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# THE PEOPLE'S PILOT.

FOR THE FREE AND UNLIMITED COINAGE OF SILVER AND GOLD AT THE PARITY RATIO OF SIXTEEN TO ONE WITHOUT REFERENCE TO ANY OTHER NATION ON EARTH.

VOL. IV.

RENSSELAER, IND., SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1895.

NUMBER 41.

## MONON TIME TABLE.

### SOUTH BOUND.

No. 5	10:52 A. M.
No. 2	11:22 P. M.
No. 30	6:21 P. M.
No. 45	3:25 P. M.

### NORTH BOUND.

No. 6	3:25 P. M.
No. 4	4:45 A. M.
No. 40	7:39 A. M.
No. 46	10:00 A. M.
No. 74	19:58 P. M.

\*stop on signal.

daily except Sunday.

## THE POST OFFICE.

### Money Order Fees.

The post office is an institution run upon the principle of the very best service at actual cost. Money sent by its order system is the very safest, most convenient and the cheapest means of transportation. Every cent that is paid for stamps, or for fees is that much of the nation's taxes paid. It is the duty of all good citizens to patronize the post office in every way possible. The following are the rates:

Orders not exceeding \$2.50 3c.  
Orders not exceeding \$5.00 5c.  
Orders not exceeding \$10.00 8c.  
Orders not exceeding \$20.00 10c.  
Orders not exceeding \$30.00 12c.  
Orders not exceeding \$40.00 15c.  
Orders not exceeding \$50.00 18c.  
Orders not exceeding \$60.00 20c.  
Orders not exceeding \$75.00 25c.  
Orders not exceeding \$100.00 30c

### Rates of Postage.

Merchandise, for each oz. 1c  
Books, printed matter, 2-oz. 1c  
Newspapers, 4-oz. 1c  
Newspapers, (by publisher) 1lb 1c  
Letters (Canada, Mexico) 1-oz 2c  
Letters, Foreign,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. 5c  
Registering fee, additional, 8c

### Arrivals and Departures.

Mails arrive—7 a. m., 10:52 a. m., and 3:25 p. m.  
Mails close—10:22 a. m., 2:55 p. m. and 7 p. m.  
Office hours—7 a. m. to 7 p. m.

### Star Route Mails.

Leave for Blackford and Aix Tuesdays and Saturdays at 1 p. m., returning same day. Pleasant Grove and Valma daily at \$12:30 p. m. Collegeville daily at 8:15 a. m.

### Advertised Letters.

Letters addressed as below remain uncalled for in the post office at Rensselaer, Jasper county, Indiana. Those not claimed within two weeks from the date given will be sent to the Dead Letter Office, Washington, D. C. Persons calling for any of the letters in this list will please say they are advertised:

First Advertised March 23d.

Mr. Chas. Sprague.

First Advertised March 31.

Wm. Shaw, Mr. Lem Paterson,

Henry May.

Miss Ella Owens.

E. P. HONAN, P. M.

### At Survey Postoffice.

First Advertised March 30.

Chas. Payton, Felix Parker,

D. W. Drago.

G. M. WILCOX, P. M.

### Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for April.

The April number of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly contains a beautifully illustrated article, replete with personal interest and of real practical value, entitled "How to Become a Prima Donna." This paper, written by W. de Wagstaffe, embodies actual talks with four of the reigning operatic stars of the present season—namely: Mmes. Emma Eames, Lillian Nordica, Zelie de Lussan and Jessie Bartlett Davis. Other pictorial and literary features of this number are: a biographical sketch of Count Yamagata, the contemporary Japanese Von Moltke, written expressly for Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly by Teiichi Yamagata, a near relative of the great field marshal; a charming and seasonable account of the legend of "Easter Eggs," by Mrs. Leicester Addis; an authoritative account of "The Eisteddfod in Wales and in the United States," by ex-Postmaster General Thomas L. James; entertaining reminiscences of some "Eccentric Dinners," by Howard Paul; "The World Awheel," being a chapter on the evolution of the bicycle and *la Reine Bicyclette*, by Henry Tyrrell; "Homes in Japan" by George Donaldson; "New York Newsboys" by Kathleen Mathew; "The Natural History of Cock-fighting," by Ernest Ingersoll; and "Taxidermy as an Art," with illustrations by W. H. Drake, written by Frank A. Chapman, of the American Museum of Natural History. There are also a number of good short stories and poems by distinctly popular writers.

With a history which embalmed democratic hostility to national banks and bonds, it has slavishly marched and countermarched as the bankers ordered and has about worn out Charles Foster's republican plates in engraving democratic bonds.

With a traditional motto of "equal and exact justice to all men" it has

## IN MEMORIAM.

### THE LAST SAD OBSEQUIES ARE OVER.

Plucky Tom Watson of Georgia Preaches the Funeral Services of the 53d Congress—Full Text of the Sermon as Delivered.

