

The Review.

PETER PORCUPINE.

S QUITURQUE PATREM HAUD
PASSIBUS AQUI.

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.



THE shipping of large quantities of champagne and unlimited quantities of plum pudding to the soldiers 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 intending to send a box of chocolate 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 extend the Anatolian railway to Bagdad, on the Euphrates. It will cost \$100,000,000. Shades of Narum Al Raschid! What pleasure 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 mansion 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 pertaining to Senatorial dignity, the Senator must pay out of his private fortune. When all this pomp and circumstance is become a necessary accomplishment of political life in this country, what "poor but honest" man has business in politics? We are long past the days of "Jeffersonian simplicity," which we like to boast of as one of the alluring prospects in this republic. It is not impudent 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 simplicity, and sturdy honesty of the fathers, if we would build as wisely for the future 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 vegetables, 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 return. 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 containing two and one-half bushels of apples, and other ingredients in pro-

portion, and even the hero was satisfied—satisfied as was the King of nursery fame with the pie of four and twenty blackbirds, and for once the apparently inappetite 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 eyes that wink and blink and grin in ghoulish glee, and out of which proceed all manner of abominable things of witches, imps, dragons 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 candidate for Governor. The Republican party could go a great deal farther and fare much worse than to nominate Mr. Hogate. He is manfully 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 of 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 Almighty is set aside by the trades unions and all work stops, just because 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 because of an inch of granite which nobody is allowed to cut off. There is no granite cutters' union in Chicago, so the agent of the Vermont Granite Co., who carries a card for convenience, proposed to take off the offending inch from the blocks. No sooner had he commenced than the soft stone cutters' union raised a terrible howl, and sent the walking delegate 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 contractors that if the Chicago soft stone cutters 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 account of it. I have no quarrel to make with labor unions. I believe in them, but I also believe in the exercise of a little ordinary horse sense at times in connection with them.

IT is rather amusing to see a newspaper clamoring for harmony in the party in one breath and then reading 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 everywhere, but it does seem that one of them is out of place, attempting to operate the only 12 page, patent inwards, kidney pill, bulletin of enlightenment 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 cannot spare any Democrats just a present. 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 ties himself to the office of the Township trustee and makes his talk for a stake. I do not refer to the unfortunate 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 deserve 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 little. 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 snags, 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 "crackerjack" 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 measly 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 December's snows fall.

OCASSIONALLY I hear a fellow roasting the churches, denying the existence of God, cursing the preachers and church members, and in many other ways showing their lack of common decency, and brains. I have but little patience with the fellow who is eternally crying "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 opportunities 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 occupied 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 futility is certainly a short sighted individual. These men they criticize, no matter how bad they may be, are better 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 desire 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 m't to bury this ornery cuss. He had hoses and he run 'em. He had chickens and he fit 'em. Let us remember his virtues, if he had any, and forget his vices, if we can, for such is the kingdom of heaven."

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 drown themselves with asses ears, in making attacks upon that which has survived the wreck of empires, and has built strong and deep and wide the foundations of State and home. It is disgusting, such talk as this.

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SO they put the harpoon into Mr. Roberts, of Utah, just as deep as the strength of Mr. Taylor, of Ohio, could thrust it, considering the foundation he stood on. The case seems to be an elephant. Mr. Roberts was duly elected by a big majority 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 Congressmen who are shying rocks at Roberts, have their catapults trained from glass domes. 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

them.

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

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Vermont Frieze, worth \$5.00 for.....	A large lot of odds and ends wall worth 5¢ at.....
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Heavy Chinchillas, in blue worth \$6.00 for.....	Best fleecy lined 16-lb goods in blue and natural at.....
Extra heavy beaver, in blue and black, worth \$7.00 for..	Balbriggans in blue and brown, worth 75¢, at.....
Fine Covert cloth, made up in extra wide facing, satin bound fancy check black, sells ev- erywhere for \$8.00 for.....	Sheard's all wool health un- derwear, \$1.25, at.....
Kersey beaver in black, blue, and brown, satin bound, good value at \$10.00 for.....	Very best Australian wool in blue, tan and natural, \$1.50 goods, at.....
Raw edged English Kersey, worth \$12.00 for.....	Men's Suits.
Extra fine English Kersey, ele- gantly tailored, worth \$14.00 for.....	Men's Union, 60 per cent. wool suits, cheap at \$5.00 at.....
Fine Kersey Beaver in blue and black, wide facing, satin yoke and sleeves, worth \$15.00 for	Men's blue and black chevi- ots and clay worsted pat- terns, well worth \$6.00, at.....
Extra fine quality K- ersey Beaver, equal to finest merchant tailored garment, worth \$20 for.....	Regular all wool cassimere Darville and South Bend woolen mill goods, worth \$8 to \$10.00, at.....
	Wendell's celebrated cassi- mieres, all wool, elegantly made and trimmed, worth \$9, \$12 and \$14, at.....

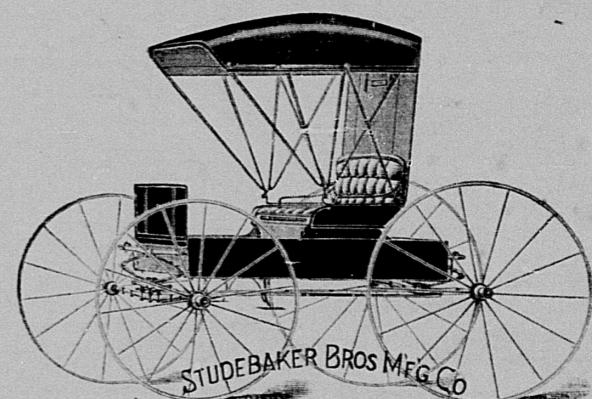
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A. S. MILLER.

it, but when a God and morality administration 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 representatives 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 Congressman when I knew that my administration was paying out thousands of dollars yearly to support a Mahomedan 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.

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the only 12-page Kidney Pill Bulletin and Cuticura Resolvent Pronunciamento 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 getting together on a level, and talking about the glories of the party and resolving 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.

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