

The Review.

PETER PORCUPINE.

S QUITURQUE PATREM HAUD
PASSIBUS AËQUIS.

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.



THE shipping of large quantities of
champagne and unlimited quan-
tities of plum pudding to the sol-
diers of Her Majesty in South
Africa, while Oom Paul reads his bible
so assiduously, recalls the condition of
affairs just preceding the battle of
Hastings. There the Saxon feasted
and caroused, and the Norman fasted
and prayed, and when the battle was
over the history of the Saxon race was
changed.

IT is reported that Queen Vic is in-
tending to send a box of cho-
colate to each man in the field as a
Christmas present. Perhaps a can
of unspoiled beef would be nearer the
thing. It really seems that it is time
for the dear old lady to abdicate and
spend her valuable time in filling the
christmas stockings of the poor.

THE Germans are planning to ex-
tend the Anatolian railway to
Bagdad, on the Euphrates. It
will cost \$100,000,000. Shades
of Narum Al Raschid! What pleas-
ure can be found in the Arabian
Nights if such a thing is done. When
the iron horse drives out the patient
donkey of tradition, romance too will
have flown.

SENATOR DEPEW has leased a
maison in Washington for his
term of six years at a rental of
\$50,000. His aggregate salary
will not nearly reach that figure. For
his living and all the splendor per-
taining to Senatorial dignity, the Sen-
ator must pay out of his private for-
tune. When all this pomp and cir-
cumstance is become a necessary ac-
complishment of political life in this
country, what "poor but honest" man
has business in politics? We are long
past the days of "Jeffersonian sim-
plicity," which we like to boast of as
one of the alluring prospects in this re-
public. It is not impertinent to ask
ourselves, "are we growing old and
rich and corrupt, as other nations
have done, and in our prosperity more
surely undermining the republic?"
It is time to hark back to the sim-
plicity, and sturdy honesty of the fathers,
if we would build as wisely for the fu-
ture as did they. It is not well with a
state when her public men are driven
to outside means in making a display
in office.

AT last the farmer drops into line
and organizes a trade's union.
When the things get thoroughly
spread over the land, our vege-
tables, milk, eggs and butter will all
bear the union label, decorated with a
plow and the letters "I. F. U." which
represent the International Farmers'
Union. The union started in Broome
county, New York, and it is intended
to hurry its organization all over the
country.

A KANSAS soldier had expressed
in a letter written from the
Philippines an ardent desire for
apple pie, such as his mother
used to make. His fellow townsmen
determined to honor him on his re-
turn. Other heroes had been given
swords, but this man who said he
would give four years of his life for
an apple pie, should have pie; he
must have pie. So a pie was made
for him five feet by two, and con-
taining two and one-half bushels of
apples, and other ingredients in pro-

portion, and even the hero was satis-
fied—satisfied as was the King of
nursery fame with the pie of four and
twenty blackbirds, and for once the
apparently inappeasable American
appetite for pie was satisfied, and
even quenched as it were. He did
not eat the pie all at once, and he
who had never quailed before the
fierce Filipino, fell back before that
prodigious pie, declaring that he
would sooner tackle Aguinaldo's
army single handed than to make an
assault on that unparalleled piece of
pastry. He has no more appetite for
pie, and his dreams are haunted with
visions of monster pies—pies that
walk and fly, and creep and run, with
legs and wings, with whiskers and
with eyes that wink and blink and
grin in ghoulish glee, and out of
which proceed all manner of abomi-
nable things of witches, imps, drag-
ons of fiery breath and forked tongue,
and imps of goblins damned. The
returned warrior now realizes as never
before the unmitigated evil of hasty
and inconsiderate speech, and he will
probably never again offer to barter
away any portion of his existence for
apple pie.

NOTICE that my friend Enoch G.
Hogate, of Danville, is receiving
much notice as a Republican can-
didate for Governor. The Repub-
lican party could go a great deal far-
ther and fare much worse than to
nominate Mr. Hogate. He is man
fully qualified for the position, is
clean, and would add dignity to the
office. He is a strong man in more
ways than one, and would be much
harder material for the Democrats to
defeat than any the other aspirants
for the nomination. If we are to have
a republican Governor, Hogate is the
man I would choose from those now in
the ring. It is to be hoped, however,
that such a calamity will be averted
in 1900.

