

Semi-Weekly Independent.

VOL. II.

PLYMOUTH, MARSHALL COUNTY, INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1896.

No. 17

Pants! Pants! Pants!

JEANS
AND
CORDUROY

TO ORDER.

A good pair of steel gray jeans working pants made to order for..... **\$3.00.**

Two grades corduroy pants, pair to order,.. **\$4.00**

Suits and Overcoats at living prices.

**KLEINSCHMIDT,
THE TAILOR.**

A Pre-inventory

Clothing Sale.

We take stock in a few weeks; the clothing stock must be moved to make room for the large, new and nobby line that will soon arrive.

In order to facilitate the quick movement of this stock we will give a straight cut of

30 per cent.

This is no buncombe. Will give an illustration: A suit is shown you that is marked \$11.50. Taking 30 per cent. off will make a discount amounting to \$3.45, which will make the price of the suit \$8.05. Every piece of clothing throughout the entire store is marked in plain figures, so that you yourself can take a pencil and figure the price of the suit. This, however does not pertain to suits alone, but to everything called clothing.

Those who have as yet not made their necessary purchases, now is your opportunity to buy a Suit, Overcoat or Pants at less than you ever before purchased.

This sale closes January 31, 1896.

BALL & CARABIN, PLYMOUTH

FARMERS DO YOU WANT CASH?

Then cut your second growth White Ash into bolts and logs and deliver to our factory. Bolts cut 4½ long, 6 inches in diameter and up, \$6.50 per cord. Logs cut 5½, 11 or 16½ feet long, 12 inches in diameter and up, \$18 per thousand. Must be straight timber and free from knots.

INDIANA NOVELTY M'F'G CO.

HE BROUGHT AN AXE.

A New Element in Religious Revival Services.

PROPOSED OFFERING SACRIFICE

A Queer Religious Enthusiast and His Unique Methods—His Insane Actions Broke Up the Meeting.

Not to be outdone by the balance of the civilized world, Plymouth has a Messiah.

He is not built upon the Schlatter order of architecture, nor after the style of the Rockford Schweinforth. Indeed, one of the strongest arguments used by the believers in his direct communication with the Almighty is that he is built upon a model exclusively and originally his own.

He is a young man by the name of Lewis Canaan. His father, George Canaan, is a farmer who lives upon the Brenner place, some four miles east of Plymouth. The son has been staying at the home of Archie Myers, north of Bourbon. The story of his odd hallucination and its curious symptoms is quite interesting.

It was about five weeks ago that Rev. W. H. Rittenhouse, of Bourbon, began a series of revival meeting services in the "Brick Chapel," some 6½ miles northwest of Bourbon. One of the early fruits was the coming of young Lewis Canaan to the altar and his wrestle with the Spirit. He was kneeling, but shortly fell over upon the floor, where he lay writhing and unconscious for quite a long time. He was taken home about 11 o'clock still in a dazed condition.

From this night on, Lew was a regular attendant at the meetings. He was supposed to be directly in communication with the Holy Spirit by many of the people thereabout, the divine impulse manifesting itself in divers strange ways during the hours of meeting, such as uncanny twitchings and jerkings of the arms, sudden starts, and many evidences resembling epilepsy. A few days later his mania took the form of wrenching and tearing up the bench seats of the chapel. All this time he was most reticent as to the impulses which moved him during these spells, and a great many of the devout ones still believe thoroughly that the young man is simply possessed of "the power."

Well, a week ago the meetings closed and on the 28th ultimo, Rev. Rittenhouse began his work at Fairview Chapel, four miles north of Bourbon. Canaan attended from the start, and exhibited the same peculiar religious fervor. Their opinion began to be divided regarding the authenticity of his authority and controlling medium.

