

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.

RENSELAER, IND., THURSDAY, SEPT. 26, 1895.

NUMBER 14.

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.

PRESBYTERIAN. Corner Cullen and Angeline. 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 7:45; Sunday school 9:30; Epworth League, Sunday, 6:45; Tuesday, 7:45; Junior League, 2:30; Alternate, N. F. A. M., Prayer meeting, Thursday at 7:30; Dr. R. D. Uter, 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. 126, A. F. and A. M., meets first and third Mondays of each month. J. M. Wasson, Sec'y; B. F. Fendig, W. M.

EVENING STAR CHAPTER. No. 141, O. E. S., meets first and third Wednesdays of each month. Lizzie W. M.; A. F. Hopkins, Sec'y.

ODD FELLOWS. IROQUOIS LODGE, No. 149, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday. E. M. Parsons, Sec'y; F. A. Anderson, W. M.

RENSELAER ENCAMPMENT. No. 201, I. O. O. F., meets second and fourth Fridays of each month. E. M. Parsons, C. P.; John Vannatt, Scribe.

RENSELAER REBBCCA DEGREE LODGE. No. 346, meets first and third Fridays of each month. Mrs. A. F. Collins, N. G.; Miss Blanche Hayes, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F. FORRESTERS. COURT JASPER, No. 1709, Independent Order of Forrester, meets second and fourth Mondays. E. M. Parsons, C. D. H. C. H.; B. S. Fendig, C. R.

DEGREE LODGE. N. A. A. No. 75, BENEFICARY Department F. A. & I. U. meets on the second Saturday nights of every other month at the Centre School House in Union township, Jasper County, Ind.

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 6:21 P. M.
No. 45 2:30 P. M.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 6 3:28 P. M.
No. 4 4:45 A. M.
No. 40 2:34 A. M.
No. 46 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 the firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Welling, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon 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 wise Aurora (Ill.) child, whose big sister is an ardent cyclist, was trying to tell a visitor what bloomers were. "They're just like pants," he said, "only fatter."—Great Divide.

The Hamilton county commissioners refused to allow persons who signed a remonstrance under the Nicholson law to withdraw their names. The applicants took their cases to the circuit court, which ruled that they had a right to withdraw their names. —Remington Press.

A county seat editor asks for proposals from the merchants of his town to furnish him a pair of socks, a bushel of potatoes and five yards of calico. The contract to be awarded to the lowest bidder. He says this is the way they do with him when they want two dollars worth of job work. And that's just about the size of it in many other places.

The disadvantage of the bloomer costume is dishd up by an exchange in the following amusing style: "When the breezy blooming bloomers are universally the go, how will the tailors press creases in them, I should like to know? When the baby's head is nodding and wants to take a nap, how can mamma lull her darling in her bifurcated lap? How can Bridget shoo the chickens with no skirt to flop or fling, when the creatures go a grubbing in the garden in the spring? But the question most annoying that our speculations catch, can she vie with men when she goes to strike a match."

The present indications give promise that the old manner of moving the world will be completely revolutionized. Steam will give place to electricity and compressed air, and thus the heat, dirt and smoke of the present will be done away with. The horse will no longer draw the wagon or carriage, or even the plow. Every thing will be done by machinery and operated by the new power. All man will do will be to think a bit and press a button now and then; the remainder of the time he will sit in the shade and see the procession go by. Time and distance will be eliminated. New York will be within an hour of San Francisco, and Chicago only across the street. —Redkey Times.

"A short time since the cow was sad; she scarce could raise her head, begad. Her hoofs were sore, her tail was limp, her mane and bangs had lost their crimp, and miles she trudged from grass to drink, with scarce strength to wink. The owner, too, looked blue and glum, and cursed the cattle business some; but since the rain the grass is tall, the cow can raise her head and bawl; her hide is sleek, her no bones protrude, she prances like a Wolcott dude. Her tail is sleek, her eyes are bright, she snorts and invites the crowd to fight. Her owner, too, digs up the chink and asks the boys to have a drink. God bless the gentle rain; it makes a man feel young again. He feels like tossing up his hat and howling like a democrat."—Exchange.

