

The Review.

PETER PORCUPINE.

SEQUITURQUE PATREM HAUD
PASSIBUS AEQUIS.

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

Now me Impune Lassit.

"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 kick-
ed it.'

The dead man opened his eyes.

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



CENSORSHIP of the press by Gen. Weyler, while Governor General of Cuba, was one of the things most bitterly complained of by our people just before the outbreak of hostilities with Spain. Our own government, it would seem, has been taking lessons from him whom we so earnestly denounced as "Butcher Weyler," and Gen. Otis has been performing his duties in this line with more gratifying success than in putting down the Philippine insurrection. In this he seems to be ably seconded by the War Department. The honesty and sincerity of the administration may be questioned when it will mutilate dispatches sent from the seat of war to cover a failure. Gen. Otis sent a cablegram to the department as follows: "Volunteers unwilling to re-enlist, but willing to remain till transports arrive." This despatch was mutilated and given to the press reading this way: "Volunteers * * willing to remain * * *." Congressman Lentz, of Ohio, has been examining the official records and discovered this and other things. This looks too Spanish to suit the average American.

WOMEN'S CLUBS may be great things on paper and in theory. They may be just the thing for women who have no homes to attend to nor children to look after. I have talked to a good many men whose wives are club fiends and they each and all express a very devout wish that the clubs might be sunk in the bottom of the sea. I know one poor fellow who has a club fiend for a wife. She belongs to the Chataqua club, to the Century club, to the Missionary Society, and to the church, all meeting once a week, and the last time I saw her she was making desperate endeavors to break into the Daughters of the Revolution. But the page in the herd book had been lost and she couldn't make it. So she was tearfully consoling herself hoping that as her husband was a Mason and a K. of P., sometime she could be a full fledged Pythian Sister and an Eastern Star. This woman had two children and they hardly ever got to see her in daylight. Her husband bought the meals at a restaurant and carried them home to feed the deserted nestlings, noon and evening, and patched his clothes and — thought. She neglected her children and her church. She ought never to have been married. She had no appreciation of home but longed to be a "new woman." Instead of becoming a woman of any sort she was a complete failure. I believe in the culture of woman, I believe in her advance, and God forbid that I should throw a straw in her way, but I have discovered that the club is the poorest school in the world for any real woman. Anything which takes the time and energy of either man or woman from where it of right belongs is a fraud and delusion. If the average woman will attend to the job God put her to doing, she will have her hands full.

How To Gain Flesh

Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce of SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is strange, but it often happens.

Somehow the ounce produces the pound; it seems to start the digestive machinery going properly, so that the patient is able to digest and absorb his ordinary food, which he could not do before, and that is the way the gain is made.

A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health; if you have not got it you can get it by taking

Scot's Emulsion

You will find it just as useful in summer as in winter, and if you are thriving upon it don't stop because the weather is warm.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York

was sold to a man named Leiber, who, after the sale was made, announced that he would move it to the river front, remodel it and use it for a saloon. The board and congregation arose and declared that that house, hallowed by the presence of Francis E. Willard, and others like her, should never be used for such purpose, and refused to ratify the contract. Other bids were made, but the people were afraid, so they decided to keep the house, tear it down, and sell the salvage. This seems to me to have about the right sort of ring to it. Somehow, I have always believed in sticking to your professions and no dodging of issues.

THIS is what we are proposing to do. Capture the Philippines; conquer its people; start up a system of colonies; make our flag tell a lie; make ourselves believe we are Christians, all for the sake of trade. For the sake of trade the first thing we propose to do is to kill off a few hundred thousand Malays. In this work we will be aiding our infant industries to get on their feet; that is our powder mills. It will keep our lead and copper mines in full blast; already the price of copper has advanced 50 per cent. in the open market. We are thus extending trade. We are also getting rid of a couple of hundred thousand of our own people—our "common people"—of whom we have an over production. We will acquire sugar, banana and pineapple plantations, orange, lemon and fig orchards, great fields of Manila hemp, all of which can only be operated by capitalists, and with black labor, but we will do it what a terrible cost! This is the policy of the present administration. It was also the policy of Caesar, and Napoleon. The verdict of the world and of God on such business has been writ in blood. I can see no difference in our own proposition and that of Napoleon. He had Moscow and Elba, Waterloo and St. Helena, as a tyrant's reward. It is well for American people to "hasten slowly."

