

Judson J. Hunt

# 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. V.

RENSSELAER, IND., THURSDAY, SEPT. 19, 1895.

NUMBER 13.

## APPEAL TO THE AFFLICTED!

This will certify that  
**A. F. LONG,**  
The popular druggist of Rensselaer, Ind., is sole agent for Jasper county, Indiana, for the famous

## Dr. Newman Remedies,

and all who have tried them know their superiority over all others. **ELECTRIC FLUID** never fails to cure Rheumatism.

**CURATIVE SYRUP**, the great **CONSTITUTION** remedy, for liver, kidneys, blood and stomach; it has no equal, and all who try them will sound their voice in praise of them. Every bottle guaranteed to benefit, and to continue means a cure.

Don't suffer; go and try the above remedies.

**DR. NEWMAN,**  
The Wonder Worker.

## CHURCHES.

**CHRISTIAN.** Corner Van Rensselaer and Susan. Preaching, 10:45 and 8:00; Sunday school, 9:30; J. Y. P. S. C. E., 2:30; S. Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30; Prayer meeting, Thursday, 7:30; J. L. Brady, pastor.

**LADIES' AID SOCIETY** meets every Wednesday afternoon by appointment.  
**PRESBYTERIAN.** Corner Cullen and Angelica. Preaching, 10:45 and 7:30; Sunday School, 9:30; Junior Endeavorers, 2:30 p. m.; Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30; Prayer meeting, Thursday, 7:30; Ladies Industrial Society meets every Wednesday afternoon. The Missionary Society, monthly.

**METHODIST E.** Preaching at 10:45 and 7:30; Sunday school 9:30; Epworth League, Sunday 6:45, Tuesday 7:45; Junior League 2:30 alternate Sundays. Prayer meeting, Thursday at 7:30. Dr. R. D. Utter, pastor.  
**LADIES' AID SOCIETY** every Wednesday afternoon by appointment.

The pastors of all the churches in Rensselaer are requested to prepare notices similar to above, which will be inserted free in this directory.

## SOCIETIES.

**MASONIC.** PRAIRIE LODGE, No. 125, A. F. and A. M., meets first and third Monday of each month. J. M. Wasson, Sec'y; B. P. Fendig, W. M.  
**EVENING STAR CHAPTER,** No. 141, O. E. S., meets first and third Wednesday of each month. Lizzie W. M.; Alf. Hopkins, Sec'y.

**ODD FELLOWS.** IROQUOIS LODGE, No. 149, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday, M. B. Alter, N. G.; J. F. Antrim, Secretary.  
**RENSSELAER ENCAMPMENT,** No. 201, I. O. O. F., meets second and fourth Fridays of each month. E. M. Parcells, C. P.; John Vannatt, Scribe.

**RENSSELAER REBECCA DEGREE LODGE,** No. 346, meets first and third Fridays of each month. Mrs. Alf. Collins, N. G.; Miss Blanche Hayes, Sec'y.

**I. O. OF FORRESTERS.** COURT JASPER, No. 1763, Independent Order of Foresters, meets second and fourth Mondays. E. M. Parcells, C. D. H. C. R.; B. S. Fendig, C. R.

**DEGREE LODGE, N. A. A. & T. U.** meets on the second Saturday nights of every other month at the Centre School House in Union township. J. P. Casey, Ind., Secretary.  
S. T. HAMACHER, Pres.

**CENTER ALLIANCE,** No. 75, JASPER County, meets regularly every second Saturday night at Center School House, Union township.  
GEO. CASEY, Secretary.

## MONON TIME TABLE.

Taking effect Monday, May 12, 1895.

### SOUTH BOUND.

No. 5 ..... 10:50 A. M.  
No. 3 ..... 11:23 P. M.  
No. 39 ..... 9:21 P. M.  
No. 245 ..... 2:30 P. M.

### NORTH BOUND.

No. 6 ..... 3:28 P. M.  
No. 4 ..... 4:45 A. M.  
No. 40 ..... 7:34 A. M.  
No. 246 ..... 9:30 A. M.  
No. 74 ..... 10:05 P. M.

stop on signal, daily except Sunday.  
No. 74 carries passengers between Lafayette and Rensselaer.  
Nos. 45 and 46 Local freights.