A man by the name of Clausen appeared in Rose Lawn recently and represented that he was sent by the sheriff of Jasper county and attempted to take possession of the town. He stated his wealth at the modest sum of \$40,000,000, and was induced by Trustee Boyle to return to Rensselaer. He agreed on condition that he be allowed to purchase a \$17,000 engine for Boyle who furnished him a ticket to make the trip on. In returning to deliver the engine he missed Rose Lawn and wound up in Morocco and started a bicycle repair shop. He hired a man by the name of French to repair for him and gave him \$40 for a job of work done, or rather an order on Kennedy & Murphy for \$40, who promptly refused payment when it was presented at the bank. Clausen was finally taken into custody, and placed in safe keeping. —Goodland Herald.

Wednesday, Sept. 18, 1895. Mr. George F. Logan was united in marriage with Miss Mary I. Faris, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Faris, of Gillam township, Rev.

J. T. Sawyer officiating. Mr. Geo. F. Logan is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Larkin Logan and is a young, industrious and prosperous farmer. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Faris and is at present teaching school at the Gillam schoolhouse and is withal a refined and educated young lady. The contracting parties are related to many of the families in Pulaski and Jasper counties. Ninety invited guests witnessed the ceremony and sat down to the sumptuous feast that was spread at the home of the bride's parents. Many valuable and varied presents were bestowed upon the happy and well-mated young couple and hearty were the congratulations and well-wishes of the assembled guests. Like the sensible people they are they will immediately go to house-keeping and take upon them the duties of life. —Medaryville Advertiser.

Sparring and Wrestling.

The athletic contest at the opera house Tuesday night was a decided success. The first event was a four-ounce glove contest between Bob Costello of Chicago and Harry Wiltshire of Rensselaer. Four rattling rounds were sparred, and the crowd yelled itself hoarse. At all times the superiority of Costello was apparent, but the exhibition for points was neat. This event was declared a draw.

The wrestling bout was side holds. Mr. Costello explained that this was not his style of wrestling, but that he was willing to meet all comers at catch-as-catch-can. Mr. Randolph Wright of Mt. Airy was loudly cheered on his appearance. He was awarded choice of holds and took right hand under. The first fall was won by Costello, who refused to take it on account of Wright's sore hand. The two next falls were won by Wright after hot work in 32 and 17 seconds respectively.

Wright is to furnish a 125-pound man to wrestle Costello Oct. 4 for \$50 a side, catch-as-catch-can. The event will be a "hummer".

Waterworks.

It is reported that the sewers on Washington st. are filling and it will not be long until they will have to be cleaned and in order to do so the sewer pipe will have to be removed. To do this will necessitate the tearing up of the stone gutting made, which will cost hundreds of dollars to the tax payers. This could all have been avoided by having a system of water works.

But then we have good wells. It may cost \$1000 to clean and repair said sewers.

But then we have rock water. Filthy sewers breed dangerous diseases.

But then we have the best water in the world.

It does not matter who dies of Malaria we have the best watered town in the world.

It would not make any difference how much property may be destroyed by fire.

Because we have pure water in our wells.

We can ride a stick horse when we want too.

Because there is pure water in the town well.

Which flows into the town tank.

A long winded article on water works is a bad thing.

But then we have rock wells. Its all right for Rensselaer to tag along just behind every other town in the state.

Because we have the best wells in the world.

Parties are now figuring on a private water works plant.

They will charge only \$45 per hydrant, and if the town takes only thirty five hydrants it will cost \$1575 per annum.

But that is not much where we have such wells.

The town would pay out at that rate in twenty years the sum of \$31500 cash.

That is good economy for a town of about 2500 people nearly one and a half million (\$1,500,000) dollars taxable property and plenty of deep wells.

A. L. A. on W. W.

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

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.