WAY back yonder in the history
of the human race it was said to
man: "By the sweat of thy face
shalt thou eat bread." Yet in
some localities this edict of the Al-
mighty is set aside by the trades
unions and all work stops, just be-
cause some poor devil who does not
happen to carry a card tries to earn
an honest penny. It appears now
that all work has come to a standstill
on the new million dollar building of
Marshall Field at Chicago, all be-
cause of an inch of granite which
nobody is allowed to cut off. There
is no granite cutters' union in Chi-
cago, so the agent of the Vermont Gran-
ite Co., who carries a card for con-
venience, proposed to take off the
offending inch from the blocks. No
sooner had he commenced than the
soft stone cutters' union raised a ter-
rific howl, and sent the walking dele-
gate out to learn particulars. When
he got his ear full of information he
declared that if the man did not stop
work he would call every union man
off the job. The contractors were
thus brought into the muddle, and
they informed the delegate that if he
had any men who could do the work
to send them on, and he sent two
men. Then the Vermont granite
cutters' union informed the contrac-
tors that if the Chicago soft stone cut-
ters were allowed to continue their
work, they would strike at the granite
quarries and no more stone would be
furnished. So this foolish, absurd,
childish quarrel over a few days'
work has stopped proceedings, and
several hundred men are idle on ac-
count of it. I have no quarrel to
make with labor unions. I believe in
them, but I also believe in the exer-
cise of a little ordinary horse sense at
times in connection with them. There
is only one animal on earth
which will refuse to allow another of
the same kind to pick up a living
wherever it can. Says Will Scott:
"No hog was ever hog enough, through field
and forest looting.
To try to stop another hog from ravenously
rooting.
And if some haughty hog would say, 'These
premises are mine;
Unless you want to root for me, don't trespass
here ye swine.'
And if some pig should disobey and ply his
greedy snout,
Then would the other pigs turn in, and help
to drive him out?
Or is there but one vertebrae, from mastodon
to bat,
That God has made so stupid that he's capa-
ble of that?"

THE time of year has come again
when the improvident man hires
himself to the office of the Town-
ship trustee and makes his talk
for a stake. I do not refer to the un-
fortunate class, those whom accident
or sickness has put upon the bounties
of the public—and God knows there
are plenty of such that need and de-
serve our charity—but to those fellows
who would not work when work was
plenty, because they "couldn't stand
it," or because the wages were too lit-
tle. I know big, stout men who passed
by work on the Crawford hotel all
summer hunting work, who never see
the work going on on the new sewer,
but are industriously hunting for work
all the time. They are looking for
snaps, not work, and now winter has
caught them. They have not denied
themselves a pleasure if they had to
spend their last dollar to procure it.

might do. Such business is too nar-
row to succeed. Narrowness will spoil
anything, no matter how good it may
be. Narrowness in politics has over-
thrown parties, and good parties too.
Narrowness in the church has shorn
it of its power to a certain extent.
Narrowness will kill anything. If
trades unions desire to become a pow-
er they must broaden out and put
away childish things. Their theory is
all right, but in practice the grove is
too narrow often for benefit.

OCCASIONALLY I hear a fellow
roasting the churches, denying
the existence of God, cursing
the preachers and church mem-
bers, and in many other ways showing
their lack of common decency, and
brains. I have but little patience
with the fellow who is eternally cry-
ing "hypocrite" at somebody who is
stumbling as best he can through this
vail of tears, living up to, perhaps,
the very best light he has. It may be
a dim one, but it is all he has, and
these fellows would snatch the candle
from his hand, leaving him in total
darkness. What if a man does fall,
once in a while, far below our ideal.
Consider the man, his capabilities and
his environment, what his opportuni-
ties were, would you have been better
had you been placed in his position
and endowed by nature or cheated by
it, as he has been? You must always
place yourself in the position occu-
pied by the other fellow, before you
are a competent judge of what you
would do. The man who quarrels
with the church on account of its fal-
libility is certainly a short sighted in-
dividual. These men they criticize, no
matter how bad they may be, are bet-
ter than their critics. They are at
least making an effort, no matter how
far they are falling below the ideal,
while the critic is not. I have always
noticed another thing, peculiar about
this class of fellows, that is: when
they come to die, they 999 times out
of a thousand want some one to offer
up a prayer for them to the God they
had flouted and sneered at, and de-
sire to be buried with the sanctions
and ceremonies of religion. They are
cowards at the last. Over all such
there is no better funeral oration to
deliver than that of Parson Bullin
over the dead body of Sut Lovingood:

"BRETHREN—We have met to
bury this ornery cuss. He had
hosses and he run 'em. He had
chickens and he fit 'em. Let us
remember his virtues, if he had
any, and forgit his vices, if we can,
for such is the kingdom of heav-
en."
It is not a wise man who talks as
some men do. They may not belong
to the church, but that is no reason
they should crown themselves with
asses ears, in making attacks upon
that which has survived the wreck of
empires, and has builded strong and
deep and wide the foundations of
State and home. It is disgusting,
such talk as this.

