

THE REVIEW.

— BY —
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The cotton factories of New Hampshire have in the past usually shut down for a few weeks during the summer, but this year the proprietors find that they will be obliged to dispense with the customary vacation. There will be no shut-down in 1897.

Indiana will have a larger and better wheat crop this year than last. The crop for the United States for '97 is estimated at 25,000,000 bushels above the crop of '96. Reports from foreign countries indicate a general shortage in the Argentine and other countries whose competition in European ports has so disastrously affected the demand for this cereal in the past.

The Reichstag has positively refused to make appropriations for improvement and increase of the German navy. Nevertheless, Emperor "Bill" has resolved to have ten battleships and sixteen cruisers built at once on his individual responsibility. A clash is expected between the Kaiser and his "Congress." The French Chamber of Deputies has approved of official estimates for an increase of the French navy to the extent of \$52,000,000, of which \$40,000,000 will be expended on new ships. Evidently European statesmen do not have much faith in a continuing peace.

Colorado mine operators at the recent international gold-mining convention at Denver acknowledged their mistake in attempting to develop the silver deposits of the State on a falling market. One speaker said: "I have been mining in Colorado for twenty years; have spent \$150,000 in it, and can pledge my honor that I have never had a dollar of it back." The roars of laughter that followed this statement indicated that many of those present had had much the same experience. The speaker added: "I am not in the least discouraged, however, for I am now convinced that I made a mistake by digging for silver instead of for gold."

The "Human Ostrich" is dead. His right name was Harry Whallen. Mr. Whallen's demise was not induced by reason of the hardware of which his diet had been chiefly composed for years, but was the result of a very successful surgical operation to relieve his overloaded stomach. The bill of fare last swallowed by Mr. W., consisting of pocket knives, nails, screws, glass, harrow teeth, etc., failed to set right, and not having been properly masticated would not respond to the stomach pump. Hence heroic treatment, which was entirely successful, was resorted to. The stomach was unloaded and the patient died with comparative ease.

The town of Salem, Ind., is strictly "white," having a population of 2,500, and not a colored person in the place. The fact is probably due to the reputation which the town and the county of Washington, in which it is situated, got before the war for hostility to negroes. Old inhabitants say that nearly fifty years ago there were quite a number of colored persons living in the county, but after several had been killed the survivors migrated, and for many years past there has not been a negro in Salem except to pass through. Probably there is not in the United States another town with 2,500 inhabitants and not a single colored person.

Latest advices from the land of the Czar indicate a poor crop season in some sections of that vast domain. It is not stated that it affects the wheat crop. If it should it would tend to sustain prices, since India and Argentina have no wheat this year for the markets of the world. All the reports from Indiana indicate a good wheat crop of the best quality. If the supply should not be beyond the demand, so that good prices can be realized, Indiana may expect from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000 for wheat, where it got very little the past two years. This would give an impetus to business that would lift the gloom from many an anxious man and suffering family.

The civil-service law provides that, in addition to general examinations the commission may hold special examinations for appointments to positions in the classified service requiring special or technical qualifications. Such an examination will be held at Washington on July 28 for establishing a register from which appointments may be made to the position of assistant chief of the division of soils in the Agricultural Department. The salary of the position is \$1,800 per annum. The department gives notice that it is especially anxious to secure for the position a person possessing good executive ability, as well as a thorough knowledge of the several subjects of the examination. All intending applicants are, therefore, required to submit, to the commission, an original essay, either printed or in manuscript form, consisting of not less than five thousand words, and containing a thorough treatment of the subject of "Environment as affecting the crop," This paper should fully cover the relation of climate, soil and other

conditions to the functions of plants, with special reference to the commercial aspect of the subject. Citations should be given of authors or works referred to, together with a brief bibliography of the more important works pertaining to the subject.

