

The Review.

The Argus News is not a party organ--Argus News Tuesday, June 6, '99.

PETER PORCUPINE.

SEQUITURQUE PATREM HAUD PASSIBUS AEQUIS.

The Grandson of His Grandfather Finds the Old Man's Pen and Polishes it Up.

Nemo me Impune Lacessit.

"Once there lived a man, a satirist, and in the natural course of time his friends slew him and he died."

The people came and stood about his corpse.

"He treated the whole round world as his football," they said, "and he kicked it."

The dead man opened his eyes.

"But always toward the goal" he said.--Schwartz.

SEE that the Mayor of Shelbyville has gotten his conscience and sense of public decency well underway, and in a spasm of righteous indignation has ordered the police to arrest every woman found wearing a "Mother Hubbard" dress on the street, and do it in the name of public decency. While the "Mother Hubbard" is an abomination to look at, and a concern without shape or beauty, I can see nothing in it to cause the Mayor of a town like Shelbyville to have hydrophobia. I can come to no other conclusion than that the Mayor of Shelbyville, is either a hypocrite or an ass. One thing sure, he is a politician or he never would have been holding down the chair of Mayor of Shelbyville, and a politician to have his morals and sense of decency shocked by a calico "Mother Hubbard" is an anomaly.

He as a politician and Mayor of Shelbyville has swallowed too many camels, to gag at gnats now. If he has a wife--which such a fellow ought not to have--who knows her job, he will probably see a great light on the dress question before long and rescind his order. If not the women of the town should reorganize him with a coat of tar and goose feathers, the latter part of the adornment would benefit him well.

THE "Man About Town" of the Lafayette Sunday Times, declares that my notice of Lieutenant-Governor Haggard was "Lafayette inspired." Guilty! your Honor. I have been an almost constant reader of the Sunday Times since its first issue away back yonder, and I freely admit that I have probably allowed myself to imbibe of its opinions to such an extent that I am not doing the would-be Governor's boom full justice. Personally I am for Haggard to be on the Republican ticket. I want him at the top, feeling sure that his ethereal construction will suffice to lift the entire business clear of the earth and drift with it into the far away land of Nod and never come back to torment us more. By all means let us have Haggard to head the Republican state ticket. Let us humor the joke. Let us push him forward so a Democratic governor, Bob Myers for instance, can order the whitewash scraped from the trees on the capitol lawn. 'Rah for Haggard!

BROOKLYN, New York, comes to the front with the story of a burglar which fastens more firmly the truth of the words, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." This burglar broke into the home of a night policeman, named Farrell, with criminal intentions. He discovered little Margaret, the two-year-old daughter of the policeman tucked in her crib in a dying condition. The burglar forgot all his original intentions in the presence of the suffering child, and rushing over to the bed where the mother was sleeping shook her, crying "Hurry, your baby is dying!" He found out the name, and then hunted up and informed the father of the condition of things at his home, and disappeared.

"He wasn't no Saint but at judgment, I'll take my chance with Jim, 'Longside o' some pious gentleman, Who wouldn't a shook hands with him."

NOW we know the reason why the city ordinance book has not been issued. The contract was let last December, and nothing has yet been done. The contractor now says it is Johnston who is to blame, Johnston who has been slow, Johnston didn't get the copy, Johnston is slower than the seven-year-

itch, Johnston don't care whether school keeps or not, Johnston has no interest in keeping the contractor's presses going. This is too bad. If Mr. Johnston has delayed the wagon he ought not to have done so. The public has been eagerly awaiting the book of city law, in order that it might know what its privileges and duties were, and would have known long ago had it not been for Johnston. It is very disreputable in Mr. Johnston to be so slow. He has kept the contractor's bank account from swelling unduly on the profits of this volume. But now that Mr. Johnston has furnished the stuff the book we may suppose will appear in another six months.

Mr. Johnston don't you see How you've fooled and worried me? Mr. Johnston turn me loose, I've got no books but a good excuse.

