

An Historic Home.

GOVERNOR MORTON'S OLD HOME-
STEAD AT CENTERVILLE, INDIANA



The above picture is a true one of the home of Indiana's war governor, Oliver P. Morton. It is now the property of Martha Peele, daughter of the late Judge Wm. A. Peele, and has been offered for sale. It looks like a sacrifice to have the old home of Governor Morton sold at this late day, and possibly pass into hands that would remodel and possibly destroy its chief value as a reminder of the days when old Centerville was noted all over this broad land as the home of statesmen and a seat of learning. In this spacious home Governor Morton and Mrs. Morton lavishly entertained their friends, and the hospitality of the home was noted far and near. The house is of the old pattern of architecture, with its large, airy rooms and windows, made for comfort and convenience.

The home should rightly belong to the state or county and should be preserved in its present state as long as possible.

BATTLEFIELD OF GETTYSBURG

(Continued From First Page.)

licentiousness masquerading as liberty; some wars have meant the triumph of liberty over tyranny masquerading as order; but this victorious war of ours meant the triumph of both liberty and order, the triumph of orderly liberty, the bestowal of civil rights upon the freed slaves, and at the same time the stern insistence on the supremacy of the national law throughout the length and breadth of the land. Moreover, this was one of those rare contests in which it was to the immeasurable interest of the vanquished that they should lose, while at the same time the victors acquired the precious privilege of transmitting to those who came after them, as a heritage of honor forever, not only the memory of their own valiant deeds, but the memory of the deeds of those who, no less valiantly and with equal sincerity of purpose, fought against the stars in their courses. The war left to us all, as fellow-countrymen, as brothers, the right to rejoice that the Union has been restored in indomitable shape in a country where slavery no longer mocks the boast of freedom, and also the right to rejoice with exultant pride in the courage, the self-sacrifice, and the devotion alike of the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray.

He is but a poor American who, looking at this field, does not feel within himself a deeper reverence for the nation's past and a higher purpose to make the nation's future rise level with her past. Here fought the chosen sons of the North and the South, the East and the West. The armies which on this field contended for the mastery were veteran armies, hardened by long campaigning and desperate fighting into such instruments of war as no other nation then possessed. The severity of the fighting is attested by the proportionate loss—a loss unrivaled in any battle of similar size since the close of the Napoleonic struggles; a loss which in certain regiments was from three-fourths to four-fifths of the men engaged. Every spot on this field has its own associations of soldierly duty nobly done, of supreme self-sacrifice freely rendered. The names of the chiefs who served in the two armies form a long honor roll; and the enlisted men were worthy, and even more than worthy, of those who led them. Every acre of this ground has its own associations. We see where the fight thundered through and around the village of Gettysburg;

where the artillery formed on the ridges; where the cavalry fought; where the hills were attacked and defended; and where, finally, the great charge surged up the slope only to break on the summit in the bloody spray of gallant failure.

But the soldiers who won at Gettysburg, the soldiers who fought to finish the civil war and thereby made their countrymen forever their debtors, have left us far more even than the memories of the war itself. They fought for 4 years in order that on this continent those who came after them, their children, might enjoy a lasting peace. They took arms not to destroy, but to save liberty; not to overthrow, but to establish the supremacy of the law.

The lessons they taught us are lessons as applicable in our everyday lives now as in the rare times of great stress. The men who made this field forever memorable did so because they combined the power of fealty to a lofty ideal with the power of showing that fealty in hard, practical common-sense fashion. They stood for the life of effort, not the life of ease. They had that love of country, that love of justice, that love of their fellow-men, without which power and resourceful efficiency but make a man a danger to his fellows. Yet, in addition thereto, they likewise possessed the power and the efficiency; for otherwise their high purpose would have been barren of result. They knew each how to act for himself, and yet each how to act with his fellows. They learned, as all the generation of the civil war learned, that rare indeed is the chance to do anything worth doing by one sudden and violent effort. The men who believed that the civil war would be ended in ninety days, the men who cried loudest "On to Richmond," if they had the right stuff in them speedily learned their error; and the war was actually won by those who settled themselves steadfastly down to fight for three years, or for as much longer as the war might last, and who gradually grew to understand that the triumph would come, not by a single brilliant victory, but by a hundred painful and tedious campaigns. In the east and the west, the columns advanced and recoiled, swayed from side to side, and again advanced; along the coasts the black ships stood endlessly off and on before the hostile forts; generals and admirals emerged into the light, each to face his crowded hour of success or failure; the men in front fought; the men behind supplied and pushed forward those in front; and the final victory was due to the deeds of all who played their parts well and manfully, in the scores of battles, in the countless skirmishes, in march, in camp, or in reserve, as commissioned officers, or in the ranks—wherever and whenever duty called them. Just

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INDEBTEDNESS

NOW ALL PAID

SECOND LUTHERAN CHURCH AT LAST IS FREE—JUBILEE SERVICES.

THE ORGANIZER

Rev. Kapp Told of the Hard Work at
Starting—Yesterday a Day of
Celebration—Officers.

Yesterday was a red letter day in the history of the Second English Lutheran church, the occasion being the liquidation of the church debt. This will always be marked with a cross in the church calendar, as yesterday for the first time the church was free from debt.

A Proposition.

Two years ago the church was made a proposition by an unknown person that if it would raise \$250 the person would pay \$1,000. A meeting of the church council was held and it was decided to endeavor to pay off the entire debt, about \$3,600. The congregation is neither a large nor an especially wealthy one, and the sum meant a lot of hard work but a canvass of the city was made and the efforts of the canvassers have at last met with success.

Debt All Paid.

Everyone connected with the church turned to with a will and worked hard and enough money has now been raised to pay every cent and yesterday with great pomp, the notes were burned. In future the church will not be hampered and kept down by the debt which has proved a weight in the past.

Twelve Years Old.

The church was organized some twelve years ago, when there were but few Lutherans on the west side. Rev. Kapp, of the First English Lutheran church, was its pastor and Sunday school superintendent. After a few years the congregation secured its own pastor and the membership grew fast. Now there are over a hundred members in the church, while the Sunday school has some 125 members and teachers. The past year has been a successful one under the untiring work of Rev. Allen Leader.

The Services Yesterday.

Rev. Kapp in the morning told of the early work of the church, of the struggles in organization and of the general hard work. He spoke of the steady efforts of the congregation and of its present excellent outlook for the future. He compared the small church as it was then, struggling under a load of debt, as it is now, entirely free and growing steadily. Rev. Enders told of some elements in the success of the Lutheran church. The dedication of the bell then took place with great ceremony. Revs. Howard and Kapp both preached in the afternoon, Rev. Howard offering a greeting and Rev. Kapp telling of the "Young People of the Church."

In the evening Revs. Huber and McDowell preached and the mortgage was burned. Revs. Kapp, of Cincinnati, McDowell, of Springfield, O., and Enders, were out of town preachers present.

The officers of the church are as follows:

H. Allen Leader, pastor.
—Church Council—
Levi Strickler and Benjamin Duke, elders.

O. D. McMillin, and P. L. Bamberger, trustees.

Louis Feltman and Alton Cox, deacons.

—Sunday School—

H. Allen Leader, superintendent.
C. Wellbaum, asst. superintendent.
Will C. Johnson, secretary and treasurer.

C. A. Knollenberg, chorister.

Lena Oel, organist.

Elsie Hanna and Harry Sloan, librarians.

—

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