### 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, 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 every day at 1 o'clock p. m., returning same day. Pleasant Grove and Valma daily at 12:30 p. m. Collegeville daily at 8:15 a. m.

### How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.  
West & Truxy, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Wallding, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Subscribe for the Pilot

## WHAT OTHERS SAY.

A funny man who asked "What is the state of matrimony?" received this explanatory answer: It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side and babies on the other. Its products are the population, broomsticks and staying-out-nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve while trying to find the northwest passage out of paradise. The climate is rather sultry until you pass the tropics of house-keeping, when squally weather sets in with sufficient power to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting state, consult the first pair of blue eyes or black (as you prefer) you run against.

The saloons of Indiana seem to be on the move. Nearly every place in the state where applications were made before the present term of commissioners court they have been knocked out by petitions prepared under the Nicholson law. Morocco, Mt. Ayr and Brook have no saloons where liquor is sold by the drink. Applications were made by the Mt. Ayr and Brook saloon keepers and on refusal of the Mt. Ayr petition, the Brook men sought to withdraw theirs and were allowed to do so by consent of the managers of the remonstrance.—Goodland Herald.

Prof. Wiggins, the weather prophet who predicted the great storm of March, 1893, predicts a storm of equal violence between Sept. 17 and 21 of this year. He says: "On the 18th of the present month the moon will pass over the sun's disk a few degrees west of San Francisco, causing a solar eclipse, the moon herself being in perigee and two hours later on the celestial equator. Mars and Venus will both be in conjunction with her on that day. A great storm will therefore sweep the shores of all continents from the equator to the poles as early as the 17th inst., but on the east coast of North America will reach its climax with high tides by the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 21."

A brother editor gets off the following: "Ten cents per line will be charged for obituary notices to all business men who did not advertise while living. Delinquent subscribers will be charged fifteen cents per line for obituary notices. Advertisers and cash subscribers will receive as good a send off as we are capable of writing, without any charge whatever. Better send in your subscription as cholera is adrood in the land."

The county officers have all removed to their elegant quarters in our brand new \$75,000 court house (built for \$52,000) and are now ready for business.—Winamac Journal.

An absent-minded young preacher in New England wishing to advance the young ladies of his congregation after the morning services, remarked from the pulpit that he would be very glad "if the female brethren of the congregation would remain after they had gone home." He was almost as badly mixed as another preacher, who, after describing a pathetic scene he had witnessed, added, huskily: "I tell you, brothers, there was hardly a dry tear in the house."—Lake County News.

The bulk of the tomato crop has just begun to ripen. The long continued drought had much to do with holding them back and affecting the size and yield of the crop. The Canning Com'ny has not begun to have as much any one day as it could handle but hopes to have steady work from this week until the end of the season. If ever a new enterprise has had obstacles to meet and overcome these gentlemen surely have. Late frosts and long dry spells has affected the crop in everything but the season has demonstrated that Pulaski county soil is the thing for vegetable growers.—Winamac Republican.

One pretty woman with no other knowledge than how to use a pair of saucy eyes can control more men than a score of the greatest female orators of the world.—Lowell Tribune.

A bashful young man while at-

tending a revival meeting was approached by an earnest young lady who said to him: "My dear young man, it would do my heart good to lead you to the altar." The young fellow hesitatingly replied that he appreciated the honor, but he was already engaged to two girls and he could not accommodate her.—Lowell Tribune.

People who took in the Boston excursion are telling their friends of a Boston breakfast. They were always made up of baked beans, codfish balls and brown bread—an ideal Boston breakfast. A few of the pleasure seekers were not up to Bostonian ways sufficient to endure this every day and requested that they be given a western meal—something like they enjoy out here in Indiana.—Delphi Citizen.

Winamac has no jail. Whenever an arrest is made the town marshal locks up the victim in a convenient box-car on the Pennsylvania line. The other night he corralled half a dozen young sports. They were put in the improvised jail for safe keeping until morning. At midnight a freight crew coupled onto the car. The prisoners were last heard from in Pittsburgh.—Hammond Tribune.

## THE GREAT DEBATE.

The official report of the recent debate between Roswell G. Horr, editor of the New York Tribune, and William H. Harvey, the author of Coin's Financial School, is a massive book of 544 large pages, price 50c. A copy has just been received at this office, and in a few days a supply will be at hand to accommodate all those who have been so patiently waiting for it.

