

# The Independent

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NOTE: the above and for the next 365 days write it that way.

THIS is the year that political hairing will become very pronounced.

It is stated that considerable feeling has been manifested over the contest for the republican state committee-chairmanship in this state.

ALL that seems to be necessary now is to set the government engraver at work, and the United States treasury is filled with dearly bought gold.

THE timber for presidential honors subject to the next republican national convention, almost equals that for the position of governor on the republican side of the fence in Indiana.

THE bond syndicate modestly reports that they are willing to take Bond-issue the year's government paper at the same place given for the former time upon which they made a little pocket money—some \$10,000,000.

THE presidential side of Gov. Morton, of New York, begins to assume a more self-assertive manner under the management of Mr. Theodore G. Park, of that state.

The little Morton ought has a very lively appearance, the part few

days position taken by England regarding the Transvaal's republic has brought on sharp criticism from German, Hungarian, and upon the Invasion, several of the journals in Berlin, in speaking of the German, said: "Everywhere the same great and bad faith. For a time in America, yesterday it was in South America." Other papers are more outspoken, and the result will be of interest to all eastern nations at least.

## POKER IN BACK BAY.

**Vivacious Bostonians Have Gone Crazy**

over the Great American Game.

From the Boston Herald: Very few people outside certain circles of the Back Bay have any conception of the extent to which poker playing is carried in that section. The whole locality is divided into "sets," and it is customary for each one to hold a session at his or her house nearly every night in the week. The usual hour for beginning to play is 8 o'clock, and it is customary for the ladies to dress for the occasion, while the gentlemen not infrequently array themselves in full evening costume. The standard limit is 10 cents, one reason for making it so small being that the conscientious shun not feel that they are gambling. Generally there are three hours of play, after which the hostess asks her guests to a light repast, consisting of sandwiches, crackers, cheese, and sweet meats. Hopped beer is the favorite beverage, but there are instances on record where something stronger has been indulged in. A great many society people of both sexes drink rum punch, lemonade dashed with whisky and plain gin. The usual time devoted to refreshments is fifteen minutes, as all are anxious to get at the cards again.

It frequently happens that seven and eight players are present at a sitting, and when everybody "stays" the card fall short, which necessitates gathering up the "dead wood" and filling out the hands from it. There is a well-grounded superstition that these discards have been robbed of everything of value and that to draw from them is equivalent to throwing the chips into a red-hot stove. To insure measure meet these exigencies eleven and twelve spot cards have been added, making the pack consist of sixty cards instead of fifty-two.

Another innovation is the "ringdoode." A ringdoode is declared when a hand has been called and fours are shown. Then follows a round of jack-pots, the holder of the winning hand starting them. Blue chips are put up to correspond with the number of players. Of course, a round of jack-pots would be equivalent to a ringdoode, but it comes easier to some players to pay on the instalment plan. Then a regular round of jacks is declared when a full hand is shown. Two are never allowed to play in the modern game, no matter how good their hands may be. A jack pot always follows. There are also buck jacks and jacks on the slightest provocation. It has now become the custom to make a discount of one red chip for every jack pot. When the time has crept on toward midnight the keeper of the kitty announces that a round of consolation jacks will be played. The chips are divided into a number of piles corresponding with the number of players, and the extras are placed in the center of the table with the individual contributions.

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THIS HORSE COULD HUNT.  
though He Wasn't Good for Very Much  
on the Road.

"I had a horse," said an old army man, "that had once belonged to the Seventh cavalry, but he had the 'L. C.' brand under his name, so he went out of the service, inspected and condemned. He was a regular old plug, but he was all I could get to go hunting on, so I took him. I rode away out into the plains from the fort, and I saw a bunch of antelope finally. I got off the horse and dropped the reins on the ground, expecting the horse to stand there till I came back. I started off toward the antelope and was sneaking along to get a shot when I looked around, and I'll be blamed if that brute of a horse hadn't started off as tight as he could lope.

"Well," says I, "I guess I'm in for a six-mile tramp home." I cussed the horse to myself for awhile, and then I went on. Pretty soon I looked up, and I'm blessed if there wasn't that horse over the other side of that bunch of antelope. "Well, now," says I, "I'd like to know what the devil that horse thinks he's up to, anyhow." Pretty soon he began to circle around the other side, and the antelope saw him and started off toward me. I caught on at once, and lay down and waited.