Last Saturday came a climax. Canaan got around to church early that night, and evidently had come prepared to take a small hand in the proceedings himself. When the other members arrived, a strange, unusual air hung over the scene. In the middle of the center aisle, four or five feet in front of the pulpit, sat a square block of solid hewn wood, like a chopping block. Beside it on either hand leaned two axes, one a double-bitted sharp axe and the other an ordinary single-bitted one. On the front lower steps of the pulpit, with his back up against the altar's front, sat Canaan. In his lap lay the curly head of a mammoth black Newfoundland dog. Lewis looked stranger than ever, the observers thought, and nobody ventured into the other end of the sanctuary until Preacher Rittenhouse arrived.

The latter went forward and asked Lewis what he intended to do with his gruesome paraphernalia.

"Never mind," was the dogged response; "you'll find out before you're done preaching tonight!"

This answer, under all the existing circumstances, did not arouse in the pastor's breast the calm and confiding spirit which was to be desired.

He retreated to the stove in the other corner of the room, to get warm, and affairs remained in statu quo.

The audience gathered, the trustees of the church were among them, the hour for service arrived, and still the man and the dog occupied undisputed the further end of the room, while the preacher warmed himself by the stove.

Then ensued a canvassing of the situation, and Rev. Rittenhouse insisted that the trustees remove the sacrificial lay-out before any preaching was done. At last one trustee reluctantly started to interview Canaan.

The latter by this time was manifesting other strange impulses. He had gone down to his chopping block, and standing up on it, was swinging around an

axe in each hand with a decidedly unpleasant suggestiveness. The interview didn't result very favorably and the trustees came back to discuss affairs with the preacher. They wanted the latter to go ahead with the meeting, and he was not anxious to do so.

At last he started for the pulpit. Canaan came toward him, dragging one axe, and poked his forefinger against the dominie's bosom as he asked, "Are you goin' to preach here tonight?"

The preacher replied that it depended largely upon circumstances. The equivocal reply didn't suit the man with the axe, and he intimated that Mr. Rittenhouse was losing faith.

Mr. R. did not deny this, but went back to the stove to get warm. Again he asked the trustees to remove the insane man and his benedicting outfit, and again they declined to force themselves upon Canaan's attention unnecessarily.

Then the ire of the preacher rose, and he left the church, while the meeting was called off, much to the evident disappointment of Mr. Canaan.

So far as Rev. Rittenhouse was concerned, that ended the series of meetings in Fairview chapel. There resides a local preacher in the community, however, who took up the 'work and is carrying it on. He and his wife are among the firm believers in the theory that Canaan's strange actions are the result of the Lord's working directly through the young man.

Canaan did not bring his weapons to church last night. His father had been sent for to attend the meeting with him, and apparently exerted a quieting influence upon him. He remarked, however, that his purpose of Saturday night had been defeated, and that he would attend to it later on. So that the attendants on the meeting go each night with a pleasant sort of unwholesome expectancy which adds much to the interest of the occasion.

In all seriousness, it seems to THE INDEPENDENT that the neighborhood of Bourbon is criminally negligent to allow this man to go about free to carry out any insane idea which may chance to attack him. He is evidently insane at least, mentally irresponsible, and for the general safety of the community he should be taken into custody before he does anybody an injury. It is a serious mistake in such a case to wait until some person is attacked and wounded or killed before the unfortunate cause is deprived of his liberty.

We believe that Rev. Rittenhouse did exactly right in declining to enter the pulpit or go on with the meeting under the circumstances. The excitement's effects upon the young man's mind would probably have been to precipitate matters and possibly lead to a tragedy.

Odd Death.

Nicholas Klughardt, of South Bend, went to Chicago to stay over Sunday, Sunday afternoon he attended the matinee at the Olympic theater with the friend whom he was visiting.

One joke which came from the stage amused Nicholas especially and he laughed quite violently. Shortly afterward he began to feel ill, and, with his friend, left and walked along Clark street. Near Madison street he was taken with a hemorrhage thought to have been induced by his hearty laughing. He was taken into Dale & Sempill's drug store, corner of Clark and Madison street, with the blood pouring from his mouth.