WHEN, on Labor Day, the "slide for life" man fell from his wire, the majority of the crowd that saw him fall laughed. They simply thought that was an unauthorized part of the performance. That a man could turn a summersault thirty feet in the air and land in the hard street without injuring himself, did not seem very wonderful. In this age marvels are no longer marvellous. This one little incident shows at what a swift pace we are traveling. A wonder is no longer entitled to nine days of celebrity, but must be extraordinary, indeed, to be accorded its passing moment. If some fortunate individual should discover the secret of aerial navigation and take wings and fly, we should not pause to gape in astonishment for a moment, but would begin to cast about for a pair of pinions for ourselves, and in a few weeks would all be flying as a matter of course. It has been often said that the American people are living under a greater pressure than any people in the world, and it looks that way.

TERRE HAUTE has one woman resident who knows how to deal with a lazy husband. This delectable gentleman toiled not and considered spinning'way beneath his dignity. His wife took in washing and therefore he felt as indifferent as the proverbial hog on ice, or a man who had a sure thing in a government job. When he felt that he needed a

little diversion, or a little extra money he would playfully threaten to kill her until she complied with his wishes. Finally he rose up in his wrath and left her, because she refused to furnish him money to attend a commercial school. After repeated threats to kill her she concluded that the place particularly appropriate for his residence was the jail, and accordingly had him there landed. If some system can be devised to keep him cracking stone for an indefinite period, until he is thoroughly made over and taught the value and dignity of labor, his wife will have done more for him and the public than all his lifetime before has accomplished. The method is recommended to all wives who have similar problems confronting them. Try the jail before some fool carries his threat into execution. A good and true wife will not allow a worthless husband to either work her into an untimely grave nor to send her tomb at the point of a shot gun. Send him to jail, rather.

OHIO is filled to overflowing with the eloquence of the friends of gold, expansion and trusts. The Republican doctrine dispensers from everywhere are making Ohio their Mecca. Indiana has sent two spellbinders to do their part. She should have sent more, but Beveridge is tongue-tied, Haggard is looking out for himself, so is Hanley, and we can only spare Governor Mount and Charlie Landis. The former will take to the woods and beat the bushes for farmer votes, while the latter with his specially prepared civil service bacteriological destroyer will work among the spoilsman, urging them to rally 'round the "barl" or everything is gone.

FLAGS are no longer worthy of reverence and respect when they no longer are made sacred by that which they represent. Its form and color, its stripes and stars, so long as they represent liberty wherever they are displayed, are things to be loved and respected, guarded and died for, but when they are made to represent militarism and tyranny, they are unworthy of reverence. Mr. McKinley should learn these things before he attempts to wave the flag of freedom over the heads of a people who want liberty, and back it up with the military. Such doings are not written in the basic laws of republics.

AFTER years of official corruption which it seemed impossible to end, the people of Tippecanoe county welcomed the county reform law, as a light in the wilderness. The county council cut the commissioners' estimate down over \$20,000. The estimate of the county surveyor was for \$3,245, and it allowed him nothing. The coroner estimated that it would take \$3,886.10 to run his office next year, the council thought \$647.68 was about the correct amount. They cut off just \$3,239 from the amount he hoped to get. He will probably resign, as he cannot keep up his present style of living on that amount. Neither will he hold inquests on persons who die quietly in bed with a reputable physician in attendance and charge \$40. for it, as he is accused of doing in the past. He is a man to feel sorry for. It is very sad indeed to let go a snap because one has to do it. They raised the estimate of the sheriff \$300, and cut the clerk's \$1,500, the recorder \$1,000. The law was made to use and the Tippecanoe council used it. At last reports none of the officers had resigned, though there were fears expressed that the coroner and surveyor might do so. No Republican of Tippecanoe county however was ever known to resign an office, and such rumors are possibly false alarms.

THE bodies of seven of the men who took part in the John Brown raid on Harper's Ferry and were executed for treason at Charles-town, Virginia, in 1859, were reburied at North Elba, New York, a few weeks ago, by the side of their chief. Time has mellowed much of the antagonism engendered by the raid of the grey-haired Kansas, and men are inclined now to look upon another phase of his character. When we attempt to pass judgement on Brown by any system of logic, we must apply to his death the words spoken by David of Abner. Alone he led his little band of men to battle against the State government of Virginia, and the penalty was his life and the lives of his fellows. The logical conclusion is, John Brown was insane. He was a man of many schemes. But all of them centered about the deliberate sacrifice of himself and death devoted band, which would kindle civil war and end human slavery. Freedom was his religion, and he became a martyr. The fanatical old chief surrounded by his now silent, but once desperate men, sleeps the last sleep.