IT is rather amusing to see a newspa-
per clamoring for harmony in the
party in one breath and then read-
ing men who belonged to the party
before the editor was born, out of it
in the next. I say this would be
amusing if it were not pitiful. But
then there are misfits to be found ev-
erywhere, but it does seem that one of
them is out of place, attempting to
operate the only 12 page, patent in-
wards, kidney pill, bulletin of enlight-
enment which causes the Democratic
party to contemplate suicide, when its
blunders react. Harmony, indeed!
when you go out with a bludgeon and
knock democrats out of the ranks,
not for anything they have done of a
public character, but because they had
more respect for the community than
to make a school trustee out of certain
parties who were as competent to fill
the position as the Atlantic ocean
would be for a cow pasture. We can-
not spare any Democrats just a pres-
ent. It is only disturbing elements
in the party whose heads may be
slipped under the guillotine.

THE time of year has come again
when the improvident man hires
himself to the office of the Town-
ship trustee and makes his talk
for a stake. I do not refer to the un-
fortunate class, those whom accident
or sickness has put upon the bounties
of the public—and God knows there
are plenty of such that need and de-
serve our charity—but to those fellows
who would not work when work was
plenty, because they "couldn't stand
it," or because the wages were too lit-
tle. I know big, stout men who passed
by work on the Crawford hotel all
summer hunting work, who never see
the work going on on the new sewer,
but are industriously hunting for work
all the time. They are looking for
snaps, not work, and now winter has
caught them. They have not denied
themselves a pleasure if they had to
spend their last dollar to procure it.

They took the family to the circus
and treated their friends to "cracker-
jack" and red lemonade at the street
fair, visited the "lying woman," saw
the trained animals, poked their noses
into the art studio, and witnessed
Esau devour snakes. They paid the
tax on a measley looking dog, have
grubbed meals among their friends
during the summer, visited among
their "people" and had a nice time
while the taxpayer was at work early
and late to make the poor fund ready
for their onslaught on it when Decem-
ber's snows fall.

PROPOS to the ending of the
McCain-Cox slander suit and
verdict rendered Miss Cox for
\$275 damages, one of our Irish-
American citizens handed me the fol-
lowing, remarking that it would be in
order:

Tim Dolan and his wife wan night,
Were drinkin' of the craythur,
Whin something started up a fight,
An' they went at it tight and right
According to their nature.

O'Grady and meself stood near,
Expecting bloody murder,
Says he to me: "Let's interfere,"
But O! pretending not to hear,
I nodd off a little further.

"Lave 'em you brute," says he to Tim;
"No man would strike a lady,"
But both the Dolans turned on him
And in a wink the two of them
Were well up O'Grady.

That night, whin O! was home in bed,
Raymemberin' this token,
O! took the notion in my head
That the wisest wurrd O! ever said
Was the wan that wasn't spoken.

WHEN the day comes that Dr.
Hurty cannot find some new
scheme of sanitation or pre-
vention or inoculation, that
day will be noted as the coldest on
record. We have no doubt that Dr.
Hurty is a competent man for the
place. His great trouble is that he
thinks the people of Indiana are made
of money, that it grows on the hazel
bushes, and is found by the pot full
in pawpaw thickets. It is all right
to use care and judgment and enforce
the law, but don't crowd the mourn-
ers. It won't do these days of "Mc-
Kinley prosperity," for suicide on ac-
count of starvation is as bad as any-
thing the microbes can scare up. In
fact most persons would rather face
the consequences from microbes
built like dragons and twenty feet
long, than the contingencies arising
from an empty stomach. Dr. Hurty's
latest scheme to drive the tax payer
insane, is a proposition that the state
establish a "sanatorium for indigent
consumptives" and a laboratory of
hygiene at a cost of \$10,000, and in
connection he files his report with
the Governor showing the deaths dur-
ing the year from communicable dis-
eases which is as follows: Typhoid,
687; tuberculosis, 2,279; small pox, 1;
cerebro spinal meningitis, 352; scarlet
fever, 108; diphtheria, 423; diarrhoeal
diseases, 537. This is a bad showing
surely, and it looks as if something
should be done, but will a state "san-
atorium for indigent consumptives"
meet the demand? All authorities
agree that consumption is inherited,
entire families being afflicted with it.
One way around the difficulty which
stares Dr. Hurty in the face, would be
a statute absolutely prohibiting mar-
riage in cases of consumptives, or
those affected in any way with scrofu-
lous or syphilitic blood. Sentiment
of course steps in to put up its pa-
thetic plea, but it also plays its part
when an infected person is taken
from a comfortable home to a pest
house to die, by the law. I recom-
mend to Dr. Hurty that he study this
phase of the question more and give
the microbes a rest.

