

Semi-Weekly Independent.

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No. 44.

MOURN HIS LOSS.

SHOCK OF BERT ROSENBERG'S DEATH IS WIDESPREAD.

His Youth and Sterling Qualities Magnify the Sadness of His Bereaved Friends—His School and Business Life.

Six weeks ago, one of the brightest, most companionable and confidence inspiring young men to be met anywhere in the business and social circles of this city, was Bert Rosenberg; but today, by a sad and startling decree of fate, Bert lies cold and rigid in the embrace of death. He died at his home at 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon, the cause ascribed being "abscess of the kidneys."

When Bert left the First National Bank, where he occupied the position of assistant cashier, five weeks ago, neither he nor his friends would have believed that he was so near the portals of the great beyond and although he retired from his active business duties on account of the illness which was so soon to prove fatal, he looked upon his departure from business as only temporary and the beginning of a needed vacation. But the disease which had fastened itself upon him, was more powerful than he knew and developed rapidly to a serious condition.

Not long after he left the bank, one of the most eminent of Chicago specialists was called to make a diagnosis of his case which he did. He admitted Bert's serious condition, but thought that if he could be taken to Chicago he could be cured. Preparations were accordingly made to take the patient to that city for treatment but he did not afterward rally sufficiently to permit of such a journey.

He did not apparently get decidedly worse, however, at any time until Wednesday afternoon a short time before the final summons came. His condition seemingly, on the contrary, had improved and his friends were hopeful of his recovery Thursday morning. But the watchers were deceived by the Angel of Death. In the afternoon Bert asked for something to eat and was given some malted milk. Notwithstanding that the indication of an appetite seemed an indication of improvement he was seized with spasmodic convulsions almost immediately after partaking of the food and after one or two involuntary efforts to rise he was caught in his father's arms and laid back dead.

HIS HOME RELATION.

Bert Rosenberg was 22 years old Jan. 5th. A characteristic of his life was the strength of the affection he held for his mother. In this case there was a sympathetic union between mother and son, seldom known even in this relationship. He was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rosenberg and their loss is beyond the comprehension of those who have known no similar experience.

HIS SCHOOL LIFE.

The following information was received from Prof. R. A. Chase. Bert Rosenberg entered the city schools Sept. 6th, 1880 and was graduated from the high school June 9, 1892. During the twelve years of his scholarship, his record for punctuality was unbroken; he lost but six days on account of absence in the last nine years, and for eight years was present at every recitation and school exercise. His record for deportment was in the highest degree excellent. His scholarship may be known from the fact that he took the highest honors at graduation as determined by a competitive examination.

The theme of the commencement exercises of '92 was "The Wonderful Cave of Aladdin," a survey of the course of civilization from the 12th to the 20th centuries. The subject of Mr. Rosenberg's oration was "The Twelfth Century," and it was delivered with the energy and force that characterized all of his school efforts. The other members of the class of '92 are: Anna E. Behrns, Oliver C. Chase, D. Florine Disher, Emma Gallagher, Harriet B. Kelley, Edith I. Johnson, John A. Lindquist and Archie F. Young.

The brief summary of the school life of this young man is but a prosaic statement of the facts that appear upon the school records, but it fails to adequately portray the conscientious devotion to duty, the never-flagging energy, and the cheerful promptness with which every school duty was met; and with it all was exhibited such a manly spirit, such a regard for personal honor, that the respect of teachers and classmates was his to the full. The feeling between him and his teachers was of the tenderest friendship, approaching almost to domestic relationship. One cannot spend years of in-

tercourse with a noble, friendly and exemplary pupil without being inspired to nobler living, while day by day the tendrils of affection are fastened more closely.

HIS BUSINESS LIFE.

In the summer of 1893, the year after his graduation, he was tendered a position in the First National Bank of this city which he accepted and held steadily until five weeks ago. In this connection no better compliment could be expressed than that paid him by Jas. A. Gilmore, cashier of the First National Bank, when he says that he was always faithful and that the most implicit trust could at all times have been placed in his honesty and integrity. He was trusted fully and his motives were never questioned.

