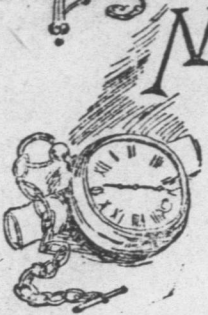


## BETSY'S SUCCESS



MISS ASH was a maiden lady of so many years that she no longer hesitated to wear her own grey curls, but she was very well off, healthy and upright as a dart, and but for one peculiarity would have been a happy woman.

In these days, believing too little is the general stumbling block, and many people deny almost everything that can be mentioned, and are extremely proud of having faith in nothing. But Miss Ash reversed this state of things. From the hour of her rising to that of her retiring, the most alarming things were constantly occurring. The salt was spilled, there were awful cracks in the looking-glasses, and she picked up crooked pins. The bread and cake came cleft out of the oven, and the old servant heard steps on the stairs when no one ascended them. The street door-bell rang without hands—at least no one saw anyone outside when the door was answered.

"Some put their faith in princes," we are told. Miss Ash put hers in fortune-tellers. She had always done so from the days when they spoke confidently of a fair young man, with his heart in his hand, or a "dark-complexioned young gentleman what fears to speak his mind."

The dark young gentleman Miss Ash had always presumed to be Mr. Tompkins, who had let concealment prey upon his damask cheek for sixty years or so and then departed in consequence of gout.

But with all these weaknesses, Miss Ash was not a bad sort of woman. She did a great deal for the poor; was kind to her old servant; and had taken in, out of charity, a poor young French girl, whose father had died upon the passage to America, and who might have died herself, perhaps, but for the pity Miss Ash had upon her.

She loved her nephew Dick, too; gave him many a present and kept his pockets well filled with small change. She instructed him in the art of table-tipping, in which, having even less veneration than most lads of 15, he soon became an adept, and so great a medium that he could offer his aunt communications in the form of cracks, snaps, tips or writings, from all the celebrated personages mentioned in history.

As for the French girl, Estelle Noir, she was superstitious too in her own way, but it was a fearful way, which made her shrink from peering into futurity.

Meanwhile Betsy Baker laughed in her sleeve at the whole of it—table-tipping and all; and racked her brains for some pretext by which she could turn her mistress' love and kindness from the French girl, who had, as she believed, stepped into her place, and might perhaps, deprive her of her long expected legacy.

Now and then, however, even in this ghostly household, the real usurped the place of the unreal and



"I AM NO THEIF."

the actual present was more interesting than the future. Such a time came when Master Dick was sent to college and Miss Ash, for Miss Ash, having a farweller visit, and, since he had lost his mother some years before, to be properly fitted out by her womanly hands. There were shirts to make and ties to be bought, handkerchiefs to hem and mark and a thousand buttons to see to. Estelle worked diligently, and her dainty French needlework was a perfect marvel. She marked all his clothes and beautifully.

"She sat in 'madame's' room and stitched and Betsy Baker looked at her malevolently, when she brought up the linen from the wash; for Miss Ash praised the girl's work, and had spoken in the kitchen of her 'beautiful hair'."

"Then French isn't any good, Miss Ash," Betsy had remarked, "especially when they're what I call charity folks." But Miss Ash had resented the remark, and now Betsy held her peace.

And Dick whistled and banged about the house. And the young and old women were at work up stairs, and there was no more table-tipping or inquiries of soothsayers until a morning when a cab stopped at the door, and a big trunk was put on behind, and Dick kissed his aunt and was off. Then Miss Ash, folding her hands together at her belt, heaved a great sigh, and said aloud:

"Well, I must go and see Madame Smith to-morrow, and ask her how

the dear boy is going to get on. You shall go with me, Estelle."

But Estelle cried:

"No, madame, please; but I fear that madame, the teller of fortunes." Nevertheless, on the morrow Miss Ash went to Madame Smith. The seeress was in better condition than usual. The gin bottle was full. She smiled upon Miss Ash, and said:

"Ah! I've been expectin' of you. The boy is off your hands now. I knowed you'd come."

