. His discomfiture was complete.

An anxious rival had sewed up the pockets of his trousers, so that he could not put his thumbs into them when he swaggered.

Travelers' Tales.

A Night on a Precipice.

Mr. B. A. Fitzgerald, in his "Climbs in the New Zealand Alps," gives the following graphic account of a night spent the night. This was a ledge some impossible to spend the night where we were, hanging on to narrow ledges of rock, covered with thin ice; we were obliged slowly to retrace our steps for a little, till we should reach a spot where, I thought, it might be possible to spend the night. His was a ledge some fourteen feet long and eighteen inches broad, on which the three of us could just manage to sit. It seemed to us as sheltered a place as any upon this slope, but should any great fall of stones really come down upon us in the night, I feared that we should have had a small chance of escape. No sooner had we seated ourselves than we heard the ominous whizz of falling stones. This was but the commencement of a cannonade that we found was to be kept up at intervals throughout the night. The rocks flew past us, so close at times that we could almost feel the wind from them on our faces. We never dared so much as close an eye all night, for fear of slipping into the abyss below. The cold became intense, the thermometer dropping to 25 degrees, and as most of our garments had been soaked in wading through the melting snow during the day, our things froze hard. Harper took off his boots and placed his feet into his knapsack or "swag," as the Colonials call it, so that, had he fallen, he could not possibly have recovered himself. Zurbruggen also took off his boots and sat upon them to keep them warm for the morning, lest they should become frozen tight and he would not be able to get into them again. We did our best to keep up our spirits through that long night, singing songs, the most appropriate of which seemed to us, at the time, to be "We won't go home till morning." There was no moon and the night was intensely dark, though the weather was clear, while the slight breezes from the southwest seemed to chill us to the very bone. After midnight we gradually became more silent and did not even talk, while Harper dozed for a moment or two and nearly tumbled off. I had to catch hold of him and retain my grip till he could regain his balance. It then occurred to us that if we spread one of the pieces of mackintosh sheeting over our heads, lighting some candles beneath it, we should be warmer. One of the reasons which led us to make this discovery was that, when Zurbruggen had lighted one of the lamps, he wanted to have the pleasure of seeing smoke from his pipe, as otherwise he would not have known whether it was drawing or not. He had gradually let the lantern drop down to his knees, and had pulled up the mackintosh covering over him, and said that he felt warmer. We found this plan of spreading a sheet of mackintosh over us most successful, and we kept on lighting plenty of candles, so that we could warm our fingers at them and still remain seated in our cramped position. Luckily we still had an ample supply of candles, so that it was possible to continue in this way till dawn began to appear. It seemed to us as if we had been seated for weeks on this ledge, and when it was light enough for us to move we were so stiff that it was with difficulty we gained our feet."

Terrible Tiger-Hunting Adventure.
A British officer in India had gone out on an elephant in search of a tiger, which had just killed a man and two bullocks within half a mile of camp. The hunt was brief, and the officer presently got two shots at the tiger, but without killing him. The jungle was heavy, and it was already getting dusk when the servant touched the officer from behind and said, "There he is!" The adventure is best described by the man himself, as quoted by General Wilkinson. "The tiger was lying within ten yards of me, unable to rise, as I afterward found out, from his loins being broken. Seeing that he was not dead, however, I was in the act of taking up my rifle when something struck me on the back and jammed me to the front of the howdah. I had just time to lay hold of the branch of a tree and pull myself out of the howdah, otherwise my back would have been broken. Then the frightened elephant ran away, and left me suspended immediately over the tiger, which lay looking up at me, growling and lashing his sides. You may imagine my feelings. In vain I tried to get into the tree, and at last my fingers becoming cramped, I lost my hold and fell on the tiger. It was like dropping into the jaws of death. The instant I touched the ground, the tiger with a terrific roar seized my left foot in his mouth, and with one bite crushed the heel and ankle-bone to powder. Then he gave me three other bites, two on the calf of the leg and one on the knee, every bite breaking the bone to pieces. My agonies were dreadful. In vain I called for help, but after a struggle I got my right leg free and gave the tiger a tremendous kick on the head, which induced him to let go. Instantly I got up and hobbled to the foot of the tree, where I fell exhausted, with the tiger still a few paces off. The sepoys, who had been with me in the howdah, had lodged safely in the tree, and witnessed the whole scene. Now he came down within a few feet of the ground, and begged me to get into the tree. At first I thought I could not, but when the sepoys told me that the tiger would be at me again, I gave the fellow my hands and he managed to pull me up into the lower branches. By and by my brother officer, whose elephant, like my own, had become unmanageable, came back, and finally killed the tiger, after which I was somehow got into the howdah and carried back to camp."

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Happy Thoughts

For those who are at a loss to know what to buy their friends for Christmas. Warner intends unloading his immense stock of

CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS AND FURNISHING GOODS

and is offering some Bargains that will not escape the notice of those intending to make purchases at this time. A few of materially reduced prices are given as follows:

MUFFLERS.

