

## The Review.

### 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 kick-  
ed it."

The dead man opened his eyes.  
"But always toward the goal" he  
said.—Schwartz.



SOME wild and woolly advocate  
of expansion by the sword route,  
has furnished an evidence of  
how long the ears can grow on  
the human ass, by proclaiming to the  
world the following choice bon mot:  
"Democrats are traitors in time of  
war, and fools in time of peace." The  
author has carefully hidden his iden-  
tity, as though ashamed of what he  
had done. The attention of certain  
editors of administration organs here-  
abouts is hereby called to this choice  
expression, which they can work in  
occasionally with the words "copper-  
head," "Atkinsdoids," and other  
choice specimens of polished English,  
when expressing their contempt for  
Democrats, and thus vary their pip-  
ings a little.

NOW the powers that be are pro-  
posing to pay the soldiers in the  
Philippines, Cuba, Porto Rico  
with silver. What terrible crime  
is this which the administration con-  
templates! Silver is good enough for  
the man in the trenches and behind  
the gun, but is too base a metal for  
the man behind the bank counter!  
One is fish and the other fowl it seems,  
after all.

BUNKO games are quite numerous  
and smooth, but Marysville,  
Ind., comes to the front with the  
smoothest of all of them. Mark  
Carmichael offered to bet his father-  
in-law that he did not have nerve  
enough to take \$1,000 out of the bank  
and keep it in the house over night.  
The old man showed his nerve and  
got the money. He placed it under  
his pillow and laid a big revolver close  
at hand. When he awoke the next  
morning he found his money gone,  
and further investigation revealed the  
fact that his entire family, including  
his wife, were gone also. When last  
he heard from them they were cross-  
ing the Missouri river. This is a prac-  
tical illustration of the fact that a  
man's foes are in his own household.

OUR President has missed being  
immortalized, by living after  
Dickens died, although that cele-  
brated novelist has left on rec-  
ord a portrait which fits the Presi-  
dent's case. Our President spoke at  
town in Michigan when on his great  
vote hunting tour, and said: "The  
shedding of blood is anguish to my  
soul. The shedding of blood of the  
misguided Filipinos is a matter of  
sincere regret and sorrow to us all."  
This very closely resembles some of  
the sayings of that noted man who  
had named his daughters Charity and  
Mercy—Mr. Pecksniff. What meat  
and drink his tour of speechmaking  
would have been for Dickens. At one  
town his soul was racked with an-  
guish, and ten miles further on, with  
different environment, the anguish  
would spend itself, and bracing up he  
would declare: "We have expanded;  
who is going to contract?" He has  
certainly proved himself able to give  
Pecksniff cards and spades and then  
win out.

CAPERS which would have done  
credit to an Hibernian hall were  
cut by the guests at a church  
social at Greenwich, Connecti-  
cut, a few evenings ago. Milk in  
abundance was served, and within an  
hour fully half the attendants were  
singing rag time songs and howling for

more milk. Before the seat of trouble  
was discovered, a great many reputa-  
tions were knocked silly. The cause  
of the disturbance was the fact that  
the farmers had been feeding their  
cows apples. This has the effect of  
impregnating the milk with alcohol,  
and changing the lactal fluid into a  
liquor closely akin to very hard cider  
without destroying the natural taste  
of the milk. So the entire crowd was  
drunk. The church social to my mind  
is a delusion and a snare at best, and  
when it comes to causing antics like  
this it is time to abolish it from the  
catalogue of religious ceremonies.

SMALL statues are now to be  
made of Mark Hanna, dollar  
marks and all to be labeled "Our  
Republican God." Before this  
figure every morning the partisan re-  
publican can kneel to say "Give us  
this day our daily opinion."—Frank-  
fort Crescent.

The political editor of the Mont-  
gomery county organ evidently has  
secured one of these for his desk, and  
often approaches the shrine, as I no-  
tice the daily trumpet blasts are get-  
ting louder and louder in behalf of  
trusts and their beneficent influence.  
In history we read of a time in an  
Asiatic city, now hardly accorded a  
name on the map, but then rich and  
powerful, wherein stood a great gold  
ornamented temple, when a mob arose  
and sought the lives of two men in  
simple garb, who were the propagand-  
ists of a higher civilization than that  
of blood and pillage; and a certain  
worker in silver raised the cry of  
"Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"  
"These simple men will ruin our  
business if we allow them to make  
such speeches in the streets of the  
city of Diana!" and they would kill  
the men. They were preaching truth,  
equal rights and humanity, and the  
idol makers of Ephesus arose to put  
them down. The same spirit exists to-  
day. The cry is not "Great is Di-  
ana of the Ephesians!" but "Great is  
Marcus, of Ohio!" and the Trusts  
from which our campaign boodle  
comes! Down with the man who  
thinks the yokel without great capital  
has rights in the land! We cannot  
afford to give anyone room who is not  
willing to worship the Golden Calf of  
Hanna!

