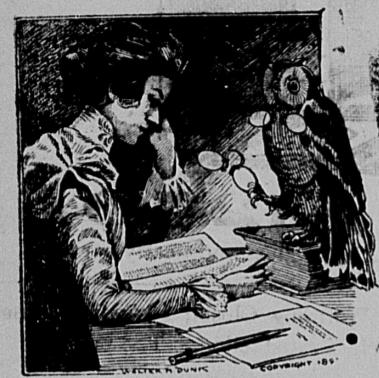


THE NEW REVIEW.

Established 1841.

Crawfordsville, Indiana, Saturday, April 22, 1899.

58th Year, No 33



Knowledge And Wisdom

Should go in hand to make learning profitable. Don't read at the expense of your eyesight, when you can protect it with the skill for which we are famous as

OPTICIANS...

Reading glasses will save your eyesight and we will fit it perfectly if it is defective or only needs aid.

M. C. KLINE.

Jeweler and Optician.

Opp. Court House.

A Complete Harness and Buggy Store!

We make our HARNESS from Good Selected Stock.

1 Buggies bear the name-plate of the manufacturer, and are sold under a strict guarantee.

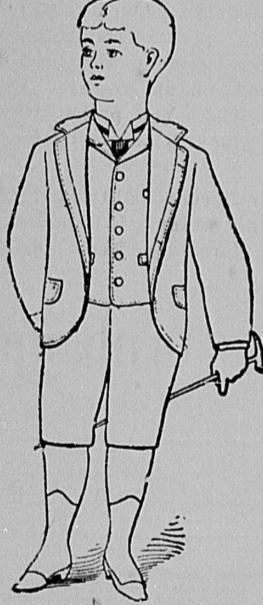
The BEST Buggy and Harness Store in the county.

JOE E. FISHER,

Clores Block, Crawfordsville.

RUBEN'S

Bates : House : Clothing : Parlors.



Great piles of clothing have melted away during the past two weeks, under the hot rays of our severe price cutting. If you have not already attended this sale, do so tomorrow, or you will do yourself and your pocketbook an injustice, for this is the greatest money-saving opportunity of the season.

Your choice of a stylish Cheviot suit, in single or double breasted, or a blue or black Kersey Overcoat, fit and workmanship guaranteed—Challenge Sale price \$4.50.

Your choice of an elegant suit, in plaids, overchecks, Scotchies or neat effects in fancy worts, or a swell overcoat, in blue, black or brown kerseye—Challenge sale price \$7.50.

Bates House Clothing Parlor.

110 W. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

GREAT BARGAIN SALE

OF SHOES

For One Week Only. The following are a few of our Bargains:

| | |
|--|--------------|
| Infants' Dongola Patent Tip Burton, 2 to 6, worth 30c, our price | \$.20 |
| Child's Glove-Grain Button, 8 to 12, worth \$1, our price |75 |
| Misses' Dongola Button, 13 to 2, worth \$1.25, our price |75 |
| Ladies' Dongola Patent Tip, Button 2 1/2 to 7, worth \$2.00, our price | 1.00 |
| Youths' Calf Bell, 12 to 2, worth \$1.00, our price |85 |
| Boys' Calf Bell, 3 to 5, worth \$1.25, our price |95 |
| Men's Satin Calf, Congress or Lace, 6 to 11, worth \$1.50, our price | 1.10 |
| Men's Kid Boot, 6 to 11, worth \$1.75, our price | 1.25 |

All heavy winter shoes sold at actual cost. Don't forget the place.

Star Shoe House

No. 128 East Main Street.

YOU CAN USE IT 20 DAYS FREE

Ask us to ship you one of our High Arm Sewing Machines with Ball Bearings and all Modern Improvements. This we will do by express to any station within 500 miles of Chicago. Price \$10.00 and express charged \$1.00, making \$11.00, and we will pay the express agent, on delivery, the amount of the express charge.

Take the machine home and try it for 20 days. If you are perfectly satisfied with the machine, keep it; otherwise return it to the express agent, and we will give you all your money back. If you prefer, we will ship by freight and you will pay the express agent the amount of the express charge, with the express agent's bill of lading, and we will pay the express agent the amount of the express charge.

Bill of Lading. When machine comes pay draft, and take machine from station. If you don't like it, return it by freight, and we will pay the express agent the amount of the express charge.