He dropped to the floor and, supported by his friend, died in a pool of his own arterial blood within five minutes.

He was taken to the morgue, and today the remains were brought to South Bend for interment. He was 22 years old and leaves a mother and sisters.

The dead man had had a bad cough for several years, but he had never been so bad as to take to his bed. His face showed the symptoms of consumption. Tuberculosis had doubtless eaten its way to the proximity of an important artery. The cold weather made his condition worse, and the wrenching which his lungs had been given by his laughter had completed the work of destruction.

Won't Ratify It.

The Chesterton Tribune tells us that George Adams, a resident of Chesterton, resolved to quit drinking, and agreed with Tom Shay that if he indulged in the fiery poison during the year 1896, that he would forfeit to Shay his wife and home. The new year had not been an hour old before Geo. forgot his pledge and was getting outside of a glass of tanglefoot when Shay caught him. Adams was as good as his word and gave up the keys to his home. Now Shay is having Satan's own time getting possession, as the wife won't ratify the bargain.

THIS CRUEL WORLD!

The Glick Comedy Company Gets The "Marble Heart."

BLANCHE SAVES HER TIGHTS.

The Theatrical Company Which Started Out from Plymouth Goes Under at Lacon, Ill., for Lack of Funds.

This is a cold and cruel world, my masters—cold, just now, in more senses than one, and extremely frosty in all senses.

We live in a cold and sordid age, when the great mass of the general public do not care so much for the muses—for poetry, music and art, for instance—as they do for the glint and glitter of the "plunk" which goes to represent the object of those same muses' efforts. Many a poet who held within his breast a spark of the true fire from the altar of the gods, has starved to death in his attic; many an ambitious painter of landscapes and ruined ivy-clad castles and moonlit waters, is perforce earning his livelihood by informing the great world in barn-roof symphonies of black and yellow that "Hood's cures." Many and many the life story that possesses at once the deepest tragedy and the most rollicking comedy, so closely intertwined and woven together in the woof that it is difficult to tell which is which—where to laugh and where to sympathize.

An instance of the truth of this may be found in the story which is told briefly in the telegraph columns of the Chicago papers. The story, too, will be of especial interest to our readers because of the fact that its preface and its opening chapter were of and with and from us—their plot, in fact, laid in this city.

The telegram in question is from Lacon, Ill., and tells in a half dozen lines of the disastrous close of the season of the Glick Comedy Company. Their effects were attached after the night's performance there upon a debt owed to W. H. Hagerty, of Englewood, Ills.

The Glick Comedy Company was really a good combination in its class, and presented a line of plays which were much above the average as to their merit. The company included several members who were residents of Plymouth, and the show was organized here. The leading spirits in the enterprise were Harry T. Glick and his wife. They are professionals of considerable ability, but their previous effort had bumped up against the frescoed ceiling, and they were on the search for new worlds to conquer.

They thought of Plymouth; they came, saw and located temporarily here. Then they set about to organize a new company to travel here. Heading the role was Miss Blanche Belleville, a pretty soubrette and a professional thespian. Three men who were on the INDEPENDENT staff enrolled themselves upon the company's list. One of these was Charles S. Boyer, who made an immediate success as principal comedian—a success which he unquestionably deserved. He is a brother of Nathan and Benton Boyer, both now employed at the Novelty works.

Another Plymouth member was Harry Gensler, who left his position as foreman at this office to become company baggageman and master of properties. Billy Holbin, a compositor of ability, went out as advance agent for the troupe.

So the company of a dozen people was finally recruited and after a series of rehearsals here, the first night's regular performance was given at the Centennial opera house on Nov. 2—two short months ago—in "The Inventor." It was well done, but the organization had no money behind it—a highly essential preliminary feature in these degenerate days. In fact, we were credibly informed that its promoter was compelled to pawn his watch to a gentleman of this place for \$5 to assist in getting the company to Kewanee, its second stopping place.