The Indiana Bulletin of Charities and Correction for the quarter which ended April 30, 1897, contains the proceedings of the last State conference of those engaged and interested in the Indiana reformatory and charitable institutions. If there are those who are laboring under the delusion that topics of no practical value are discussed at these meetings, they should become subscribers to the Bulletin, which they can do for 25 cents, and thus learn their error. All those who have an interest in nothing more than the economy of public charity will find much in the proceedings to interest and inform. One subject considered, "Public Relief of the Poor," is of first importance, because, to the great expense of the taxpayer, it has been done in most of the counties in a haphazard manner. During the months of April and May the act of the last Legislature creating an agent to place orphans in asylums in proper homes has been in operation. Applications were made during those months by forty families who desired to take such children. The agent has made inquiry regarding twenty-six of the applicants, approving of twenty-four.

The recent reports of unparalleled discoveries of gold and petroleum in Alaska may be all the work of the "fake" newspaper correspondent, but if true will demonstrate the wisdom of Secretary Seward in purchasing that remote territory from the Czar. Gen. Cassius M. Clay claims that the negotiations between the United States and Russia were brought to a successful termination solely through his efforts while Minister to the Court of St. Petersburg, but Secretary Seward has always been given the credit by historians—possibly unjustly so. However this may be, it will not affect the value of the mountains of gold and lakes of petroleum now supposed to exist there. As a real estate transaction the purchase of Alaska has in any event proved to be a "bargain."

The beer-garden resorts in the suburbs of our large cities have become a menace to the peace and quiet of the neighborhood in which they are located at least, if not to the morals of the community at large. Rev. Milburn, a prominent Indianapolis divine, in a recent sermon, took occasion to specially designate a lately opened place of this kind, which has proved uncommonly popular and attractive, as a place that Christians should avoid. In the same sermon Pastor Milburn stated that his remarks were not to be considered in the light of a temperance sermon, and disclaimed the idea of denouncing liquor-drinking as an unpardonable sin. The Pope, Mr. Gladstone, Pastor Dale of John Bright's great church at Birmingham and other distinguished religious luminaries were all moderate drinkers. Public drinking, Mr. Milburn thought, was the greatest evil of our time, and he held that the summer beer gardens led to this practice more directly than any other influence now molding the characters of the rising generation.

A "MISSING LINK."
The Illinois Legislature killed the bill drafted by Chicago retail merchants to regulate and curtail the trade of the great department stores. The evolution of trade has developed these great establishments in the large cities into monsters of avarice that practically absorb the bulk of the trade in the various lines—and that means nearly all lines—of merchandise. The corner drug store and the green grocery eke out a precarious existence, where a few years ago their proprietors would have grown wealthy. Even the meat market has to compete with these great aggregations of capital. The beer saloon is about the only line of trade in Chicago not injuriously affected by the transactions of such firms as Seigel, Cooper & Co. Naturally the retail merchants throughout Cook county would like to see something done to give them a chance to exist, but it seems they are doomed to fail—right or wrong. In the end the result must be disastrous to many worthy merchants and their landlords. Great inconvenience to the people at large is also likely to be an indirect result of the further development of these great emporiums. While they will no doubt supply to the people a great variety of goods at a surprisingly low figure, they cannot altogether fill the place of the retail merchant. Of the latter a few will be able to continue business, but most of necessity realize a greater percentage of profit on what they do sell. The legislative episode at Springfield last winter is only one symptom of the great industrial revolution now in progress in the business world. Contending interests will continue to clash and there will be suffering and distress. Modern methods and machinery seem to be capable of supplying the wants of the whole human race at phenomenally low rates, but it yet remains for some genius to devise a method whereby the human race—thrown out of employment by these methods and machinery—can acquire the aforesaid p. l. r. wherewith to pay their tribute to the gormandizing coffers that must needs be fed by electric cash railways. There is a "missing link" in this "endless chain" that must be found or the "old thing won't work."

