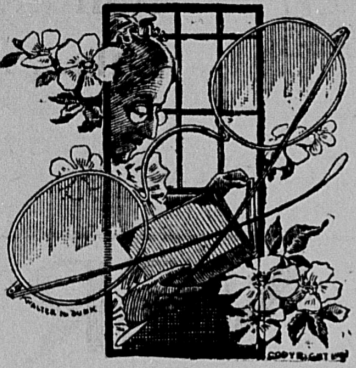


THE NEW REVIEW.

Established 1841.

Crawfordsville, Indiana, Saturday, July 29, 1899.

58th Year, No 50



Old Age Creeps on Apace

And the eyes get weaker and need assistance. Glasses that will suit your eyes at fifty will not suit them at sixty, and they require the services of a skilled optician to test and properly adjust them to the vision. Perfect fitting glasses are a second sight to those whose sight has failed, and we can suit your eyes with scientific exactness. A trial will convince you.

M. C. KLINE.

Jeweler and Optician.

Opp. Court House.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

.....To You Kept By.....

JOE E. FISHER

A Complete Harness and Buggy Store, South Washington St., Crawfordsville, Indiana, Consisting mostly as Follows:

Buggies, Surreys, Phaetons, Road Wagons, Rubber Tires, Extra Shafts, Extra Poles, Extra Tops, Extra Cushions, Rain Aprons, Rubber Drill Cloth, Buggy Umbrellas, Cotton Nets, Leather Nets, Horse Covers, Horse Sheets, Horse Blankets, Summer Dusters, Buggy Whips, Team Whips, Top Dressing.	Light Harness, Surrey Harness, Coach Harness, Double Team Harness, Any Part of any Kind of Harness, Harness Hardware, Harness to Order, Harness Repaired, Harness Oils, Fair Leather, Harness Soaps, Harness Dressing, Harness Saddles, Riding Saddles, Riding Bridles, Robes, all Kinds, Curry Combs, Horse Brushes, Horse Clippers, Extra Pads, Foot Mats.	Anti Rattler, Prop Nuts, Leather Washers, Whip Sockets, Copper Rivets, Tubular Rivets, Coach Oils, Axel Oils, Axel Grease, Fair Leather, Harness Leather, Sheep Skins, A Smiling Face and A Clear Conscience. You need Our Goods W. Need Your Money.
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HIGHEST 1899 GRADE

BICYCLE

Gent's Columbian \$20.50 Ladies' Columbian

BEST BICYCLE BUILT
FACTORY TO RIDER DIRECT.

All we require is \$1.00 down, balance payable after examination. We are the only factory in the United States selling direct to rider. We guarantee our goods for two years—most liberal guarantee ever given.

We give more options than the regular dealers. You can have your choice of color, height of frame, or any gear desired. Our bicycles have all the latest improvements—large tubing, flush joints, large sprockets, arched for crown, drop hanger, etc.

Write for catalogue giving full description to-day.

COLUMBIAN CYCLE CO.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Great Sacrifice Mid-Summer Sale

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 price75
Misses Dongola Button, 13 to 2, worth \$1.25, our price75
Ladies' Dongola Patent Tip, Button 2 1/2 to 7, worth \$2.00, our price1.00
Youths' Calf Ball, 12 to 2, worth \$1.00, our price85
Boys' Calf Ball, 3 to 5, worth \$1.25, our price95
Men's Satin Calf, Congress or Lace, 6 to 11, worth \$1.50, our price1.10
Men's Kip Boot, 6 to 11, worth \$1.75, our price1.25

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

STAR SHOE HOUSE

No. 128 East Main Street.

'THE CLEANER 'TIS, THE COSIER

'TIS.' WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT

SAPOLIO

SERMON ON INGERSOLL.

Rev. Wallace Tharp Discusses the
Life and Death of the Great
Agnostic at the Chris-
tian Church.

REV. WALLACE THARP on Sunday morning at the Christian church, delivered a remarkable sermon on the "Life and Death of Robert G. Ingersoll." There was a large audience present. Mrs. Nell Nicholson Hall sang "The Handwriting on the Wall" in the way she alone can sing that song. Below will be found an abstract of the sermon:

Text:—"Died Abner as the Fool Dieth?" 2nd Samuel, III:33

The Latin fathers used to say: "Dixit nil mortuis nisi bonum" which is "speak only good of the dead." In what I have to say this morning there shall be no venom, and if you anticipate from me a single invective or a single word of diatribe, or one single cruel, hard sentence you will be disappointed.

