

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4 1896.

Entered at the post office at Rensselaer, Ind.  
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MONON ROUTE

LOUISVILLE, NEW ALBANY & CHICAGO, ILL.

ALWAYS GIVES ITS PATRONS THE FULL WORTH OF THEIR MONEY, HONESTLY AND QUICKLY.

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Frank J. Reed, G. P. A.

MONON ROUTE.

Rensselaer Time-Table

	SOUTH-BOUND.	NORTH-BOUND.
No. 31	4:45 a. m.	No. 4 4:45 a. m.
5	10:35	40 7:31
33	1:00 p. m.	33 10:07
39	6:05	6 3:30 p. m.
3	11:15	59 5:15
45	2:40	74 5:15
		46 9:30 a. m.

No. 31 does not stop at Rensselaer.

No. 32 stops at Rensselaer only when they have passengers to off.

No. 74 carries passengers between Monon and Lowell.

A new train, No. 12, has been put on between Monon and Lowell. Passengers can now travel Lafayette at 5:30 p. m. arrive at Rensselaer at 7:05 p. m. This train does not run on Sundays.

Church Directory.

PRESBYTERIAN.

REV. M. R. PARADIS, Pastor.

Sabbath School, 9:30 a. m.

Public Worship, 10:45 a. m.

Class Meeting, 11:45 a. m.

Worship League, Junior, 2:30 p. m.

Epworth League, Senior, 6:30 p. m.

Public Worship, 7:30 p. m.

Epworth League, Tuesday, 7:30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

REV. R. D. UTTER, Pastor.

Sabbath School, 9:30 a. m.

Public Worship, 10:45 a. m.

Class Meeting, 11:45 a. m.

Worship League, Junior, 2:30 p. m.

Epworth League, Senior, 6:30 p. m.

Public Worship, 7:30 p. m.

Epworth League, Tuesday, 7:30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7:30 p. m.

CHRISTIAN.

9:30 a. m.

Public Worship, 11:45 a. m.

Class Meeting, 2:30 p. m.

P. F. S. E., 6:30 p. m.

Public Worship, 7:30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7:30 p. m.

JUDGE HEALY.

He is the gibe and the sneer of every

clown who can get on the city stage in

spotted breeches.

He is the butt of

the vile jokes in the city saloons.

He shares with the

mother-in-law, the

the plantation

darky, the rusty

stovepipe and the

tramp as the

stock material for

cheap photographers.

He is brought

on the stage of

every low theater

as the stock victim

of all the stale old practical jokes.

"Hayseed" and "Wayback" and "Jay"

are his regular titles, even among cultivated people, and in the slums "farmer" is one of the vile epithets which provoke a fight. He figures in the illustrated comics as a half savage. Look at the pictures of the typical farmer in the New York papers and see something

THE VILLIFER.

He is the gibe and the sneer of every

clown who can get on the city stage in

spotted breeches.

He is the butt of

the vile jokes in the city saloons.

He shares with the

mother-in-law, the

the plantation

darky, the rusty

stovepipe and the

tramp as the

stock material for

cheap photographers.

He is brought

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"Hayseed" and "Wayback" and "Jay"

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THE AFFLICTION OF ABUNDANCE.

But there has been so great an in-

crease in production. Now, why should

the farmer com-

plain that prices go down as the

size of the crop goes up? And how can you prove that elevating the condition of the farmer will elevate that of other laborers?

It is impossible to raise the agricultural class of any country without raising all the other classes who depend on labor for a living.

It is not absolutely im-

possible to press down the agricultural laborer and yet leave the city la-

bor unaffected, but it is very unlikely.

The farmer, however, does not com-

plain that he gets less per pound or per bushel when the crop is big than when it is small. What he does complain of, and what he has a right to complain of,

is that prices have fallen so fast that

he gets very much less money for a big crop than he formerly got for a small one. Thus the bounties of Providence are turned into curses and he is coming to look upon abundance as an affliction.

And why this change? It is because he has been systematically robbed for 30

THE FARMER.

As He Was and as He Is.

HOW HE IS ROBBED.

Stupendous Decline in Farm Products.

A PERNICIOUS FINANCIAL POLICY.

