

Semi-Weekly Independent.

Vol. II.

PLYMOUTH, MARSHALL COUNTY, INDIANA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1896.

No. 18

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.

THESE PRICES ARE STRICTLY CASH.

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'FG CO.

SHORT AND SWEET.

Such was the Trial of the Jones Company.

MADE AN EXPENSIVE VACATION

Traveling Medicine Men Settle with the Staggered Ones, Pay a Nominal Fine and Say "Au Revoir."

Our friends, the versatile and highly advertised members of the Dr. Jones medicine company, traveling vendors of healing lotions, entertainers of the dear, kind public and incidentally illustrators of the massage treatment as applied to the human physiognomy, are no longer with us. They have packed their grips like the Midway Arabs and as silently slid outside the municipal corporation.

This falls the closing curtain upon the last scene in the warm, rosy-tinted little comedy which has had all the community agog for the past week. It's all over now. Justice has been satisfied. Noble Rohr has ceased his noble roop (copyrighted), the erstwhile guests of the local bastille have shaken the figurative dust of Plymouth from their generous goloshes, a long string of officials have a little old wad of Uncle Sam's greenbacks stowed away in their inside pockets for fees and costs, etc., and town wiseacres can take their family thermometers out of the icebox and change the street corner discussion around to the topic of Brother Carlisle's latest bond issue.

It took just about 'steen minutes in the circuit court yesterday evening to settle the whole business. The defendants had been moving toward an early trial. That is, those outside of jail had. The other two hadn't moved a great deal, seeing as it wasn't their move yet. The last move they made, they jumped a man, and it got them into trouble.

Attorney Kellison had been engaged to assist the State in the circuit court, and the hearing was finally arranged for Tuesday evening after supper.

Dr. E. G. Jones, one of the proprietors of the combination, came down Saturday and began arranging to end the trouble as rapidly as possible. This Doctor Jones is considerable of a lawyer himself, and he knew about what the probabilities were.

He canvassed the situation pretty thoroughly, noticed the differences in general opinion as typified in the street corner conversations and then hunted up the prosecuting witnesses to discuss the matter in a business way.

The immediate result of this work on the part of the doctor with the very uncommon name was soon apparent. He had a common-sense way of looking at things and he also had money to burn a wet dog with.

Between 5 and 6 o'clock there came a lull—a quiet moment or two in the circuit court. Then the business was called up. Mr. Rohr was some place inside the corporation, and in the left hand pocket of his vest lay nicely folded away five large, long, pretty \$10 bills.

He had met Doctor Jones sometime previous.

Farmer Riddle, whose house had been smashed into and turned topsy-turvy generally during the sensational melee of last week, was also some place around looking at the pictures on fifty dollars' worth of Uncle Sam's long green art publications.

Mr. Riddle had also run across Doctor Jones somehow.

Doctor Jones and the rest of the defendants were on hand, with their attorneys, Martindale and Stevens. The Doctor had a bankful of money left to throw at the snow birds. Judge Capron was shown that the prosecuting witnesses and injured parties had been settled with and were satisfied. The State was willing to agree to a nominal fine, and the defense was willing to square up and say "quits." So they plead guilty, a fine of one dollar and costs was assessed by the Judge. It was promptly settled, the costs of the hearing in the lower court were paid, the prisoners were discharged, Marshal Myers pulled his moustaches out another half an inch and the band played on.

That's how Jones he paid the freight, and it cost him something between three and four hundred dollars to pay it, at a low estimate.

And the first train out of town had the troupe aboard bound for pastures new. When the people who had read the announcement of the evening trial in THE DAILY INDEPENDENT arrived at the courtroom, the whole affair was a reminiscence.

Subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT.

Look at the Fun He Had

(South Bend Tribune.)

"Gen." Randall, who endeavored to make a hero of himself by marching at the head of a hobo army from Chicago to the national capital, has more common sense now drilled into him by the diamond-like point of experience. This may be putting it a little stronger than the "general" deserves but he ought to have more sense for he has had the kind of experience which so often makes a sane man sensible when nothing else will. Not satisfied with marching at the head of a hobo army he conceived the idea of establishing an ideal town on the steppes of northern Michigan where wealth would come easy and where the citizens would enjoy the fruits of common labor and never the acquaintance of the trials and failures of life.

The result of the first year's work at this ideal town of Hiawatha where municipal co-operation was to be king proves the best laid plans of foolish men too frequently are utter failures. The sole result seems to be 4,000 bushels of potatoes worth 10 cents a bushel, and more experience than they know what to do with. The inhabitants, numbering some fifty families, are in a very hard way, and to cap the climax "Gen." Randall has gone to Chicago. The man who had an idea that all the fools are dead may now change his mind. "Gen." Randall still lives.

Waited Just the Same.