HAVE it on the best Republican authority that there were forty applicants for the position of Census Examiner in this District. Only one patriot could get it and after due deliberation and weighing well the influence of all, Mr. Landis turned down thirty-nine of the volunteers and put all he had on Arthur E. Bradshaw, of Delphi. I am told that Montgomery county had her full share of applicants; fellows who were willing to swear that it was their influence and that alone which knocked the spots out of old Joe Cheadle and landed Charley in a spot where he could speak his great soul throbbing thoughts into the ears of the world through the Congressional Record. These fellows should not have been treated thus. They feel hurt over it, and they have a right to feel so. It now becomes necessary for Mr. Landis to visit this county and square things soon, or there is likely to be red-rebellion in the camp of the followers of the flag of Imperialism and Grab. A few promises "deed cross my heart," will fix it now.

STOVES will be higher in price this winter than usual. The stove manufacturers' combine met a few days since and raised the price five per cent. on their manufactured wares. This makes a raise of 33 1/3 per cent. since the combine was first formed. They give as a reason that the iron trust has raised prices on them. The iron interest is one of the protected pets of the nation. The tariff has been the mother of this trust without a doubt. The tariff has raised the price of every article into which iron goes. Because of the McKinley tariff, my friend, you will pay one-third more for your stove the coming winter than you ought to pay, and the iron monger will grow that much richer. Do you see the point, or do you still like the word "protection" when applied to building up great fortunes of which you furnish the bulk of the "stuff"?

GREENCASTLE, slow-going, steady, conservative old Greencastle, the city of art, erudition and Methodist preachers brings to public notice a fish story, which it will puzzle the most unique and picturesque liar in the fish department of our noted Ananias and Sapphira club to beat. A druggist Walter Allen, by name alleges that while he was fishing along the shores of the beautiful Raccoon, with pork rind innocently bobbing for catfish he got a vicious nibble and hauled away on a dead weight. When it reached the surface a pint whiskey bottle was hanging on his hook. On examination he found the head of a cat fish protruding from the bottle. He broke the flask and discovered that the bottle was full, the fish having gotten into it in early youth, and grown to the shape of the bottle, and on its side were the letters which had been blown in the bottle, "Judson's Pure Malt Whiskey, 1895." Mr. Allen was so afraid the fish would spoil, that he expressed it at once from the banks of Raccoon to the Smithsonian Institute, and ran no risks in bringing it back to Greencastle, though it would seem that a fish so alcohol soaked, would stand in any climate. A very significant fact in connection with this story, is that Mr. Allen is a druggist. If he handles the sort of goods which cause

dreams such as his on the banks of purring Raccoon, he has found a way to forever end the opinion joint. A most enthusiastic pipe dream wouldn't touch the action of Greencastle drug store whiskey.

SINCE the investigation of the county officials of Tippecanoe county the Republican organ of this county is anxious that some ex official of this county be made "dig up." Which one, please? Your insinuation takes in all of them. Specify your man and go after him. Insinuations count no farther than an angry man and a No. 10 boot.

FLEMING T. LUSE, former editor of the Review is looking for "snaps" as a rule. He thought he had found one when headvertised for "Jones he pays the freight," and took a pair of scales in payment. A few days since they came, and F. T. was informed that they were at the Vandalia depot with 65 cents charges on them. Being of an economical turn of mind, he borrowed a large stout wheelbarrow and trundled it over the street for a mile to get his scales. When he got them they weighed 2 1/2 pounds, box and all. They say the air smelled of sulphur for a space of half a mile about the depot for two days. It is said the desire of his life now is to buy a newspaper and do nothing for six months but ventilate Jones and his lying legend "he pays the freight."

HOW true the story may be they tell on a young clerk of this city I do not know, but the story goes that he meekly and tremblingly approached the father of a sweet bit of dimity and asked for her in marriage not long since. The old man glared at him savagely as though he would like to punch his head off and growled out. "Young fellow, do you have any idea that you could support a family?" The young man turned red and blue and green and white by turns and with his knees playing a quick step as they knocked together he blurted out: "I only just wanted Mary." That's enough, Mary would be a plenty for the young cigarette sucker to have supported; too many in fact and the old man it is said scared him so that he has never been back.

MAN said to me the other day, "I cannot find anything to do about this city. No man will give me any sort of job." This man has been identified with Crawfordsville for many years. He is honest, reliable, in every way trustworthy, a graduate of Wabash College, thoroughly competent to do any sort of work, clerk, teach, keep books, anything. Why is he not employed? Men are imported from other places and paid large salaries to do the work which this home man would be glad to get to do at perhaps less salary. These men are not as capable as he is, many of them. Is it because he belongs to Crawfordsville that he is turned down thus? Is the home product of the Athens of Indiana inferior to the product of other towns which do not put on so many airs of superiority? "Verily a prophet is not without honor save in his own land and among his own people."