Robert G. Ingersoll is dead. A silver tongue is silenced. A heart that beat with many a generous throb is still. A life that has been busy and active in many a sphere is gone from the earth, forever gone. A mighty brain, with parts so like the God that made him, and whom he did not worship, has ceased to work. Robert G. Ingersoll is dead!

How has this man played upon my feelings? When I read his lecture on the "Gods" and "Some of the Mistakes of Moses," I burst with indignation; but when I sat under the witchery of his words as he pronounced that matchless eulogium on Shakespeare, I was glad that I was a man. And when he said "For that calm, serene peasant of Palestine I have the profoundest regard, and gladly do I pay him the tribute of my admiration and my tears. The ground where man gives his life for man is holy ground," or "In the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love hears the rustle of a wing," I was sad to know that he had never known that Peasant of Palestine, and in his life had never shone that star of hope of which he so beautifully spoke. He is dead.

He was Col. Ingersoll! Col. Ingersoll, for all thy deeds of bravery in behalf of thy great country; for every command that thou gavest in her behalf to keep her intact; for every flash of thy great sword to secure to that oppressed and down-trodden race the liberty of which thou didst preach, I bring to the grave where thou sleepest, the sweetest and tenderest of flowers.

I maintain that his life has taught some magnificent lessons, and I would bring out of its full pages lessons of usefulness for you. Turn carefully over the pages and get what else you will, but do not forget these.

Learn the lessons of his life and death.

I am not here to make his funeral oration, nor to deal in panegyric. I leave that to his friends. He was no friend of mine, as he was no friend of my Master. But his life teaches some valuable lessons, and I want you, my friends, to learn them. I speak only of the important ones, that is the ones that seem important to me. I learn

1st. The unutterable horror of falling in youth a victim to a religious error or untruth.

His father was first a Presbyterian preacher, afterward a Congregational preacher, and the doctrine of unconditional election, predestination foreordination and reprobation, in other words the doctrine of ultra Calvinism was rung into the young Ingersoll's ears. When he came to the age of maturity he brought to bear his gifted mind in a close investigation as to the truth of this doctrine. He found upon this study that it was at variance not only with the dictates of his judgment but he could not reconcile it with many of the statements of scripture that promised salvation to a wide wicked world, and especially with that statement of scripture that makes the emphatic declaration that "God is no respecter of persons."

When this doctrine failed with him, so much emphasis had been placed upon it that he felt that with its failure the whole system of Christianity had fallen. This conclusion though a fallacious one, was the rock upon which he wrecked his ship of faith. A simple quotation from his famous

lecture upon Shakespeare will show the esteem in which he held John Calvin: "Shakespeare was born in 1564. John Calvin died in 1564. In 1564 John Calvin died. In 1564 William Shakespeare was born. What a glorious exchange for humanity!" This piece of sarcasm is but a faint suggestion of what he thought of the system of unconditional election.

2. We learn the power of early-learned lessons.

With all his genius he was not able to divorce himself from what he had learned in his youth. The system of Calvinism was the colored glass through which he viewed ever statement that he found in the word of God. It was because he looked through this darkly colored lens that he saw mistakes of Moses. It was because he looked through this discolored lens that the clearest and tenderest teachings of the man of Nazareth came only as the doctrine of a man to him. How important then is it that we guard carefully what our children learn. The great Catholic church seizing upon this indisputed philosophy, brings into play its best endeavor to capture the heart while it is yet young and fasten upon it teachings that they well know will remain through life.

3. We learn from this life of Ingersoll that influence is dynamite and is often exercised involuntarily.

Permit me to read a clipping from one of the Metropolitan papers:

His home in New York was at 400 Fifth Avenue, a fine massive brown stone front. Here he lived with his wife and two daughters—Eva and Maud. The elder daughter is now Mrs. Ralston Brown, and she has two children. Mrs. Ingersoll's mother is a member of the family, as is also her sister, Mrs. Farrell. Col. Ingersoll never forced his peculiar religious or anti-religious doctrines upon his family. His two daughters, his wife and others had free scope to believe or disbelieve, and, after mature consideration, decided not to believe. There is no doubt that the influence of daily association with the wonderful magnetism and large mentality of Col. Ingersoll had much to do with the adoption of his views. But as far as possible he remained passive and allowed them to find their own religious refuge.