"That old horse cut up the most surprising antics out there, and all the while he kept working those antelope toward me. By and by they got into range and I got two; darned good luck it was, too. You see, that horse was an old Indian hunting pony, and he had been trained to do that way. Well, I went back to the post, and everybody wanted to know how it happened I had such good luck. But I didn't tell 'em, then.

"A few days after I took the same horse out after prairie chickens. It was the time of the year when the chickens were flying, and I was riding along when all of a sudden the critter stopped short, braced himself up, and waited—for what I didn't know. But in a second a couple of chickens flew up ahead of me, and I was so surprised I didn't shoot. 'Well,' I says, 'I'll be switched. Here's a horse that's not only a hunting horse, but is a regular pointer dog, too.' And he was. I got my gun ready, and the next time he stopped I was right on hand and dropped a bird. Well, now, no sooner did that horse see that bird fall than he galloped off right to where it fell, and all I had to do was to reach off and pick it up. He was a great horse, I tell you, and I got lots of good hunting with him."

## Up-to-Date Girls.

On the train into Portland from Biddeford, Maine, recently two young women created a good deal of interest for the passengers. They got on at Biddeford. They were well dressed, says the Bangor Commercial, and as refined in appearance and faces as the average woman. At least they wouldn't have attracted attention, as the reverse. They got into the smoking car and sat down. A gentleman politely informed them that they had made a mistake and were seated in the smoker. They as politely informed him that they had made no mistake. Then they proceeded to prove it, by taking some dainty cigarettes from their pockets and proceeding to daintily smoke them. The men in the car were somewhat astonished. Of course they stared at the fair intruders. People in the other cars were all straining their necks to get a glimpse through the windows at them, yet they sat there very coolly and enjoyed their smoke till the car reached Portland.

## Two Joyous Welshmen.

John Hopkins of Wales arrived in Anderson, Ind., recently, to make his home in this country with his brother William. They began to celebrate the event by drinking and went home at 2:30. Mrs. Hopkins had prepared a welcome spread, but they did not take time to sample it. They threw Mrs. Hopkins out of the window, took the table by the four legs and tossed it and the dishes up against the ceiling, breaking it, and tossed the furniture out of the window and demolished everything. By the time the police appeared on the scene they had punched all the window lights out, had broken the doors off the hinges and had a fight in which both were badly cut up. The house is a sight.

## His Name Written in Blood.

A Georgia story is to the effect that many years ago a bloody, drunken row occurred in Dahlonega. Immediately afterward a man went up in front of the bar where the fighters had purchased their liquor and wrote the name of the barkeeper in blood on the rock pavement in front of the door. It is one of the principal sidewalks of the town, and has been traveled by thousands of people, and many drenching rains have fallen on those rocks since, but the name has never rubbed or washed out, and shows almost as plainly as the day it was written.

## Know What Jail Life Is.

John Zimmerman, who has been in the Western Pennsylvania penitentiary since 1893 for horse stealing, was released the other day and immediately turned over to an officer from Preston, W. Va., who had requisition papers to take him there to be tried for the same offense. Zimmerman is about 70 years of age, and, according to his own statement, he has not been a free man more than six months at a time since he was twenty-five. He has a mania for horse stealing.

## His Hide Is Tough.

A blacksmith at Ellis Junction, Wis., was struck by a train and the engine passed over him. He was badly cut and bruised, but so far he shows no signs of internal injuries and will recover.

## A GLANCE BACKWARD.

The Story of a Dead Year in the City of Plymouth.

A STEADY, BOOMLESS GROWTH.  
Marshall County's Metropolis and Her Progress During the Past Twelve Months.

Another year has passed into remembrance, and we stand upon the threshold of a new one. But in entering 1896, it were not uninteresting to take a brief and cursory glance backward to 1895, as a wideawake merchant will cast up his books for the twelve-month just ended.

Plymouth as a city enters 1896 with

Difficult Daughters.

It is a painful spectacle in families where a mother is the drudge, to see the daughters, elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease, with their drawing, their music, their many work, and their reading, beguiling themselves of the lapse of hours, days and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities, but, as a necessary consequence of neglect of duty, growing weary of their useless lives, laying hold of every newly invented stimulant to increase their drooping energy, and blaming their fate, when they dare not blame their God, for having placed them where they are. These individuals will often tell you, with an air of affected compassion—for who can believe it real?—that "poor mamma" is working herself to death; yet no sooner do you propose that they should assist her than they declare that she is quite in her element—in short, that she would never be happy if she had only half as much to do.