THE anonymous letter writer has  
again showed his hand in this  
city, and is bestowing his atten-  
tions on the pastor of the Chris-  
tian church. I believe that his en-  
ergy and postage stamps are wasted on  
that gentleman. He has been around  
the world long enough to pay but  
little attention to such fellows. It is  
only a rank coward who will write an  
anonymous letter, and he is generally  
a fellow who would be in his element  
could he stir up trouble somewhere.  
But he has stuck his nose into the  
wrong place if he is expecting notori-  
ety as a trouble maker in that quarter.  
It won't work.

SWISS chemist has discovered  
an embalming fluid which, when  
introduced into the heart and  
stomach immediately after  
death, and the body exposed to 90  
degrees of heat, will turn the body  
into solid stone in ten hours time.  
He works on the theory that the  
functions of these organs do not  
cease immediately. It is said that the  
body can be chipped with a chisel,  
like stone. So many persons are  
using the new plan in Switzerland  
and keeping the dead bodies of rela-  
tives as statues to ornament the homes  
of the survivors, that the government  
is said to be contemplating forced  
burials by law. In this land of second  
marriages and divorce courts this  
process is not likely to become popu-  
lar.

ONE newspaper, not afraid to tell  
the truth, closed its write up of  
a flashy wedding of a couple of  
young society pushers as fol-  
lows: "After a wedding tour of  
several eastern cities the young  
couple will return to this city and set-  
tle down with the bride's parents till  
the husband gets a job." How many  
wedding accounts could be closed  
with the same homely truth? Yet  
not every editor has the nerve to do it.  
Nearly every wedding is the "mating  
of a couple of well known society peo-  
ple," where the young man in the case  
is described as "one of our promising  
young business men," when if all his  
wages were used for the purpose he  
could not comfortably house and feed  
a hen and chickens; and the woman  
while she is just too pretty, couldn't  
patch the basement of hubby's panta-  
loons decently in a week's time.  
When I read an illuminated article  
slopping over with purple adjectives  
descriptive of a wedding which I  
know and everybody else knows is a  
misfit, I long for the day to come  
when truth will be told by newspa-  
pers as well as preachers.

INDIANA is a great state. She  
raises corn enough each year to  
keep the entire world drunk, if  
manufactured into whiskey, and  
wheat and rye, and cattle, hogs and  
sheep enough to feed the United  
States and a part of New Jersey. She  
has 3,000 saloons, two penitentiaries,  
four insane hospitals, ninety-two well  
fitted poor houses, and an equal num-  
ber of jails, all well tenanted. She  
has Dr. Hurty, Wm. S. Haggard, J.  
Frank Hanley, Booth Tarkington and  
others who could be named. But  
probably the worst microbe she has  
to contend with is the Legislature  
which comes into view with the regu-  
larity of death, every two years. The  
last lamented body passed a law com-  
pelling the mourning parent to go to  
the health officer and take out a per-  
mit to bury their dead, and should  
he neglect to do such thing he shall  
be arrested and fined, and the officers  
of the law, doctors, justices, constab-  
les and a lot of smaller fry have the  
right to disinter the body of his loved  
one and exercise upon it the scalpel,  
examine the heart, stomach, lungs  
and brain for traces of disease, so  
that the health officer may know that  
no microbes or germs of death have  
been buried with the body. There  
are fees connected with all this for  
the gang who dig up the body and  
desecrate the grave in the interest of  
public health. The certificate of  
death from the physician to the un-  
dertaker may be all right, saying that  
no contagious disease was the cause  
of death, but farther than this no  
man should be allowed to go, even if  
there was a fee for him in it. I look  
for the next legislature to ordain the  
health officer king, and give him ab-  
solute power to confine in jail the  
woman who dares kiss her baby.  
Graves have been opened in several  
counties of the state under this law,  
and much ill feeling is being created  
by it.