"Wonderful!" said Miss Ash. Then the seeress reclined in a rocking chair, and was supposed to go into a trance.

"I am a spirit from the realms above," said the seeress, in a few moments. "I can't come for to stay long, only for to give this friend a promise and a warnin'."

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Ash.

"The youth will become a very great man," said Madame. "He will climb the pinnacles of fame, and when he has clumb'em, the voice of the nation will select him for the future president. But there's a dreadful danger before you, although it may be avoided. You have took into your heart and home a foreign person. Beware!"

"Now, there," said Miss Ash, who sometimes argued with her spiritual guide, "there you are mistaken, Madame Smith."

"It ain't me," said Madame suddenly coming to herself. "It's a higher and mightier power than what I am."

"Well, it's mistaken, anyhow," said Miss Ash. "She'll turn out well."

"No, she won't," responded the spirit in possession of Madame Smith. "Look in your secret drawer when you get home and see if your father's gold watch is safe. She opened it last night after you were asleep and took it out. And she's pawned it or sold it. It's gone."

Miss Ash looked horror-stricken. She went home trembling and cold with apprehension and rushed straight to the secret drawer of her escritoir. The watch she valued so was gone—her father's watch which she had treasured so long. And Estelle and her nephew Dick alone knew how to open it. Even good Betsy Baker she had never trusted. Estelle was the thief.

The girl sat sewing, and looked up at her with a smile when she called her.

"My watch, Estelle—my watch—father's great watch, that I showed you. Where is it? It's gone!"

"Ah, mon Dieu!" cried Estelle. "Gone? Impossible!"

Her face was not that of a guilty person, but Miss Ash never doubted her guilt for once.

"Estelle," she said, "the spirits have told me all about it. You took it. Give it back and I'll not punish you."

"Madame," cried poor Estelle, "I have it not. I am no thief. I—I take Madame's word. Impossible!"

And there were tears and prayers and vows, but no confession.

Miss Ash would have believed no living tongue that had told the tale, but an angel from heaven had revealed the truth and she could not doubt it. After long hours, in which she strove to force the girl to confess, she took the course she had threatened from the first—called a policeman and sent the girl to prison.

"I must have the watch back," she said, as she tossed up on the pillow. "A night in jail will do it. I shall never have faith in any one again."

Betsy Baker lay awake also, giddy with triumph, yet half terrified. There was no fair-weather friend in the house now. But she was white-faced and miserable.

At dawn, or a very little after, came a rapping at the door of Miss Ash's house. A policeman stood there.

"About the young gal that took the watch, mum," he said.

"Has she confessed?" asked Miss Ash.

"Not exactly," replied the man. "But it points that way."

"I don't wish to prosecute," said Miss Ash. "Only to get the watch back."

"Ah," said the man. "Well, there'll be no need. She's dead."

"Dead!" screamed Betsy Baker on the stairs. "Dead!"

"Hush her self," said the man. "Put her hair up in pins, first, and made her self neat as a picture. Yes—dead."

Betsy Baker gave another cry and threw herself screaming on the floor. She tore her hair, gnawed her teeth and howled and had convulsions; then she uttered that she saw a standing at her elbow and went off again. Finally coming to herself, she put her hand into her pocket and gave Miss Ash a note, greasy at the edge and smelling of smoke.

"I went to Madame Smith and told her what to say," she said. "I paid her \$5 to say it. As for your watch, read that."

And Miss Ash, tearing the envelope, read these lines in Dick's hand:

"DEAR AUNT—Please forgive me. I've got your watch. I wanted one so bad. I'll take good care of it, and bring it back when you give me a new one. Your affectionate Dick."

Miss Ash read the words and fainted away. She came to a min, however, and went to poor Estelle's funeral, and planted flowers over her grave. And Betsy Baker did not die at once, as she would in a play, though she left the house that day. But fortune-telling and no charms for Miss Ash any more.

"Snuff to Cure Phlegm."

M. Tatrovossow states that he recently had a case in which he successfully combated diaphragmatic spasm, accompanied by cough or paroxysms, by making the patient take snuff with a syringe at in. Its action was immediate, the paroxysm ceased and the continued use of the snuff caused the disease to disappear.

## SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

APPLIES TO MONEY AS WELL AS PRICES.

Scarcity of Money Has Closed Factories and Thrown Thousands of Men Out of Employment—Supply and Demand Work Both Ways.

Yes; we admit what is said about supply and demand regulating prices. But why is money always left out of the discussion?

A good crop of money would increase the price of everything else.

A poor crop—resulting from destructive winds, Shylock reign, John Bull cattle in Congress, epidemics of yellow blight, hogs and gold bugs—increases the price of wheat, cotton, labor and everything else—except the price of liberty.

Scarcity of money makes every day the situation of the American wage and debt slave more hopeless.

If one man or a dozen could monopolize the production of wheat in this country they would combine to make it scarce in order to secure a high price. So it is with money. A few men have been allowed to control the volume of money, and they combine to make it scarce, so that they may secure all the produce of the country as interest.

As long as the production of wheat, etc., is not monopolized the money power wants it plenty. But the manufactured articles which the money power monopolizes, it wants made scarce in order to buy more of the things which it can't monopolize.

Interest is regulated by the supply and demand of money. Hence the money power wants a short supply to create a constant demand.

A shortage of the wheat, corn or cotton crop increases the prices of those products only.

But a shortage of money not only increases the rates of interest, but reduces the price of every commodity in the market.

Money is the representative of everything produced, and the amount of it in circulation regulates the exchange price of all things—except common sense and justice.

Money serves in no capacity except in distributing the products of one section of the country or class of labor to another section or class and enabling the producer of one thing to swap what he doesn't need for what he does need.

Money is only a counter used in an improved method of swapping a sow and pigs for a suit of clothes.

## CLUB ORGANIZATION.

Plan as Outlined and Adopted by the Recent St. Louis Convention.

Last week a large share of our specially prepared reports of the St. Louis conference was crowded out at the moment of going to press, and some important features were omitted, much to our chagrin. The following important resolution on organization was adopted by the committee. We suggest to all reform papers to reproduce this resolution in their columns and keep standing some weeks or months:

"Resolved, That while we do not attempt to dictate to any state as to the plan of organization it shall adopt, we renew the recommendation of the national committee in favor of the organization of the Industrial Legion in every precinct in the land; and further recommend that no dues shall be exacted, only from legions that operate the rebate plan, and that in all cases where members are able, they be urged to send 10 cents per annum to headquarters; that all clubs or other orders that wish to change into legions shall send 20 cents for supplies, and that original legions shall send 50 cents, but that no legion shall be denied a charter when it is unable to pay for it, and that these organizations shall be called People's Party Clubs, People's Party Legions or Industrial Legions, in order to suit the conditions in each state, and that rule 15 of the instructions of the Industrial Legion be dropped, and that all People's party clubs or legions shall report to the same headquarters, in order to avoid confusion and to perfect a systematic organization."

The above was unanimously adopted by the national committee, and will be sent broadcast through the country as the authorized method of organization. The committee on literature made the following report:

"Whereas, there is an important demand for cheap and reliable literature with which we can reach the people, so that the people can be properly educated upon the principles of our platform; therefore, your committee would recommend that the chairman and the secretary of our national committee establish and publish from headquarters, at Washington, D. C., a monthly serial, and furnish the same to our committee and people at the very lowest possible price, and furnish such other literature to our people as is reliable and in line with our platform—all to emanate from the bureau at Washington."—Nonconformist.

## SHERMAN THE SAVIOUR.

Honest John Comes to the Rescue of the Government.

Now that "Honest John Sherman has taken hold of the thorny problem and kindly consented to save the country introduced a financial bill of his own, try, it will probably be in order to breathe freely." Sherman has proved such a success heretofore as the financial guardian of the people, and so many blessings have flown from his marvelous performances in the world of finance, it is not too much to predict that his new bill will either cure or kill us outright. Of course, no scheme could be expected from the "lean, spare Cassius" of Ohio that did not provide for a bond issue, as the objective point of his whole existence seems to be to get more bonds and bigger ones. His idea of supreme bliss

seems to be a country plastered over two feet thick with interest-bearing mortgages with himself and friends as the manipulators of the coupons attached thereto. A fruitful crop has been reaped by Sherman & Co. as the result of this policy and it would be unreasonable to expect him this late in life to relinquish his hold on so good a thing. Should your Uncle John ever get to heaven the first proposition he would make to St. Peter would be to lay a bonded mortgage on the pearl streets and adjacent angels and give him the sole right of foreclosure.—Nonconformist.

