

## Ira W. Yeoman. ATTORNEY.

REMYINGTON, 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.

## REMYINGTON.

REMYINGTON, 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., M. & P. railway 125 miles from Chicago. Largest hay shipping point in 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., 3:29 p. m., 4:25 a. m.; east at 11:18 p. m., 11:24 a. m., 6:14 a. m.

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. RESIDENTS: Schuyler Lodge No. 24, 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. Seymore 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 niece visiting her this summer.

Mr. Baker is visiting Mr. Langhoo.

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 bicycle riding 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, Burt 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 Henkle were the guests of Millie Lister last Sunday.

Rain is needed very bad.

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

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

Miss Julia Kissing 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 buggy. 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 500 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 effectively demonstrated one thing which was not unknown before—to wit, 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 Anglomaniacs" 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 corn 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 north-western Indiana.

## THE MILL MYSTERY.



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 from her breast.

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 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 ually 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—seen 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 fiercely, 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," returned my father. "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 down to my father's aid, but something held me chained and silent. I could see it all, but I was powerless to interfere.

At length I caught a glimpse of something bright—something that glittered

in a deadly way. It was a knife, and it was grasped by the hand of my father's antagonist.

For one brief moment the blade was bright and glittering. Then it rose and fell and when it rose again it was dripping darkly.

A great groan broke from the lips of my father, and he sunk limply in the arms of his slayer, who lowered him to the sawdust-covered floor. I saw my father's lips move, and I heard him faintly murmur:

"You have killed me, Elbert!"

Then he lay white and motionless, with the dark stain spreading and spreading about him.

For some moments the victor stood over his victim, his shaking hand clutching the terrible knife, his deadly eyes now full of horror. At last he sprang away to the square hole in the floor, and down into the surging water far below he fiercely flung the bloody blade.

For a moment he seemed ready to fly from the mill, but he did not just then. Slowly he came back to where my father lay, stooping to peer into his pale face.

"Yes, he is dead!" were the words that came hoarsely from the murderer's lips.

Then with a sudden impulse he clutched the body and dragged it to the square hole. Down into the water where the knife had been thrown went my father, and with a wild cry, the assassin fled headlong from the old mill.

I know not how I reached my home and told the story to mother. I can remember telling it in a broken manner, and I know she faintly then seeing her so white and still at my feet, I ran to a neighbor's for aid.

When mother was restored she insisted on going to the old mill with the party that had gathered. But nothing could induce me to accompany them.

They returned after some time, and I know the village physician came and examined me closely, asking me many questions. He ended by writing a prescription for me.

No sign of a struggle had they found in the old mill; not one trace of blood was there on the sawdust-covered floor. Some of the neighbors insisted I had dreamed it all; some suggested "haunts;" some shook their heads soberly and said nothing.

Many times my mother made me tell the story of what I had seen, and I know that from that day she gave up all hope that father would ever return to us.

What did I see? That question I cannot answer. It is possible I dreamed it all; but if so, I believe I dreamed how my father died seven years before that day.

When I became older and dared visit the old mill again, I searched at low water in the pool beneath the mill, and from the sand I brought up a knife with the letters "E. D." carved on the handle.

The initials were those of my mother's handsome, dark-faced cousin, Elbert Darcy.

## A GODDESS' REVENGE.



party of young nobles were on the chase.

Little cared they for the tender, reproachful look that is said to come from the great eyes of the wounded deer, nor for the agony of the poor creature as it falls beneath the infuriated attack of the dogs and lies there torn and bleeding. If you had suggested this phase of the question to them they would, perhaps, have stared at you in utter amazement.

It was their pleasure to hunt, to chase the deer from its quiet retreats into the open glades, where their fierce dogs might yelp at its heels and finally leap upon its quivering flanks and drag it to the earth.

Or, if the hunter's fortune favored them, they might send their hurtling javelins into the vitals of their prey, thus keeping for themselves the cruel victory that usually hung upon the sharp fangs of their dogs.

But what would you have? It was an age when men killed, not only brutes, but each other, for the pure love of killing, an age of blood-letting, of unbridled passions, of cruelty and death.

No wonder, then, that these young nobles would have stared amazed if you had suggested that their so-called sport was the very essence of cruelty and heartlessness; that they had the right to hunt game for food, but not the right to torture and kill inoffensive creatures for the gratification of a purely cruel instinct.

How would they have liked to change places with the deer? Let us see! My story will tell you.

At the head of this party of young nobles was a handsome prince named Actaeon, son of the King Cadmus. He was the pet of the court, brave, adventurous and sometimes reckless. Perhaps he had his good points, as such things went in those days, but on the chase he was fearless, persistent, relentless, and the greatest happiness that could befall him was to be "in at the death."