Bert's friends are proud of the fact that the saloons never had any charm for him, that he never entered a saloon unless possibly under compulsion of business necessity. There is only one sentiment and one feeling about his death: the sentiment one of the warmest friendship, the feeling one of sadness and deep sympathy for his parents and those held closest to him in bonds of relationship and friendship.

THE FUNERAL.

The funeral of Bert Rosenberg will take place from the residence of the parents, on North Walnut street, on Saturday at 2 o'clock p. m. Those wishing to view the remains will please call on Friday afternoon.

The Association Meets.

Wednesday eighteen out of twenty-two members of the Industrial and Agricultural Fair Association, met at the office of Attorney Stephens and transacted important business.

Harley Logan was appointed as director in the place of Geo. Lemmer.

In considering the time for holding the fair, it was decided to hold it on Aug. 25, 26, 27 and 28, one week later than the Maxinkuckee fair.

At this meeting four hundred dollars was voted to be used in placing the race course in an excellent condition, and Wm. O'Keefe, Dr. Reynolds and J. W. Thayer were appointed to take charge of the fair grounds.

Owing to the early date, it was decided that this association would utilize all its energy for a stock and racing gathering, the date being so early that it would be impossible to get a liberal display of farm product. But with the efforts of the association directed along these two lines, it goes without saying that this association will give the best and most satisfactory fair that has been given in Marshall county for years.

The racing will be an exceptionally fine feature this year, and will eclipse anything of the kind ever witnessed in Marshall county. Bicycle races will be another attractive feature of this year's fair.

A Particular Woman.

The Indianapolis Sun tell of a Tipton woman who is very particular and who is in the habit of picking specks of dust and lint from the coats of her neighbors. Last Sunday night she sat in her usual place behind a young man who is fond of a joke. This young man knew her ways, for his attention had often been called to various blemishes about his toilet by his female neighbor in the rear. The sermon was about half done. The particular woman espied a raveling producing from the young man's shirt collar. She fastened to it and drew out at least a yard. The blush that covered her face was as red as a wild strawberry in June. But she pulled again. Result another yard of the thread and another blush as luminous as an Italian sun set. But she continued to pull, and the amount of thread she pulled onto her lap would have sewed all the petticoats in Tipton. She never reached the end of it, and had to break it off. She evidently concluded that the young man was playing a trick on her. It was a good one, too.—Ex.

Left His Family.

Rumor has it, that through some unexplainable reason, B. J. Boyer left town Wednesday night. He drew his pay at the Novelty works, and without a word of explanation to his wife, left for parts unknown. The worst feature of the case reported, is that he left his wife without a cent.

While we do not desire to mix up with any family matters, or say who is to blame for the present escapade, yet the reports that have been circulated in connection with the reported disappearance of a noted character from this city, makes it look quite dark for Boyer.

Subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT.

W. W. Jones Lecture.

The lecture delivered by W. W. Jones at the U. B. church Wednesday night was one of the most logical and instructive ever given in our city. Everybody ought to have heard it. He not only gave a description of the dead empires, as he saw them, but the cause of their rise and fall, showing his hearers very plainly that we, as a nation, are on the very same road that caused the down fall of Egypt, Rome, Greece, and other nations of equal strength and civilization, and unless we retrace our steps we, too, shall be numbered with the nations of the past. He showed and gave proof that sin is at the bottom of all debauch and crime, and that every nation that engages in boozing must sooner or later crumble and fall; and that every nation that puts her trust in God and recognizes his law and the welfare of the general public is the nation that will prosper and live. Yes, "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord."

Mr. Jones held his hearers spell bound for nearly two hours and many were heard to say that they were glad that they were there to hear him. Surely all lovers of truth with unbiased minds could not help but say that Mr. Jones presented the subject fairly, and all they need to do is to watch the future to prove his statements correct.

A Shopping Expedition.