Ah, Colonel, there is in this statement a silent and solemn suggestion that it would have been pleasing to you to have escaped fastening upon those who were nearest to your heart this doctrine that you preached; but the ever present power of influence—your own influence, carried them with you out into the hopeless, starless realm of doubt and mysticism in which you dwelt and in which you died. And this should be to you, my friends, conclusive evidence that the Bible statement that "no man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself" is absolutely true. Watch that influence of yours, for it is awful, even more powerful than you.

4. Furthermore, we learn that the Bible doctrine that "In this world the wicked have their reward" is true.

Indeed the Bible makes no mistakes in its statements, nor can a finer illustration of this truth be found. Wicked to an unutterable degree, a scoffer at everything the Christian holds sacred, and not only a scoffer, but one determined to bring to bear every power of his richly gifted being to the destruction of the system of faith the Christian beliefs and loves, and despite this climax in wickedness he was permitted to dwell in a palace fit for a king with a princely revenue; and clothed in fine linen, he fared sumptuously every day. He paid his devotions to the god of this world, and his god richly rewarded him. But it should not discourage you my friends, to know that the wicked "flourish as a green bay tree," and that in this world the Christian is often poor and has tribulation. Who of you would exchange the promise of an eternal mansion for his brownstone front in New York, or the treasures that you have laid up in heaven for his two hundred and fifty thousand dollars per year? How poor is he in death!

5. Again, we learn from the life of Ingersoll the insufficiency and inadequacy of the rewards of this world to satisfy.

We are instructed in the scripture to "Labor not for that meat which perisheth." Beneath this requirement of scripture there is a wide and deep philosophy; its philosophy lies in the fact that the possession of that "meat that perisheth" does not satiate.

Colonel Ingersoll, though wealthy in this world's goods, was as anxious to fill the large halls and opera houses of this country with audiences at a dollar a head as he was when a clientless lawyer in his native state. Unsatisfied, he died grasping. For his service to the god of this world he was richly paid, and yet he longed and longed. What are you, my sinner friend, getting in exchange for your soul? Some of you are as wicked and unfaithful as Ingersoll, and out of your wickedness come a crust of bread and a glass of water. Are you satisfied? Listen to the counsel of a friend and be warned by the life of Ingersoll, that you had better bring your life and gifts to the cause of Jesus Christ who is your rightful master, and though for a season he may make you bear a cross, remember that beyond that cross there is a crown.

6. Again I learn, though it is by contrast, the glory and magnificence of the Christian's faith.

Come, go with me into the death room of Robert G. Ingersoll. Watch his affectionate wife say to him: "Robert, how are you?" "Oh, I am better," he answered. In a moment he was dead! His weeping wife shrieks the announcement. With wild grief they rush into the room while their fluttering hearts beat the saddest dirge that hearts can beat; they looked out into the dark, starless night into which the spirit of father and husband had gone and with tearful eyes and open-mouthed wonder they gazed out into the night over which he had cast so much of doubt and gloom, and asked their own hearts the question: "Where is he? Where is he?" And the only answer that came back to them was the echo of their mournful cry. My judgment is that that was the saddest family in America. How different it might have been if the light and glory of the Christian's faith and hope had been the heritage of Col. Ingersoll, and had he taught the joys of this faith and hope of those of his household. Then, indeed, when those tearful eyes looked out into the night of death hope would have "seen a star" and listening love would have heard the "rustle of a wing."

With what glory and magnificence does Jesus Christ crown the death hour. What a victor it makes out of a victim! What can substitute it? And what miserable business is it that strives to take away from humanity the comfort that it brings.

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure;
Joys that for all time abide."

In conclusion, how short and uncertain is life. What folly is it to live every day on the verge of the grave making no preparation for the judgment that comes immediately beyond it.

I recommend to you, my friends, the awful contrast between the death of Ingersoll and that of Stephen. That one goes out into a hopeless, awful night; this one with his face shining like an angel looking heavenward exclaims: "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

It Will Be Done.

