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MORTUARY RECORD.

THE INEVITABLE HOUR COMES TO MANY.

John M. Ruge Dies at the Home of His Mother after a Few Months' Illness—Obituary of Mrs. Angeline Staley—Other Deaths.

"There is a reaper and his name is Death." He beckons and his will is supreme. The young, the old, and the middle-aged alike answer his dreaded summons. This is truly exemplified in the death of John M. Ruge. We stand in the presence of this great mystery and wonder what it all means.

It's only before death
And not in death
That death is death.

This we all know, that in the great economy of the Creator there is no waste. We look into nature and there we see an infinite world throbbing with life. A meteor flashes across the sky and men tremble. On and on it whirls through space, accumulating power and form as it flies, until at last another world is traveling with the speed of lightning. And then the Almighty breathes into man his own image and attributes; and behold, a world is born. In the lily, too, we see how the Creator brings life out of death. In the summer, as we walk through the valley, at the foot of the mountain the air is full of the perfume of the lily and the rose. In the autumn the lily grows pale; the cold winds of winter come on the wings of the tempest from the mountain top of perpetual snow, howling through the canons, and the lily falls to the earth, blighted and dead. But it is not this with the departed whose demise is mourned today. The full-bloomed lily had erected its head in its full prime and beauty, and the cold blast of winter was far away; when lo, Death, from whose deadly touch we all do shrink, places his icy hand upon the lily and it dies. And while those he leaves behind may mourn, we believe if John could speak to them through unfathomable space, he would tell them there is no death, but that from this into another life the soul moves on.

If John M. Ruge had lived until Monday, March 9th, he would have seen his 22d birthday. He was born in Plymouth, and attended our public school in his boyhood days. At school he gave evidence of a desire to educate himself for the events of life and received a good education, preparatory to entering upon mercantile pursuits.

In 1890, at the age of 16, he entered the dry goods store of Mr. R. Kloepfer. From the first he showed a disposition to lay hold of the work in a manner that would not only give satisfaction to his employer, but fit him for positions of trust. Here is where he showed his sterling qualities. He was always courteous and pleasant, seeing with that instinct that denotes the self-made man, and in a very short time he gained the entire confidence of his employer, who today will say: "John Ruge was the best boy I ever had in my store." A tribute, though few in words, is a jewel worth striving for.

Last March the first indication of that dread disease, consumption, manifested itself. John immediately went to Washington, D. C., where his sister Mrs. W. C. Botsch, resided, in hopes of allaying the pronounced symptoms. The benefit he hoped to receive was not satisfactory and he returned to Plymouth last July.

Last October he was compelled to remain in the house and since that time he gradually became weaker, until about a month ago, when he took to his bed.

Thursday night Mr. Kleopfer, his old employer, was told that John desired to see him. He repaired immediately to the stricken home, and was soon at the bed side of the dying young man. He took Mr. Kleopfer by the hand and told him that he desired to bid him good bye as he was about to leave this world. He called the members of the family around his bed and affectionately bid them each good bye, and at 11:30 the wearied spirit left the tenement of clay and returned to God who gave it.

Mrs. Angeline Staley.

Angeline Staley, wife of Stephen S. Staley, was born Dec. 26, 1826, in Lewis county, Kentucky. Her parents were Joseph B. and Mary Dunn. With them and the family she removed to Illinois about 1832. Thence they came to Indiana, locating in Pulaski county, near the town of Winamac. In 1839 they came to Marshall county, and here she lived about fifty-six years, till her death, which occurred Monday, at 3 o'clock p. m., March 2, 1896. Her age was 69 years, 10 months, and 5 days. Her father and mother, her brothers and sisters lie buried in the Stringer graveyard, west of this city, where beside them her remains were laid. She was the last survivor of her immediate family. She has no blood relative, nearer than first cousin, now living.

She was twice married—first, when near the age of 47, to Noble Lovely, whose death occurred some three years after their marriage. He was accidentally and suddenly killed by a falling limb while working in the woods. February 18, 1879, she was married to her now bereaved husband. The first nine years after their marriage their home was in Plymouth, Ind. For more than seven years they have lived on Mr. Staley's farm, four miles southeast of this city.