Evils of Contraction—The Concentration of Wealth—Rise and Fall of Gold—The Effect of the Free Coinage of Silver. What Gold Monometalism Stands For. An Honest Payment of Debts—The Help Offered by the Ballot.

By JOHN H. BEADLE.

The accompanying illustrations are from New York newspapers of recent date. They are published to show the popular idea of the personality of the American farmer in the gold stronghold of the country.

I will invite your attention to two pictures.

Twenty-five years ago the American farmer was a king. Poets sang about him. Orators praised him.

Edward Everett held up an ear of golden corn before his audience and enlabeled the grower in such eloquent words that storms of applause shook the hall. We loved to read and quote the old stirring lines telling how "the embattled farmers stood" at Lexington and Concord, and it was universally agreed that they were the salvation of the land. They were the hardy yeomanry, the free and independent workers, and even such foreign visitors as De Tocqueville went out of their way to describe the happy condition of the landowning farmer in this country.

Washington gloried in being a farmer. Our greatest statesmen passed their vacations on their own farms, among their horses and cattle. They delighted in rural pleasure, they worked and personally directed their employees, and from a season of this kind of life and close contact with the people they came back to Washington having lived close to the heart of nature, more democratic and more democratic and more in love with their own land. Their names were couched in the popular lore with the names of their estates. It was Washington of Mount Vernon, Jefferson of Monticello, Clay of Ashland, Webster of Marshfield and Jackson of The Hermitage.

Where is that farmer now?

He is the gibe and the sneer of every clown who can get on the city stage in spotted breeches.

He is the butt of the vile jokes in the city saloons. He shares with the mother-in-law, the plantation darky, the rusty stovepipe and the tramp as the stock material for cheap photographers.

He is brought on the stage of

every low theater

as the stock victim

of all the stale old practical jokes.

"Hayseed" and "Wayback" and "Jay" are his regular titles, even among cultivated people, and in the slums "farmer" is one of the vile epithets which provoke a fight. He figures in the illustrated comics as a half savage. Look at the pictures of the typical farmer in the New York papers and see something

whisker, but looks like a wisp of weather-beaten hay.

This is the farmer of today as the people of the cities are taught to consider him.

And why this change? It is because he has been systematically robbed for 30

years and has submitted to the robbery and voted for more of it. He is despised because he has consented to his own degradation.

His very virtues have been made the means of his degradation. The farmers, and especially the men who till their own acres, are our great conservative class. They dread revolution. They love their country with an impassioned ardor born of close contact with the soil—an ardor of patriotism which some writers have thought impossible in men reared in cities.

Naturally, therefore, the northern farmers stood by their government in the great civil war. The Republican party was in power and acquired an immense prestige by the successful issue of the conflict.

Naturally again, therefore, the great majority of farmers credited all good things to that party. They could not believe that the party of Lincoln and Sumner and other friends of humanity would do aught of injustice.

The Decline in Value.

The war tariff was prolonged in time of peace despite solemn promises to the contrary.

Empires of land and hundreds of millions of money were given to great corporations. Credit Mobilier, the Indian ring, the whisky ring, the star route ring and scores of others followed in rapid succession, but though the farmers in turn were not half as bad as they did not revolt.

Puck.

They overlooked the fact that parties are composed of men and therefore subject to change. They were slow to believe that the grand old party could contain scammers.

On top of all the rest comes a financial system which has added 80 per cent to the value of money and depreciated the price of the farmer's products in like proportion, and at the least signs of a revolt on his part he is denounced as a traitor. It is assumed as a matter of course that Wall street should strive for a rise in stocks, that manufacturers should lobby for a higher tariff, that the Pacific Railway companies should evade payment of their debt. All other men can

Judge.

vote and lobby to raise the price of what they own and be good Christians, but at the bare hint that the farmer is to vote for restoring silver to get a little better price for his crops, the country rings with frantic cries of rage and denunciation.

The farmer has submitted too long.

He has lost the respect of those who have robbed him, and it is much to be feared

that in great part he has lost his own self respect. His poverty has become

is reproach.

The Affliction of Abundance.

But there has been so great an in-

crease in production. Now, why should

the farmer com-

plain that prices go down as the

size of the crop goes up? And how can you prove that elevating the condition of the farmer will elevate that of other laborers?

It is impossible