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The Republican.
CALDWELL PUBLISHER.
Rates of Advertising.

Space	1 in.	2 in.	3 in.	4 in.	5 in.	6 in.	1 year
1 inch	1 00	2 00	3 00	4 00	5 00	6 00	18 00
2 inches	2 00	4 00	6 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	36 00
3 inches	3 00	6 00	9 00	12 00	15 00	18 00	54 00
4 inches	4 00	8 00	12 00	16 00	20 00	24 00	72 00
5 inches	5 00	10 00	15 00	20 00	25 00	30 00	90 00
6 inches	6 00	12 00	18 00	24 00	30 00	36 00	108 00
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2 columns	24 00	48 00	72 00	96 00	120 00	144 00	432 00
3 columns	36 00	72 00	108 00	144 00	180 00	216 00	648 00

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Our Job Rooms are supplied with every facility for doing printing neatly, cheaply and promptly and we respectfully solicit your patronage, guaranteeing satisfaction.

DIRECTORY

COUNTY OFFICERS

County Officers—In the Court House.
Clerk..... Daniel McDonald.
Auditor..... A. C. Thompson.
Treasurer..... J. C. Frank.
Recorder..... J. B. King.
Sergeant..... W. E. North.
Commissioner..... W. E. Bailey.
School Commissioner..... Howard Baraby.
Regular sessions..... James Adams.
First Monday in March, June, September and December.

JUDICIAL OFFICERS

Circuit Judge..... Sidney Keith.
Circuit Prosecutor..... J. O. Jones.
Sessions of the Circuit Court, 4th Monday in February, 2d Monday in May, 1st Monday in September and 2d Monday in December.

CITY GOVERNMENT

City Council meets second and fourth Mondays in February, 2d Monday in May, 1st Monday in September and 2d Monday in December.
A. M. Johnson, Mayor.
R. E. Sanders, Clerk.

CHURCHES

METHODIST EPISCOPAL, Rev. T. C. Springer, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10:30 a. m. Class Meetings, at 2 o'clock, on Wednesdays. Prayer meeting, weekly, on Thursdays, at 7 p. m. Seals Free. The public are cordially invited.
PRESBYTERIAN, Rev. G. A. Little, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible Class, on Wednesdays, at 7 p. m. Seals free, and the public cordially invited.
ST. THOMAS EPISCOPAL, Rev. J. F. Faudt, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., and at 7:30 p. m. Seals free to all. Sunday School and Bible Class at 12:30 p. m.
EVANGELICAL (German), Rev. C. Hoffmann, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible Class, on Wednesdays, at 7 p. m. Seals free, and the public cordially invited.
CHRISTIAN CHURCH, H. V. Reed, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Seals free, and the public cordially invited.

WAGONS

WAGONS, BUGGIES, SULKIES, Etc. And keeps on hand a number of wagons for sale. He sells the celebrated "McGormick Reaper and Mower," the "Hoover Grain Drill," the "First & Bradley's Hay, Etc. and Corn Plow," and the two horse "S. & C. Soil Plow."
W. J. ANKNEY, M. H. F.
Plymouth, Indiana.

CENTENNIAL PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

Every style of the art in a gem or photograph to the finest India Ink picture, executed in the highest artistic skill. Also copying and enlarging made a specialty. We have the best light, so that pictures may be taken in any kind of weather. Picture frames kept constantly on hand. With our kindest regards for an already liberal patronage, we would bespeak a continuation of the same, hoping to be able to render perfect satisfaction, both in price and quality of work. Remember the place, Michigan street, near Wheeler's Bank, Plymouth, Ind.
172 Jan 77 J. E. PORTMERS, Artist.

A. R. Philpot.

Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Silver and Plated Goods. Fine assortment of Jewelry and Specialties. REPAIRING CLOCKS AND FINE WATCHES A SPECIALTY. Also Sewing Machine Oil and Needles.
172 Michigan Street, Plymouth, Ind.

FURNITURE

G. KROUT,
Furniture manufacturer, Dealer, and Undertaker. Keeps a LARGE and most CHOICE stock of **DRAPERY AND FLYING**
FURNITURE
AND
BURIAL CASES
AT PRICES CHEAPER THAN EVER BEFORE.
CALL IN AND SEE ME
Before buying elsewhere, and Convince yourselves of the above facts!
Four doors north of Wheeler's Bank, Plymouth, Ind.

CITY RUG STORE.

Lucius Tanner, Proprietor.
One door South 1st Nat. Bank, Plymouth, Ind.
My stock is Full, Fresh and Reliable. I sell for cash at the lowest market prices and guarantee the quality. Physicians prescriptions and family receipts compounded day and night. I have also
SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,
Blank Books, Toys, Fancy and Toilet articles, Tobaccos, Cigars, etc., which I invite the public to examine before purchasing elsewhere, and save money by it.
L. TANNER, Plymouth, Ind.