For more than ten years Mrs. Staley's health had been failing, and with increased years the decline was more rapid. She often suffered greatly and was almost an invalid a large part of the time. In her final illness, which was the outcome of her chronic stomach trouble, she was a great sufferer for two weeks or more. She was aware of the inevitable outcome of her sickness and talked freely about dying and about the world to come and the friends gone before.

She called frequently for the singing of the familiar hymns of Christian worship and was pleased to have the Bible read and prayers offered in her sick-room.

She had been a member of the M. E. church from her early youth. She loved the cause of Christ and died trusting in the mercy of God. May her soul rest in peace. Amen.

O. M. Barnard.

O. M. Barnard, a former resident of this city, died at Delphi, in Carroll county, on the 24th ult., of heart trouble. He was found dead in his chair.

Mr. Barnard was sheriff of Marshall county in 1858, continuing in office until 1862. Mr. Barnard was a republican and, we understand, was the first one of that party to secure that office in this county.

The deceased leaves three daughters who were all well known in this community. They are: Mrs. C. E. Toan, of Menekaunee, Wis.; Mrs. G. F. Bensor, of Lake City, Minn.; and Mrs. Dr. J. E. Westervelt, of Spokane, Washington.

"Mamma, I Will Be Your Guardian Angel."

[To bereaved parents.]

"We're not all here:
She is away—that dead one dear!
We are all here.
Even she, the dead—though dead, so dear—
She is around us, as she was of old:
We are all here!"

Sweet is the memory of the departed. We live not in the present, but look forward with hope and backward with regret, as we mourn the loss of those who made this life most desirable. The endearments of life are found in the society of friends and the love we have for others. The tie that binds us here, though made of mortal clay—a fragile bond—is yet a golden chain, and from it many a link has dropped, even in the short period of our existence. One by one they leave us; but in their departure they sunder not the tie. The love of a fond mother for her living child is the purest of all earthly loves; but not as pure, or so much like heaven, as the love we bear toward departed friends freed from the dross of earth. Our hearts yearn for them; they speak to us; they bring to our minds their forms and features, and kindle anew the flame of love.

The heart sighs for the departed; and does it find no response? Is there no return for these outpourings of the spirit? There is an answer to these silent musings. The unheard words seem to inspire us with new emotions and holier resolves to live and be like those who have gone before. A voice seems silently speaking to us, inviting us to share its happiness, and yet we cling to earth; and, while we linger, that spirit appears to follow our wanderings and direct our way. May it not be that these influences are those of some guardian angel, the spirit of a dear one, speaking to us and caring for us?

Our belief in angelic existence is but too vague and shadowy. The whole story seems like a pleasing superstition, an enchanted fable from the mythology of the ancients; or like a sweet strain of melody floating to our ears from some far-off land. We profess a belief in their existence; but how little is our practice in accordance with the same. We speak of them as personifications of good or evil, rather than actual living beings, possessing a distinct individuality, with vast and vivid powers of mind, with lofty sympathies and holy affection for mankind, gifted with super-human strength and wisdom, of which we can form but faint conceptions. We can but believe in such an order of beings, for to doubt it would be skepticism itself.

The belief that the spirits of departed friends become guardian angels to watch around those they love, but leave, is most pleasing and delightful. It calms the mind; it comforts amid all the trials of earth; it consoles under all afflictions; drops the balm of healing into the wounds of bereavement; and lightens that heaviest stroke which sin can bring to mortals. How we love the thought when once it has filled the mind.

The scriptures plainly teach that the employment of departed spirits is of a ten-fold nature in prayer to God and ministering to the good of others. "I say unto you," says Christ, "their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in Heaven." "Are they not all ministering spirits sent to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?" Love to God and love to man constitutes the employment of the saints on earth, and it is the same in Heaven, only extended and more pure. When the love to God shall have so infinitely increased, so also shall the love to man.

Believe this, bereaved parents, that the mission of that child, who told you before going away that she would be your guardian angel, will be to watch over you, to guard and protect you from evil, and from the power of him who would destroy.