I AM a believer in the germ theory  
of disease, and feel confident that  
it is correct, but at the same time  
I am equally confident that many  
of our doctors are growing exceedingly  
"nutty" on the question, and the  
"nuttiest" one of the push is our  
state Health Officer. I expect to hear  
soon of him living in a glass case, on  
distilled water and grape nuts, and  
breathing air pumped to him through  
a dozen thicknesses of bolting cloth.  
He is the worst scared man on  
microbes the world has ever seen.  
Every particle of dust floating in the  
air is to his eyes a monster ready to  
tear the vitals out of a human being.  
From these jabberwocks of the at-  
mosphere, these bandersnatches of  
the frog pond, with teeth and horns  
and claws he would save mankind.  
In every odor wafted to his delicate  
and scientific nostrils he smells mi-  
crobes, deadly, awful microbes, car-  
ried from far away climes to wreak  
vengeance on the people of Indiana.  
I wonder if he ever, when a boy chas-  
ing the swift "cottontail" through  
the woods ever thrust a pole into a  
hollow log and made the acquaint-  
ance of a full grown specimen of that  
vigorous odor dispenser, the American  
skunk? I also wonder what sort of  
microbes he thought he had caught?  
I tell you, good people, that while the  
microbe is a living reality, he is being  
overworked, and a great lot of  
microbe hunters are living off of his  
misfortunes.

WE are informed now that small  
pox will get us this winter if we  
"don't watch out." Dr.  
Hurty declares that it is now  
in the state and that it is bound to  
spread, and spread just because the  
local doctors of the state do not know  
what small pox is when they see it.  
That they will stand around and talk  
while death on a pale horse rides  
through the community. They will  
only know "where they are at" when  
the secretary of the state board of  
health arrives on the scene and casts  
his trained eye over the spot and his  
trained nostrils detect the scent of  
the small pox "mike" in the Decem-  
ber air. Dr. Hurty desires to see this  
whole state with its arm in a sling, so  
he advises that everybody be vaccin-  
ated, at once, that this swarm of bac-  
teria may be headed off. He incident-  
ally remarks that it would only cost  
the pitiful bagatelle of \$30,000 to do  
the work, and avers that it would  
save the state eventually hundreds of  
thousands of dollars. If this is so,  
let everybody pull up his sleeve or  
bare his leg to receive the prod of the  
point. "If 'twere done when 'tis done,  
'twere well 'twere done quickly."

UXORICIDE is a crime punishable  
by death in this country, and it  
should be. Any man who kills  
his wife should be hanged and  
hanged very high. But the question  
naturally presents itself: What would  
Mr. McKinley do were his \$10,000

Sultan of Sulu to take a sudden notion  
to clean up his harem, and get a new  
supply of wives? This is a weakness  
of Sultans, and the distemper is likely  
to break out under the shadow of the  
stars and stripes. Mr. McKinley has  
not proven himself a man who sticks  
so closely to the constitution and law  
and tradition, and republicanism in  
the past, however, but we could de-  
pend on him in such an emergency to  
settle the case satisfactorily to himself  
and his Father Confessor, Pope Mar-  
cus I., at least.

MUST a policeman pay for his  
clothes? Dare a man whom a  
policeman owes ask him for the  
amount of his little account?  
It would seem that both these propo-  
sitions are not true from an item I notice  
in the news columns, where the wear-  
er of a helmet and blossoming terror  
to small boys and dogs, had refused  
to pay his tailor and had the tailor ar-  
rested for provoke when he dared ask  
for a few dollars on the big bill. It  
is no doubt annoying for a man who  
holds a place as a policeman to be  
bothered by such pestiferous insects  
as tailors with bills to collect. This  
policeman proposed to make an awful  
example of this tailor. He said  
"shoo fly!" but the tailor wouldn't  
"shoo." He resented the impertin-  
ence as St. Anthony resisted the  
blandishments of the devil. His high  
dignity had been insulted, and his  
tender feelings been made to bleed,  
so he had the tailor, whose clothes  
he was wearing, arrested for provoke  
because he asked for his money. The  
resplendent blue suit, the brass but-  
tons, the regulation helmet in which  
he struts forward and back in front  
of the city hall, waiting for some dar-  
ing criminal to hold out his hands to  
be tied, the collar so stiff, the shirt  
so stylish, the pants so tight, the  
necktie so chic, were on his body, and  
possession was ownership. He had  
owned them so long, he knew the  
tailor had no claims, and he resented  
the insult by having the cheeky  
knight of the goose arrested. The  
case was dismissed, however, and the  
tailor will attempt to have the police  
board hold it out of the gallant cop-  
per's wages, as the law directs. The  
policeman should pay or be stripped  
of his blue and brass, so far as clothes  
are concerned—a brass foundry  
could run ten years on cheek such as  
he possesses. The police force is no  
place for this fellow. Men of sterling  
worth, and who are really men, should  
be selected for responsible positions  
under the city government. This is  
the second time he has pleaded the  
baby act, and showed that he was not  
fit for the place he holds. The only  
place he is useful is where he can scat-  
ter small boys at marbles, or separate  
angry dogs in a fight, chase drunken  
countrymen in on a show day, or  
march at the front of a procession.  
On occasions like these a  
yellow terrier under a red wagon is  
not more conspicuous, but when he  
strikes "the real old thing," as in the  
case of Davy Doyle, he squeals lustily  
for help and has all the bystanders  
arrested for not rescuing him. If the  
Police Board will do its duty it will  
drop this frost from the city's pay  
roll, and hire a man.