LABOR DAY, September 4, will be celebrated in this city with becoming ceremonies. The Labor Union has taken hold of the matter in dead earnest, and will push it to a successful conclusion. The exercises will not be strictly confined to the unions, but all wage earners, male and female, will be invited to participate in them. Partial arrangements have already been made but the details of the plans will be worked out later on by committees in charge. It is the intention to make this one of the biggest celebrations this city has ever had on a like occasion.

Runaway Accident.

LAST SATURDAY afternoon a horse hitched to a buggy and driven by Miss Susie Adams, of this place accompanied by Miss Turner, of Brazil, became frightened on the hill by the Townsley ford and ran away. The horse ran down the hill toward the bridge and at the foot threw the young women out. Miss Adams was severely cut and bruised and her injuries are painful. Dr. Gott was called and gave her the necessary attentions. Miss Turner was not seriously hurt. Miss Adams is confined to her bed as a result of her adventure.

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Saw the Emperor.

WHILE the Crawfordsville delegation to the B. Y. P. U. were in Washington on their way home, they called to see William I. President of the United States and Emperor of the Philippines. They were at first refused admission to the august presence, but Mr. Clark happened to have on his person a letter of introduction from Charley Landis which he flashed in the face of the palace menial, and it proved an open sesame. The portcullis arose and the benighted Hoosiers stood in the presence of royalty with fluttering hearts and palpitating knees. They say he was glad to see them for he said so, and all the other delegations which were minus letters from Landis and had been summarily turned down were clothed in anger and full of the greenest of jealousy toward Crawfordsville. Thus we see how a little thing is sometimes a power. There is a chance here for a long dissertation, but readers of the New Review can work it out to suit themselves.

The Methodist Conference.

THE Methodist conference will be held this year at Frankfort, commencing September 6, Bishop Hurst presiding. At the session of the conference Rev. Geo. W. Switzer preaches the conference sermon on Tuesday night and Rev. Dr. Leonard, missionary secretary, speaks on Wednesday night. Rev. Dr. Schell will also preach a missionary sermon. Rev. W. A. Quales, D. D., will speak on Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Rev. Dr. James M. King, of New York, will speak on Saturday night. Bishop Hurst will preach on Sunday morning. Besides this there will be many other meetings of equal interest. From 4 to 5 o'clock each afternoon there will be evangelistic services led by some of the members of the conference.

"Stub" Gott Again.

LAST FRIDAY "Stub" Gott, of old time notoriety got into a controversy with Smith Conner at New Ross, when Ed Scott interfered. He was at once pounced upon by the irrepressible Gott and beaten unmercifully. Scott was badly hurt and wandered away from the scene of conflict, and was seen no more until he appeared at Jamestown Saturday night, and still groggy from the effects of his beating. Mr. Gott has shaken the soil of Walnut township from his hoofs also, and the minions of the law are waiting for him to show up. If he never does the community will have a chance to draw a free breath, but every effort will be put forth to bring him to justice.

Peterman Bound Over.

THE young out-law, Everett Peterman, of Mace vicinity, charged with chummiting a nameless outrage on the person of his six-year-old sister, was to have been given a preliminary hearing before Mayor Elmore, but when the time came he waived examination and was bound over to appear before Judge West. Peterman is fourteen years old, and if the charge against him is true, he will probably receive a sentence to Plaisfield until he is twenty-one. This is bad, as a degenerate like that should be confined at hard labor for his natural life. It is to be hoped that the facts are not as bad as the public understands them to be.

Not a Heavy Sale.

AUDITOR WHITE'S sale of lands and lots on foreclosure of school fund mortgage loans was not a great success on last Saturday. Five tracts of land were offered and only one was sold. This was 94 acres in Brown township sold as the property of James R. Canine, and was purchased by August Prebe for \$600. The other four pieces were in the southern part of the county also, but no bids were received, so Montgomery county owns more real estate than she needs at this time. For these pieces of land the Auditor will receive sealed bids until August 5. Here is an opportunity for some daring speculator to invest.

On Tuesday Mrs. Wynne gave a reception at her home on east Main st. and Mrs. G. B. Welty and Miss Mary Welty received their friends at their home, south of the city, Wednesday afternoon, in honor of Mesdames Will Lucas of Chicago and Genièvre Shelley, of Binghamton, New York.