## "BLOODSTAINED GREENBACK."

The Only Salvation of the Common People from Bondage.

Had the government issued money through the banks and not direct to the people, during the war, the bank would now be five billion dollars richer and of course the people that much poorer. The banks see this and also see that in the next thirty years the must be deprived of five billion dollars profit if the government keeps its greenback money in circulation. The calculation is quite simple. Money at ten per cent compound interest will double every seven and two-sevenths years. There is now \$333,000,000 of greenbacks that have been outstanding ever since 1863—32 years ago. These greenbacks were printed by the government and paid out to the people the government owed, and for army supplies. They were not issued to the banks. They saved their amount in taxes or bonds. Had they been issued to the banks the government would not have had one cent by reason of their issue. The banks would have loaned them to the people at an interest that would have averaged at least ten per cent. Three hundred and forty-six million at ten per cent compound interest would be double that amount in seven and two-sevenths years—\$632,000,000. Six hundred and ninety-two millions at ten per cent in seven and two-sevenths years would be 1,334,000,000. There are hundred and eighty-four dollars and seven and two-sevenths years would be \$2,768,000,000. Twenty-seven hundred and sixty-eight million dollars at ten per cent in seven and two-sevenths years would be \$5,536,000,000 dollars. Here are only four periods of seven and two-sevenths years each, or a total of 29 1/7 years. The greenbacks, however, have been in circulation over thirty-one years.

Is it any wonder that the great bankers are making a desperate attempt to have congress tax or bond the people to destroy the greenbacks and then issue the money through the banks? Five billions lost by the money power by reason of the independent action of the government in issuing greenbacks in the last thirty years. It is not at all surprising that banks are taking advantage of a friend in the presidential chair, to secure an act of congress relating greenbacks. But is it not strange that the people are not aroused at the matter with them? Are they stoned blind from party prejudice? Are they unconscious of the power of the ballot and indignation meetings? If the people would assemble at their various county seats and declare in no uncertain tones against the measure and their mandate would be obeyed.

We presume, however, that the reason of this silence is because the masses of the old parties are ignorant on the money question and the Populists are giving the money power its rope so it will break its neck.—Missouri World.

## THE LABOR MOVEMENT.

Wendell Phillips Said That the Laborers Demand Immediate Action.

Now here I take issue with the best critic the labor movement has met; I refer to the Rev. Samuel Johnson of Salem, one of the thinkers who has spread out before the people his objections to the labor movement of this country. His first objection is that we will hurry into politics. Well, now our answer to him and to the score of other scholars who have been criticizing us is this: "Gentlemen, we see the benefit of going into politics. If we had not rushed into politics, had not taken Massachusetts by the four corners and shaken her, you would never have written your criticism. We rush into politics because politics is the safety valve. We would discuss as well as you, if you would only give us bread and houses, fair play and leisure, and opportunities to travel."

We could sit and discuss the question for fifty years.

It's a very easy thing to discuss, for a gentleman in his study, with no anxiety about to-morrow.

Why the ladies and gentlemen of the reign of Louis XV. and Louis XVI, in France, seated in gilded saloons and on Persian carpets, surrounded with luxury, with the products of India, and the curious manufactures of ingenious Lyons and Rheims, discussed the rights of man, and balmied them in dainty phrases, and expressed them in such quaint generalizations that, if a person borrowed the Declaration of Independence from their hands.

There they sat, balancing and discussing sweetly, making out new theories, and daily erecting a splendid architecture of debate, till the angry crowd broke open the doors, and ended the discussion in blood.

They waited too long, discussed about a half a century too long.