"I see thee still;
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust.
Thou comest in the morning light—
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night;
In dreams I meet thee, as of old;
Then thy soft arms my neck infold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear;
In every scene of memory dear,
I see thee still."

[Written by a friend.

NO. 8.

A Druggist, a Man Who Should Know Better, Goes this Time.

Well, boys, we still continue to bring you evidence of the deadly cigarette. It is a sure winner if you hold to it long enough.

MUNCIE, Ind., March 3.—The death of Charles D. Beemer, aged twenty-nine, occurred this morning at 10 o'clock after two days' sickness of pneumonia, superinduced by excessive smoking of cigarettes. He was formerly a member of the firm of Bowles & Beemer, who were Muncie's leading druggists. His mother purchased the store and he has been manager of the store a portion of the time since. He was a member of the Knights of Pythias. He leaves a wife and one child. His wife is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Bratton and was a popular young society woman.

History Unparalled.

Here is a case without a parallel. Harvey Dinehart hauled straw through the streets of Elkhart and it littered along the street. He was arrested under ordinance and fined $7.25, but the clemency of the court, Judge Arnold, was extended that he could clean up his litter and save the fine. This action of the court came to City Attorney Turner, who took the court to task and said he could enforce the ordinance or he would file an appeal bond and go to the circuit court. The judge did not believe in distressing farmers, but Dinehart had cleaned the street of his litter and presented himself to the court to be exonerated from further distress, when he was told he must likewise pay his fine or stand trial. The judge was mellow towards Dinehart, but hot under the collar towards Turner, but the cheapest way out was to pay, which he did, after having cleaned the street. Then he got permission to haul two more loads of straw with the promise that he would be careful, and by implication that he would carry a feather duster and dust off the clothes of Mr. Turner after he had his job done.—Goshen News.

A Trip to Darkest Africa.

Will Lankenau time keeper at the Novelty works and Leonard Voegeli, book keeper at the same institution, have, for some time, seriously contemplated going to South Africa this fall, and after doing that country to a turn, spend several months in Australia before returning to the United States. Of course a greater number of our people will be inclined to doubt the truthfulness of this report, but as a large number of Plymouth people know the daring proclivities of Lankenau, and his desire to face unknown dangers, it will not astonish them much when they hear that he has now in safe keeping a razor and mug which he proposes to use on the trip.

RETURNED TO OWNER

HORSE AND BUGGY STOLEN BY WATKINS ARE CLAIMED.

A Romantic Story Told by Young Watkins to His Benefactor—Watkins Supposed to Be in Denver.

A few days ago THE INDEPENDENT spoke of a horse and buggy being stolen at Columbus, Ohio, and left here by a young man named Watkins. The facts in the case are somewhat romantic and are about as follows:

Some four months ago a young man about 19 years of age knocked at the door of John McCarthy's home, a short distance from Columbus, Ohio, and asked for something to eat. Ragged and unkempt he stood before the master of the house a subject for pity. Mr. McCarthy took the boy in and provided for his immediate wants, and told him he might remain there and do chores until he could secure a situation.

Howard, as the young man called himself, told his benefactor a tale that would fit a yellow-back novel. It was, in substance, that he had been out West, and had in some manner, not stated, incurred the enmity of two "Greasers," or Mexicans, and they had sworn to have his life-blood. He had since that time been fleeing from his enemies, who had persistently followed him, and were at that time in the immediate neighborhood. Mr. McCarthy states that one incident gave color to the story. One evening shots were heard in the vicinity of the house, and Watkins took a revolver and went outside. In a short time another shot was heard, followed immediately by two shots from the boy. The young man not returning, McCarthy, in company with some neighbors, started out and found young Watkins, who had been shot in the side. Our informant says there was no doubt that the young man received the wound from some one else, as the bullet when removed proved to be from a different gun than that in the hands of the boy.

Mr. McCarthy then did every thing possible for him, paying the doctor bill, and nursing him until he recovered. After his recovery, McCarthy got Watkins a position running a stationary engine which he run one month. At the expiration of that time Watkins informed his friend that he desired to go to Muncie, this state on important business. Mr. McCarthy hitched up his horse and took him four miles to a railroad station. That night the horse and buggy were stolen. The evidence surrounding the thief pointed to the guilt of the boy, as every incident surrounding the work in hitching up, showed the usual mode followed by Watkins. He received a letter from Watkins mailed at Ft. Wayne and also one from Muncie. Mr. McCarthy wrote to the marshall here and discovered the property.