A. C. Anderson has plenty of good pasturage on the Wall Robinson farm 2 1/2 miles north-east of Rensselaer. Terms reasonable.

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.

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.

A Close Shave.

E. M. Parsons 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.

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.

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 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.

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.

MAN WITH A SHADOW.



W E had driven the Apaches into the wild fastnesses of Devil's Mountains, but there they successfully eluded us, and Colonel Bradwick was about discouraged, when, one night shortly after dark, a sentinel brought in a stranger.

He was at least six feet and three inches in height, and he could not have weighed more than one hundred and forty pounds, but still he did not seem to be a man who was suffering from a disease, as his step was steady, though catlike, and his voice natural if restrained at times.

This stranger had a wild, haunted stare in his eyes, which combined with a manner of glancing nervously over his shoulders at intervals, made it seem that he was in constant dread of something. When he was presented to the colonel he dropped the butt of his long rifle on the ground and made an awkward salute.

"Well, my man," said Colonel Bradwick, curiously, "what are you doing in this Apache-infected section of the country?"

"Wa-al, kunnell," was the drawled reply, "thar be some things as is wuss'n' Paches, though you may not believe it. My name's Saul Tropp."

"What is your business, Saul Tropp?" "It's mostly keepin' under kiver when the sun shines an' layin' low moonlight nights."

"Well, you seem to be in a bad section of the country for such a business. The sun shines every day, and there is not much cover for a man. There is more moon here than in any other part of the world. What do you want in this camp?"

"Reckoned I'd like ter be socibul, ef you hev no objections. Out hyar a man don't find much of anything to be socibul with, an' when white folks come along he feels as tickled as a dog with two tails."

"Are you acquainted with these mountains?" "Are I? Wa-al, I should say I are! I know 'em durned nigh from from one end to t'other."

"Then you may prove of service to us. We are hot after Red Hand's butchers, but they know the section so well they have twice given us the slip when they were cornered."



FALL HEAVILY TO THE GROUND

"Red Hand. I saw that critter once an' I've allus regretted that I didn't make his close acquaintance. His ha'r would hev been an ornymnt wuth havin'."

"Can you and will you assist us in tracking down the red d—ls?"

"Wa-al, I'll try it, but I warn ye, kunnell, I'm not a very 'greeable galoot ter hev around. I hev spells, an' wen I hev spells, I'm wuss'n' thunder. Arter I hev about one o' them yar spells, you'll reckon you kin git along without my aid, an' not hafe ter."

For all of this warning, the colonel engaged the man, and then he directed me to have a good watch set over the fellow, as he might prove crooked.

Jeff Shaw, however, informed me that he knew Tropp by reputation, and the man was straight enough, though there was not a doubt but he was crazy.

"He 'lows he's allus follered by a shadder," explained Shaw, who was a guide and scout. "Notice how he keeps lookin' over his shoulder uvry now an' ag'in? Wa'al he's lookin' for the shadder."

"I observed a wild look in his eyes."

"Thet kem thar sence four year ago when he killed a man over in Prescott. They do say ther man he killed wuz Saul Tropp's perfect double—looked so much alike one couldn't 'a' bin told from t'other. Some folks even went so fur as to say it wuz Saul Tropp as wuz killed, and this man what has bin dodgin' his shadder ever sence is t'other critter."

Tropp started out well. He had no horse, but we found him tireless and fleet of foot. Still, he was ever glancing over his shoulder with those wild, haunted eyes, and dodging when he found his own shadow hanging close upon him. He loved the darkness of ravines and gorges, and I fancied I understood why he had buried himself in the mountains.

I observed he had a peculiar way of toeing in with his left foot, and the im-

pression made by that foot was one not easily forgotten.

Along in the middle of the afternoon Saul had one of his "spells." Of a sudden he gave a wild yell, whirled about and struck out right and left.

It was really as desperate a battle as I had ever witnessed, and I watched it fascinated, until, utterly exhausted, Tropp fell gasping and foaming at the mouth to the ground, where he lay in a semi-unconscious condition.