C. C. WOLF,



BECKER & WOLF.

Settled That
Becker & Wolf, First Door South of Buck & Toan, have the

Largest and Best

Selected stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes and Carpets ever offered to the people of Marshall county, which they are selling at prices that will satisfy the closest buyers.

Our Stock of Dress Goods is Large and of Great Variety,

Embracing all the Latest Styles

Bottom Prices.

My stock of

Pianos, Organs, Violins,

Guitars, Banjos, Accordeons, etc.,

is most complete, and at prices lower yet than ever before.

SPECTACLES OF ALL KINDS

Very cheap. Musical Instruments, Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, etc., warranted to be as represented. Repairing of Clocks and Fine Watches.

A SPECIALTY.

All work executed with neatness and dispatch at very reasonable prices.
C. C. WOLF,
Rochester, Ind.

GO TO

John G. Leonard's

FOR FIRST-CLASS

FARM WAGONS,

AND

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

He makes to order all kinds of

WAGONS,

BUGGIES,

SULKIES, Etc.

And keeps on hand a number of wagons for sale. He sells the celebrated "McGormick Reaper and Mower," the "Hoover Grain Drill," the "First & Bradley's Hay, Etc. and Corn Plow," and the two horse "S. & C. Soil Plow."
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SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,
Blank Books, Toys, Fancy and Toilet articles, Tobaccos, Cigars, etc., which I invite the public to examine before purchasing elsewhere, and save money by it.
L. TANNER, Plymouth, Ind.

Attention!

Attention is called to My Great Specialty, namely, Uniformly Low Prices Throughout. I do not mark down a few Undesirable Goods and then "blow" about it, but give each customer the benefit of buying each and every article at the very bottom of the market.

SIMON BECKER,

Next door to W. W. Hill.

Largest

AND

Best Stock

In the city, comprising

Dress Goods,

DRY GOODS,

READY MADE

Clothing,

HATS AND CAPS,

PARASOLS, VALISES,

UMBRELLAS,

TRUNKS, NOTIONS,

ETC.,

DRESS GOODS.

In Dress Goods there is an excellent variety of Alpacaes, Silks, Plaids, Mohairs, Cashmeres, Dress Gingham, Grass Cloths and Linens.

DRY GOODS.

In Dry Goods may be found all brands of Domestic Goods, as Calicoes, Muslins, Tickings, Cheeks, Chevots, Etc., all of which will be sold very low.

Ready Made

CLOTHING.

In Ready-Made Clothing I am proud to say, I fear no Competitor, I care not who he is! Let any man who wants a Suit of Good Clothing come to me, and I shall convince him that he can select from a Good, Prime, New Stock, better than from a stock which has been culled.

LADIES

Call at

Simon Becker's

for Good

READY MADE

LINEN SUITS.

Appear Well in Figures. And Figures Never Lie.

50 Suits Men Clothing, at.....\$4 25
50 Coats..... 2 25
50 Jeans Suits..... 4 50
50 All-Wool Cassimeres..... 9 75
50 Suits Fine Cassimeres..... 12 50
Good Overalls..... 50
Good Pants, lined throughout..... 1 25
Paper Collars, per box..... 10
Socks, per pair..... 06

And everything else proportionately cheap.

I shall not mention more prices, but ask my Friends and Customers to come and see me before buying elsewhere, and I shall spare no pains in my honest endeavors to please.

BECKER & WOLF,

Don't Forget the Place. Next Door to

W. W. Hill.

Plymouth, Ind.

SIMON BECKER.

Life's West Windows.

We stand at life's west windows,
And think of the years that have gone;
Remembering the coming sunset,
We too must remember the morn;
But the sun will set, the day will close,
And at the end will come to all our woes.

As we watch from the western casements,
Reviewing our happy youth,
We mourn for his vanished promise
Of honor, ambition, and truth;
But hope will fade and youth decay,
When we think how soon we must away.

We stand at life's west windows,
And turn not sadly away,
To watch our children's faces
The sunshine of sparkling day,
But our own must set, our lips grow dumb,
And to look from our windows our children come.

Still looking from life's west windows,
And we know we would not again
Look forth from the eastern barrier,
And live over all life's pain;
Though life's sunrise be brilliant, its sunset is sweet,
Since it brings longed-for rest to our weary feet.

CASTLE OF ROSENFELS,

OR

The Robber of the Black Forest.

Translated from the German for the Republican.

BY FRED LANG.

CHAPTER XVI.

Eudocia Ellendorf had recovered from the effect of her wounds in less than forty-eight hours after she received it. It had ceased to trouble her, and she felt happy to think she had received it.