THE Kansans conceived the bright  
idea of giving a sword to their  
hero, Funston. They had the  
sword made at a cost of \$1,000.  
They also had it properly inscribed,  
as they thought. The inscription  
read: "I can hold this position until  
my regiment is mustered out." These  
are the heroic words that are reported  
to have fallen from the lips of Fun-  
ston in reply to his superior officer,  
while charging round Manila as did  
Hector round the walls of Troy. And  
now the pugnacious, inconsistent and  
ungrateful Funston denies the soft  
impeachment. He says he never said  
it, and will not accept the sword un-  
til the false, misleading inscription is  
taken off. Such base ingratitude is  
simply appalling. If he did not use  
the expression everybody will believe  
that he should have done so. Now  
he inconsiderately deprives us of  
something by which he could be re-  
membered, robs himself of immortali-  
ty, and his tombstone of an appropri-  
ate epitaph. His name will now  
never appear in the school books, and  
his valorous deeds and words stir the  
blood of Young America. Foolish  
Funston! Vale Funston!

THE preliminary skirmishes in  
South Africa wear the grim as-  
pect of bloody war. They reek  
with the odor of the shambles,  
and to a spectator whose blood is not  
tinctured by passion or eyes blinded  
by prejudice, it would appear that  
one of these Christian nations, if not  
both, must have made a woeful blun-  
der. Oom Paul may find inspiration  
from the pages of the sacred Book  
and Victoria pray for the divine bless-

## ...GOING OUT OF BUSINESS...

The people of Crawfordsville, Montgomery County and sur-  
rounding counties will be interested in learning that Mr. Edward  
Warner has decided to go out of the Clothing business. They will  
be vitally interested because it will effect their pocketbooks—be-  
cause, before retiring, Mr. Warner intends to conduct the

## LARGEST CLOSING OUT SALE

Ever known in the history of Crawfordsville. A \$35,000  
stock of the finest

### Clothing, Hats, Caps, Gents' Furnishings, Etc.,

Will positively be placed on the altar of low prices and sacrificed at  
absolute cost. Everything goes—counters, fixtures, etc.

### HERE ARE A FEW OF THE PRICES:

Overcoats.	Underwear.
Vermont Frieze, worth \$5 00 for..... \$ 2.25	A large lot of odds and ends well worth 50c at..... .25
Black and blue beavers well worth \$6 00 for..... 3.50	Regular 50c Camel's Hair at Best fleeced lined 16-lb goods in blue and natural at.... 40
Heavy Chinchillas, in blue worth \$6 00 for..... 4.00	Balbriggans in blue and brown, worth 75c, ut..... 45
Extra heavy beaver, in blue and black, worth \$7 00 for... 5.00	Sheard' all wool health un- derwear, \$1 25, at..... 80
Fine Covert cloth, made up in extra wide facing, satin bound fancy check black, sells ev- erywhere for \$8 00 for..... 5.00	very best Australian wool in blue, tan and natural, \$1 50 goods, at..... 1.00
Kersey beaver in black, blue, and brown, satin bound, good value at \$10 00 for..... 7 00	
Raw edged English Kersey, worth \$12 00 for..... 8.00	
Extra fine English Kersey, ele- gantly tailored, worth \$14 00 for..... 10 00	
Fine Kersey Beaver in blue and black, wide facing, satin yoke and sleeves, worth \$15 00 for 12.00	
Extra fine quality Kersey Bea- ver, equal to finest merchant tailored garment, worth \$20 for..... 15.00	