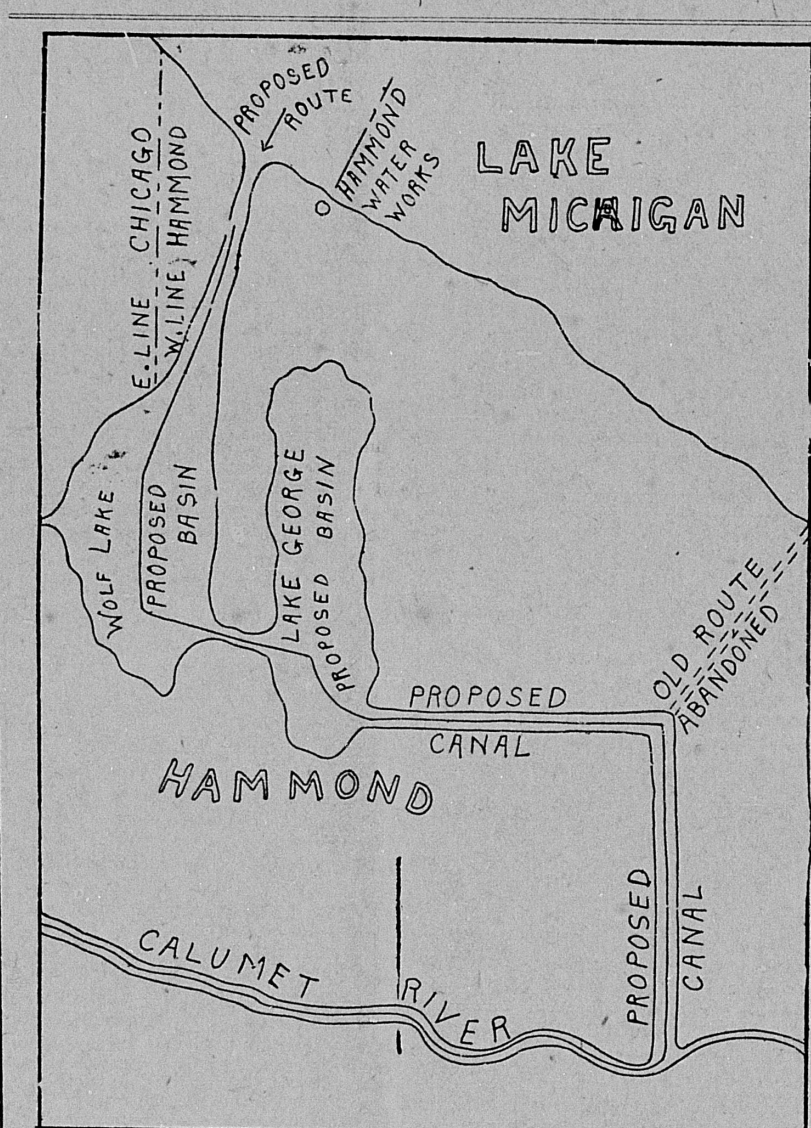
A NOTED CONVICT.

WILLIAM W. KENNEDY PAROLED AFTER SERVING TWELVE YEARS OF HIS SENTENCE.

A Bicycle Motor—Fish Yarn From Fortville—Mrs. Geiger Indicted—State News From All Quarters.

Kennedy Paroled.
The case of William W. Kennedy, the man who has spent twelve years in the penitentiary for the murder of David Baker at Greensburg in 1884—a crime which it has now been conclusively proved that he did not commit—has recently excited much interest because of the persevering efforts of his sister to secure his pardon. Through all the years of his imprisonment Miss Kate Kennedy has unflinchingly worked to secure not only his pardon but also to find evidence to establish her brother's innocence. Her efforts have at last been partially successful. Two women, residents of Greensburg, have come forward voluntarily and testify that they saw the murder of Baker and that he was killed by a large, heavy man, who escaped. Kennedy is a small man. The women state that they were not summoned at the trial of Kennedy and did not then know but that the right man had been captured. Wishing to avoid notoriety they remained silent until their knowledge of the affair was discovered by Kate Kennedy. Governor Mount at last yielded to this testimony and to numerous petitions and sent for the prisoner. Kennedy is in consumption. He reached Indianapolis alone over the Monon Tuesday and at once hunted up District Attorney Wishard, who has been an urgent worker for his pardon and at 10:30 o'clock Mr. Wishard accompanied him to the Governor's office. The Governor accompanied him into the big parlors and there the two sat and talked over the crime for some time. When the time came to go the Governor, breaking silence, said:
"Mr. Kennedy, you are paroled."
The tears came into the ex-convict's eyes and flowed down his cheeks. The Governor told him the conditions of the parole. It is a six months' parole and