It was early in the morning—the same morning on which Kraunich discovered the flight of Johanna and her mother. Eudocia was standing in the walk that led up through her little flower garden, and by her side stood Beverwick of Hardiek. The fresh tints of the morning sun were lighting up their features, and in truth they looked most beautiful. One might travel a long year's journey and not meet with a couple so faultlessly beautiful in appearance as were Beverwick and Eudocia. Beverwick had been at the hunter's cot for half an hour having ridden from the village beyond the castle. The old man was not at home, nor had he been during the night, having gone away on business, the nature of which his daughter knew nothing about. The young man had been talking, and the maiden had been listening.

"Eudocia," said Beverwick, at the end of a silence which had lasted for some minutes, "I am going to ask you a question, now, that has more of importance in it than all else I have said to you." He took her hand as he spoke, and then gazing fondly into her face, he continued: "That I love you truly, fondly, you must already be aware. Nay, do not tremble. You must have seen and known my love. Have you not?—Answer me Eudocia."

"I have thought you loved me," murmured the maiden, bending her eyes to the ground and trembling like an aspen.

"And did the thought make you happy?"

"It always makes me happy to be loved."

"Ah, but that is not answering me truly. You know my love is such as can be felt but once, and such too, as a maiden can honestly receive from but one person in the world. Does such love make you happy?"

Eudocia hesitated. She could not—dare not answer.

"Will you not tell me?" urged the young man. "Tell me the truth, let it be what it may."

"I have felt happy when I thought you loved me," at length murmured the blushing maiden.

"And now that you know I love you, are you happy?"

"Yes."

"Then, Eudocia, I have a still deeper question to ask. Life is before us, with all its joys and sorrows. We both of us seek peace and happiness for our lot. Shall we travel down the hill of time together? Will you be my companion for life—my partner in joy and sorrow—my wife?"

The gentle breeze of morning moved the leaves with low murmurs—the dew glittered like diamonds upon the blushing flowers—the tiny birds sang their sweet songs, and heaven itself was smiling most lovingly. The season, the place and the occasion were fitting for such a question as that which had dropped from Beverwick's lips. It was a new episode in the maiden's life. A world of thought and feeling was opened to her into which her soul had never entered. It was some moments before she spoke, but when she did speak she raised her eyes to the face of the man beside her, and while a tear stood upon her long lashes, she said:

"To my kind old father I owe my first boon of life and love—next I have given them to you."

Her head sank forward till it rested upon Beverwick's bosom, and the beautiful girl was happy. She had forgotten all her suspicions—she had forgotten that she had not known her lover for years. Love alone held its

sway in her own soul, and to such a soul as hers its love was all in all.

"Eudocia," spoke the young man, in a deep meaning tone, "you have spoken words which give to my heart a thrill of joy such as I have not known before for years. You have trusted to my love and to my honor, and now I will prove myself worthy. Think of me while I am gone, and nurture well the love you bear me, for I could ill afford to lose it now. I have waited longer than I meant, but should I lose the object of my visit to the forest, I am more than repaid. Bless you, dear girl, bless you. Adieu, till we meet again."

He kissed the maiden, and she returned the token of love. Then he turned from the garden, and with a quick step he plunged into the forest. When he reached the horse path that led towards Meisen, he stopped and knelt down. The rain of the night before still hung in drops from the twigs and grass.

"No one has passed here this morning," said Beverwick to himself, as he arose to his feet, "so I am in time after all."

He took out his pistols and examined the priming, and having assured himself that his arms were in ample order, he moved slowly on his way further into the forest. As he walked along he hummed fragments of tunes to himself, and anon he would murmur half-formed sentences. At times there was a quiet smile upon his features—then they would settle down to a sober cast, and again, his brow would darken with a deep frown. His thoughts were evidently varied and changeable, for at one moment he almost broke out into a laugh—and then, on the next, would come a frown again—a frown with meaning and significance.

At length he began to exhibit signs of impatience, and very often he would stop and listen and gaze behind him. But he was after a while relieved from the dull monotony of his walk by the sound of a horse's step behind him, and soon he heard the hum of a man's voice singing a bacchanalian song. Beverwick turned to the side of the path and walked more slowly, and ere long he heard the horseman close behind him. The fellow stopped his singing as he saw the pedestrian, and Beverwick halted and turned towards him.

"Good morning," said Beverwick.

"Good morning," returned the horseman, who was none other than master Joseph, the trusty courier of Moritz Kraunich.

"It is a right good morning," added Beverwick, moving into the middle of the path. "Are you from Rosenfels?"

"Yes," returned Joseph, stopping his horse—a thing which he could not well avoid, seeing that the footman had the path.

"Going to Vienna I suppose?" continued Beverwick.

"Don't know," replied the other, not in the best of humor.

"But wherever I am going, I am in a hurry, so just move out of the way and let me pass."