Remember, we have sold over 100,000, and they are all giving perfect satisfaction. **ITS SPECIAL FEATURES** are Ball Bearings, Light Running, Double Positive Feed, Self-Threading Shuttle, Self-Setting Tension, Liberator, Automatic Spooler, High Arm, Nickel-Plated Metal, and a Superior Finish. Highly Polished Bent Woodwork, Oak or Walnut.

Send 15 cents for our 1000-page catalogue. It lists everything used by mankind.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., Michigan Ave., & Madison St., Chicago.

TALE OF A DOG.

THE ENQUIRER CORRESPONDENT OF THIS CITY A STEM-WINDING LIAR.

Ananias, Munchausen, Gulliver and all the Rest Laid in the Shade.

There are liars and liars and then liars, but the Crawfordsville correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer has shown himself to be one of the worst that "ever came down the pike." We do not know exactly who the fellow is but the following special in yesterday's Enquirer will show what he is.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., April 13—Several of the best hounds belonging to the Bloodhound Breeders' Association, assembled here in convention, were given a practical test today not on the programme. During the night a bicycle thief passed through the city, eluding the police. This morning a dozen of the best dogs were turned loose on the trail, and an exciting man hunt ensued, in which several hundred people joined. After a thrilling chase of 10 miles the dogs, led by Bright, the famous Wheaton hound, and Countess, a Darlington dog, overhauled a fugitive, compelling him to climb a tree to save himself. When the crowd appeared on the scene the captive was frightened beyond measure, thinking it was a case of mistaken identity and fully expecting to be lynched.

The captive proved to be Layton Stuart, of New Maysville. The exultant bloodhound fanciers brought him to Crawfordsville and turned him over to the authorities.

There is not a single word of truth in the above, save that the Bloodhound Breeders' met in the city. The bicycle thief was captured by Ol Gill in an outhouse on east Main street, and the dogs did not know he was in town. There was no such chase as this fellow describes. There was evidently a desire on the part of the correspondent to impose on the Enquirer a bogus sensation and earn an honest penny. From the thrilling tale he tells, one can almost sit in the parlor and hear the deep bay of the hounds. See their red tongues loll out, and their bloodshot eyes gleam, while the poor bicycle thief hangs like grim death to the limb of a tree, momentarily expecting to be lynched by a crowd of unmasked "best citizens" on account of a wheel stolen perhaps in another state. We can see the crowd of dog fanciers bearing the desperate thief back in triumph, to the authorities who had let him slip through their fingers. It is truly a thrilling story. The correspondent is a "lulu" no other name will properly describe his genius. He is a bald-headed paragon on getting news, a tea-box marker from Hong Kong, rival of the great Munchausen, wearer of the shoes and partaker of the spirit of the late Texas prevaricator, Joseph Mulhatton, a reacher after the unattainable. And he is right here among us too, and we have not discovered his capacity in this direction before. Strange and uncanny stories, about "gold bugs" etc., have been circulated ere this; strange tales whispered into the ears of strangers, but still we did not know of the presence among us of this classic, unique and picturesque juggler with truth. We may expect hereafter to see his contributions in print in the local press, and see him elevated to the Walker Cowan Professorship of Skye terriers in the Ananias and Sapphira Club.

Red Men.

A party of fifteen Red Men went to Greencastle Monday afternoon for the purpose of doing work in the adoption degree. Elaborate preparation were made by the Greencastle brethren for the reception of visitors. A large number were present from neighboring cities and a royal good time was had after the manner of these noble savages when they meet together.

Pensions Increased.

The pension of William H. Carter, of Darlington, has been increased from \$10 to \$14. That of Ira Cadwallader, of this city, has been raised from \$16 to \$24.

Small Fire.

Near the noon hour Monday a blaze was discovered on the roof of Dr. Tuttle's residence. The department was called out and the fire quickly subdued with the chemical extinguishers, small damage being done.

THE SAD-EYED GOVERNOR.

He Unbombs Himself to a Reporter of the Indianapolis News.

Governor Mount said with a "glad look in his eye" to the Indianapolis News, "I shall retire to my farm, and there spend the rest of my days in peace." That means that the Senatorial bumble bee which buzzed so loud in the Governor's bonnet has succumbed to the frosts of the late winter, and is now stiff and cold, and in the stead of its loud and persistent hum he hears the chirp of the meadow cricket and the deep bass of the Muskrat Creek bull frog, and wafted across the fields on the merry spring breeze is the odor from the pot of bacon and greens sizzling over the kitchen fire. He sees in visions the drove of Berkshire pigs boring their pink noses into the artichoke patch so deep that only their wiggling tails are visible, and the scare-crow dressed in a suit of the Governor's cast off state garments standing grim and threatening in the middle of the corn field, and a sigh escapes his lips to be away from marble halls, and to stalk along among the corn and pumpkins, sole boss of the ranch.