COMMEND to the small boy and his parents who think the Fourth of July should be celebrated with all manner of abominable and dangerous experiments with explosives, thus destroying the dignity and true significance of the anniversary, the following from the Detroit News:

"Our national birthday is still a saturnalia of nerve-racking, life-destroying, property-wrecking, sulphur-fumed explosion. It is a Chinese nightmare and lasts 48 hours, fills the hospitals and morgues; sends thousands of our youth through life maimed and blinded; leaves blackened ruins where peaceful homes and busy shops have stood before; robs the invalid and the aged of needed rest; lowers the true dignity of the day; makes rational enjoyment or even comfortable existence impossible for urban and village residents, and constitutes a strain upon rather than a stimulus to love of country. It is senseless, costly and criminally careless."

READ of a church in New York which refuses to accept the resignation of its minister, who has been called to a nearby congregation unless he will agree to not preach in the vicinity of that church. He is a "popular preacher" and his people fear the fascination of his eloquence will deplete their congregation and build up a rival church. This is an edifying rivalry in the church of Jesus Christ. To prevent destructive competition some enter-

prising genius should form a trust of all the most attractive ministers whose sermons abound in frills and rhetorical flourishes, and distribute them alternately among the "leading churches." Times change and men change with them. "The world do move," but it strikes me that the spirit of the church founded by Jesus Christ has very little business to become commercialized. In the language of Emerson, "In Christendom where is the Christian?" Christ and his disciples preached where it would do the most good, and there is no record of salaries paid or of obeying calls to other fields or of disputes among rival congregations. He was born in a manger. He fasted and prayed in the desert, and was tempted and wept, and footsore and weary walked and preached to the "people" and made triumphal entry into Jerusalem mounted upon an asses' colt. True, electric cars, bicycles and rubber tired cabs had not been invented then, but if they had it is more than probable that Christ would have walked, as he could not avail himself of such means of transportation as were then at hand. He taught a religion which enters into every act--yea, into every thought of our lives, and yet of all those who profess his name how many follow his precepts? We buy and sell not in the name of Christ but in the name of "business" whose proper cognomen is "mammon." We go on Sunday to a church dedicated to Him, from which those who are not of our own social set are practically excluded, and we listen to a minister, the most eloquent our money can hire, and we pray Him to keep us and prosper our "business." God pity the man who wilfully does an injustice to another. There is an equilibrium in the physical world and there is one as well in the moral. Man's justice is imperfect, but there is a justice which is "even-handed and commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice to cover our lips." We have drifted far from the moorings made by the Founder of our religion and if we expect the millennial dawn to ever burst upon this old world it is time to tack and trim our sails to the wind that will waft to evergreen shores. More of the spirit of Christ and less of the spirit of "business" is needed in the lives of the professed Christian, if they would win respect and exert an influence for good in the cause of the church. Nothing is so powerful as truth.

COURT HOUSE wedding occurred in the county clerk's office a few days ago, in which a justice of the peace tied the nuptial knot between a trembling and unsophisticated youth and a damsel most gaudily, fearfully and wonderfully arrayed, all in the presence of half a hundred grinning court house loafers and others. The high contracting parties were just in off the road, members of a band of those Americans for whom life in a wagon has charms not to be resisted. He looked like an ordinary young laborer somewhat shaky in this new role, but with grim determination to go through with the ordeal: She was a vision of highway loveliness in pink calico, brazen belts, bangles and gew-gaws with bangs plastered on cheeks and brow, while the blushes on the cheek never born of maidenly modesty shone resplendent, and superior to the sunburn of mid-summer. There was little about the surroundings, the participants, or the ceremony, to impress one with the sanctity of the marriage vow. All tended to make a mockery and burlesque of an event all important to the destiny of two human beings, and to degrade the sacred rite of marriage. Such scenes have a tendency to make vows lightly spoken, lightly broken, and sap the very foundation of society. The name of Indiana is none too well respected, when her marriage and divorce laws are considered. The marriage tie is fast losing its significance Indiana ministers are demanding that sterner laws be enacted, and divorce be granted only for scriptural cause. The per cent of divorces compared with the marriages for the past year is 11.16. The total number of marriages in the year 1898 in this state is 25,043, and the number of divorces granted was 2,896 which is nothing less than a shameful state of affairs. It argues a corruption in the moral sense of the people that is positively alarming. It is from disease within that all nations of the past have languished and died, and nothing shows the presence of poison virus in the blood sooner than a trifling with the bonds of matrimony and the sacred foundation of home. The sorrowful little comedy of the court house is only one of many, like in