Time has rusted the manacles of the slave and broken is the slave driver's whip, but it has also placed the wreath of forgiveness on the grave of the old raider. He would not try to escape, but deliberately chose death, and his action set the match to the powder train already layed. From a Kansas raider he became an inspiration. Had he escaped to Canada his story would have recorded in blackest letters that he was a traitor and worthy of death; but he died, and a few years later, 500,000 soldiers as they marched through the southland chanted his name in their battle hymns. The picture he presents to the world to day is not the bloody-handed raider with white hair and beard floating upon the wind attacking the gates of a guarded arsenal, but it sees the old man, his kindly face framed in grey locks and beard, stooping as he ascended the gallows stairs to kiss the little negro child in the arms of its slave mother. Only this and nothing more. Let us thank the Almighty for time, which allows but whose fires burn hate to ashes.

GENERAL LAWTON has been interviewed, and what he has to say should be read and pondered well by every American. We can have confidence in Gen. Lawton, and what he says needs no comment. Here it is:

"What we want is to stop this war. It is time for diplomacy, time for mutual understandings. At Bacoor bridge they waited till the Americans brought their cannon within thirty yards of their trenches. Such men have the right to be heard. All they want is a little justice. I established a civil government at Belinag, with the government entirely in the hands of the natives. It worked to perfection. All these people need for self-government is the protection of our troops till affairs have quieted, and they will, I have no doubt, advance as rapidly as the Japanese, perhaps more rapidly. I am well impressed with the Filipinos."

SPEAKING of what it will cost us to occupy the Philippines, in such a way that we can call them ours, we can say that there are some fellows living in America whose voices are raised at all times in high notes for war; for the honor of the flag; for trade; for the administration policy, etc., whom it will cost nothing. I mean the yawping editors of a certain class of partisan newspapers. I clip the following from one of them:

"When the anti-expansionists began the policy of presenting difficulties as an argument for withdrawing from the Philippines, they simply broke ground for their own graves. Difficulty and danger are what Young America feeds and thrives upon, and eagerly courts.

This editor is about the right age to be a good soldier. He is strong, hearty, a good feeder, and all that, but "difficulty and danger" are not the sort of fodder he feeds on, they are not what he "eats" as evidenced by the fact that he has not shouldered his musket long ago and marched away to help put down Aguinaldo and his nigger contingent. Like Artemas Ward he is willing to urge everyone of his wife's relations to go, and the relations of everybody else, and give them his favorite prescription of "100 lashes on the bare back" if they refuse, but it is more to his taste to write flapdoodle patriotic editorials by an electric light. The martial music of war does not charm him like the rag-time music of the street band. Fire crackers are more to his taste than the crack of the Krag Jorgenson or Mauser, for he has a chance to live and fight some other day. An able-bodied man is a man to feel sorry for. It is very sad indeed to let go a snap because one has to do it. They raised the estimate of the sheriff \$300, and cut the clerk's \$1,500, the recorder \$1,000. The law was made to use and the Tippecanoe council used it. At last reports none of the officers had resigned, though there were fears expressed that the coroner and surveyor might do so. No Republican of Tippecanoe county however was ever known to resign an office, and such rumors are possibly false alarms.

A FRIEND of mine came into the office the other day and we drifted into a conversation on the Philippine question and he made this remark: "Any spot of ground anywhere on earth that costs one single drop of American blood is too costly for us to own." Under the present circumstances this is the truth. With our millions of acres of untilled lands here at home; with our mines of gold, silver, copper, lead, tin, zinc, and coal, our quarries of granite, limestone, onyx and marble, all undeveloped, our rivers unnavigable because of choked channels, our harbors undefended and undredged, the needed public buildings all over the country, we will have our hands full for the next hundred years without going into a never ending war with the Malay race in order to give speculators a chance to prey on the resources of the natives under the shadow of the flag. If we owned every Island in the South Pacific we would be worse off for it. They would afford no open door for the poor man of the temperate zone. He could not live there, and black, yellow and brown coolie labor will as a matter of course come into competition with him under the protection of his own flag. It is a distorted greed which sees trade follow a flag under such circumstances as it is following ours in the Philippines. American mothers are burying their boys over there, and over their graves capital will build sugar factories, where coolie labor can compete with free American labor at home. It is an outrage. Yet such is Cesarism. This is the way tyrannical governments are built up. This is the way the life blood of Republics is let out. It is the legitimate fruits of a nation with a big N. Are the islands of the Philippine archipelago worth one good American citizen? Are they worth one single mother's tear? Are we to

have told him that he was making a fool of himself by so much talk, and he is going to the other extreme to bring forth a like result. I have heard a story of a very talkative boy whose father sent him to town instructing him to be careful and not talk too much; to keep still and people would not know he was a fool. The boy did as he was bidden, and to all questions he maintained a stolid silence. One man asked:

"What is your name, son?"

No reply.

"Where do you live?"

No reply.

"What did you come to town for?"

No reply.

"That boy must be a fool," said the man to a bystander, and significantly tapped his head.