The crown has grown heavy and the head uneasy. The Governor says he is abundantly able to carry the load of state care, but calls upon all the saints in the calendar to preserve him from the man with a law suit, or a son-in-law in the penitentiary; from the fellow who wants office, and the one with a will case full of knotty problems; from the vendor of patent medicine, the fellow with the infallible corn cure, and the man who has a relative in the government service. There are many burdens from which the Governor would like to be relieved, yet he does not desire to rid himself of them badly enough to resign and let that typical old hunter after loaves and fishes political, W. S. Haggard, of Lafayette, have the place he long has sought.

The Governor complains that he is expected to be a "know all." This is only the case with strangers,—those who are not intimately acquainted with the Governor. Out on Muskrat Creek he is regarded as knowing it all on questions pertaining to pigs, clover, Canada thistles and wild lettuce, but on grave questions, such as the tariff on wool raising the price, his knowledge has been found many times faulty. The man who goes to him for advice in a law suit, will fail to get what he went after, but for instructions on the breaking of a kicking cow, he would find the Governor brimful of "know." It is a pity to place so many burdens on the back of Governor Mount. He thought, and his friends thought he was Samson enough to carry them. But the gates of Gaza have caused him to fall down. We are all sorry, and sympathize with him in his troubles, and are glad to know that his eyes turn longingly away from the tables of Belshazzar, to the bacon and parsnips of Willowdale Farm.

Crop Conditions.

According to the United States crop bulletin things in the central portion of Indiana are not in good condition. The government observers make the following report from six counties in Central Indiana for March:

Fountain—Very little plowing was done; some clover sown; winter wheat in bad condition.

Montgomery—Prospects for wheat poor; some ground broken for oats; grass growing nicely.

Parke—Wheat in most localities is severely injured; rye looks well; farm work is backward.

Tippecanoe—Wheat looks bad, especially on clay and black soil; clover injured; no plowing for oats.

Warren—Wheat badly damaged; potato planting and gardening delayed; a good year for maple sugar.

Probate Court.

Saturday Mrs. Frank Seaggs was appointed administratrix of the estate of Robert Barnes, deceased.

A team of Bayless' left standing for a moment ran off with a cab on Market street yesterday. They plunged down the Bluff street hill and wrecked the cab, but escaped injury themselves.

PATRIOTIC SUICIDE.

MRS. LUCY JOHNSON HANGS HERSELF WITH THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Angry Because Her Husband Refused to Go With Her to Church—She Concluded to Die.

Special to Morning Review.

KIRKPATRICK, IND., April 17.—A very tragic as well as sensational suicide occurred at Stockwell at 10 o'clock yesterday morning at the home of Nathan Hammil. His daughter, Mrs. Lucy Johnson, killed herself by hanging in an upstairs room in the home. The rope used was a large American flag which was kept in the hallway upstairs. This she tied about her neck and to the transom bar of the door and kicked over the chair upon which she was standing. The noise made by the falling chair aroused the household. She was still alive when discovered, and instead of cutting her down the frightened family sent for Dr. Fickle. When he arrived it was too late to save her.

There is no cause assigned for the rash act outside of anger on the part of the young woman. She married Fred Johnson, son of a prominent farmer near Stockwell about one year ago, and the young couple have been living with her parents in the little town. Sunday morning about ten o'clock she came down stairs dressed and ready for church, and asked her husband to accompany her. He refused to go, and a few words passed between them. She turned on her heel and went upstairs and deliberately committed the deed.

The funeral will be held from the family home at Stockwell at 10 o'clock on Tuesday.

Drunken Minors.

There were several young men, boys rather, who were intoxicated on the streets Saturday night. Not loud and boisterous but what is known as "silly drunk." The sale of liquor to minors has a heavy penalty attached. Some one has violated the law, and, some mother's heart is bleeding in consequence. Another boy's feet have been placed on the road which leads to shame, outlawry and a pauper's grave. This is a good subject for investigation at the hands of the grand jury which will convene in a few days.