"Maud Muller" ought to have had one of those be-ruffed sun bonnets that Carpenter & Bosworth now have their window stacked with and she wouldn't have been tanned. Her feet would have been a great deal prettier if they had been encased in a pair of their elegant shoes, if we are judges in the matter at all. She would have looked sweet in a dress made of one of those pretty light-blue percales. Let's see; was she a blonde or brunette? Well, she is tanned, so she had better get a pink one. Let us suppose she is going to marry the judge, after all, and we are going to buy her trousseau. Let's begin at the bottom of the store and go up. We are not hard to suit and it doesn't take us long to make a selection of some of the very nice muslin underwear in the basement. We go up-stairs then and look around in their shoe department. Well, it takes us a long time to make a selection here. They have so many styles and we find each pair prettier and newer than the other. Finally we decide on a pair of neelected tan shoes and a pair of serviceable black ones and some lounging slippers and a pair of white kid slippers to go with the wedding gown, which we will get from one of the lady clerks in another part of the store. The wedding will be in June, and as the bride is a girl of excellent taste, it does not take us long to make a selection of some of their pretty swisses that are in and are new very pretty. Well we have bought the bridal dress and now we must look around for some other costumes. She must have a new silk waist. Which shall it be, one of those fancy plaids, or the new printed warp taffetas or one of those handsome Persian effects? Well we decide on the first one and we straightway purchase it. Well she ought to have a dress off of one of these fancy spring suitings. We decide that we will take some samples and the obliging clerk cuts them off and we take them home to the bride for her to make the selection.

Accused of Stealing Chickens.

Plymouth is not the only place that they have trouble. Even the flourishing little city of Lapaz meets with trouble that sometimes calls in legal adjustment. Today a widow from that hamlet by the name of Catharine Korp appeared before Justice Reeve, and swore out a warrant against one John Nichols, who, this lady says, had attempted bodily injury by choking her. She also says that this same man Nichols, did then and there without provocation strike her little daughter, blacking both her eyes. In regard to this trouble, she informed us that she had been accused of stealing chickens, and she was willing to swear that she had not cooked a chicken in her home for more than a year. It is expected to soon have the offender of the law up before his honor in a few days.

A Free Lecture.

Dr. Houser, the well known author and orator, is to give one of his entertaining talks in the opera house next Monday night, April 13. He needs no special recommendation at this time for the people of Plymouth always expect something good when his return is announced.

The lecture is to be illustrated with some stereopticon pictures which Dr. produced in Europe.

FROM THE DEAD.

A MESSAGE FOUND IN A BOTTLE ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

A Letter Purporting to Have Been Signed by a Former Resident of Plymouth Just Before Drowning Himself—A Last Farewell to "Mother."

Miller, Ind., is a small village located in Lake county, on the Lake Shore railroad. From this little hamlet comes a tale from the waters of Lake Michigan which may, or may not be of great importance. A letter from the postmaster at that place gives the following information:

A few days ago a fisherman while plying his avocation, found a bottle floating upon the water. When he secured this small vial, he discovered that it contained a slip of paper.

He immediately uncorked the bottle and upon the paper was written in a bold black hand these pathetic words:

"When you see my dear old mother tell her I am no more in this world. I have taken a watery grave and tired of living. So good by to all. I leave a watch in the pawn shop on Clark street that my great grandfather gave me."

JOHN DAVIS,
Plymouth, Ind.

The paper upon which this message was written was taken from a note book and looks as though it had been torn out after the writing had been done. While there might not be anything in the missive, yet there may be some foundation for the same.

We have as far as possible made diligent inquiry and have not yet found any clue to anyone of the above name being missed from this locality.

Court Notes.

John S. Zent vs. Samuel Oldfather; suit for damages for alleged false imprisonment. This case came to Marshall county on a change of venue from the Kosciusko circuit court, was tried in this county before a jury in June, 1893, plaintiff obtained judgment for \$1,750. The case was appealed to the supreme court, judgment reversed and new trial granted. On defendant's motion for a change of venue from this county the case is sent to Porter county for trial. Change perfected.

In the cases of Jacob Handerville, John Hunsley et al., Orlando Goff et al., Thomas Hunsley, William Hunsley, against the Pennsylvania company, five cases, which were brought to this county from Laporte county, the court, on plaintiff's motion, grants a change of venue to ——— county, to be perfected within 30 days from April 2, 1896.