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PROPOSED PLAN OF THE CANAL AND HARBOR.
(The line between Chicago and Hammond is also the Indiana-Illinois boundary.)

the Governor can cancel it at any time. Kennedy must abstain from intoxicants and conduct himself in every way as becomes a law-abiding citizen. At the end of the six months he must present the certificates of good citizens as to his conduct meantime as well as the certificate of a physician as to his health. Mr. Kennedy was glad to accept the conditions, and thanked the Governor warmly. To the newspaper reporters he again declared that he is innocent of the crime and that he was in Indianapolis on the night it was committed. He at first debated as to whether he would go to his old home in Cincinnati unannounced and take his mother and devoted sister by surprise or would telegraph ahead and finally decided to do the latter. He left on an afternoon train for Cincinnati. Kennedy, during his long prison life, has been a model prisoner, always ranking as a "trusty." Once he was paroled to go home for several days and at the end of the time he showed up promptly at the prison gates.

A Fortville Fish Yarn.
Here's a fish story what is a fish story, from Fortville: Logan Shaffer made a wager that he could take the fish from the hooks and string them as fast as Robert Likins, Joseph Gwinn and George Likins could catch them. Logan did pretty well at the task but now and then one of the fishermen had time to try his skill with a rifle, making targets of turtles and frogs. In two hours and 40 minutes the trio had caught 32 fish, 17 frogs and one turtle. The score was: Robert Likins, 112 fish, one frog and one turtle; Joseph Gwinn, 109 fish and 15 frogs; George Likins, 118 fish and one frog. Fortville can now venture into the sea serpent line with a reputation that cannot be seriously affected, and an airship story or so is certainly due.

A Bicycle Motor.
Shelbyville special: Abe Teeters will, he thinks, be ready by next season to revolutionize the bicycle business. He is working on a motor bicycle. The device consists of a minute double compound engine, fastened on the rear part of the bicycle. The tubing of the wheel furnishes the reservoir for the gasoline. The motor works on the same principle as the gas engine, but there are four explosions to each stroke of the piston rods. The explosion tube hangs low and points down so there is no odor from the gasoline. It is so arranged that without dismounting the motor can be turned off or on at the pleasure of the rider. The machine has developed sufficient power to carry the inventor without his using the pedals. It is not supposed that this machine will do away entirely with the use of the pedals, but with it long rests can be taken, steep hills can be climbed, and the work of riding against strong winds will be reduced. The motor weighs only seven and one-half pounds. The speed which can be obtained with this machine will depend on the use the rider has of his legs, but speed is not the desired end; it is ease and comfort. The most work the rider will have to do will be to maintain an equilibrium, keep his feet on the pedals when he wants to go faster than the motor will carry him, and assist it.

Mrs. Geiger Indicted.
Evansville special: After an investigation of nearly two weeks the grand jury returned an indictment of murder in the first degree against Bedealea Geiger. Mrs. Geiger is charged with poisoning the infant son of Mrs. Eugene Moore, who died May 6 last. A grain of arsenic was found in the child's stomach at the post mortem examination. Mrs. Geiger is also suspected by the authorities of being implicated in the death of her husband, who died three years ago. His body was exhumed two weeks ago, and a chemical examination of the stomach and liver is now in progress, but has not been completed.

Suicide of a Love-Sick Boy.
Columbia City special to Chicago Record: Because Miss Artie Phillips refused longer to receive the attentions of Clarence Davis, a seventeen-year-old boy, the latter ended his life this morning by throwing himself in front of a moving

THE LOST TRIBES,

AND THE LAND OF NOD.

AN ORIGINAL NATURAL GAS STORY.

BY A. P. KERR.