The democratic convention Wednesday brought among other visitors a party of eight well known politicians from Knox, headed by the genial auditor "Gus" Knosman. It is a rest of derisive winding way from Plymouth to Knox by railroad, and the party began to look around for a quick way home. First they wired the agent at Hamlet to know if he could get the Pennsylvania train to stop to let them off there, and also hold the 3-1 freight for the Pennsylvania train. The agent after some difficulty made the proper arrangements and wired back to that effect. But meantime the eight Knox men had given up and gone around over the Lake Erie road to Walkerton, and thus were on the very 3-1 freight when it got to Hamlet. There it stopped according to orders to await the Pennsylvania. After a wait of an hour and a half or so, the fretting Starke county men asked one of the blank-blank they were waiting there all day for. The reply was, "For a party of eight from Plymouth on the Pennsylvania train, who want to get to Knox."

It is said a slight blue cloud still hovers over the village of Hamlet, a last fleeting reminder or the unparliamentary remarks indulged in all parties concerned about that time.

Want Him Again.

In a second article on the lecture of H. G. Thayer at the college in Valparaiso, the Evening Messenger says—

"The lecture was one of the most instructive as well as one of the best ever delivered in our city. For more than one hour Mr. Thayer held the undivided attention of one of the largest and most critical audiences ever assembled here. At the close of the address one felt that he had actually taken the journey through the ancient city of Rome, so realistic were the scenes as described. The lecture was scholarly and showed great care in its preparation. One of the best evidences of its appreciation was that immediately at its close arrangements were commenced to secure Mr. Thayer to deliver another lecture in our city."

A New Club.

Plymouth has a brand new promising social club—The Novelty dancing club. It is composed of the employees of the Novelty works, and has a membership of 45. The first bow to public favor will be made with a select dance at the opera house on Friday evening, the 17th. The music will be furnished by Miltenberger's full orchestra. The officers of the Novelty are L. O. Downs, president; Dick Shakes, secretary and treasurer. The committee which has in charge this dance is composed of Clem Cogle, Lewis Boyer, Joe Moran and Lester Downs.

The Aftermath.

The merry Christmas and happy New Year holidays are past; the head of the house has counted over the few pieces of silver remaining in his purse; the sweetness has all been extracted from the candy sheep with blue ears; the "good little boys" have gone back to their old tricks; broken resolutions lie scattered along the pathway of life; the merchant who didn't advertise has plenty of goods left; the turkey has been warmed over for the last time, Dr. Jones has left town and all is quiet on the Potomac.

ONLY ONE MAN

Opposed the Sixteen-Silver-Ratio Plank.

THE DISTRICT DEMOCRATS MEET

Plymouth Gets the New District Chairman—The Attendance was Fairly Large.

The thirteenth district democracy, or its representatives, met in Plymouth Wednesday afternoon to clasp hands over its record and to cheer itself up so much as might be for the future. The attendance was very fairly good, and several of the old lead-horses were present to assist in the courage-inspiring whistle.

Chairman Conrad of Warsaw called the gathering to order in the opera house about 2 o'clock. Editor John B. Stoll of South Bend Times was chosen permanent chairman, and made a timely address crowded full of political wisdom upon assuming the chair. Editors Gprell, of the Starke County Democrat, and McDonald, of Plymouth, were made secretaries.

When it came to the selection of a district chairman, the lot fell upon Peter J. Kruyer of this city, who thus becomes the head of the district organization and a member of the state central committee.

In the meantime, a committee on resolutions had been named, and its report was read by its chairman, the eloquent young ex-Congressman B. F. Shively of South Bend. The resolutions were about of the usual sort, although one plank favored silver coinage. The latter was adopted with only one dissenting vote in the house—and that belonged to Attorney Martindale.

In order to give the proper finish to the proceedings, speeches were made by Messrs. Shively, Supreme Court Reporter Sidney Moon and others, before the meeting was formally closed.

"SCRAPPED" THE MARSHAL.

And Gets Free Board of Bread and Water for Awhile in Consequence.

Life is not a path of roses day by day for the police force of a small town. It's all right so far as dress parade business goes, but there are other times when it is not all it is cracked up to be.

Marshal Myers on Tuesday arrested a strange fellow, elderly but remarkably lively wanderer, for an over indulgence in the flowing bowl. He stopped in jail over night, was discharged next day and immediately began to "bowl up" again. Finally Wednesday it became necessary to take him into custody again. This time the festive old boy was feeling quite jubilant and he began to think he was a regular whole Doctor Jones combination all by himself. He had gotten as far along in the program as kicking the officer in the face a couple of times, when there was a change in the bill and the stranger commenced to see shooting stars and ring-tailed comets and things.

Justice Reeves looked him over this morning and proceeded to slam up about thirty dollars worth of fine and costs against him. He did not have the amount handy, and for the next month or so, mail matter addressed in care of Sheriff Smith or Chaplain Black will be pretty sure to reach him in safety.