By request: The 53d congress is dead—thank God!

It died of old age at noon, on Monday last, to the profound sorrow of all professional boodlers, and to the intense relief of every honest man and woman in America.

Before giving up the ghost it had cleaned out every copper in the National treasury and had looted the people with every species of rapacious legislation.

Its ante-election pledge of "more money," became an after-election reality of "less money."

Its campaign promise of free silver became an extra session performance of no silver at all.

Its stump speech and editorial bimetallism became, by some swift and subtle transformation, a most rigorous and ruinous single gold standard.

Its yearnings for retrenchment and economy, somehow co-habited with the wrong mate, and the offspring of the mysterious error was a most prodigal and lawless extravagance.

Its efforts in the direction of lowering the taxes led, by some blunder on the part of the steersman, to the heaviest burdens ever laid upon any nation in time of peace.

Its tariff reform, though the cries of birth-hour were somewhat unusually loud and prolonged, is a brat for whom nobody will stand sponsor, and whose only certainty of living lies in the fact that no republicans can be found who will make war upon it.

Its campaign war cry against trusts and combines was a calculated discord, artistically introduced, as a prelude and contrast to the harmonies of sugar trust, whisky trust, and standard oil trust legislation.

Its denunciations of Wall street, plutocracy, and class laws, turned out to be an effective screen, cunningly contrived, behind which Cleveland, Stetson & Co., were to conspire with Rothschild, Belmont, Morgan & Co., and were to manipulate the most gigantic swindle we have known since the palmy days of Jay Gould.

Everything it promised not to do, it has done.

Everything it promised to do, it has left undone.

On every vital issue it has reversed its record, contradicted its words, gone opposite to its chart.

With a record which seemed to promise an enlarged currency, it has earned the paternal smiles of old John Sherman by retiring more than one hundred millions of our paper money, shutting off the coining of silver, and giving to the debt-holders twice as much cotton, wheat, labor and land as his dollar ever commanded before.

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stripped the wool-grower of all protection on his wool, in order that the manufacturer might enjoy cheaper raw material; and it has left the lumber mills of the South and West to compete with Canadian dealers for Eastern and Northern patronage—while those same Eastern and Northern customers are themselves absolutely protected in their lines of business from any competition whatsoever.

Jefferson's distrust of a military and naval establishment finds itself indorsed, in this congress of Jefferson's alleged party, by the most extravagant naval bill ever passed—passed too at a time when the people who vote the democratic ticket are not clamoring for guns but for bread!

Jackson's silver law of 1837 finds itself enacted into a policy which honors naught but gold.

Benton's theory of sustaining public credit by having the government live within its means, finds his protest lone and old fashioned—discarded for the Cleveland practice of giving us more debts to pay.

Stephens' conception of state's rights has dwindled down to a point where a democratic governor may protest against the armed invasion of federal troops, and finds his protest whistled aside with contempt—if some corporation will but hang a U. S. mail sack on one end of a freight car, and declare that the federal army is needed to pilot the mail sack through a mob.

"Entangling alliances with none," said the statesmen of the past, when referring to foreign nations; yet this administration has dabbled in every international muddle, or by its policies of ambassadorships, and its leanings to protectorates and annexations, has done its utmost to commit us to the entangling alliances which will draw us into the whirlpool of foreign policies.

Dead? Yes, its dead, this 53d congress; and the American people will ever hold it in vivid memory.

The homeless farmer who lost his roof-tree and his acres in the tremendous drop of cotton or wheat in 1893 or 4 will remember the 53d congress—and will curse it.

The bankrupt merchant, frantic over the loss of the accumulations of a lifetime of toil, will ever remember the 53d congress—and will curse it.

The countless unemployed, drifting from street to street, from town to town, and from woe to woe, bitterly regretting the days when there was an enterprise to plan work and money to pay for it, will remember the 53d congress—and will curse it.

And in years yet to come, the taxpayer bending beneath the load of Cleveland-Rothschild taxes, and finding it harder every year to get the dollar to satisfy the gold standard tax, will remember the 53d congress—and will curse its hideous record of guilt—People's Party Paper.

### Notes and Comments.

The city of Glasgow, Scotland, purchased the gas plant of that city from a corporation twenty-five years ago at cost of \$2,000,000. The municipal management gives entire satisfaction. The private corporation charged \$1.14 per 1,000 feet; the city charged 60 cents. The quantity of gas consumed has increased over 175 per cent. Object lessons of this kind along the lines of "fraternalism" knocks the stuffing out of corporate "internalism."

According to the census reports over one-half the families of this country are living in rented homes—52.20 per cent, to be exact, while 27.97 per cent of the owning families have mortgages on their homes. Here we have more than one-half the people without a country, and yet if the country was involved in a foreign war these homeless people would be expected to do the fighting. Queer country, this.

Common sense would seem to lead the wiseacres and savans to see in the popular discontent and restlessness evidences of a smoldering revolution, and that the old issues are worn out—that old political ties no longer bind as once they did.