"One moment, and then you shall go off as quickly as you could wish. What news from Rosenfels?"

"None, save that a calf broke loose from its mother and ran away last night, and this morning I heard that the people were after it."

"Then you had better hasten, or you may be caught," said Beverwick, with a light merry laugh.

Master Joseph grew wrathful at this personal joke, and with his riding whip he struck the interlocutor across the shoulders.

"Get out of my way," he cried, at the same time "Get out, or I'll ride you down."

"One moment, added Beverwick, seeming to take no notice of the blow he had received. "You are from the castle this morning?"

"Yes, I am, and on business, too; so move out of the way."

Beverwick moved on one side, and the rider passed on, but ere he had reached the length of his beast the young man drew a pistol, and quickly aiming it at the horseman's head, he fired. Master Joseph uttered no cry, but he leaped up in his saddle, and after swaying to and fro a few times, he fell upon the ground. Beverwick started the horse on out of the way, and then approached the body of the fallen man.

"I'm sorry that I had to kill the master Joseph," he muttered, as he found that the fellow's life had fled.

"But you have done villainy enough for one lifetime, so you're better dead than alive."

As Beverwick spoke, he knelt down and began to overhaul the contents of the courier's pockets. He found the three letters for the ministers of the archduke, and these he opened. He smiled as he read their contents, and having folded them up, he put them into his own pocket. Then he resumed his search, but nothing more could he find in the fellow's pockets. This did not daunt him, however, for he still continued his search by tearing master Joseph's clothes in pieces.

"By my soul," he at length muttered, "if he has nothing more, then I have taken his life recklessly; and villain as he was, I should be sorry"

The fellow's doublet was torn open,

and so were his frock and hat, but nothing was found. Then Beverwick took off his shoes, but they were empty. One thing, however, quickly struck the young man's mind, and that was, that the shoes were very light for such thick soles. Acting upon this idea, Beverwick took his dagger and pried the soles off. An exclamation of satisfaction escaped him as he removed the sole from the first shoe, for a neatly folded letter dropped out. The young man picked it up, and found it directed to "Martin Hergott." In the other shoe he found a second letter concealed in like manner. These letters he opened and read, and when he had finished, a strange smile swept across his features.

"Fifth, Sir Moritz, I have these now," he uttered, as he placed the letters carefully in the inside pocket of his doublet. "And good master Hergott, too. Upon my soul you have planned your work well; but the Lord help you when you fall from the pinnacle upon which you are climbing. Ah, Sir Moritz Kraunich, your footing is slippery!"

Beverwick dragged the dead body out from the path as he ceased speaking, and then having caught the ill-fated courier's horse, he mounted and rode off towards Meisen.

While the transactions were going on which we have recorded in the last chapter Olivia Leanden and her daughter were preparing for their breakfast in the mountain cave. It was late when they awoke, but they felt much refreshed by the sleep they had enjoyed. Mirra came and told them that the morning's meal was ready, and when they went to the table they found all that the most delicate palate could desire.

The meal was eaten almost in silence, but after it was finished Johanna expressed a desire to walk out into the open air. Mirra readily offered to accompany her, and after things were somewhat put to rights, the three women left their own apartment and passed out through the main cave. There was only one man there, and he sat at the small table, where the two men had been writing the night before, engaged in making paper cartridges. He looked up as the women entered, and a slight exclamation from his lips called the attention of Johanna. The maiden cast her eyes towards the workman, and who should he be but old Roland, the porter. Johanna sprang towards him, and Olivia, too, was quickly by his side.

"Roland!" uttered the maiden, as she grasped the old man's hand.

"And are you here, too?"

"Yes, yes, my kind lady. Waldeck has given me shelter."

"But why did you come?" continued Johanna, after her mother had greeted the old man. She spoke in a lower tone, and with evident feeling.

"Why are you at work here?"

"Because there is work to be done," repeated Roland, I must help those who help me."

"But you have not joined Waldeck's band?"

"No, not exactly joined it," said the old man, with some hesitation; "but while I accept his protection I can but help him. I had rather help him do his work than help Moritz Kraunich."

The introduction of this contrast had more effect upon the minds of Johanna and her mother towards reconciling them to the occupation of him who helped the dreaded bandit than could volumes of argument, for the character of Kraunich was so utterly black that Waldeck seemed pure in contrast.

"Are you alone here in the cave?" asked Olivia.

"Just as I am the only man here; but there are others not far distant."

"Tell me, Roland," said Johanna, while a look of curiosity rested upon her features, "did you know of this place before you came here now?"

"I did not know its whereabouts, lady, though I knew that there was a large cave somewhere up here. It is a safe place—much safer for you than the place you have left."

Johanna would have asked many questions, but the presence of Mirra restrained her, and after waiting a moment longer to gaze upon the kind face of the faithful old man