

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.

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PEOPLE'S PARTY PLATFORM.

FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES.

First—That union of the labor forces of the United States this day consummated shall be permanent and perpetual; may its spirit enter all hearts for the salvation of the republic and the uplifting of mankind.

Second—Wealth belongs to him who creates it, and every dollar taken from industry without an equivalent is robbery. "If any will not work, neither shall he eat." The interests of rural and civic labor are the same; their interests are identical.

Third—We believe that the time has come when the railroad corporations will either own the people or the people must own the railroads, and should the government enter upon the work of owning or managing any or all of the railroads, we should favor an amendment to the constitution by which all persons engaged in the government service shall be placed under a civil service regulation of the most rigid character, as to prevent the increase of the power of the national administration by the use of such additional government employees.

FINANCE.

First—We demand a national currency, safe sound and flexible, issued by the general government only, a full legal tender for all debts public and private, and that without the use of banking corporations, a just equitable and efficient means of distribution direct to the people at a tax not to exceed 2 per cent, per annum to be provided as set forth in the sub-treasury plan of the Farmers' Alliance or a better system; also by payments in discharge of its obligations for public improvements.

We demand free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1.

We demand that the amount of circulating medium be speedily increased to not less than \$50 per capita.

We demand a graduated income tax.

We believe that the money of the country should be kept as much as possible in the hands of the people, and hence we demand that all state and national revenues shall be limited to the necessary expenses of the government economically and honestly administered.

We demand that the postal savings bank be established by the government for the safe deposit of the earnings of the people and to facilitate exchange.

TRANSPORTATION.

Second—Transportation being a means of exchange and a public necessity, the government should own and operate the railroads in the interest of the people.

LAND.

Third—The land, including all the material resources of wealth, is the heritage of the people, and should not be monopolized for speculative purposes, and alien ownership of land should be prohibited. And lands now held by railroads and other corporations in excess of their actual needs and all lands now owned by aliens should be reclaimed by the government for actual settlers only.

MONON TIME TABLE.

SOUTH BOUND. Chicago Rensselaer La Fayette Indianapolis			
No. 5—Mail, Daily.....	8:30 a m	10:57 a m	12:25 p m
No. 33—.....	12:43 p m	3:00 p m	6:10 p m
No. 39—Milk Daily.....	3:20 p m	4:20 p m	8:00 p m
No. 3—Express, Daily.....	8:30 p m	11:04 p m	12:25 a m
No. 35—.....	8:32 p m	Does not stop in Renss	3:25 a m
No. 46—Local freight.....	3:24 p m		
NORTH BOUND			
No. 4—Mail.....	7:10 a m	4:22 a m	3:00 a m
No. 36—.....	7:20 a m	4:32 a m	
No. 40—Milk, Daily.....	10:45 a m	7:31 a m	12:25 a m
No. 30—.....	5:30 p m	8:00 p m	
No. 6—Mail, Exp., Daily.....	8:00 p m	3:24 p m	11:50 a m
No. 46—Local freight.....	9:30 a m	2:05 p m	
No. 74—Freight.....	9:38 p m		
No. 74 carries passengers between Lafayette and Rensselaer.			

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CHAPTER I.

IN YOUTH WHEN I DID LOVE.

"Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee:
Oh, my love, my love is young!"

It was a clear, bold, manly voice that caroled playfully the quaint old song, and its owner's honest, handsome eyes looked down, with a mixture of tenderness and fun in their brown depths, upon Dorothy Lisle's bowed golden head, and flushed averted face. The singer lifted one of her long bright tresses, and pressed it with infinite pride and gentleness to his lips; only to have it pettishly twitched away the instant its pretty mistress became aware of his fond caress.

"I wish you wouldn't be so silly, Frank," she said, with a quivering lip and tears in her large blue eyes, and she gave her haughty little head a petulant toss that set the glittering treasure of golden hair floating, and shining in the sun, and wind in perfect bewildering beauty. If I am young, I'm not a baby, and I won't submit to be treated like one, either."

The young man laughed good-naturedly. "Do I treat you like a baby, Dolly dear?" he said fondly; "sweet love, you must forgive me that. You seem such a little, delicate thing beside me; so frail and beautiful, like a bird or a flower. I feel as if I couldn't be gentle and kind enough to such a tender little darling, especially when she is my own love, my very own. But I don't wish to treat you like anything but what you truly are, Dolly dearest—the one woman whom I love first and best of all living creatures in the wide, wide world."

The pleasant, manly voice took new depth and intensity with this expression of true and honest passion. The speaker caught the girl's reluctant hand and held it in a clasp, tender and warm indeed, but withal secure and masterful.