The democratic party seems to have lost all clues that would lead to the discovery of prosperity and have about abandoned the search. In the light of this party's most signal failure where is the intelligent democrat that can assign a single reason for that party's pretended existence?

Glasgow, Scotland, owns its own water works. The system has been gradually duplicated, and in the course of a year the capacity will be 1,000,000 gallons a day, sufficient for a population of 2,000,000. The old company charged 14 pence of rental value, while the city's charge is 6 pence, and at this rate the income last year was \$800,000 and the expenditure was \$600,000, yielding a net revenue of \$200,000. This is called "paternalism" in this country by a class of people who sustain corporate internalism.

The war between labor and capital will continue to be waged so long as present conditions remain—labor demanding better pay for work, and capital wanting more work for less pay. Strikes will continue, but these will not bring relief until labor makes a grand strike at the ballot box. One grand united strike on that line will settle the question at once and for all time.

Are you surprised at the great number of train and bank robberies, hold-ups, burglaries, thefts and crimes generally reported daily in the papers? You ought not to be when you properly consider conditions that environ men to-day in this country. When it is admitted that there are 3,000,000 men in enforced idleness, it must also be admitted that not all of these men will starve in the midst of plenty, and that some of them are bound to become criminals. Last year there were 9,800 murders in this country against 6,615 for 1893, or an increase of over 30 per cent. The record for suicides for 1894 is higher than any previous year, the number being 4,912, nearly one-half of which were due to despondency. The destruction of life from suicides and murders amounted for the year 1894 to 14,712, making the record the darkest in history.

A traveler tells how he sent a telegraphic message of twenty-six words from Algiers, in Africa, to Dijon, France, 504 miles by cable and 560 miles by overland wire, for only 52 cents, or only one cent a word. Both of these lines were public property and that explains it. We could easily have as cheap rates in this country if the people would quit bending the supple knee to corporate power.

Machinery is rapidly driving men out of employment, and the question arises, where will we as a people bring up in a few years? The reaper of today does the work of nearly one hundred men fifty years ago. Typesetting machines do in one day what it would take six or seven printers to do in the same time, and so all through every department of labor. Does it ever occur to those who treat with lofty contempt every proposition for reform that there must eventually be a radical change in social conditions to conform to the constantly broadening of the field of inventions?

A short time ago a horse was killed on a trestle near Spring Valley, Ill., by a train. The starving people in the vicinity seized the dead animal, cooked and ate it. At Peoria, Ill., a man stole a sack of flour a few weeks ago, took it home, and without waiting to cook it, the starving family surrounded the sack and ate the dry flour. Scenes of a similar character are reported in all sections of the country, but how long will the people endure conditions of this character? That's the question.

It is said that George Gould has expended several hundred thousand dollars in the effort to break into the charmed circle of English aristocracy, while a brother-in-law with a French title, cost over \$3,000,000.

What would You Think?

What would you think of a farmer with broad acres of the most fertile lands, with all the buildings, machinery and stock he wanted, and each year producing so much of everything that it burdened him. I say what would you think of such a farmer continually going into debt to another farmer who had only a meagre small farm, mostly noted for its rocks and worn out soil—getting into his debt to such an extent that all the produce of his farm was absorbed in interest annually? You would say such a big farmer was a fool or insane, would you not?

So say I. Well, that is just exactly the relation of Uncle Sam and his big farm to John Bull and his old worn-out island. It does not change the relation because the number is increased—not at all. The Americans are just as ignorant, just as gullible, as the great farmer would be. The Americans are so "stuck" on their selves and their institutions, that they believe the gods could make no improvement in them, and they are therefore as easily skinned as schoolchildren.—The Coming Nation.

### The Silver Party.

The new silver party thinks it is born. The midwives have sent forth an address in its name. The midwives are the executive board of the Bimetallist's league. Now we will work day and night, in season and out of season for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1; but we stand on the Omaha platform, and will fight for every plank therein. Not one jot or tittle will we abate.

No party can ever win on the single issue of silver. If silver men want free coinage let them come to the party that has done more than all others to educate the people on the silver question—the Populist party. Populists will not go to the silver party.—Ogden Review.

## "COIN'S FINANCIAL SCHOOL."

### It Is the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" That Will Set Silver Free.

From The Inter-Ocean.

YORK, Neb., Feb. 18.—To the Editor.—No national issue has been boiled down, leaving only the double extract, since the days of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," until Coin presented the question of silver slavery. The little book is finding its way into thousands of homes in every State. It is loaned to the neighbors until it is worn out. The creditor class is reading the book to find weak points that can be attacked.

The only criticism yet made is a surface one. It is said that Coin did not have a school at all. The men referred to are men of "straw," raised up only to strike them under the belt. They say it is an imaginary school. The average reader of the book does not care whether Lyman Gage or any other one named was at the school or not.

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