You see, discussion is very good when a man has bread to eat, and his children all portioned off, and his daughters married, and his home furnished and paid for, and his will made; but discussion is very bad when—

"Ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers;

Bre the sorrow comes with years;" discussion is bad when a class bends under actual oppression. We want immediate action.

We would have given this issue from an outbreak of actual violence. Therefore we go into politics.—From a speech of Wendell Phillips at Boston, Oct. 21, 1888.

**Shot and Shell.** This is one of the finest campaign documents for distribution at this season of the year. By all means include it in your order for literature. Price single copy, 10c., per dozen, 75c., at the Pilot office.

**The Searchlight**—Henry Vincent's powerful reform weekly, the up-to-date populist campaigner—than which there is no better published—always full of forceful argument, doubly clinched points and the latest news from the front—never campeled but marching in the procession—price \$1.00—clubbed with the Pilot both for \$1.50.

**Shylock's Daughter.** By Margret Holmes Bates.

Illustrated with eleven drawings by Capt. Rowley. This book is, to begin with, a thoroughly well written love story, with an interesting plot and life like characters. Whoever begins it will read it through. When he has read it, if he is already a Populist, he will overflow with enthusiasm, while if he was a Republican or a Democrat he will have many things to think over.

For sale at this office; paper cover 25c; cloth 50c.

**The Referendum Movement.** Parties who

are interested in the subject of the Initiative and Referendum, as now in operation in all the cantons of Switzerland, should read "Direct Legislation," a 25 cent pamphlet which can be had at this office. It is a subject of vital import to every one and should be carefully considered before it is condemned. It is exceedingly simple in its application to American states and should be treated with the same non-partisan spirit that was given the Australian ballot. Through it every man would be a law maker direct, with as little expense to the state as any election of officers now is.

**Vox Populi** is a 16-page publication, and more than

half of each issue is given to pictures and striking cartoons. The statistical matter of each single number is worth more than the subscription price for an entire year (\$1.00). The circulation of VOX POPULI is general throughout the United States. Every leading populist takes it. In the campaign of 1895-6 it will appeal to the eye and the intellect of more people than any other journal in the nation. Whether poor or well off, you cannot afford to do without VOX POPULI. Single copies are sold at 10 cents, but any subscriber to the People's Pilot who wishes a sample copy, can get the same by stating that they are subscribers and sending 4 cents in stamps to cover postage, etc., to VOX POPULI, St. Louis, Mo. VOX POPULI will be clubbed with the People's Pilot, both papers for \$1.65. All Pilot subscribers who are already paid up will be supplied with VOX POPULI for 65c. at the Pilot office.

**The Baltimore Plan,** now practically endorsed

by President Cleveland, is attracting universal attention because it is based on the evident fact that the currency and banking systems of the country must be reformed. But is the Baltimore plan a reform? It gives the associated banks the power to expand the currency and relieve the country. It also gives them the power to contract it at will and create widespread distress for their own private gain.

It puts the credit of the government behind every bank note. It donates all but half of one per cent of the profit on the note issue of the banks, and it leaves plenty of opportunities for a Napoleon of Finance to wreck a bank and leave the government to pay the notes.

It leaves the banks free to demand the highest interest that the several states will allow, and afford no relief to farmers and business men of moderate capital.

Contrast with this THE HILL BANKING SYSTEM.

In "Money Found," an exceedingly valuable and instructive book. Hon. Thomas E. Hill proposes that the government open its own bank in every large town or county seat in the United States, pay 3 per cent on long time deposits, receive deposits subject to check without interest, and loan money at the uniform rate of 4 per cent to every one offering security worth double the amount of the loan.

This plan is not an expense to the government, but a source of large revenue.

It secures the government amply, which the Baltimore plan does not.

It relieves the distress of the common people, which the Baltimore plan does not.

It protects not only note-holders but depositors, who are unprotected now under the Baltimore plan would be still worse off.

In a word, the Baltimore plan is in the interest of the bankers, the Hill Banking System is in the interest of the people.

Consider them both, and ask your congressmen to vote for the one you believe in.

For sale at this office; Paper Cover 25c; Cloth 50c.