Never was there a more complete stock of pretty and servicable mufflers shown in Crawfordville. 25 cents will buy a good heavy cold weather muffler that you have been asked 50c for. 50 cents will buy a beautiful, heavy weight all-silk Scotch plaid that formerly cost \$1.00. \$1.50 will buy a handsome white or black muffler, either silk or satin, that has been sold heretofore for \$2.50.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

You never had such a chance to buy a genuine silk or Irish linen Handkerchiefs for either ladies or gents as this great unloading sale affords you. A good Japanette Silk initial Handkerchief for only 25 cents, former price 50 cents. Best Irish linen for 25 and 50 cents, formerly 50 and 75c. A good all linen handkerchief, extra size, only 15 cents.

NECKTIES.

The latest effects in Neckties worth all the way from 10 cents to \$1.00. Nothing in the way of neckwear ever produced prettier effects than the new Persian patterns. This line is the proper one to look to for a present to the boy.

GLOVES.

We are full up on Gloves and Mitts. Dressed or undressed kids, lined gloves, the warm kind. From 10c to \$1.50. See them

A GREAT REDUCTION

In all departments. Our prices are calculated to please. Do not miss the bargains offered. You will find them exactly as advertised.

We Want Your Trade.

WARNER CLOTHING HOUSE.

The One Price Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher.

WINGATE.

Weather nice, very little sickness.

Christmas has come and gone. Everything went off nicely at the Christmas tree at the ball except the postoffice, and it was awarded to Wal Tiffany. There is considerable talk of taking it from him and giving it to Jack Royalty.

Old Grandmother Osborn died near here on the 26th. Her home was at Osborn Prairie. She came to her grand daughter's on a visit and was taken sick and died. Her age was 85 years.

Charley Dazey will move back to his farm in the spring.

John Calhoun and wife are visiting their sons at Attica.

C. A. Dazey has been at the sick bed of his brother Frank, at Crawfordville this week.

James Kennedy has moved to Malott where he will work at the log business.

Ask Wm. Jackson who rented his saw mill the other night?

They are laying a new walk at the Christian church.

Another fight on Bristle Ridge. Look out for the grand jury, boys.

R. N. Cording, our postmaster, is talking of moving back to his old home.

Our old friend, William Temple, is now prepared to run a first class livery barn, and would be pleased to have his friends call on him.

A. S. Hart, of Greentown, is visiting near here.

There is talk of running a "confidence" soup house here by a man by the name of Peter Pierdexter.

Wesley Dazey was made deacon at Center church last Sunday.

A Minister Absents Himself.

John J. Skiles prominent both as a Dunkard preacher and as a farmer left home suddenly last Monday morning at Delphi and unpaid notes calling for \$8,000, on which his brothers appear as indorsers are now said to be forgeries.

The Perrin Bank of Lafayette and the Bowen Bank of Delphi hold some of the notes. Mr Skiles is a man of considerable wealth and his brothers who live near Frankfort, are also well to do. During the past few years he has borrowed considerable money, but heretofore he always met the notes falling due. He has considerable investments in South Dakota lands.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

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Prepare For The New Year

With an elegant Tailor-made Suit and Overcoat, of which you will find the Grandest Line ever shown, at

Ruben's Bates House Clothing Parlor

And as to prices, we can interest you, as every garment in our stock has been marked down, so that you can't afford to be without new clothes for the new year.

Every Garment Our Own Make!

Be Sure and See Our Windows!

FOR \$7.50
FOR \$8.00
FOR \$10.00
FOR \$12.50

We sell a Tailor-made Suit or Overcoat tailor's price, \$18.
We sell a Tailor-made Suit or Overcoat; tailor's price, \$25.
We sell a Tailor-made Suit or Overcoat; tailor's price, \$30.
We sell a Tailor-made Suit or Overcoat; tailor's price, \$35.
We sell a Tailor-made Suit or Overcoat; tailor's price, \$40.

Ruben's Clothing Parlors.

60 West Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Late Benjamin T. Ristine.

In the death of Mr. Benjamin T. Ristine, which occurred on Christmas morning, the oldest of any of the pioneer residents of Crawfordville has passed away. With his parents he came here in 1823, the same year that the town was platted, lots sold and a number of small houses erected. His next birthday would have been January 19th, and had he been reached a few more weeks he would have been 90 years of age. Mr. Ristine had a memory well stored with the incidents of Crawfordville's early history and took pleasure frequently in relating them. His father was the first hotel keeper of the village of Crawfordville. In 1833 Mr. Ristine adopted the practice of law, following that branch of it mostly known as probate and at which he continued steadily until a few weeks ago until declining health compelled him to abandon it. Mr. Ristine's life and character was an exemplary one, kind, moral, unselfish. He was the father of seven children, all of whom under the excellent training of their parents, became among our best citizens. The funeral of Mr. Ristine occurred on Sunday afternoon, the interment being at Oak Hill cemetery.

Notice is hereby given that John A. Griffin, as Administrator of the estate of Frances A. Vanarsdall, deceased, has presented and filed his accounts and vouchers in final settlement of said estate, and that the same will come up for the examination and action of said Circuit Court on the 25th day of Jan., 1897, at which time all creditors or legatees of said estate are required to appear in said Court and show cause, if any there be, why said accounts and vouchers should 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.

JOHN A. GRIFFIN, Administrator.
Dated the 20th day of December 1896.

Gold Coming.

A gold wave, which promises to be a "knocker" is threatened for to-morrow.

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