"And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the Land of Nod, on the east of Eden."
— GENESIS 1:16

(The Trapper's Story Concluded.)
When I was a young man, a pioneer could take an ax and a rifle, and go into the wilderness, and hew out a home, erect a simple cabin, take there to his family, and provide them with every needful comfort. And they were happy—happy because of the absence of unsatisfied wants. Money they had not, and needed not—it was an unknown quantity—as in the Land of Nod, whose mountains teemed with gold that never felt a coiner's stamp. Fashion was to them a goddess of whose realm they had never heard. Luxury was as unattainable, either in food or raiment, as would have been Golconda's gems; but health, the greatest blessing yet vouchsafed to man, unostentatious hospitality and true happiness were theirs to a degree unknown by the people of this latter day. But those simple times have passed into oblivion—our memories of the vanished years that never can return—and life has become a ceaseless struggle, a blind and maddening rush by a constantly increasing population—each striving to gain an advantage over his fellowman, rather than to aid him—and on the part of the great majority an unending battle for a mere existence, with scarce a gleam of joy to relieve the somber clouds of poverty that ever hover over them.

Since my friendship and association with Houston I have never been in the company of white men long enough to tell my story until I was so unexpectedly discovered by your party, and had I not been thus thrown in your pathway it is probable that this narrative would have remained a secret and have perished with me. Now that I have had an opportunity to relate it in detail to intelligent ears I would request that Mr. Carter write out what I have said at his leisure, and if possible publish the story, that the world may know of the wonderful country, and no less remarkable race of men, that existed in such close proximity to our shores for so many centuries, undiscovered and unknown. That those people were indeed the Lost Tribes of the House of Israel, whose fate has been the unsolvable mystery of the ages, I have not the slightest doubt. When I have finished I will show you the remaining page of the patriarch's story, and will draw a map of the Land of Nod that you may better understand the story to which you have so attentively listened.

[Pausing, the venerable man cast his eyes upward, looking into the breaking dawn as if some vision held his spell-bound gaze, and concluded his remarkable narrative as follows:]
"Oh, Land of Nod, I see thee still—thy craggy shores and sunlit peaks, thy grassless plains and tombless hills, thy cooling springs and laughing rills, thy balmy airs and azure skies, thy lucious fruits and sparkling wines, thy winding ways and flaring lamps, thy hopeful morns and silent eves—and I long for thee, that I might pass my few remaining years, beneath thy mystic shades, cheered by the presence of thy simple, untainted tribes. But alas! It cannot be! Still must I wander in untrodden wilds, still live alone as is my chosen lot. Freedom I have sought and found—the boundless plains and mountain solitudes shall be my home until my time shall come. No grave shall shield my withered frame, no requiem sung over my remains, no tear of sorrow wrung from tender hearts, no marble shaft shall tell where I will rest, but my withered flesh shall sate the coyotes' hungry pangs, and my bleaching bones shall be my only monument."

PART IV.
THE SURVEYOR'S STORY CONTINUED.

So astonished were we, and so interested did our entire party become as he proceeded with his narration, that none had retired, or scarcely moved from their positions except to replenish the fire from time to time, and to place water close to the trapper on a camp-table, to which, however, he paid not the slightest attention. After he had once begun the old man seemed entirely oblivious to his surroundings, and apparently was in reality living over the events of his past life as his narration recalled the circumstances to his mental vision. As he concluded his story he drew from his bosom a roll wrapped in a piece of very fine fur, from which he extracted a small piece of very coarse blue woolen cloth on one corner of which was a star of gold the size of a silver dollar, somewhat tarnished, and a piece of parchment about 6x8 inches, upon which there had evidently at one time been writing, but what marks still remained were entirely illegible. Drawing his chair to the table and picking up one of my record books in which I had made a record of our surveys, he drew a map, a copy of which is attached to this work.

I can not say that any of us believed the trapper's story, but he had related it with so much earnestness, and at times with so much feeling and pathos, that we were at a loss to form an intelligent opinion of the narrative. That he believed it himself was clear. And it was equally clear that he was not insane. Not a man of our party but would have earnestly defended his intelligence and sanity, and all felt for him a friendship that would have led them to seriously discommode themselves to serve him. Such being the case I have refrained from expressing any opinion concerning the narration, and have given it to the public substantially as it was related, with but slight embellishment.

As our preparations for breaking camp had mostly been completed on the day previous, a hurried breakfast was prepared and eaten, in which the trap-

per joined us, the camp equipment were loaded into the wagons, and all journey. Again, and more earnestly we urged the old man to go with us but it was useless. So all pressed around him and grasping his hand, with heartfelt expressions of anxiety for his comfort and safety, we took our leave of this rover of the plains who deigned not to ask aid or sympathy from his fellowman, though long past the limit of the years allotted to the human race.