However, in less than thirty minutes he seemed all right once more, and we went onward.

"I reckon I'd best go now, kunnell, fer I'm shore you're good an' sick o' me an' my spells by this yar time. I hain't even so much as found one 'Pache sign fer ye, so I reckon I'll skip."

But Colonel Bradwick was interested in the fellow, and he would not hear it. "When I don't want you any more I'll tell you so," was all he said.

Near midnight we were aroused by a terrible racket, and I looked from my tent to find Saul Tropp fighting with his shadow in the moonlight. I watched him a moment, battling like a fiend with this imaginary something, and then he reeled into the deep shadow of the mountains that rose to our right.

I knew when the "spell" was over, for I heard Saul fall heavily to the ground, uttering a dismal groan, and then all was still.

In the morning we found him just where he had fell, and his own knife was buried to the hilt in his heart. It is supposed he had stabbed himself in the mad contortions of his struggle, but Jeff Shaw pointed out tracks on the ground—a trail that led to the spot and led away again. It was that of a man who toed in with his left foot, exactly as Tropp had done, and it passed within ten feet of the spot where a sentinel had been posted. That sentinel swore no living thing had passed him in the night. Some said Saul Tropp had sneaked out of the camp and returned in the night; some shook their heads and said nothing.

Deep in the darkness of a lonely ravine, amid those desolate mountains, we buried him where no shadow could ever haunt him more, for neither sunshine nor moonlight ever reached the spot to cast a shadow there.

HER FIRST OCEAN BATH.

Country Maid, Married Sister and Wicked Brother-in-Law.

At first she would and then she wouldn't; but really, after all, it would be a shame after coming 600 miles to the sea not to go into the surf. This and the married sister from Brooklyn, and the mild ridicule of her wicked brother-in-law, settled it. But she shivered as she noted the effects of the hired bathing suits upon the human form divine. Some of them were just too dreadful, says New York World. You could mark her shrinking little figure coming down the sands, piloted by the married sister, to the spot where waited the wicked brother-in-law. Her freckled face was red, but not from the sun. She kept her eyes on the near foreground, certain that the 5,000 persons on the beach and pier were looking directly at her bare ankles.

"Oh, dear! let us go in quick; I want to cover up!" she said pleadingly.

"Take her other hand, George," said the married sister. "Now, don't be a fool, Mary. You're not the only one here, remember," added the old-timer, rather obscurely.

"Come on!" cried the wicked brother-in-law with a grin. And they ran down, pit-a-pat, spit-a-splat, just in time to meet a stiff roller curling in.

"Jump now!" yelled the married sister, but the wicked brother-in-law dragged her down with him, smothering a piercing shriek of terror.

When the gentle, freckled face came up again it was white instead of red, and she choked with salt water, and the smart in her eyes made the tears flow. She looked reproachfully at the wicked brother-in-law and shook him off, but before she recovered speech another wave knocked her over and buried her, screech and all.

"Keep hold of George!" cried the married sister.

"Go 'way, you brute!" gasped the little one. "Don't you see I'm drowning? Oh! Oh! Yeow!"

Down she went again before a wave not more than knee high. The wicked brother-in-law laughed.

"I'll never speak to you again!" she sobbed, shivering all over, and cowering between the fear of the sea and the mocking crowd on the sands.

"Come in here by the rope, Mary!" yelled the married sister. "Bring her in, George. What are you standing around there for?"

"Never!" cried the freckled girl, getting her voice once more. "You never told me it was ice water! And that it is nasty—ugh! I've swallowed a bucketful of it—yes; and you think it's funny—don't you touch me! I'm going out! Now, you dare!"

But the wicked George grabbed her round the slender waist and bore her, kicking, struggling, shrieking, her eyes flashing fire, out to the rope to his wife. And there she remained in wild frolic, terrors soon all forgotten, until both the wicked brother-in-law and his wife had to join in coaxing her to come out.