

Ira W. Yeoman.
ATTORNEY.
REMINGTON, IND.

Insurance and real estate agent. Any amount of private money to loan on farm security. Interest 6 per cent. Agent for International and Red Star steamship lines.

REMINGTON.

REMINGTON, in which place The People's Pilot has an extensive circulation, is a very pretty village of over 1,000 population, situated in the extreme southern part of Jasper county on the C. St. L. & S. railway 125 miles from Chicago. Land and buildings, including Indiana fine horses, cattle and hogs, rich agricultural lands worth up to \$75 per acre and higher; four warehouses; county fair; excellent high schools; fine churches; well-graded gravel roads in all directions; two banks.

TIME CARD.
Trains go west at 9:35 a. m.; 3:39 p. m.; 4:25 a. m.; east at 11:18 p. m.; 11:24 a. m.; 6:14 a. m.

CHURCHES.
Methodist Episcopal, Rev. D. Handley.
Presbyterian, Rev. H. V. McKee.
Christian, Rev. J. D. Carson.

Catholic, Father Berg.
Each of the above churches has an excellent Sunday school in connection.

EXCELSIOR INSTITUTIONS.
Schauder Lodge No. 284, I. O. O. F.
Remington Lodge No. 351, F. & A. M.
Remington Lodge No. 38, K. of P.
Remington Post No. 84, G. A. R.
Remington Lodge Woodmen of the World.
Remington Court No. —, Foresters.
Remington Lodge No. —, A. O. U. W.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The board of town trustees of Remington, at their meeting last Friday evening, presented their petition for the annexation of certain territory as therein set forth, to said town, and by resolution ordered same petition, together with the certified plat and survey of said territory to be filed by the city attorney with the board of county commissioners for action at their September term, 1895.

Ira W. Yeoman and William E. Seymour have formed a partnership in the real estate business.

Monday the 5th inst. was pension day. It is estimated that there are in the neighborhood of one hundred old soldiers, soldier's widows, dependent parents, etc., who receive their pension money at the Remington postoffice. This brings about \$3,000 here for distribution every three months, which is quite a help to our people.

Professor Elworth has organized a class of music in Remington consisting of twenty voices. He has the use of the Christian church in which to give lessons. Himself and wife and two daughters gave a concert in the church the evening of the 1st inst., which was excellent. They also assisted in the praise service at this church Sunday evening. The church was crowded to its fullest capacity, the audience participated in the singing. All were well pleased. The instrumental part of their music consists of organ by both Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth, cornet by Mr. Ellsworth, violin and clarinet by the Misses Ellsworth.

Miss Nettie Buck of Warren county is visiting with the family of her uncle, J. S. Morehead.

Miss Dell Yeoman, with the family of her brother George, returned home last Saturday evening, her brother's family returned to Fowler Sunday.

A. M. Southworth, formerly of the Valparaiso normal and professor of penmanship, has organized a class in penmanship here and they have the use of the school house in which instructions are given.

Remington, like some other towns in Indiana, is cursed with a few dead beats and otherwise disreputable toughs. A little more than a week ago our principal street was the scene of a brutal fight between the Stone boys on one side and Dan Hart on the other, which resulted in Hart's physiognomy being terribly disfigured and otherwise injured. On Monday evening North Railroad street was the scene of another bloody encounter in front of Geo. D. Meyer's quart saloon between Sam Hinkle, the noted vicious thug, dead beat, and all round disreputable citizen, and Mike Reed, a farmer living two miles south of here. This latter fracas resulted in the total demoralization of Reed, he being badly cut and bruised about the head and face, the business being done it is claimed by knucks. It is probable that neither of the persons interested in either of the above "scraps" can tell what the trouble was about, but it is true that all the persons engaged in these two disgraceful disturbances were beastly drunk, and were this not the case, the trouble would not have occurred. We believe that the proper place for a portion of these parties is either the county jail or penitentiary. Outraged society will probably have no peace until they are disposed of in some way.

DASH.

Geo. Hopkins is laid up with a gathering on his hand.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

Southeast Marion, Aug. 7.—Health good; weather fine.

The recent rains have greatly benefited corn and pasture, although the wind last Friday night did considerable damage to corn and fruit. One man says that his apples were nearly all blown off the trees.

Threshing is nearly finished in this neighborhood. Mr. Doty, the largest oat raiser around here, had 2,500 bushels, which was raised on the William Haley farm. This is the only farm in Jasper county that required this year the services of two threshing machines. That looks like business.

M. Y. Slaughter is supplying Remington with a choice lot of plums.

Charley Slaughter has purchased a new buggy. Look out, girls.

Miss Nora Ward is visiting at her grandfather's.

Mr. Doty is visiting in Newton county.

Our new school house is nearly completed.

Mr. Eli Dowell has a new well.

Those who believe what the scriptures say in regard to the Sabbath, would feel greatly relieved if those parties would desist their ball play on that day.

Mrs. Thomas Penright has a nice visiting her this summer.

Mr. Baker is visiting Mr. Langhoof.

John Haven and son Charles are in Marion on business.

