

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 14, 1896.

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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 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. 39—Milk Daily.....	3:20 p m	4:20 p m	8:00 p m	
No. 8—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. 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.....	7:20 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	2:03 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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"It could not impair her position afterward, to live so," he said, eagerly. "She is my lawful wife."

"Most assuredly. It is necessary to live so, or to live apart, unless you desire your mutual ruin. Pardon me, my dear fellow, if I say that you are almost too sensitive about your wife."

Cyril threw himself restlessly into his seat again.

"She is so innocent, so pure. It would be such a foul crime to cast a shadow on her. No, she is safer in her father's care, until I can claim her openly. I will risk nothing, Fred, she shall be secured at all costs. I have been away nearly two weeks. At the end of the month perhaps—"

A servant interrupted him.

"Mail, sir, for you," said he, and left it on the table beside him.

Some half a dozen letters. From the batch he snatched one eagerly—a little, pink-tinted affair, addressed in a delicate and rather tremulous hand.

"From my darling," he said, smiling as he opened it.

The smile died from his lips, a look of rage and jealousy flashed into his dark eyes.

"Confusion!" he exclaimed, fiercely. "Fred, hear this."

"MY LOVE, MY HUSBAND,—Come to me, for I am in despair. Frank has returned and expects to marry me. Oh, what have I done, what shall I do? I dare not tell him the secret that is known to ourselves alone—that I am, and shall ever be, your true wife, DOLLY."

The two men stared into each other's faces in blank dismay for a moment. Fred gave a long, thoughtful whistle.

"Things are culminating quickly," said he, anxiously.

"What's to be done with Dolly now?"

CHAPTER VI.

"I LOVE YOU JUST THE SAME."

"I FANCY I see a change in Dolly," said Frank Osborne to his expectant father-in-law, one morning shortly after that one on which my story opened. "I don't speak of her appearance; alteration there was to be looked for of course, and has only increased her loveliness; but is she not strangely quiet and sad for one so young? And is it usual for a young bride elect to be so indifferent to the preparations for her marriage? Sometimes"—his handsome face grew pale, and a cloud of pain darkened his kindly eyes—"sometimes I almost fancy that she shrinks from me."

Mr. Lisle took alarm upon the instant.

"Possibly so," said he; "but nothing to be alarmed about. Dolly is a sensitive child, fanciful and romantic, and no doubt her imagination invests the new untried life, on which she is about to enter, with a sort of vague terror and doubt. It will be for you to dispel those fears, Frank, when she is once your own, and teach her—as I am sure you will—that the very happiest lot that can possibly befall a woman, is to become a loved and loving wife."

He spoke feelingly, and the young man's face cleared a little.

"You should know her best," he said, wistfully. "I know but little of women—my love for her has closed my heart to all the rest of the sex; and besides, a sailor's life is a lonely one. But it has been different with her. Here she has known others; who must needs have admired her, and whom she may have compared to me. I am not such a fool as not to know that I am like enough to suffer by the test. And yet," he said thoughtfully, half to himself, "she did not seem to say so when I asked her."

Mr. Lisle drew a long breath of anxiety and fear.

"You asked her? How foolish! How imprudent, my dear boy; a girl should not be humored so; it spoils her. But what did you ask, and what did she reply, pray?"

And inwardly he thought, "I must watch him closely, or his own unsuspecting candor will spoil all."

"I asked her," answered Frank, honestly,

"why she seemed so sad at times—so little like the sunny, joyous Dolly of three years ago. She supposed it was because she was a woman now, older and wiser. 'Surely you were a wise little girl,' I said, 'as well as a sweet and dear one, seeing that you chose me for your husband.' 'You chose,' said she, 'you and papa. I was only a baby.' Then I asked her if she was sorry for our choosing. 'For, said I, 'I know well that I'm not worthy of you, dear, and never can be, although I'd die for you.' And at that she began to cry, and said it was herself that was unworthy."

"You are good and true," says she, 'and I—what am I? Oh, it is I who am not worthy!' which was nonsense, of course, father-in-law; but it made me feel bad, somehow. And then I asked her to tell me plainly, once for all, whether she had ceased to love me?"

"And what did she reply?" asked his listener, eagerly.

"She looked up into my eyes—God bless her!—with the innocent tears in her own, and said: 'I love you just the same as I have always loved you. Forgive me if it is not enough,' and I caught her in my arms and kissed her before she could say another word, and told her I was satisfied and happy."

"You did well," said Mr. Lisle, greatly relieved.

"The child has been reading some nonsense, no doubt, and her tender conscience pricks her because her affection for you doesn't come up to some wild, high-flown ideal. But the quiet love lasts the longer, Frank, and outlives the mad passions in the end; therefore, they are safest to marry on. As for comparing you with others—there isn't a man in all Greendale whom she'd exchange you for, I'll swear! And she has never been out of the place, so judge what you have to fear from rivals. She said truly that she loves you just the same as of old."

The young man appeared reassured.

"But I won't have her hurried into marriage against her will," he persisted. "I can wait for another three years rather than pain her; wait until she comes to me of her own sweet will. It is the prospect of an immediate marriage that alarms her, I fancy, and that's what I want to speak about to you to-day."

Mr. Lisle prepared himself to listen and arrange.

"I think," Frank went on, "that she may wish to postpone our marriage, but hasn't courage to make the proposition. It can't come from me, you see, without offense. In this dilemma no one can help us so well as you."

Mr. Lisle inclined his head.