NOW it is Peter Sells, the million-
aire circus proprietor, who is
dead set on having a divorce
from his wife, and has succeeded
in getting both his picture and hers
in the sensational newspapers, daub-
ing the family name all over with
slime, and kicking up a terrible dust.
No one can tell just yet whether Peter
is in earnest, or just advertising his
circus.

SO they put the harpoon into Mr.
Roberts, of Utah, just as deep
as the strength of Mr. Taylor,
of Ohio, could thrust it, consid-
ering the foundation he stood on. The
case seems to be an elephant. Mr.
Roberts was duly elected by a big ma-
jority of Utahites. They evidently
wanted him, and there is no question
as to his legal election. I may be
chronic in some things, but I never
could bear to hear the kettle call the
pot black. All the world is just as
well satisfied that some of these Con-
gressmen who are shying rocks at
Roberts, have their catapults trained
from glass domiciles. Many of them
secured their seats by corrupting the
voters. There may be a difference
between "boodling" and polygamy,
but there's very little distinction. I
am not in favor of allowing polygamy
any rope whatever, I believe in killing

...GOING OUT OF BUSINESS...

The people of Crawfordsville, Montgomery County and surrounding 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—because, 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 Chinillas, 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's all wool health under- wear, \$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, eleg- antly 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, go 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 \$5 to \$10, at..... 5.00
	Wendel's celebrated cassi- meres, all wool, elegantly made and trimmed, worth \$8, \$12 and \$14, at..... 7.00

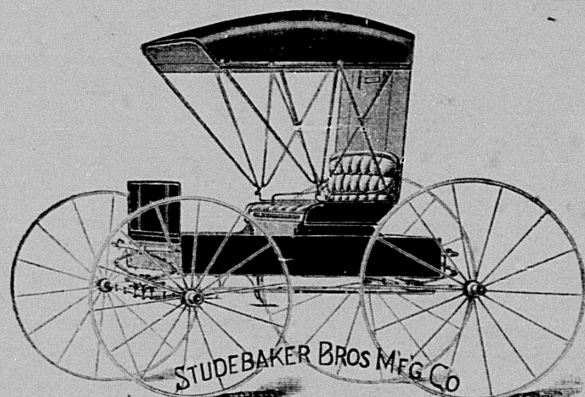
We Want Your Trade.

EDWARD WARNER

One Price Clothier and Hatter.

We Are Exclusive Agents

For Studebaker's Buggies, Surreys and Phaetons.



A. S. MILLER.

it, but when a God and morality ad-
ministration appoints some of these
same polygamists to federal office,
and enters into a compact with a fat
Sultan with more wives than Roberts
ever thought of marrying, and taxes
the people to support this South Sea
harem and its keepers, it does not
sound well for that party's represen-
tatives to howl so loud about Roberts.
I am in favor of not only bouncing
Roberts from Congress but of putting
him in the Utah States Prison for his
crime, and would vote to do it, but at
the same time I would be ashamed to
do so were I a Republican Congress-
man when I knew that my adminis-
tration was paying out thousands of
dollars yearly to support a Mahome-
dan harem in the Sulu Islands. They
can burn all the Greek fire they please,
but consistency is a jewel of the first
water, just the same.

the only 12-page Kidney Pill Bulletin
and Cuticura Resolvent Pronuncia-
mento read back into the party the
Democrats it has been so vigorously
reading out of late. They should see
that the lion and the lambs occupy
comfortably the same nest, and that
there is no danger. Harmony must
prevail on Jackson's day. I rather
like the idea of the Democracy get-
ting together on a level, and talking
about the glories of the party and re-
solving to put forward a united front,
and thus meet a common enemy. To
resolve to bury all local tomahawks
and work solely for the good of the
party. To allow all selfish ends and
petty personal quarrels to be buried in
oblivion. I do not know whose idea
this was, no one has spoken to me on
the question at all. But then I am
glad they are going to do it, and I'll
help 'em all I can.

Yours Observantly,
PETER PORCUPINE, JR.

To Cure LaGrippe in Two Days

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tab-
lets. All druggists refund the money
if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's
signature on every box. 25c.