At that the boy broke into a run and never stopped until he reached home and the presence of his father, when he roared out:

"Pap, Pap, they found it out, and I never said a d—d word."

Mr. Beveridge is making fully as big a fool of himself by his silence now, as did by his noise a few months ago. Oh, if Pap McKinley would only pull the string and let the young man loose! What he saw must have been dreadful to awe him into silence, and the world waits anxiously for Mr. Beveridge to enlighten it. At present McKinley and himself hold it all. This may be only a shrewd way to get advertising. If he should tell what he knows it would only be a nine day's wonder, when by keeping it to himself he can extend the time into weeks. He wants to keep in the papers.

A PROPOS to the Christian Science agitation comes Dr. Nehemiah Nickerson, of Meriden, Conn., and declares that he believes that a person suffering from an incurable disease, who desires to die, should be assisted in his wish by the attending physician. He thinks it is inhuman not to do so. He then cites the case of a woman dying of consumption who requested him to assist her to die, and he did so by the administration of chloroform; another dying of heart trouble who requested him to end her sufferings was treated in a similar manner. He continues, and declares that during the war he frequently administered chloroform when there was no hope for recovery, and thought he was doing the humane thing. "More than that," he says, "I believe that if a person has no obligations, is tired of this life and wants to see the one beyond, he has the perfect right to end his life." This gives a fellow a perfectly clear track to consult a Christian Science leader, or a poison bottle, whichever is the handiest. The doctor is evidently a Roman in theory, and believes in the survival of the fittest. The theory is a good one when we apply it to live stock, but most people have some qualms of conscience about using it on the human family.

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Under the present circumstances this is the truth. With our millions of acres of untilled lands here at home; with our mines of gold, silver, copper, lead, tin, zinc, and coal, our quarries of granite, limestone, onyx and marble, all undeveloped, our rivers unnavigable because of choked channels, our harbors undefended and undredged, the needed public buildings all over the country,

Put Your Finger on Your Pulse

You feel the blood rushing along.
But what kind of blood?
That is the question.
Is it pure blood or impure blood?
If the blood is impure then you are weak and languid; your appetite is poor and your digestion is weak. You cannot sleep well and the morning finds you unprepared for the work of the day. Your complexion is sallow. You are troubled with pimples, boils, or some eruption of the skin. Why not purify your blood?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

will do it. Take it a few days and then put your finger on your pulse again. You can feel the difference. It is stronger and your circulation better. Send for our book on Impure Blood.

If you are bilious, take Ayer's Pills. They greatly aid the Sarsaparilla. They cure constipation also.

Write to our Doctors.

Write them freely all the particulars in your case. You will receive a prompt reply without cost.

Address, Dr. J. C. AYER,

Lowell, Mass.

measure patriotism by greed! Are we to substitute dollar marks for the stars on the flag?

CAPTAIN DREYFUS has been found guilty of treason a second time by a French military court and sentenced to ten years penal servitude. This verdict is the monumental crime of the century. The men who condemned Joan of Arc to the flames were angels compared with the court which condemned Dreyfus. That was in the age of darkness and superstition; this in the light of nineteenth century enlightenment. Dreyfus was innocent, the world knows it, France knows it, but the army was placed above justice. His accusers high in the councils of France and the head of the army, by their own confessions as witnesses, are such characters as call forth White Caps and lynchers in America. They are moral criminals according to their own stories, and the conviction of Dreyfus is a greater crime than any which disgraced the old regime under Louis XV. Dreyfus was not on trial at Rennes. He was only an incident, and was a vicious sacrifice for the army. The army has been the bane of France for centuries and will last her death.

"O! shame to thee, land of the Gaul,
O! shame to thy children and thee,
Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,
Now wretched thy portion shall be!
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die,
And the curses of hate and the hisses of scorn
Shall burden the winds of thy sky.
While loud o'er thy ruins forever are hurled
The laughter of triumph, the jeers of victory."

Yours Observantly,
PETER PORCUPINE, JR.

The Rink Barn.

Taylor Thompson and Mort Beckner have opened up a first class barn at the old rink, on North Green street. They make a specialty of boarding and caring for stock left in their care, and rigs left with them are safe and will be looked after. George Russell and William Hardacre, both with long time experience, have been secured by the firm. W. H. Hardacre has had fifteen years experience in barns and is a good and competent man for any part of the work required. Mr. Russell has had twenty years experience in the same line, and in addition has made a specialty of teaching, breaking and training horses. He is a very competent man in his line. He has made a specialty of breaking and training family horses, making them safe for women and children to handle and drive on the streets. He will continue to do this sort of work for the firm at the barn, and horses left there to be trained will be graduated in his school to your satisfaction. Give us a call. We will treat you right.

CASTORIA.
Bears the
Signature
of
Charles Fletcher