This book is undoubtedly an encyclopedia of every phase of the silver question, and the facts given must be accepted by all disputants as authentic. It will be the reference book of all parties during the next campaign, and containing, as it does, the arguments of the accredited champions of both sides of the silver controversy, it is being sought after by every impartial student of the living political issues. Send 50c to the Pilot for The Great Debate.

## Old Iron Wanted.

I will give \$3 per ton for mixed iron delivered at my place in Rensselaer. I also buy hides, veal, eggs, game, tallow and all kinds of junk, for which I pay the highest market price.

B. S. FENDIG.

## It May Do as Much for You.

Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a severe kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so called kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to cure of all kidney and liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50c. for large bottle. At F. B. Meyer's drug store.

## SEVERAL OLD SOLDIERS SHOT In Rensselaer Between the Livery Stable and Bridge.

All will recover. They were shot with improved Sharp's rifle, a brass piece of short range; no friction primer used, simply press a button and Old Sol does the rest, causing your shadow to ricochet and come back like a boomerang. Comrade Charley Platt hadn't time to wink. Those that were hit say they didn't feel the charge at all. They probably will later on. We have a good start, why not hurry it along and come in as soon as you conveniently can while the powder is dry and before we go in winter quarters. I will make you good, first-class pictures in good frame, but each one must help a little by spending about four minutes in my room. Don't be afraid my room is too small. I took Sam Pass' picture—brought him in endways. Now please come right along. No money wanted until your picture is hanging in your lodge room. Respectfully,

J. A. SHARP,

Owner, manager, leader, treasurer and general assistant of the One-Horse Gallery.

## "THAT DANGEROUS CLASS."

"The working men are a dangerous class." Cries the capitalist press.  
"An ignorant mob" is the tolling anas.  
With no right to seek redress.  
A dollar a day is sufficient pay  
To keep them in clothes and bread;  
And if they attempt to have their say,  
We'll give them a diet of lead.

A dangerous class, do I hear you say.  
The men who delve and toil?  
The miner who sees not the light of day,  
And the man who tills the soil?  
A dangerous class? And if so, why?  
Come, answer if you can:  
Is it just that you should thus decry  
The fame of your fellow man?

See the brave and fearless engineer  
Guiding the midnight train.  
Tho' he knows that danger is ever near,  
His nerves must bear the strain.  
Firmly grasping his throttle bar  
With eye along the rails.  
He speeds his train on the journey far.  
With a courage that never fails.

And if, perchance, the swollen stream  
Has swept the bridge away,  
Or on a curve he meets the gleam  
Of a headlight gone astray.  
He sets the brakes, and danger braves,  
And with his latest breath  
He laughs at fate if he only saves  
His passengers from death.

A "dangerous man" is the brakeman, too,  
As he stands on the icy deck.  
Keeping his vigil the long night through,  
To save from the dreadful wreck  
The millions entrusted to his care;  
While the owners sing and warm,  
Think not of his toil and meagre fare,  
As he hides the pelted storm.

And the farmer, too, is a "dangerous man" as he toils from morn till night,  
To earn and save what he can—  
Tho' his burden is never light,  
And they who build the marts of trade,  
Where the city rears its domes,  
The men who toil with pick and spade,  
And rear the palatial homes.

Are dangerous, but only so  
To those who would enslave,  
Their breasts are bared to every foe—  
All noble, true and brave,  
With flashing eye and throbbing heart,  
They rally, one and all,  
From home and loved ones they will part  
To heed their country's call.

Down with this slander, base and vile  
Against the sons of toil!  
And down with those who seek by guile  
Their liberties to spoil!  
Rouse labor! from your lethargy  
And make your armor bright;  
And let your watchword ever be  
Truth, Liberty and Right!  
—C. W. Stewart in Kansas Commoner.

Mystic bicycles for rent at the Pilot office.

Buy your fall suit right at Fendig's Fair.

Keystone Corn Husker and Fodder Shredder. Sold by Robt. Randle.

A fine jersey cow for sale by Alfred Collins. Inquire at Saylor & Collins' mill.

Call and see the handsome Mystic bicycle for sale at the Pilot office.

In another place in this issue will be found an offer of crayon portraits free to Pilot subscribers.

A. C. Anderson has plenty of good pasture on the Wall Robinson farm 2 1/2 miles northeast of Rensselaer. Terms reasonable.