Was Well Received.

The big audience which listened to H. G. Thayer at the Valparaiso college was highly pleased with his address. In the course of extensive notices, the daily papers there say:

The Evening Messenger: "The speaker was listened to with marked attention and his lecture is highly spoken of. This morning he gave a short talk to the students at chapel exercise."

Daily Star—"A large audience came out to hear him and all were delighted with the most excellent address they heard. Mr. Thayer has traveled extensively over foreign grounds and made especial study of that portion pertaining to his theme, so he was thoroughly competent and able to give a most delightful and graphic account. This morning Mr. Thayer attended chapel exercises and spoke briefly to the students. He spoke in the highest terms of the school and the good work that is being accomplished."

The saints preserve us! Some of the politicians say that an extra session of the legislature is altogether possible if the Supreme court demolishes the apportionment law.

A tramp at Kokomo got full on dried apples. Got fuller after he had drank some water. Doctors worked with him two hours and he will live.

LAPAZ.

Dr. Lent, of Lakeville, was in Lapaz Wednesday on business.

Miss Nellie Greg returned to her school at Plymouth Monday.

Mr. Greg and Gus Waltz were in Plymouth Tuesday on business and pleasure.

Mrs. Byron Shyrk who was detained here by sickness, returned to South Bend Tuesday.

John Muss and family, of South Bend have been visiting his father, Isaac Muss, the past week.

Adrian Gonter is taking a course of telegraphy at Nye with Mr. Montgomery, the night operator.

Dr. Pfaffen who has been practicing medicine here for the past four years, left for Georgia Thursday night.

Our hog and sheep buying firm and the B. & O. Railroad have made up and the porker is once more seen strutting to town.

Mrs. Fred Myers left for Florida Monday soon to escape our blizzards and regain her health which has been gradually failing.

Chas. Zents, West Tanner, Mel Thayer and Frank Davenport, left for Syracuse Sunday night, to cut ice for the B. & O. R. R.

The Gonter family have visiting them Mr. Snyder from Ohio. He is a very entertaining gentleman and no doubt will make many friends in his six weeks visit in this community.

Messrs Wm. Forsythe, Wm. Hosteller, W. J. Fuller and Lynn Reynolds have organized a male quartet and will furnish some good singing in the near future.

Viola Lancker, of Bucyrus, O., visiting relatives in this vicinity for weeks. On Jan. 5, Geo. McBride entertained about thirty relatives in her honor, who ranged in age from six months to sixty six.

Young Dr. Jones and his partner were in Lapaz about four hours the day Plymouth slenths were locating them at Hibbard, Marmont and Walkerton. They left for the west on the B. & O.

The Ketcham & Wilson branch store was removed to Plymouth last week on account of lack of support. With the loss of the store, we also lose Mr. Wilson a gentlemanly and hustling business man, we can ill afford to spare from our community.

The Lal'az Library club elected the following officers for the ensuing year President Dr. C. H. Holtzendorff, Vice President Dr. J. J. Hamilton, Secretary Miss Mate Gonter, Treasurer Mr. Wm. Forsythe, Librarian Mr. Geo. Waltz Trustees N. Nye, M. L. Peter, W. F. Fuller. Purchasing committee, Tyner, Reynolds, Nettie Waltz and Lillian Boundant. The club has succeeded beyond its expectations in their first year's work which speaks well for the officers, R. Peter, Miss Netta Waltz, Miss Mate Gonter, Miss Mary Shafer, Mr. Geo. Waltz, Mr. Nye and Dr. J. J. Hamilton.

ILION.

Jan. 8.

Miss Louretta Hardisty visited relatives at Kewanee last week.

Fred Kessler and Martin Messersmith are visiting relatives at Winamac.

The Sabbath school at this place re-elected all its officers for one year last Sunday.

Relatives of Herbert Laird and wife from west of Bourbon, visited them last Sunday.

M. P. Yantiss and F. A. Chrysler left last week for Barron county to remain indefinitely.

Aaron Kessler is making preparations to build a neat little barn on his farm northeast of town.

The Red Men had an oyster supper last Saturday evening, and the Odd Fellows will have one Thursday evening of this week.

The protracted meeting at Tippecanoe still continues with quite a good interest. We are informed it will close next Sunday night.

The third institute for this school year, will be held at the school house in Iliion next Saturday. Supt. Fish has promised to be present.

M. A. Dilley has purchased J. James M. Johnson's interest in the hardware business at this place. Mr. Johnson, we understand, will go on the road as a drummer for a hardware firm in Chicago.

Mr. A. E. Babcock, primary teacher at this place, has done just what we have been advising him to do—join the army of benedicts. He was married to a young lady living near Rochester, on New Years day. May peace and prosperity attend him and his young bride through the walks of life, is the wish of the writer.