All the forenoon had the party been wetting their weapons with the blood of their victims, and when the sun-god reached the mid-way point in his daily course and was sending down his beams hot upon the parched earth, Actaeon proposed to his companions that they rest in the shade of the trees.

Calling in the dogs, they threw themselves upon the sward, and while they ate the viands that slaves had brought with them and drank many deep draughts of rich red wine, they gossiped of the affairs at court and told each other many stories of individual adventure.

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 with which his companions were beguiling the time.

Now, not far from where the hunters

were resting was a beautiful valley into which the foot of mortal might not intrude with impunity. It was inclosed with cypresses and tall pines, so arched and interlocked that they formed a verdant screen for what the valley might contain.

At the far end of the valley was a cave, in making which nature had imitated art, for the roof of the cave was formed of stones that fitted as perfectly and delicately as if turned by the hand of man.

Just within the entrance of this cave was a fountain, whose limpid waters gushed joyously from the rock and poured themselves into a round basin whose edge was a rim of never-dying grass.

It was a spot of surpassing beauty, and no wonder the foliage of the cypresses and pines had contrived to hide it from the gaze of the chance wanderer, for it was sacred to Diana, the chaste goddess of the hunt.

It was there that she repaired, when weary of the chase, to bathe her beautiful limbs in the clear water, for there she was safe from all eyes, secure from all intrusion.

That is to say, she had been free from intrusion until the day of which I speak, when Actaeon and his friends were hunting in the adjoining woods. Just at the time that the young prince left his party and began to stroll aimlessly about, the goddess had sought her quiet retreat, accompanied by her nymphs, and was preparing to take her midday bath.

Laying down her spear, her bow and her quiver filled with arrows, she threw off her robe and stood there in the midst of her fair attendants, the very embodiment of virgin loveliness and beauty.

Suddenly her nymphs uttered a joint cry of amazement and alarm, for there, looking at the sacred scene, was a man, the only one that had ever seen Diana unrobed!

It was Actaeon, and surely it was the Fates that led him thus to his destiny. He was standing in the entrance to the cave.

The nymphs crowded around the goddess, trying to conceal her by making a screen of their bodies, but she overtopped them all, and they could not hide her.

Over her face spread the blush of modesty surprised, and, obeying a sudden and natural impulse, she reached down at her side for an arrow; but it was not there.

Then, facing the bold intruder, she took up a handful of water from the basin, and throwing it full in his face, she cried:

"Thus does Diana punish the intruder upon her sacred privacy!"

And then happened something passing strange. Even while Actaeon was trying to excuse himself by saying that his intrusion was unintentional, his tongue lost the power of speech, his ears grew sharp pointed, great horns grew out of his head, his hands became feet, his arms long legs and his body took on a coat of spotted hair.

He was Actaeon no longer, but a stag of the forest!

Trembling with terror, he turned and fled. Through the wooded glades he ran so swiftly that he could not but admire his speed, but when he stopped to drink from a brook and saw reflected there the stag's horns that grew from his head, he was overcome with remorse.

What should he do? Where should he go? Not to the palace, which that morning he had left as a handsome young prince. He dared not return there as a stag. For you must know that he retained the consciousness of a man, in spite of his form as a stag.

While he stood there undecided what to do, the dogs saw him. One gave the signal to the others by barking, and then the whole pack rushed after him. He was the hunter no longer; he was the hunted! Now he knew what it was to have a score of hounds barking and yelping and snarling at his heels, threatening every instant to leap upon him and tear out his life!

Swiftly as the wind he bounded through the forest, trying all the time to utter his well-known hunting cry so that the dogs might hear and understand his voice. But not a sound escaped his lips. Even as the hunted stag rushes on, panting, breathless, agonized by fear, so rushed Actaeon, hunted by his own dogs!

Then he heard the cries of his companions as they followed the dogs, all enjoying the rare sport and wishing that Actaeon was there to enjoy it, too.

Over rocks and cliffs, through vales and across streams he ran, closely followed by his dogs, and the dogs closely followed, in turn, by the young nobles.

Oh, it was great sport, this chasing of the deer through the forest depths! How he had enjoyed when he was a chaser! Now how different it was!

Again and again he essayed to cry out to his dogs and to his friends, but the cries were stifled on his trembling lips, and his panting sides ached with the terrible labor of the chase that they were giving him.

"I am Actaeon, your master!" he would have cried to the dogs.

"I am Actaeon, your prince and your friend!" he would have cried to the young nobles.

But the words would not come! He could think and he could feel, but he could not speak!

Then one of the dogs, running close by his side, sprang upon his back, and another seized him by the shoulder. And while they held him with their cruel teeth, the rest of the pack came up and sprang upon him.

The young nobles cheered on the dogs and cried out in their enjoyment of the sport. Again they called for Actaeon, wishing that he were there, and wondering what had become of him.

It was soon over. Tearing, rending, lacerating his flesh, the