As we reached a bend in the river along which our course lay we glanced back, and the old man was still standing upon the site of our dismantled camp—standing as a statue in the ruins—and we all felt a sorrow which we could not express, as we thought of his loneliness. Pacing around the bend, he was lost to our sight, and we never saw him again. On reaching our new camp, I made notes of the story, and as time passed other cares pressed upon me, and I neglected for years and at last nearly forgot the entire circumstance, or only thought of it in a dim, uncertain way that failed to impress me with the interest that might attach to the story in the light of recent discoveries in our western country. I had carefully preserved the notes I had made at the time, but not until the winter of 1888 did I become sufficiently interested to undertake to edit them for publication. Picking up the morning paper in my comfortable city home one morning in January, 1888 I began to read the accounts of the terrible blizzards which were sweeping over the entire Northwest. Reading on one account after another, of the terrible suffering, caused me to draw closer to the fire and pity the unfortunate whom I could not help.

Down at the bottom of the column the following dispatch fixed my attention with a strange interest—an interest which was as if one of my own relatives had perished in the awful storm:
"Helena, Mont., Jan. 18, 1888: A party of hunters, returning from a bear hunt in the Big Horn country, report the finding of the dead body of an aged man, evidently a trapper, who had doubtless perished in the blizzard that swept over this section on the 10th. Near at hand, perhaps not more than a hundred feet from the place of finding the body, was a rude hut of logs and brush, which it is thought was the shelter which the unfortunate man was trying to reach when overtaken by the icy blast that overcame him. A search of the hut revealed but little. By the side of the man's body was his gun and hatchet, and he had a few rounds of ammunition. On his bosom under his clothing was found a roll in which was enclosed a piece of coarse blue woolen cloth, on one corner of which was a gold star, and a piece of parchment on which were some illegible marks. Nothing was found to disclose his name, or any information as to who he might be. From some Indians it was learned that the aged trapper had lived in the hut for years, but he was unknown to the whites who hunt in that country. The body had been somewhat mutilated by wolves or coyotes, but the face was uninjured, and was that of a very fine-looking man—though very aged. He was buried in as secure a manner as the frozen condition of the earth and the tools at command would permit."

Was it Joseph Bronson?
THE END.

MISCELLANEOUS.

President McKinley's mail averages from 1,000 to 1,300 letters a day, and several sacks of newspapers.

Greater Glasgow, with a population of 833,000, has only 494 medical men, or one doctor to every 1,726 of the population.

About thirty thousand families make their living in Paris in connection with the cab industry and taking care of horses.

The gossamer iron made at Swansea, England, is so thin that 4,800 plates are needed to make an inch in thickness.

A Greenwood (Me.) farmer found a sheep and a lamb in his pasture the other day with their noses so full of porcupine quills that they were unable to graze.

One of the latest appliances for use in a bake-shop oven consists of a machine which takes the whole wheat and grinds it, mixes water with it and kneads it into dough ready for the oven.

The oldest wooden building in the world is believed to be the church in Borgund, in Norway. It was built in the eleventh century and has been protected by frequent coatings of pitch. It is built of pine and in fantastic Romanesque design.

A girl went to a neighboring divinity school, intending to study for the ministry. Now she says that she thinks her "studies have perhaps fitted her to occupy the place of a minister's wife better than if she had not studied theology." The theological graduate who is soon to become her husband believes in co-education.—Boston Transcript.

The New Haven police authorities have detailed a policeman who is a good bicycle rider to run down and arrest "scorchers." He intends to get a chain and some iron balls, such as the New York policemen use, to throw into the wheels of "scorchers" who refuse to stop when ordered to do so. He will also have a speed indicator, which will tell when "scorchers" are exceeding the limit allowed them.

Of Bavaria's 7,275 public schools only 4.8 per cent. are in the cities. Of the 113 teachers 74.13 per cent. are Catholics, 25.17 Protestants and 0.68 Jews.