## Married.

Sept. 18, 1895, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. R. D. Utter, F. Gertrude Alter and Harvey J. Kannal, all of Rensselaer.

Flannels from 19c per yard up. Half-wools from 16c per yd up. Factory yarn, 50c per pound. Cotton flannels 5c per yd up. All other goods proportionately low at FENDIG'S FAIR.

## A Close Shave.

E. M. Parcells having vacated his old stand, is now located in his handsome new barber shop on Van Rensselaer street, rear of Ellis & Murray's, where patrons will continue to receive his services and those of his excellent assistant.

## Old Settlers Day.

Arrangements are being perfected to have two grand fete days in Rensselaer Oct. 3 and 4. The first day will be "Old Settlers' Day," and the prominent features of the program will be a speech by Senator Turpie and an historical localization by Simon P. Thompson. A balloon ascension and a barbecue will also be indulged in. The second day will be devoted to athletic sports, bicycle races, horse races, base ball, etc. Bicyclists are expected from Lowell and Kenton. The details for the occasion have not all been decided upon, and fuller particulars will be given in next week's Pilot.

## SUBURBAN TRIALS.



T ISN'T BECAUSE I am tired of our flat that I want to live in the suburbs, but the doctor says we both need change," concluded Mrs. Perry Thorne, who was making her first plea for country life.

"I agree with the doctor that we need change of one sort, at least," answered her husband.

"Don't be flippant, dear. I am in dead earnest; and oh, Perry, I know of such a dear cottage, one of a row."

"I dislike rows," said Perry. "However, if you are determined to be a suburbanite, and with the suburbanite stand, I may as well agree to go. I will at once take lessons on the flying trapeze, so that I may sometimes be able to catch a train. Have you caught your house yet, Maud?"

"Oh, yes. Mrs. Smead has one in the same row, and she told me about ours. It is the southwest corner house, while hers is the southeast. Isn't it strange, Perry, that I have never been introduced to Mr. Smead? I wouldn't believe there was any such person if I had not seen him."

"Nothing strange about it," growled Perry, in what his wife called his "bull-dog" voice. "I suppose you want to know him because he has the reputation of being a lady-killer."

"Perry!"  
"I am told by fellows we both know that he prides himself on his beauty."  
"I hate beauty-men," said Maud soothingly, "they are all vain, conceited creatures. I would never marry a handsome man."

Perry mumbled something and went away, first giving his wife permission to do as she pleased about taking the suburban house.

A week later both families were settled in the row which fronted a street and a railroad track, and was equidistant from two depots.

Mr. Smead did not take as kindly to the change as Perry Thorne did, but he told his wife, thoughtlessly, that one good feature of suburban life was having the Thornes for neighbors.

"Where have you ever met Mrs. Thorne?" asked his wife suspiciously. "Don't know her from Adam, my dear; but isn't she your friend, and haven't I heard her praises sung ever since we were married?"

"H'm! We have calling acquaintance, and now that we are to be neighbors I suppose you will meet. But you are so susceptible and she is so giddy I just know you will set people talking."

"Great Caesar, Laura, you give your best friend a great send-off! I susceptible and she giddy! We must be made for each other!"

Mrs. Smead looked volumes at her handsome husband.

A great throng of people were hurrying homeward, and all bore the happy burdens of Saturday night—new shoes for the feet of the little burden-bearers, a new bonnet for mother, the Sunday dinner—and among them Perry Thorne



"I'VE CAUGHT HIM!" SHE GASPED, and Amos Smead, who had struck up a neighborly acquaintance and were now hastening to the same train, going out to their suburban homes for their first Sabbath. They were both laden to the ears with brown paper packages and just time to make the train after purchasing their commutation tickets. They went lopping through the gates in approved suburban style and caught on just as the train moved out, and then Perry shouted in a voice that sounded above the roar of the escaping steam:

"We've left our Sunday dinners on the window stand of the ticket office. You go on, Smead and I'll take the next train out."

He swung himself clear off the train, turned a somersault and waved "all right" to Smead, who mopped the cinders and perspiration from his face and remarked to the man standing next to him, in a friendly way: "Nice way to spend the summer living in the suburbs."

"Yes, if you don't care what you say," growled the man.