"Dear little lily-leaf of a hand!" he said, spreading it lovingly on his own broad palm, and stooping down to kiss it. "It looks, in mine, like a flake of snow now, new-fallen on the dark, rough precious little hand! How weak, and yet how powerful you are! For you hold a man's heart—his life—his every hope and chance of happiness within your tiny clasp!"

He put the pretty prisoner to his lips once more; it did not flutter nor struggle now, but it trembled and grew cold with real fear.

It was fear, too, that stole the roses from Dolly's lips and cheeks, and peeped out like a guilty shadow from among the gathering tears in her downcast violet eyes; eyes that might have wakened him from his dreams of secure joy if he could only have seen them!

But he could not; they were kept down too persistently; their owner knew how much they might reveal, and if he felt and saw the trembling of the little, chilly hand, he was too confident of his young sweetheart's faith and truth—too sure of his own happiness—too little versed in "women's wiles and ways," to take alarm at such a trifle or guess at its true significance.

Of course his betrothed loved him! No shadow of a doubt cast its gloom upon his heart or warned him of the secret cry of pain and self-reproach that arose from hers.

"Oh, Frank! Poor, trusting, loving Frank! Oh, God forgive, what shall I do? What have I done?"

These two had been betrothed for full three years. Dolly was the only child of Mr. Egbert Lisle, a decayed gentleman, who owned his country house and modest grounds, as well as a small income; which latter he eked out (being a man of parts and education) by taking a few pupils to board.

Those pupils were never very numerous, and their stay was usually brief, until Frank Osborne came—a merry, thoughtless, fifteen-year-old boy, and fell in love at once with the little fairy maiden, Dolly, just turned of twelve.

This boyish love grew with his growth, gathering strength from year to year. Frank was an orphan, but with fair prospects in life, and wealthy relatives who made his welfare their care. I suppose he might easily have found an able tutor than Mr. Lisle, and in a less out-of-the-way country village than quiet, sleepy Glendale—a place famous for nothing but the beauty of its scenery; but to leave the place where Dolly dwelt, to exchange the positive bliss of her

companionship and presence for any possible educational advantages! I don't really imagine that such an idea ever actually entered young Osborne's head; but, if it had, I am sure he would have scouted it indignantly.

So he remained an inmate of Lisle Cottage for three years, and long before that period was over the little golden-haired village beauty realized her power full well. An innocent little coquette, she trifled with her adorer sometimes, but her heart was warm and true, and there can be no doubt that she sincerely loved him.

With an affection half childish, half womanly, and sisterly altogether, she was too young—barely fifteen—to realize a deeper, warmer, stronger passion.

But her young lover never comprehended this, and her pretty, tyrannical, coquettish ways, her girlish vanity and pride in her conquest, helped to deceive him; to deceive them both, for she loved him, and in that belief promised to, some day, be his wife.

The promise was made when Frank—being just eighteen—was about to go abroad. The young man's inclinations had always been for the sea, and an opportunity had arisen to gratify them.

He had an uncle, quite wealthy man, and the owner of a trading vessel. This vessel, The Saucy Kate by name, was about starting on a three years' cruise. It was arranged, Frank being willing, that he should go abroad her.

Willing to ship aboard The Saucy Kate he was; but oh, how unwilling to leave Dolly! It was when the sight of his grief had pained her tender heart, and thrown gentle pity into the scale with sisterly love, that the poor child yielded to her lover's prayers and her parents' wishes, and engaged herself to marry him if his circumstances should allow it, immediately upon his return.

"And if not, she can wait for two years more, Frank," said Mr. Lisle. "She'll only be twenty then; you're both very young; and I never did approve of early marriages."

Dolly approved of either arrangement, with, perhaps, a little unspoken preference in favor of waiting five years.

What was the use of getting married so soon? You never knew how it would turn out. Beside, she had got along so charmingly with Frank upon the old footing, she felt a little dubious about the new; but she kept these thoughts to herself, for fear of wounding Frank, he was so sensitive, so proud of his promised bride, so sorry for going away.

Poor fellow! She wished, with a little, involuntary sigh, that he had not taken this "marriage notion," but then, what need she care? Five years—or even three years—was a long time ahead, and after all, if Frank and papa were satisfied, what did it matter to her?

"I shall have to get married some day, of course," she argued philosophically; "I shouldn't like to be an old maid. Oh it will be all right. I shall like it well enough, I dare say. There can't be any question that Frank and papa know best."

And thus she dismissed, with innocent, girlish thoughtlessness, the great question that involved, perhaps, the happiness of many lives—on which depended, beyond all doubt, the whole success or failure of her own.

The engagement was kept a secret on account of her extreme youth. The concession to her own feelings she had stipulated for.

"For I knew how all the girls would tease and laugh at me," said the child; "and I won't be made ridiculous even for Frank."

