

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, MAY 7, 1896.

NUMBER 44.

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 upliftings 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. 30—Milk Daily.....	8:20 p.m.	4:20 p.m.	8:00 p.m.
No. 3—Express, Daily.....	5:30 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. 45—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.....	7:30 a.m.	4:32 a.m.	12:25 a.m.
No. 40—Milk, Daily.....	10:45 a.m.	7:31 a.m.	6:03 a.m.
No. 30.....	5:30 p.m.	3:00 p.m.	11:50 a.m.
No. 6—Mail, Exp., Daily.....	8:00 p.m.	3:24 p.m.	2:05 p.m.
No. 46—Local Freight.....	9:30 a.m.		
No. 74—Freight.....	9:38 p.m.		

No. 74 carries passengers between Lafayette and Rensselaer.

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Cyril considered for a moment. This sudden and most unlooked-for intelligence had quite changed the aspect of affairs. The imperative necessity for concealing his marriage had actually ceased to exist. His first impulse was to go to Mr. Lisle, claim his young wife and take her to town with him.

But a calmer second thought gave him pause. Dolly's love for her father and unwillingness to brave his displeasure were powerful obstacles to this design, and how could he make his own cause good to Mr. Lisle until the reading of his uncle's will should make his prospects secure.

"Better to wait awhile," he decided. "Hard and cruel as it is to tear myself away from my little love so soon, it will be best; and it need be only for a day or two." So he said to Hastings:

"The next move is to go back to the hotel and pack my things. After that I shall bid adieu to some intimate friends and be ready for the night train. I shall be glad of your company."

The last sentence was added for civility's sake, but afterward he was glad that Fred Hastings accepted. "I shall have to speak before her father, of course," he thought, "and the presence of a stranger will help her to self control."

It did not help her much. The glow, the thrill of love and joy that lit up her lovely face at her husband's coming, faded to the hue of death itself as she heard the news.

She had seated herself at the piano, to conceal the tell-tale happiness of her eyes, and was playing very softly while he spoke; as she listened her fingers fell powerless from the keys, and she sat silent trembling.

"The death of a relative? You must go at once, of course, but we may hope to see you again, perhaps? You have not quite exhausted the charms of Greendale scenery, I fancy."

Thus Mr. Lisle. Cyril had noted the white hands when they dropped and the soft music ceased; he had risen and now stood beside her at the piano, as he replied to her father. Her eyes were on his face, wistful, adoring, despairing, eager, all at once, and unseen by all but him.

"To me Greendale seems the Paradise of the World, possessing charms that no other place can boast of. I tear myself away from it with regret, and shall lose no time till I come back again. I shall return in two or three weeks at the farthest," with emphasis; "and the time will seem tedious until then!"

He was so earnest, so warm, that a ray of comfort crept into poor Dolly's heart; but Mr. Lisle stared at his enthusiasm, and Fred Hastings smiled to himself significantly.

Poor Cyril! It was difficult to be, at one and the same time, warm enough to satisfy and comfort Dolly, and cool and self-possessed enough to avoid astonishing the other two.

It would have been so different if he could have seen her alone, even for a few moments—kisses and long, long, close embraces speak so much more eloquently than words!

As it was, a warm hand-pressure was all they could contrive to steal; but he managed to slip a note into the little hand, and saw it hidden away in her fair bosom.

And then he arose to go, for the evening waned, and trains, like tides, are not much given to waiting, even for parting lovers.

Dolly rose too; poor Dolly! this was the bitterest hour of her smooth life, and went further than years to make woman of her. The dream of the day had ended in a sorrowful awakening.

She stood quiet and pale, striving for self-control as she had never had cause to strive before. She received Fred Hastings' adieu with a dignity that surprised him, and clung to her husband's hand for one brief instant with silent, desperate hold. Next moment she had released him, no one had seen anything unusual in that brief handclasp, only Dolly felt as if her heart had broken; a mist came over her eyes, her senses; she heard the garden-gate go "clang!"—they were parted; it was true he had left her. In the anguish of that moment she forgot her father's presence, uttered one piercing cry, sprang forward as if to follow Cyril, and in the effort fell senseless to the floor.

And Cyril, scarcely a few yards away, heard the cry. It struck upon his heart like a blow on

an arching wound. He turned, hesitated, was about to retrace his steps when Hastings stopped him.

"You will miss the train. Think of the dead," said he. "The dead! The living before the dead!" he answered; "I will go back and risk all."

But he did not; if he had Dolly's sufferings would have ended then, and my story would have never been told.

"You risk a fortune, the hopes of your whole life, perhaps," cried his companion, eagerly, "if you commit any folly now; for Heaven's sake, take time to think! Come to town, give yourself a fair chance; don't spoil your whole life for a girl's bright eyes. She'd be the last to thank you for it probably. If you're so hard hit as you think you are, you can come back again, only let us go now."

His persuasions had their effect, and Cyril yielded, only to repent as soon as he was on the train.

"You don't know what you've done," he said, as they sped along; "I had no right to leave her. Evil will come of it—oh, that cry! How it rings still in my ears and heart! Dolly! Dolly! Let us get off and go back. I must take her away with me."

Fred Hastings stared at him in astonishment.

"Take her away with you!" he repeated, "why, what are you talking about? The girl's respectable, I suppose—"

A fierce oath interrupted him.

"God's mercy on the man that dares to question it!"

"That man am not I! How could I? Why should I? Only a little country girl, of course, but undeniably charming. I don't wonder at your infatuation, my dear fellow, not at all; but still be reasonable; consider the matter coolly; what can such a girl as this be to you?"

Cyril's dark eyes flashed with indignant fire.

"What can she be?" he repeated, angrily. "Be careful how you speak of that young lady! She is what no other woman ever was or ever will be—my wife."