John Williams and Albert McNeal of Palestine were the guests of Clay Best Sunday.

While the Misses Belle and Lillie Slaughter were out bicycling Saturday afternoon Miss Belle was thrown from her wheel and hurt her shoulder.

Among those from this part who attended the ball game at Center were Mac Sullivan, Bert Dowel, Clay Best, Ed. Sweitzer, Charley and Pearl Slaughter, George Haven and Mr. and Mrs. Ben Smith.

Little Capitola, the infant Mrs. M. Y. Slaughter has taken to raise, has been quite sick with cholera infantum.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Zea spent Sunday in Remington.

Mathew Sellers has returned to his home in Warren county.

Albert Farmer is the owner of a new wheel.

FINANCIAL SCHOOLBOY.

WEST JORDAN.

Egypt, Aug. 7.—Millie Lister was the guest of her grandma, Mrs. Reed, last week.

Addie and Blanche Nowels, Gertrude and Willie Timmons and June Henkels were the guests of Millie Lister last Sunday.

Rain is needed very bad.

Rev. Allman preaches at Egypt Sunday, Aug. 18. He preaches there every two weeks.

Horseback riding seems to be about as popular as bicycle riding in some places. Several of our young people were out riding Sunday evening.

Miss Julia Kissinger of Rensselaer is with her sister in the country now.

Miss Vada Jordan visited this neighborhood last week.

Miss Ella Morris is at home again.

Every one should attend Sunday school and help keep it up or it will soon break down, as it has done before.

Threshing will soon be finished in this neighborhood.

Charles Brinley had better be careful while he is going to town so often for Harry might be there, and it is always best to keep on the safe side.

Sadie Lister took suddenly sick Tuesday morning. Dr Alter was called, but she got better before he reached her. So he was not needed.

Nate Coleman has got a new buggie. Now he wants a girl.

AN EGYPTIAN SCHOOL GIRL.

A NEW WRINKLE.

The Demand for Gold, Which Veterans are Entitled to, Characterized as "Diabolical."

Topeka, Kan., Aug. 5.—This is pension day and checks for several thousand dollars are paid out this week by United States Commissioner Glick. The following circular was distributed among the old soldiers who this morning visited the United States pension office to get their quarterly allowance from the government:

"Comrades: Halt! You are entitled to gold in payment of your checks. Demand it. Do not accept depreciated currency."

Over 300 pension checks were paid by the Bank of Topeka today, only two asking for gold. One was a customer and he was given the yellow metal. The

other was insolent and was told to get out of the bank. President J. R. Malvane of the Bank of Topeka said:

"We generally pay most of the pensioners in gold, as it is more convenient when we are rushed, but this circular which was distributed among the pensioners is diabolical. I know not what else to call it. * * * The government does not keep any money deposited with us, so you can see how foolish it is that this circular should be sent out telling them to demand gold."

See Dr. Newman's ad.—page 7.

All to Help the Laborer.

The Harvey-Horr debate effectually demonstrated one thing which was not unknown before—viz., that the gold-bugs are making desperate efforts to capture the labor vote, and are not succeeding any better than they have with the farmer. Mr. Horr made many and touching references to his early struggles and the hard work he has done in his life, but neglected to mention the latter portion, during which he has been a bank president, until this was brought out by Mr. Harvey.

The presence and active assistance of such millionaires and multi-millionaires as signed the gold-bug platform was hardly conducive to the idea that gold is "the poor man's money." Among them were the treasurer of the debate, Lyman J. Gage, president of the First National bank, capital \$7,000,000, deposits \$30,000,000; E. G. Keith, retired merchant and president of the Metropolitan National bank, capital \$1,000,000; J. Lawrence Laughlin, professor in Mr. Rockefeller's ten million dollar hobby, the University of Chicago; Marshal Field, merchant, worth upwards of \$25,000,000; Phillip D. Armour, pork packer, worth upwards of \$50,000,000, and Roswell Miller, president of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway. The only prominent Chicago millionaire not connected with Mr. Horr in this debate was George M. Pullman. We doubt not he would have been asked to take part, but for the "late unpleasantness" and his consequent relations with the laboring classes.—Western Rural.

Not since "The Angloamericans" has there been so clever a society satire as Henry Fuller's "Pilgrim Sons," which is published in the August Cosmopolitan. The problems involved woman's use of the bicycle are so startling and so numerous, under the rapid evolution of this art, that one welcomes a careful discussion of the subject by so trained a mind and so clever a writer as Mrs. Reginald de Koven. The Cosmopolitan illustrates Mrs. de Koven's article with a series of poses by professional models.

A new sport, more thrilling than any known to Nimrod, more dangerous than was ever experienced by even a Buffalo Bill, is exploited in the same issue in an article on "Photographing Big Game in the Rocky Mountains," before shooting. The idea that ten cents for The Cosmopolitan means inferiority from a literary point of view is dispelled by the appearance in this number of such writers as Sir Lewis Morris, Sir Edwin Arnold, Edgar Fawcett, Tabb, W. Clark Russell, Lang, Sarcey, Zangwill, Agnes Repplier, etc. Now can we entertain the idea of inferiority in illustration with such names as Hamilton Gibson, Denman, Van Schaick, Lix, Sandham, etc., figuring as the chief artists of a single month's issue.