The case of the Hamlet Hay company vs. the N. Y., C. & St. L. R. R. Co., which was brought to this county from Porter county on change of venue, in which plaintiff claims damages on account of hay destroyed by water backed up by the railroad grade, occupied the time of the court and jury most of last week. The jury returned a special verdict containing 145 questions and answers and a general verdict for the plaintiff, assessing its damages at \$5709.00.

Sarah Barber vs. C. B. Tibbetts, on account. Trial by jury, verdict for plaintiff, \$20.80.

Geo. Shafer vs. Oregon C. Gibbons, suit on note. Trial by jury. Case given to jury at 8:30 Tuesday evening.

Church Items.

The Presbyterian Sunday school has over-tipped the three hundred limit, the minutes of last Sunday showing that at the previous Sunday the attendance had reached three hundred ten, last Sunday it was probably more. This school with its strong array of teachers has one of the best regulated primary departments in the state. Every one is invited to send their children here, and also come themselves and take part in some of the several adults classes of the main school. We are now just commencing a new quarter's lessons, which will be very interesting the school convenes at 12 every Sabbath.

The Y. P. S. C. E. topic for next Sabbath is "Will one Excuse Stand," under the leadership of Flora Astley. We would be pleased to have all young folks meet with us at 6 o'clock.

The Famous Smalley.

The fame of the Smalley bicycle continues to spread. It is now universally recognized as one of the finest wheels manufactured. Today an autographic letter was received at the cycle works from Rudyard Kipling the celebrated novelist and traveler, as follows:

"Gentlemen—Will you kindly mail me your catalogue of bicycles to 220 Fourth Ave., New York City, April 4. Truly Yours,
Rudyard Kipling.

Plymouth Cycle Mfg. Co.
Plymouth, Indiana."

STARTED HIM ANYWAY.



Willie—If there was a war in South Africa you would go, wouldn't you?
Cholly—No, Willie, I don't think I would. Why do you ask?

Willie—"Cause I heard Sister Annie say the other day that you was a bore."
—N. Y. World.

THAT BURGLAR.

A Full Army Corps Turned Out to Discover Naughty Thieves Still at Large.

Tuesday Mr. Jerry Blain and his estimable wife were in the midst of the laborious duties of cleaning house. That evening they concluded to finish a well spent day by attending the services at the Presbyterian church.

Mrs. Hubbard, who had been assisting them, left the house for home, as she was leaving the yard she saw two men it is said, and a light in the cellar. This was sufficient evidence of course. She immediately came down town and gave the alarm. In a short time officers, Meyers, Lower, and Bennett accompanied by something short of half the male population of the city started for the house that was being robbed.

When they arrived on the scene, darkness and gloom was visible all around. After securing the key, and preceded by a trembling reporter of THE INDEPENDENT, they commenced a systematic search of the premises. On the outside there was a brave man for every picket on the fence, and four for each post. The first floor was thoroughly searched, it is said that Lower went so far in his work as to crawl under every bed.

Not finding the house breakers on this floor they went into the garret. Here their search was in vain. Then they thought of the cellar. Here was where they were hid, in their minds. When they arrived at the cellar door, the nerve of THE INDEPENDENT fellow weakened, and it is said his voice trembled when he asked Bennett for his revolver. But Bennett said "Nit." There is no one down there, said Bennett, and he gazed down the stairway with a bad glitter in his eye. Meyers tried to push the brave reporter down into the cellar, but the young fellow majestically moved him aside and started down on his perilous journey, determined that if some one had to surrender their life, it would be the representative of the press, which has heretofore given up everything for the benefit of humanity—even its boodle.

But why dwell upon this terrible scene? There was no one there, and even the stoves which had fire in remained in their accustomed places. Of course THE INDEPENDENT has a theory but we are not in position to give it up without a goodly sized pile of 16 to 1.

Two of a Kind.