"What?"

Fred Hastings sprang suddenly to his feet, and stared at his companion with incredulity and rage.

"It can't be!" he cried. "Your wife! Impossible." "It is the truth," said Cyril, somewhat sullenly, for his friend's agitation startled him.

"I married her this morning!"

"You did?" The other sat down again, quiet and pale. "Then it is in order to wish you joy. You had better have cut your throat this morning, however. You have destroyed yourself beyond all remedy; you are effectually ruined."

CHAPTER III.

"WILL YOU FORSAKE US FOR HIM?"

To say that Mr. Lisle was dismayed at the emotion his child displayed at parting from one whom he looked upon as a mere guest and pleasant acquaintance, is to give but a faint idea of the consternation that filled his mind nor was the recollection of Cyril's earnest manner and enthusiastic speech calculated to reassure him.

For the present, however he could do nothing but wait patiently, for Dolly was in no condition to be questioned or reproved; her fainting fit gave place to violent hysterics, in which the long pent up and unusual emotions of her soul found at least partial expression, and even some slight relief.

Having carried her to her room, and seen her under his own and their one servant's care, some what recovered, he left her, anxiously enough, to procure a night's repose, resolved to take her thoroughly to task in the morning.

Scarcely had the door closed after him when, dismissing the girl, she sprang from the bed, locked the door, and drew her husband's letter from her bosom.

Oh, the comfort of the loving words, even on the senseless paper! She pressed them to her heart and lips a thousand times, covering them with caresses, and bedewing them with tears, and murmuring over them little incoherent sounds of love and pain. For a long time the passion of her grief prevented her comprehending rightly what the tender, little, hurried note contained.

Only a few lines of fond farewell, and the promise of an explanation later. These, with a passionate cry of regret at parting from her, and an address in New York, to which he entreated her to write, composed her husband-lover's first letter.

But it called her "Darling Wife." Oh, the sweet, sweet name! She kissed it again and again, wondering, meanwhile, how she ever dreamed of permitting another man to call her so.

"I was so young so ignorant, what did I know of love? Surely Frank has changed too—poor, dear Frank! oh, I am sorry if he cares for me

still, but what could I do? I love Cyril so, and he is my husband now—it's too late for regret."

Innocent Dolly. Little she knew of life; alas! while that lasts there is always time for regret, and generally only too-much bitter cause for it.

She put the letter carefully away in a little cabinet.

Another paper lay there already, folded away with jealous, loving care—it was the certificate of her marriage, and folded inside it was a plain gold ring.

She took it out and slipped it on her finger. She did this trembling, and with burning blushes and many a swift, uneasy glance around—then she kissed it fondly.

"All to-day I wore you," she whispered over it softly; "but I must hide you away in the day for awhile and only wear you in the night-time. Oh, the happiness of those wives who can wear their wedding-rings openly and proudly all the time and never even dream of being afraid."

Poor child! and only a few moments earlier she had said it was "too late for regret."

Not that she regretted her marriage—oh, no, no. To be Cyril's wife—ay, upon any terms—was to be the happiest woman in the world, but if it could have been without deceiving her father—without wronging Frank—oh, how much happier then!

The ring remained on her finger all night, but in the morning she tied it to a ribbon and hid it away in her breast.

"It will give me strength and resolution," she thought, "to feel it lying there when I meet papa, for he will question me—oh, if I only dared to tell him all."

She stood for a moment pondering.

"Cyril would not object to my telling him," she mused; "he said—I will speak whenever you give me leave. How if I speak to-day! It would be best, perhaps."

Oh, if she could but have known how much the best, how much of pain and misery had been spared; but she shrank from the bitter humiliation of confessing her own fault—she trembled in anticipation of her father's anger.

"He loves Frank so, his heart so set upon our marriage, he will not easily forgive; no, no, I dare not tell him!"

And so the chance of escaping misery and securing happiness was lost.

Her father welcomed her with the accustomed kiss, but with grave, inquiring glances, too, that probed her conscious soul. No word was said between them, however, upon the subject nearest both their hearts, until the morning meal was over.

And then Mr. Lisle told her to follow him to the library.

She obeyed tremblingly. She dreaded the ordeal through which she was about to pass—worse, a thousand times, than any physical pain. In that moment the unuttered wish of her heart was:

"Oh, that Cyril had taken me with him!"

But that wish was worse than vain, it only made her present trial appear the harder by suggesting how it might have been escaped.

"You are better to day, though you look pale," said Mr. Lisle, quietly, after he had given her a chair and seated himself. "I have some pleasant news for you; here is a letter from Frank."

If she had been pale before she was ghastly now, her very lips turning white. She gasped, but said no word, and her eyes grew large and dark, and roved uneasily about her.

Mr. Lisle noted all, while affecting to see nothing.

He had decided on his course. She was Frank Osborne's betrothed bride and must abide by her engagement.

It was true he suspected her affection for another, but he resolved that that should make no difference.

"A young girl's fickle fancy!" he argued within himself. "What does that amount to? When Frank was here she loved him, and when he went away, forgot him. It will be the same way now. She thinks herself in love with Vernon; perhaps is so; but he has gone, thank Heaven! Frank will return, and Vernon will be forgotten! Vernon, too; what do I know of him? Shall I risk my one child's welfare with a stranger? No! She shall be the wife of the good, true man to whom she is promised, and who has loved her, little as the fickle child deserves it, all his life."

So he determined to say nothing about last night, but ignore the idea of Vernon as her lover or beloved, entirely. He would take it for granted that she looked forward to marrying Frank.

"And let us see," he thought shrewdly, "if she will have the courage, of her own accord, to tell me otherwise."

She had. Though, if he had known it, it was not so much courage, as sheer despair!

He writes that we may expect him home in