She was happy and joyous as ever. Weeks changed to months and months grew into years, save that her beauty ripened to richer bloom, as time wore on.

Frank's letters came seldom, and from long distances, but breathing unaltered love.

She was always glad to receive them when they came—never uneasy when they were delayed.

"He is all right," she would say to her anxious father; "he'll write when he gets a chance."

Sometimes a misgiving would enter Mr. Lisle's mind as she spoke so lightly; he would say to her with mild reproach:

"You seem to care but little. Frank's is a true and noble heart—I fear you are too frivolous to care for him as he deserves."

But she only laughed and kissed him as she answered: "I care for him next to you, you dear papa; doesn't that satisfy you?"

"Not quite," Mr. Lisle would answer gravely; "a woman should love her husband first of all." She stood quiet and thoughtful for a moment when he told her that.

"First of all!" she remarked almost wonderingly. Then, shrugging her white, dimpled shoulders, and making a mutinous, rosy moue:

"Ah, well, but I'm scarcely a woman yet, papa, and Frank won't be my husband for this long, time—if ever! Be patient; no doubt I shall love

him as much as even you can wish when once I am married to him."

And so, no doubt, indeed she would have done, if another had not crossed her path; another, whose fate it was to awake the woman's heart within her bosom, and teach her too truly, what a mighty difference exists between even the fondest sisterly affection and the reality of an ardent, passionate love.

CHAPTER II.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!"

A love that carries all before it like a resistless flood. Sweeping away, or hiding out of sight, all the familiar landmarks. Duty, filial affection, the bond of a solemn promise to another, the safeguard of maiden reticence and pride; what power had these—so powerful at all other times—when Cyril's soft, low, tender, pleading tones made heaven's own music in her charmed and willing ear!

Who was he? Dolly would have told you: "Something superior to all other created beings; a perfect man, a hero, almost a God!"

To ordinary people, however, he was simply Mr. Cyril Vernon; a pleasant, handsome fellow enough; and evidently a man of the world; an artist, well bred and probably well born, who had considerable ability and seemed to have ample means, and who stopped for several weeks, during the third summer of Frank's absence, at the Greendale Hotel.

Not that Dolly took note either of his coming or going in connection with Frank's movements at all. I verily believe that from the first day in which she made the artist's acquaintance the existence of her lover was forgotten.

This was her real lover; the fairy prince who came to wake the enchanted princess from her dreams, before whose smile the mists of earth dispersed and fled away; and this dull, prosaic world became a glorious paradise, in which, with him, she could have wished to dwell forever.

He had seen her first in the church, into which he had strolled, in sheer idleness, one Sunday morning, and after that he had resolved to see her again.

To make Mr. Lisle's acquaintance was an easy matter, as he belonged to a club that held its meetings at the hotel; and to a club man and to a person of Mr. Vernon's nerve and self-possession, to praise the daughter's beauty to the father's face within the very hour of their acquaintance, was by no means so difficult or delicate a task as a less accomplished courtier might have found it.

Mr. Lisle was a simple, unsuspecting man and this praise of his child, from an artist's lip, rather gratified him than otherwise. When Vernon half timidly hinted at the treasure this paragon's portrait would be to him in his art, the father played into his hands.

"Call on us, sir, call on us! My little Dolly will give you a sitting, no doubt, and feel very proud to do so. Call on us, if you have time to spare to-morrow."

And, of course, the visit was paid, and was only the first of many. That day Dolly's heart thrilled with its first awakening—that day the roses slipped aside from the chain that bound her to her childhood's friend, and gave her a glimpse of the cruel fetters beneath.

"But we have not heard from Frank for months," she reflected, with a sensation of relief. "He can't be coming home this year; he may have changed and ceased to care for me; oh, Heaven grant it! I cannot be his wife—I cannot; I don't want to marry at all."

She did not say that to Cyril, though, when, three weeks later, he told her of his love; to be sure, just at first, it was not marriage that he spoke of.

The man of the world was fascinated, charmed by the innocence—quite as much as by the beauty—of the simple, lovely, village girl; with what intentions or ideas he had sought her first, he did not even ask himself, but he loved her madly now.

She was as pure as she was beautiful—it needed but a very brief acquaintance to teach him that.

"To approach her with disrespect—to associate her pure and gentle image with so much as an injurious thought, would be impossible," he told himself. "And yet two things are certain. First, that I love her, and will have her; secondly, that to marry her is to destroy myself."

So in this predicament he refrained from the mention of marriage, although, in her presence, his utmost self-control could not keep back the declaration of his love.

She received it with an emotion that surprised him. She was too guileless, too little versed in coquettish arts, too much in love (half unconsciously) herself to pretend indifference or surprise.

Joy and regret struggled for the mastery in