"Only teach me how," he said, pleasantly. "I'll arrange all for you."

"This way then," said Frank, eagerly. "If you invite her confidence she will give it, of course, because you are her father. Find out what her wishes really are, so that I may gratify them. Good heavens!" he went on, with sudden emotion, "how can she have any fear of me, who would die to do her service?"

But the more he pleaded on poor Dolly's side, revealing with every sentence, every thought, the depth and sincerity of his affection for her, as well as his own real worth, the more resolved did her father grow that Frank alone should be her husband.

"I will secure her happiness and welfare in spite of herself," he thought. "The day will come when she will thank me."

But he promised readily all that Frank wished, and said he would seek Dolly out immediately.

He did so, coming upon her seated in the old orchard, in a favorite resort of her late.

"Well, my dear, is the wedding dress 'nearly ready?' he asked, pleasantly.

He had seen her hide something in her bosom as he approached, but he deemed it best to take no notice.

"Some souvenir of Vernon, probably," he thought. "She'll discard it of her own accord when she marries Frank. I'll say nothing about it."

And he seated himself, smiling pleasantly.

"Scarcely two weeks from your wedding-day now," he went on. "We shall show Greendale such a bride as is seldom seen. You are a fortunate girl, and will have a husband to be proud of."

Still no reply. Her lips were white, and she clutched at the hidden treasure in her breast almost unconsciously.

Her father watched her askance for awhile, in silence.

"I came," said he, "to congratulate and praise you for the brave fight you have made against an unworthy weakness, the admirable resolution to do your duty, which your conduct shows. And also for the discretion with which you answered Frank, and dispelled those suspicious of your affection for him to which your conduct had given rise. Had you acted and spoken otherwise, you would have lost me—my errand here would be to bid you farewell instead of to

pray God to bless you. And He will bless you," he continued with earnest emotion. "The blessing of Heaven belongs of right to the obedient and dutiful child."

She turned her face to him suddenly now, a kind of horror looked out of her blue eyes.

"And what of the disobedient and undutiful?" she asked him, almost wildly, "what of her?"

He looked at her in surprise.

"What?" he repeated.

"Yes, what? What of a child, a daughter, who disobeys her father's will and disappoints all his hopes; who breaks the heart of a true lover, the best and noblest, and abandons him to despair perhaps; who, when the choice was put before her by her own father, chose to abandon home, and friends, and all, and cast her lot with a stranger? The blessing of Heaven would hardly belong to her, I think," and she laughed bitterly.

Her father regarded her with uneasiness and alarm, but nevertheless he answered calmly:

"Its curses rather. But why do you talk of such things? You, thank God, made a better choice when it was placed before you. You will be the wife of a good man, and, when you are older and wiser will thank me for the severity which secured your truest happiness. You are my own true child."

He put his arms around her while he spoke, and she burst into a storm of sobs and tears upon his bosom.

"You love me," she cried, passionately; "even if I had been undutiful and disobeyed you, you would have loved me still. Oh, father, you never would have cursed me, would you, what-ever I had been tempted to do?"

The idea shocked him, her vehemence moved him.

"Curse you," he cried, earnestly. "Never, child, never! It is not for a man to curse his fellow-being, least of all when that being is his own child. Never fear that from me—never!"

There came a time when he remembered his own words.

CHAPTER VII.

As soon as her father had left her alone, and even the sound of his footsteps had died away, Dolly drew her hidden treasure from her bosom.

A letter in Cyril's handwriting; but Dolly gazed at it with a sad, abstracted air, as if its contents brought her more of pain than joy; and as she put it softly to her lips, a sudden rain of hot, swift tears fell over it.

"Poor papa! Poor papa! If I could only tell him all!" she cried. "But now—although he will never curse his child, his child will break his heart, perhaps! I would have told him the truth," she went on again presently, and with a despairing look and tone, "told him the whole truth and thrown myself upon his mercy. I meant to do it to-day, but this letter came, and now it is too late!"

Her tears broke out afresh.

"I have ruined all whom I love!" she wailed, throwing herself upon the ground, "Papa, Frank, myself—even Cyril, too—all, everybody."

Presently she began, for the twentieth time, to read Cyril's letter.

It ran thus:

"MY BEST BELOVED AND SWEETEST,—My heart aches, thinking of your distress and trouble, but do not fear; I am coming to you."

"I wish to Heaven that I had taken you with me when I left; such a course would have spared us both much pain and annoyance; and it would have amounted to precisely the same thing in the end, since it is impossible now, as it was then, to disclose our marriage."

"The secret must be kept for a year, darling; affairs which I cannot explain to you here make such a course imperative; and do not reproach me for it; I am as anxious as you yourself can be to claim my precious wife before the world."

"I am preparing a charming little nest for my bird, where she can dwell with me, hidden safely from every care. Next week I shall come for you; but I must come in secret."

"I will let you know when to expect me, the day before. I prefer to wait until the moonlight nights are gone, for you must leave no clow behind you, and therefore I must not be seen. Have everything prepared beforehand for flight, so as to lose no time."

"I do not ask if you will consent to this course. You are my wife and I have a right to take you; but I am sure my Dolly's heart is mine—she will not even wish to forsake me."

"And in this way, only, can we be united now."

"If it were not for this fellow's return, I would have left you with your father till I could claim you openly, but now all is changed; my wife cannot dwell under the same roof with her former lover."

"Let them continue their ridiculous preparations for a marriage that can never take place,