### Men's Suits.

Men's Union, 60 per cent.  
wool suits, cheap at \$5.00  
at..... \$ 2.50  
Men's blue and black chevi-  
ots and clay worsted pat-  
terns, well worth \$6, at.... 3.00  
Regular all wool cassimeres  
Darville and South Bend  
woolen mill goods, worth  
\$3 to \$10, at..... 5.00  
Wendel's celebrated cassi-  
meres, all wool, elegantly  
made and trimmed, worth  
\$9, \$12 and \$14, at..... 7.00

## We Want Your Trade.

## EDWARD WARNER

One Price Clothier and Hatter.

ing upon England's arms, and yet  
there cannot be Christian justification  
for both. It is not new, this seeking  
for the blessing of God upon the  
fruits of greed and folly, and yet the  
pages of history do not show that it  
is ever given. On the contrary, it  
does show that the fool has ever paid  
the price of his folly and doubtless he  
ever will. But before the fool is  
brought to his senses the soil of South  
Africa will be wet deep with innocent  
blood. So is it written in the chance  
that makes the destiny of nations.

MUSIC finds a ready response in  
the heart of every human be-  
ing. The witness to this was  
seen on the visit of the Chicago  
Symphony Orchestra here last Wednes-  
day night, as the first number in the  
Y. M. C. A. lecture course. Persons  
got up early and stood in line for  
hours to give up their dollar for a  
seat, and half of these same people  
couldn't carry a tune themselves if  
they had it in a jug. I didn't go, for  
the reason that I had been swamped  
before on classical music, and French  
and Italian opera. It was too rich for  
my musical education, and I never  
like to yawn at a public place, even to  
be pointed out as a lover of classic  
music. The Y. M. C. A. deserves  
great credit for risking the expense of  
bringing such a combination to the  
city. Those who were educated in  
music enjoyed a great treat, and those  
who were not imagine they did, so no  
one is disappointed.

THE hobo still wanders over the  
face of the land in his fruitless  
search for work, notwithstanding  
the frequently reiterated  
statement to the effect that farmers  
cannot find enough men to help har-  
vest their crops in many sections. His  
search for the delusive will-o-the-wisp,  
called work, is as heartrending as  
the famous search of Evangeline for  
her beloved Gabriel.

IDEAS of kindness curing criminality  
was in a measure exploded in the  
minds of many Terre Hauteans,  
last Sunday. Rev. J. W. Comfort  
was preaching a sermon on prison re-  
form as chaplain of the Indiana Re-

formatory, and how they were winning  
the inmates to good behavior at that  
institution through kindness, and  
pleaded with the people to sympa-  
thize with the criminal classes, and  
never lose an opportunity to help the  
fallen. While he was preaching a  
thief entered the vestry and walked  
off with the pleading parson's over-  
coat. This is a good example of the  
ingratitude displayed by the average  
thief to the man who helps him. It  
is not confined to the low class thief  
either. I have seen it displayed in  
the political world among men who  
would fight if catalogued where they  
belong.

Yours Observantly,  
PETER PORCUPINE, JR.

The old reliable firm of Myers &  
Charni have excelled their efforts in  
procuring for their customers the very  
best stock of Dry Goods ever offered  
to the public. It will be to your ad-  
vantage to look through their immense  
stock when in need of dry goods,  
cloaks, capes, jackets, ready to wear  
skirts, underwear, hosiery, shawls,  
comforts, carpets, rugs, lace curtains,  
men's suits, and their splendid line  
of Yount's Woolen Goods.

### "A Perfect Beauty."

That is a frequent exclamation at  
the Y. M. C. A. Millinery Parlors. We  
have some magnificent hats—hats  
that any lady might be proud to wear.  
The quality of the material and the  
exclusiveness of certain of our styles  
make them extremely desirable.

Myers & Charni are selling Dry  
Goods cheaper than any firm in the  
State.

\$5.00 Capes or Jackets for \$3.90.  
\$7.50 Capes or Jackets for \$5.50.  
\$10.00 Capes and Jackets for \$7.50.  
Now on sale at Myers & Charni's.

### CASTORIA.

Bears the  
Signature of  
Dr. J. C. H. H. H.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.  
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be mag-  
netic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-  
Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men  
strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaran-  
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