Then Smead took a bit of pasteboard from his pocket and began to study it. "Southeast corner Terrace row, Oak-

Smead asked his gruff neighbor if he got off at the station.

"No, I don't," said the man. "You couldn't hire me to live in that swamp. I go out ten miles further where you don't have to sift the atmosphere to keep the mosquitoes from choking you."

That sounded discouraging, but Smead was not anxious to ride ten miles further on an accommodation train, that slowed up for every cow on the track, and he wrapped himself in a speculative reverie until the brakeman called "O-a-k-l-a-n-d!" as if only the deaf lived at that station. Mrs. Smead was waiting for her husband, whom she expected on the 6:30 train, but the train had come and gone, and instead of the handsome, well-groomed Mr. Smead a frantic woman, her neighbor, Mrs. Thorne, rushed into her cottage.

"I've caught him!" she gasped. "He's locked up in the library! Oh! oh! oh!"  
"Caught whom?" asked the mystified woman. Then, seeing that her distracted visitor was very near fainting, she collected restoratives and brought back Mrs. Thorne's scattered wits. Maud explained as soon as she could speak that a desperate-looking man, a burglar, she was certain, and a convict as well, by the cut of his hair—had feloniously entered her house a moment before she came, and, walking boldly into her library, had been locked safely therein by herself.

"The windows are nailed down; I have been waiting for Perry to open them, so he cannot escape that way," she concluded.

"I expected Amos on the last train; I don't see what is keeping him," said Mrs. Smead, "but he has not come yet."  
"Neither has Perry, but perhaps they will come together. Isn't it dreadful? I haven't go back with that man in the house. I know by his looks he's a murderer. Our girl hasn't come and I'm all alone. Oh, if Mr. Smead were only here!"

"I guess I'll do just as well," said Mrs. Smead boldly. "I will take our revolver and you can bring the stove lifter, and we will interview him through the door."

"But what good will that do? He may s-h-o-o-t first!"  
"Come on," said Mrs. Smead, contemptuously. She was only a young matron herself, but she was not going to be ignominiously routed by a one-man army, and she led the way to her neighbor's cottage. No other people lived in the row, so they had all the fun to themselves.

But at that identical moment the 7:40 train, sometimes called the "husband's train," so many of them went out to spend the week's interval with their families, stopped at the nearest depot and Perry Thorne, with his double load of packages, hove in sight. Both women were overjoyed to see him.

"What's the row?" he asked, dropping his bundles on the veranda.

"A man!" said both women at once.

"Where is Smead?"  
"That is what I would like to know," said Mrs. Smead. "I expect him on this train."

"I haven't seen him. Who is the man?"

"A burglar, and he's locked up in the library. Don't you think I was brave?" asked Maud, who, now that her husband had come, felt that she might pose as a heroine.

"Burglars already? Ha! this is a diversion. Give me the key, Maud. I'll take your revolver, Mrs. Smead. Now, ladies, stand aside," and Perry made a valiant rush for the library door, which he unlocked and threw open, at the same time presenting arms, according to the best manual practice.

"Don't shoot!" cried a familiar voice that trembled, not with fear, but merriment, as Mr. Smead stepped smilingly forward and bowed low to Maud. "I am Mrs. Thorne's captive," he said.

"What does this mean?" cried Perry, his face flaming.

"Yes, what does it mean?" demanded Mrs. Smead in the measured syllables of the divorce court.

"It means," explained Mr. Smead, "that my wife has not yet learned to box the compass. She gave me 'south-west' and your wife locked me up in a room that has no ventilation and is under a criminal ban. But I forgive her," he added, with gallant protest, whereat Maud's cheeks grew red with embarrassment, and Mrs. Smead said: "Come home! After this I will meet you at the train and see that you don't get into the wrong house."

"Do forgive me, Mr. Smead," said Maud penitently, while Perry glared darkly like a jealous stage lover, "but you did look so—so—"

"She said you looked like a convict," remarked his wife.

"At least it has made us acquainted," observed Mr. Smead, true to his colors, and with this parting shot he followed his wife to the "southeast" cottage.

A German has invented a small house, capable of holding four or five persons, to be used in diving and working in sunken ships, and valuable wreckage of other character.

Our motto is: "Honest Values at the Lowest Possible Cash Price." Remember every item in stock at prices asked Fendig's Fair.