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kind if not in degree that is occurring in every rank in society, which has a sequel more provocative of tears than of smiles. Many of those who smiled might pause and think and then weep.

YELLOW literature every now and then gets in its deadly work in the community, and claims a new victim. Only a few days since a couple of bloody-minded boys of the mature age of sixteen years, at Martinsville, undertook to play Jesse James and wreck the I & V train, by piling boards on the track. They are said to be continuous readers of such delectable stuff as is found in the series known as "Old Sleuth," and those of like character. Our own Charley Daily, who has managed to keep up a hubbub in two states and six counties for some time by means of his skillfully constructed and florid tales of adventures with mysterious men in buggies with yellow wheels, armed to the teeth with pistols and strange papers, was, we are told, an omnivorous absorber of blood-and-thunder literature. There are tons of the character warping, soul-wrecking, home-destroying, hell-filling stuff distributed each week throughout the country, sending boys devilward by the hundred, and there seems to be no way to prevent it while so many parents are so busy laying up the Almighty Dollar that they pay less attention to the fruit of their loins, than they do to the pigs they are fattening for the shambles. The devil is bidding for the boys, and whether he gets them or not depends entirely on the vigilance of the parent. I would rather a man would by main strength take and hold fast a boy of mine, and pour the most virulent poison, down his throat than to put in his hands a vile book or paper. I would be sorely tempted to go gunning for such an infamous scoundrel and go to hurt.

Yours Observantly,
PETER PORCUPINE, JR.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

Smoking Vampires.

Henry Adams of Wichita, Kan., tells this story of the favorite amusement of Americans at the clubs in the City of Mexico:

Frequently in the evenings the vampires, or blood sucking bats, fly into the open windows of the clubrooms. The Americans then close the doors and catch the bat by throwing a shawl over it. One of the men lights a cigarette, opens the bat's mouth and inserts the cigarette therein. The creature is then turned loose. Its soft mouth contracting closely, the cigarette is immediately seized firmly.

Every time the bat breathes it draws in the smoke and then exhales it. Thus, flying around the room, smoking the cigarette wildly and puffing out clouds of smoke, it presents a strange appearance. The smoke generally kills the bat before the cigarette is all smoked up.

They Would Get There.

It was a lecture delivered by a learned purveyor of liver pills and illustrated by diagrams of the frame of man. "That," he explained, pointing out a totally different spot, "is where man's liver is."

"Excuse me," observed the man in spectacles, "but I am a surgeon, and that's not where the liver is."

The late Senator Morrill of Vermont, was as careful of the public property as if he bought and paid for it out of his private purse. He always carefully untied and saved the piece of red tape that came around his mail, in consequence of which his room was the only committee room that never made a requisition for tape.

A Mistake Corrected.

It has been said that speech was given man to conceal his thoughts. This is not the true answer. Speech was given to man to prevent other people from talking.--Boston Transcript

Mated.

"There's no fool like the old man who married a young woman."
"I don't know. There's the young woman who marries the old man."--Chicago Record

For governor of the Ladrone: Some good Ohio man who has no objection to going away from home and staying in at night.--Washington Post

The only American on the Ladrone was made governor. In this case the office undoubtedly had to seek the man.--Cincinnati Commercial Tribune

It is a hard task to keep an accurate tally on American territory in these days. For instance, two or three days ago we were not aware that the Ladrone islands belonged to Uncle Sam. But they did, and they do.--San Francisco Examiner

Is Baby Thin

this summer? Then add a little

SCOTT'S EMULSION to his milk three times a day.

It is astonishing how fast he will improve. If he nurses, let the mother take the Emulsion. sec. and 5c. doz.; all druggists.