From a Cannibalistic Standpoint.

On visiting Ireland the great traveler Livingstone was much feted. In Dublin, at a dinner party, he happened to be placed next to a literary lady, who was a very stout woman. She worried him greatly about the language of the savage cannibals among whom he had managed to live and wanted to know the sound of their language. He spoke a sentence of it to satisfy her and she answered, "Being translated, what does that mean?" "It means," he replied, "there is great cutting on you."

The Gift of Making Friends.

Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, in consequence of the power of going out of one's self, and seeing and appreciating the ever so noble and loving in another man. Thomas Hughes.

HOW THIEVES ARE TRAINED.

Bad Girls Taught to Beg and Steal—Must Know How to Sing.

An interesting account of the way in which young children are prepared to enter the Camorra is given by Dr. de Blasio, a Neapolitan physician who has been studying the habits of criminals, says the London News. The Camorra at Naples, like the Mafia in Sicily, is an organization of criminals and assassins of criminals that is centuries old. The Camorra begins its work with the infants who are abandoned by their parents, or who are left out to the passers who beg in the streets of Naples. These children, for the most part those of persons in prison, are caught to beg for the end of a cigar or a solido, and infest the cafes. In winter they sleep in holes and stables, in corners on the church steps, under archways, or on the beaches in the public gardens. When they are 6 or 7 years old they are instructed in begging and thieving by older children. At 10 years of age the little Camorrista or illibile, becomes a cantata singer. He must know how to improvise a song to the girls, and reply with an extemporaneous verse to the verse of a companion or of an antagonist. In Naples there are two armies of cantatori, one belonging to the streets in the older part of the city, and one to those of the west end. They constitute the neophytes of the Camorra, and compete in public, passing their examinations by night in the streets. They choose for the subject of their chants anything that takes place in the city, and very often the object of the derisive songs is an old man or a poor idiot. The better class hear these scoffs, but do not interfere and often laugh at the wit which it surely ever misses. The two bands are naturally great rivals and once a year at least they defy each other to a series of battles in which stones are the weapons and at the close of the fray knives too often come into play. This practice of battles with stones among boys can be traced back as far as 1625, for at that period the duke of Alva caused thirty "stone-throwers" to be arrested in Naples. The war cry of the boys is "Aniella, Aniella," the derivation of which is not certain. After the war cry comes the challenge in the form of a verse, to which the enemy responds in like verse. Then the younger boys commence the attack. The passers-by flee, but at no great distance stand old and young men, who incite the rival bands, and, if necessary, rescue one or the other of them from an arrest by the police. Two years ago there was a famous battle in Piazza Mercato, which ended in a fight between the police and the stone-throwers, during which the trams were stopped for some time. This duel ceases at the first drawing of blood—a slight scratch received by one of the members of the two parties puts an end to the battle. The wounded boy is surrounded by his friends and taken to his mother, real or adopted, to be bound up and nursed. The songs sung by the boys have always a chorus, and generally there are two soloists, who sing a verse in turn which is ended by a refrain sung by the chorus, a mere "Ah oh! Ah oh!" In poetical form these youths express the knowledge they have of the worse evils and vices of human life, but the verses are realistic and without the least gleam of sentiment.

REMARKABLE TREE.

It Has Enormous Branches but No Trunk, and Is Kin to the Boabab.

What is probably the most remarkable tree on earth was lately discovered on the promontory of Kinsham, south of the mouth of the Congo. It has not even the vestige of a trunk, but spreads its immense branches directly on the ground. Naturalists say that this cobra from nature's workshop is a relative of the baobab, the well-known giant tree growing on the prairies in many portions of the dark continent, which has a trunk measuring sometimes nearly fifty feet in diameter, while the branches often extend seventy-five feet and more, their ends touching the ground, so that the tree forms a huge skeleton tent.

For a short time every year the baobab shows a scant display of meager leaves, but generally the tree is bare, except for the large, melon-shaped fruit. The shell of the fruit incloses a dry, white substance, which can readily be reduced to a powder, and in that form serves as a specific against fever. In some districts the negroes eat the leaves. The trunk of the common baobab is often hollow; such hollow trees are used as the burial places for the "sorcerers" of some tribes, that the earth may not be polluted by their evil remains. Adamson pretends to know that one of these trees, which he had seen himself, shows evidence of being 5,150 years old, while the untutored savages still look upon the baobab as a puzzle old and big enough for worship.

It is the most remarkable tree on earth.

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