Here comes another side to the story. The boy told his parents that he had taken the rig for a debt, and we are informed before he started west secured $60.00 from his father leaving the rig for him to collect on when the owner appeared. Young Watkins is reported to be in Denver, and the chief of police in that city has been notified to arrest him. Watkins had been arrested in Plymouth once for cutting electric wires, and through the intervention of friends was released with the fine suspended on good behavior. His friends deplore the trouble into which he has gotten, and especially do they sympathize with his father and mother.

A Five-Dollar Bet.

Our friend McDonald repeats a humorous story this week about our friend Harry Humrichouser losing five dollars on the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight, which was reported in THE INDEPENDENT and caused Harry to lose the bet. Mc. seems to be rather ancient in giving out news. Why don't you tell something about Henry VII, of England, granting patents in 1496, or the death of Odoacer, king of Italy, in 493; the former being more appropriate as you are quite "English, you know," on the tariff issue. Humrichouser and the editor of THE INDEPENDENT had quite a talk some time ago over this little error, and at the time he told us that THE INDEPENDENT gave out important news ahead of the Ft. Wayne papers in a number of instances. But even that error in comparison to the Sweet business, reported by the Democrat and copied by his friend Brooke of the Republican, is very small. Crack another, Mc.

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AMEND THE MOTION.

Those of our citizens who attended the republican meeting at the opera house last Saturday night will no doubt recognize in the above cartoon our learned contemporary, E. S. Brooke, who has arisen to ask for a stereotyped amendment to the previous motion.

"I move an amendment to the motion by inserting the words McKinley Club instead of Republican Club."

The actual facts in the case were that the greater portion of those present were McKinley republicans, but the source of the motion at that time had the effect of having the would-be dictator being sat down upon.

Our artist, in producing this cut, utilized it for a "chappie" who was to take part in a dramatic production. He asked the manager what part he was to take, and was informed that he would not be embarassed in handling it, as he would represent a man who had been dead ten years. Our friend, the dictator, will find himself in the same boat this fall from a political standpoint.

Resolutions.

At a regular meeting of the W. C. T. U., March 2, 1896, the following action was taken:

Resolved, That as Brother Landis, pastor of the U. B. church, has, by his persistent zeal and true manhood in his effort to break down the strongholds of Satan, found in the wicked haunts of the American saloon, essayed a noble work, we, as members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, unite in extending our sympathy in his sad disappointment that he did not receive the warranted aid and support from the Christian ministers and brethren, and will try in all ways possible to manifest our high regard for the fearless and earnest manner in which he proclaims the WHOLE gospel of Jesus Christ, and his consistent course in trying to live the same. EVA H. BLAIN, President.

HARRIET M. AULT, Rec. Sec'y.

Marriage Bells.

Through the mischievous chirping of a little bird it was discovered that a happy wedding was solemnized Thursday at the residence of Mrs. Kate Welch. The contracting parties were Mr. Frank Hausen, of Chicago, and Miss Lizzie Welch. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. L. S. Smith.

The groom is a talented young man, who holds an important position in one of the large packing houses of Chicago, while the bride is so well known in our city that it is useless for us to comment upon her many enobling qualities. The newly married couple left in the evening for the East, returning to Plymouth today. They will leave the first of the week for their future home in Chicago.

Went to Ft. Wayne.

Mr. and Mrs. Hausen, who were married Thursday, left for Fort Wayne where they will remain until today. A surprise will be in store for them there, as Eugene Welch, brother of the bride, whom they suppose to be in Boston, has been notified of their presence there and will call upon them. This evening a reception will be held in their honor in this city. Mr. Hausen is a member of the firm of S. D. Hausen & Co., live stock commissioners, and has an office at the stock yards at Chicago.

In speaking of this marriage being quite a surprise to the friends of the bride, we might remark that she kept the matter a profound secret from her immediate relatives until the day preceeding the wedding. And yet they say a woman cannot keep a secret.