So for two months the travels of the company has been a nervy struggle against heavy odds to brace a storm which seemed to have no bright spots. It was a daily round of dodging a lot of impertinent creditors who were unkind enough to keep coming around with bills which had become worn and frayed around the edges by continual unrolling and fruitless rolling up again.

The story had to have its climax, as all stories do, and this one ended in just two months from the date of its inception. The little somnolent village of Lacon, Ill., was the scene of the sad

and sobful end. Immediately after the performance, officers went upon the stage and attached the whole effects of the company, baggage and costumes on the debt of the Englewood creditors.

Here was where the inborn genius of the petite soubrette came strongly to the surface. Miss Belleville's face, talent and wardrobe are her stock in trade. So far as the first two were concerned, she could afford to laugh at the village constables. But the third was their lawful prey, and then what could she do professionally without those entrancing tights and those astonishing costumes, trained and jeweled, which were wont to make the front rows gasp when she came on. Her costumes must be saved at all hazards. So she locked herself in her dressing room for half an hour, and when she came forth again, the officers were "blocked." Only the dismal yawning of an empty and open trunk greeted them. The soubrette had donned her entire wardrobe—ten various and assorted costumes complete—at once, and serenely walked out of the theater thus generously attired, away ahead of the game.

But the rest of the company property went by the board and the inevitable result came next morning in the form of disbanding of the company.

IN THE CIDDY WHIRL.

Social Events Which Go to Set the Pace for the New Year.

A very pretty and remarkably successful number in the rather lively present social season was the reception tendered to the local young folk Friday evening by Mrs. G. A. Marble in honor of her guest, Miss Myrtle Meinzer, of Moline, Illinois. Miss Meinzer's stay in Plymouth has been marked by active participation in the society events which have followed fast and followed faster. And thus on the eve of her return to her home, the host of her acquaintances here hastened to express the decided pleasure the relations had brought to them. The company at the pleasant Marble residence numbered a full half hundred. It was a merry party, and the evening was passed in a continued round of enjoyment by every member. The young men furnished no little amusement for their fair companions by participating in an unique prize millinery competition, in which the honors were voted to George Wolford and the looby prize to Sid Blain. A "conundrum supper" that was a jewel in itself was followed later by a turn at the terpsichorean devotions.

Mrs. M. M. Lauer was hostess at an afternoon luncheon Tuesday which in its local importance ranked as one of the leading events of the social season. The function was in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Jacob Speyer, of Lexington, Kentucky, who is her guest at present. The company present was a large one, and the hostess received with the delightful success which has made her "at homes" in general marked pleasure in the city's list of home gatherings. The affair was, of course, an informal one, but every social device smiled upon by Dame Custom was brought into being to assist in the enjoyment of the occasion.

A party of young people from Plymouth took a very pleasant sleighride to Bourbon Sunday evening, where they were the guests of Miss Mabel Firestone. Shortly after they arrived a delicious supper was served, and the balance of the evening was devoted to a good social time. The party included:

Misses—	Hazel Ketchum.
Etaika Suseland.	Mabel Firestone.
Leonore Deeds.	Lulah Keller.
Ella Waechter.	
Messes.—	Rolla Cummins.
Ross Aye.	Court Morris.
Carl Corbaly.	

Looks Like Lynching.

It looks like lynching at Logansport. It is understood Governor Matthews will pardon William Green out of state prison, who is serving a life sentence for the murder of Enos Brumbaugh, and the people have declared they will lynch him if it is done and he returns to that locality. Fifteen years ago Bill was sent to prison and his brother Amer was lynched. William in cold blood shot Brumbaugh at a picnic and then escaped to Texas but was captured. Amer, who was lynched, killed Luella Mabbutt, and the prospects are good for Bill to go the same way if he is pardoned. They were both toughs of the first order and Bill is in Michigan City.

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