The printers and quill drivers at Valparaiso are out after an office. They have realized what it is to work ten to fourteen hours a day, and take their money when they can get it. Just as soon as our friend Small of the Vidette announced himself as a candidate for the office of representative, the foreman of the Valparaiso Messenger comes to the front and announces himself as an aspirant for the same office, and dependent upon the recognition of the same convention. Now there's pluck for you. It is considered a hazardous undertaking for a political party to recognize even one printer as a candidate, that is a shrewd political policy, you know; but when it comes to two, there is surely something of utmost importance at stake. All we can do is to wait for the result from Valparaiso with bated breath.

A Call.

This evening at 7:30 o'clock the People's party will meet in convention at their hall, corner of Michigan and Washington streets, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the coming city election. BY ORDER OF COM.

FOURTH WARD CASE.

MAYOR SWINDELL IS SUSTAINED BY THE COURT.

The Fourth Ward Case Once More on Deck—Judge Burson Renders His Decision Wednesday Afternoon.

The great Fourth ward case has once more appeared in the courts, and was the attraction at the court house Wednesday. It has been the general impression that the judge would not sustain the demur. But he did, holding that the former decision of the Supreme court in this case practically decided the case in favor of the mayor, and the Judge rendered judgments in favor of Swindell for costs. Maxey and O'Keefe prayed for an appeal.

McDonald Should Take "Hoods."

Our old democratic tried-in-the-fire McDonald is surely in need of some remedy that will remove that condition of his physical ailments and permit him to look upon his neighbor with a less jealous eye. It is a well-known fact that we represent "Independent No. 1," while he manipulates his quill on "Independent No. 2."

In his issue of yesterday he attempts to tell us that we have no right to mention candidates who affiliate with the democratic party. We are at a loss to know how he can possibly claim a prestige over the only official independent paper of the Queen City. It will be remembered that Editor Mc. some time ago, while laboring under strong mental excitement, denounced his allegiance to the democratic party and boldly avowed his position in the future as "independent in all things." Now, if he would follow out the assertion he made at that time the people of this city would believe the position assumed by this doty editor was done with a desire of leaving every vestige of partisan rottenness behind and rising into a higher atmosphere of political purity. How he has succeeded has been thoroughly demonstrated in his weekly paper ever since that time.

It was but one week after making this announcement and discovering that it did not "cut much ice" with his former constituents which way he went, that he began to "crawlish." Since that memorable occasion he has been found in the ranks of the democratic party "sawing wood" with a vengeance.

Now, what we would like to know is: Who has a better right to mention those that would make good timber for the city council than THE INDEPENDENT? We represent a principle which McDonald cannot conscientiously say we do not adhere to. While it is true, that we favor men who belong and affiliate with different political parties, yet we propose the names of those whom we believe will lay aside party affiliations and work for the good of our city. It has been fully demonstrated by Editor McDonald that he is thoroughly partisan. His assertions to the contrary are from the lips only; no deeper. If he opposes a candidate nominated by his party it will be through personal motives, and that alone.

As previously announced, we propose to support the candidates whom we believe will conduct the business of Plymouth in a manner satisfactory to the people, and we will not for one moment take into consideration what party with whom they affiliate. It can be readily seen, without using a black-board illustration, how quiet this great exponent of political independence has been regarding the available timber in our city for councilmen. And right here we will make a prediction: The editor of "Independent No. 2" will under no circumstances countenance or sanction a candidate who is not a thorough democrat. Again: If the people's party in its convention tomorrow night will nominate all democrats Mc. is liable to desire his party to concur in the nominations. Now, this is not for the purpose of saying anything derogatory to the people's party, but to give the people an opportunity to study the patriotic efforts of our esteemed contemporary of the "Independent Organ No. 2."

They Entertained.

The Misses Laura Linkenhelt, Grace McColi and Gertrude Peterson entertained a few of their young lady friends to a luncheon at the home of the latter last evening April 8, in honor of Miss Marguerite Humes' 15th birthday. Those present were:

Misses—
Lois North
Angie Houghton
Lottie Dickinson
Susie Wallace
Laura Linkenhelt
Grace McColi
Gertrude Peterson
Marguerite Hume.