Is it a Girl?

Last Monday night our ex-county clerk D. A. Snyder assumed another responsibility in the shape of a girl. There is not the slightest doubt that Mr. and Mrs. Snyder are equal to the responsibility placed upon them by this new arrival.

Association Meeting.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Sunday-school association will be held in Mr. J. W. Park's office, Plymouth, on Saturday afternoon, Mch. 14, at 1:30 o'clock. All township officers and any others interested are urged to be present. MYRON CHASE, Pres.

MR. M. E. HUME, Sec'y.

THE SOCIAL WHIRL.

GATHERINGS OF THE MERRY-MAKERS.

Young Ladies Form a Sleighing Party—A Birthday that Can Be Celebrated but Once in Four Years—A Farewell Party.

Amelia Selbmann, daughter of Moritz Selbmann, was treated to a genuine surprise on Saturday evening, it being her twelfth birthday. Her mother and Miss Eva Reynolds invited some of her young friends, for whom a substantial supper was provided, after which the time was pleasantly spent in games and other pastimes. What made the occasion one of more interest is the fact that this is the last birthday the young lady can have until she is 20 years old.

Surprised.

Monday evening a sleighing party of young ladies called unexpectedly on Mr. and Mrs. O. Vanvactor. They were highly entertained and everyone present reports a very pleasant evening's enjoyment. The party was composed of the following young ladies:

Kate Shomer,	Sarah Heckart,
Anna Sindell,	Emma Rodocker,
Tillie Wade,	Emma Cummins,
Anna Deveney,	Rosa Wenzler,
Amelia Brakel,	Ola Gordon,
Dora Joice,	Lena Molter,
Mame Johnson.	

A Social Gathering.

Wednesday evening a number of our young people gathered at the home of Miss Hazel Ketcham in honor of Rolla Cummings, who departed Thursday for Michigan. An enjoyable evening was spent and many heart-felt regrets expressed by those present regarding the removal of one of their associates from Plymouth. Those present were:

Messers.	
Arthur Wilttong,	Lott Losey,
Jesse Gilmore,	Sidney Becker,
Earle Corbaley,	Harry Ruge,
Ross Axe,	Floyd Bunnell.
Misses—	
Jennie Hawley,	Dodie Capron,
Gertie Thompson,	Edna Yockey,
Emma Yockey,	Lura Seivers,
Leanore Deeds,	Bessie Allman,
Mary Kendall,	May Southworth.
Effie Conger,	Florence Smith.

Mrs. W. M. Kendall entertained a few friends at an afternoon tea Thursday An enjoyable time was had.

The Postmaster.

An exchange says: The postmaster is expected to be perfect in all his doings and never make a mistake, and if he happens to put a letter in a box where it does not belong, oh, it is just awful and he is the most reckless man living, and the party is not easy until he has told everybody he knows what a careless trick the postmaster did, and if the postmaster happens to step out one minute and some one comes in after his mail they are ready to take his head off because he was not there to hand him his mail the very moment he comes in, but then he will go out and sit or stand around for half a day. The majority of people seem to think that the postmaster is their servant and it is his duty to do every fool thing they ask him to do, and some of them try to see how much trouble they can put him to; even the little boys have the same ideas about it and think they can order the postmaster to do just whatever they want to, and he must do it, or they will go out and say that the old postmaster don't know anything.

There are some people who, if they are expecting a letter and fail to get it just when they expect it, put all the blame on the postmaster and some accuse the postmaster of holding their letters. Now what on earth would a postmaster keep back a letter for? On the other hand they are always anxious for all letters to be taken out as soon as possible after they come. If some of their correspondents write badly, or miss-spell their name or town, the postmaster is blamed with everything that is wrong about his office; if the papers fail to come the day they ought, the postmaster is blamed for it; if the postmaster closes the office before 10 o'clock at night he is blamed for it; if the office is hot or if the office is cold the postmaster is blamed for it. It is just simply this, what we want done the postmaster must do whether it suits him or whether it is in accordance with the law or not; he is our servant and we intend to use him and if he don't do just as we want him to we will have him put out and put some one else in.

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