Fountain Park Assembly.

To be held at the beautiful park near Remington Indiana, August 16th to 26th 1895 inclusive. Special Evangelistic services by the Rev. J. V. Updyke. A commodious Tabernacle is being constructed. A full programme will be provided for each day. It is especially desired that all who can come with the intention of tenting on the grounds and stay during the entire meeting. Excursion rates will be secured on the railroad.

J. D. CARSON.

Cheap Iowa Lands!

I have for sale a large list of the finest Iowa lands at prices ranging from \$20 to \$40 per acre, on purchasers own terms; Missouri bottom lands in Woodbury county; improved; better corn land than that of Jasper county. Call and see me when you sell your high priced Jasper farms. W. E. SEYMOUR.

Remington, Ind.

The People's Pilot has by far the largest circulation in northwestern Indiana.

THE MILL MYSTERY.

HY MY FATHER had disappeared so mysteriously, what had become of him, and why he had never returned to his loving wife and only son, was the mystery and gossip of our little village for years.

It was in the spring when he left us—in the spring when the river roared past our home, swollen by rains and melting snow. I was four years old that spring, and I might have forgotten how he looked had not mother kept his face fresh in my memory by frequently showing me his picture.

Once, as we were looking through the album, I remember that I stopped her at the picture of a low-browed, handsome man, with a dark, drooping mustache, and steady, almost deadly, eyes.

"Who is that, mother?" I asked.

I fancied she shivered a bit as she replied:

"That is my cousin Elbert. Like your father, he disappeared rather mysteriously—or, more correctly, he went away some time before your father's disappearance, and he has never returned. What has become of him I do not know."

"I do not like him," I declared. "He has a bad face, mother. I hope he will not come back at all."

Until the day of my vision—until she heard the story from my lips—my mother firmly believed father would some day return and explain why he had deserted us thus. But what I saw in the old mill crushed the last hope in me.

For years the mill had not been in use; it was abandoned even before the strange departure of my father.

A spring freshet had swept away the dam, and no attempt was ever made to rebuild it. The mill was fast falling into decay.

Something about the old mill fascinated me, and I used to play there a great deal, for all that mother did not like it, and often told me to keep away. I remember the great square opening in the upper floor, and how I used to look down at the swirling water far below. I fell asleep, but sleep I eventually. I sometimes wondered if I were to fall, how long I would live after striking the surface of the water.

Sometimes I would fall asleep in some nook or cranny of the old mill. I was an odd boy, and I did not fear the place, although it was deserted and lonely, and more than one of the village folks had hinted that it was haunted.

One day, in the springtime, when the swollen river rushed past the old mill and lulled me with its murmuring roar, I lay on the sawdust and fell to thinking about my father. I remembered how he had left us exactly seven years ago that very day, and boy though I was, began to feel that mother's hope of his final return was a vain and foolish one.

I know not how long I lay thinking usually did.

I awoke with a start, a great feeling of horror upon me, although I am sure I had not been dreaming. Sitting up, I was startled beyond measure to behold two men facing each other but a short distance from me. One of them was speaking excitedly, while the other listened, a scornful smile on his face.



THEN IT ROSE AND FELL.

I could see the features of both men—see them distinctly. A great cry rose to my lips, but something held it back, and I stared and stared.

There could be no doubt—one of the men was my own father—the father who had left us years before. The lapse of time had not seemed to change him in the least. He looked just the same as he did in the photograph mother showed me so often.

And the other—it was my mother's cousin. I recognized the low-browed, dark-mustached man with the deadly eyes, and now those eyes seemed more deadly than they looked in the picture I so much disliked. He was speaking sharply, swiftly:

"So you married her almost as soon as I went away and left you together, Horace!" he cried, shaking a clinched fist in my father's face. "You knew I loved her—you knew!"

"I knew she did not love you, Elbert," returned my father, still smiling scornfully. "She feared you, and she was glad when you went away."

"What did I ever do to make her fear me? I loved her madly!"

"It was your love she feared."

"But you—you were false to me! You knew of my love, and still you married her as soon as possible after I left."

"I fail to see in what way I was false. We were never particular friends. Had you remained, I should have won her if I could."

"You should not have possessed her!" shouted the darkly-handsome man, his features working with passion. "By the eternal skies! I would have killed you first!"

My father laughed aloud, and that laugh seemed to turn the other into a fiend, for he snarled:

"I'll kill you now!"

Then they grappled, and before my staring eyes a terrible battle took place. I watched them straining, swaying, staggering, panting, fighting on and on. I would have flown to my father's aid, but something held me chained and silent. I could see it all, but I was powerless to interfere.

Presently Actaeon, tiring, perhaps, of the idle gossip of his friends, rose and wandered off among the trees, wandered idly, without a purpose, seeking in the silence of the woods, mayhap, a momentary distraction from the silly nothing