There are Still Others.

The Lebanon Reporter says: "Some men in this town who kick about the newspapers publishing this or that, ought to be thankful that they do not publish as much as they know and especially some things they know about them." And there are other towns afflicted with the same kind of men, and Danville is one of them. Danville, (Ind.) Dispatch.

Mrs. Mary Perkins.

At 5 o'clock yesterday morning at her home on east College street, occurred the death of Mrs. Mary Perkins. The immediate cause of death was pleurisy. Mrs. Perkins was a native of Ohio, and was a sister of M. Y. Buck. Most of her married life was spent at Shelbyville, Ill., but after the death of her husband she removed with her children to this city some fourteen years ago. She was a consistent member of the Christian church. She leaves four children, all grown. The funeral will be held tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock conducted by Rev. Wallace Tharp. Interment at Oak Hill.

Wants to Be a Maiden.

From Waveland comes the latest couple desiring judicial severance of the marriage relation. Mamie K. Barker complains of John B. Barker, and tells a tale of woe which is fetching. She says she married John Dec. 28, 1895, and on February 26, 1896, he put her out of the house and invited her to remain away from his bed, board and presence, all of which she has religiously done up to the present writing. Two months of married joy was as much as the gentleman could stand, and he has never provided anything for her since. She has been ready to kiss and make up, but he would give her no opportunity.

Now she wants to be cut adrift, and again take her maiden name, which was Mamie K. McCall. Last evening about thirty friends of Robert Davis perpetrated a surprise on that gentleman, it being his forty-fourth birthday anniversary. A most enjoyable evening was spent, and all departed wishing Mr. Davis many happy returns.

A SAD CASE.

George Brown, of Waynetown, Taken to the County Infirmary Yesterday.

One of the saddest cases which has come to notice lately is that of George Brown, of Waynetown. This gentleman was known far and wide as "Uncle George Brown." He was engaged in the milling business there for years, and was quite wealthy at one time. He was an enterprising citizen of that place and his band was placed to everything which looked toward the building up of the town and community where he resided. He was a man of no bad habits, a gentleman in every sense of the word: one whom everybody respected as a business man and citizen. For years his form was familiar on our streets every week, and his dealings with the grocers of this city amounted to thousands of dollars yearly in the sales of flour and mill stuffs in general. But reverses came and old age found him penniless, and yesterday he was received as an inmate of the county infirmary, where likely his remaining days on earth will be spent. This is indeed a sad case, and one of which we regret to write. To see a man, not through dissipation, nor fault of heart or brain, of his own making. Call it fate, call it luck, or what not, the fate is hard for a good man. Mr. Brown has many friends who will deeply regret to hear of his misfortune.

SHERMAN HOUSE SOLD.

Major Boatright, of Sullivan, Becomes Landlord Saturday.

The long promised deal in the Sherman House was completed Saturday and T. E. Nolan is no more the Boniface there. He sold out to Major W. W. Boatright, of Sullivan, who took immediate charge. The new landlord has had some twenty years experience in the hotel business, having operated hotels at Indianapolis, Monticello and Sullivan. He expects to make considerable improvement in the Sherman House, and make it rank high as a stopping place.

There are many rumors as to what Mr. Nolan will do. In the trade he secured a 267 acre farm in Cass county and that will take a portion of his time, at least. In an interview in the Journal Mr. Nolan is made to say that he will leave Crawfordsville and retire from the city council. If the truth were known Mr. Nolan himself does not know what he will do yet. He has been in the hotel business so long that it has become a second nature to him, and it is safe to reckon on his getting back to it before long. He has been in business here for many years, and everyone in the county has eaten one or more of "Tom's dinners," generally more. He will be missed when the business interests of Crawfordsville are rounded up. We hope that he will discover some means of livelihood and not leave Crawfordsville. He has been one of our progressive, wide-awake business men, and should the report of his removal be true he will be missed.

The Montgomery Case.

What is known as the "Montgomery case" from Linden, was on trial yesterday in the circuit court. This is a case in which the grandchildren of the late Simpson Montgomery are trying to set aside the title to certain real estate which the deceased had bequeathed to his son, Wm. Montgomery, before his death. Wm. Montgomery is also deceased. The children are the issue of his daughter living in Texas, and others residing in this county. The suit is brought on the ground that when the deeds were made Simpson Montgomery's mind was not in a condition to transact business properly.