

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 28, 1896.

NUMBER 47.

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 uprightness 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 Indianaapolis

No. 5—Mail, Daily.....	8:30 a m	10:55 a m	12:25 p m
No. 33—.....	10:45 p m	1:00 p m	4:35 p m
No. 39—Milk Daily.....	3:20 p m	6:15 p m	7:55 p m
No. 3—Express, Daily.....	8:30 p m	11:13 p m	12:40 a m
No. 31 fast mail.....	2:45 a m	Does not stop in Renss.	8:00 a m
No. 45—Local freight.....			3:24 p m

NORTH BOUND

No. 4—Mail.....	7:20 a m	4:25 a m	3:00 a m	12:35 a m
No. 32—.....	12:30 a m	10:18 a m	2:05	
No. 40—Milk, Daily.....	10:45 a m	7:31 a m	6:03 a m	
No. 30—.....	9:20 p m	7:11 p m	3:45 p m	
No. 6—Mail, Exp., Daily.....	6:00 p m	3:24 p m	2:05 p m	
No. 45—Local Freight.....	9:30 a m			
No. 74—Freight.....	9:05 p m			

No. 74 carries passengers between Lafayette and Rensselaer.

No. 32 stops at Rensselaer only when there are Rensselaer passengers to let off.

No. 3 fast mail does not stop.

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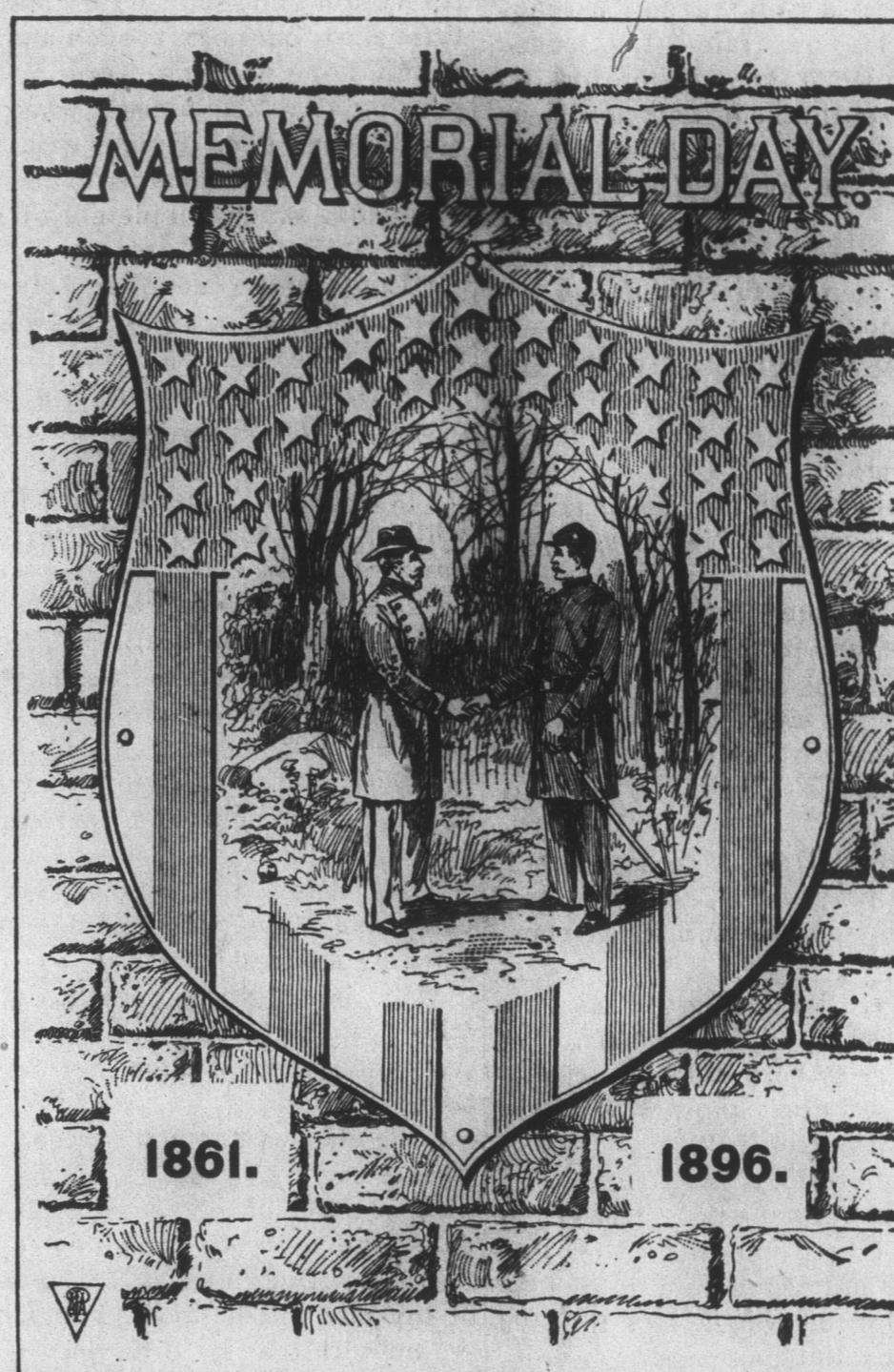
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CHAPTER XI.

A MIDNIGHT MEETING.

Blushing, trembling, weeping for very joy, Dolly clung in her husband's arms, her sorrows and fears forgotten.

For several minutes scarcely a word was spoken; their happiness found sufficient expression in kisses, and little, inarticulate sounds of love.

Truly, in moments of deep bliss, or bitter pain, the tongue can tell but little of what the heart must feel.

Dolly spoke first—in a soft, fluttering whisper, like a sigh.

"A month, a whole weary month without you! Oh, how have I lived?" she cried.

Cyril pressed her to his breast.

"We shall part no more," he said. "The pain of separation could scarcely have been endured but for the knowledge that it soon must end. In New York I have prepared the brightest little nest for my precious bird. We must start at once. I have a carriage waiting at a little distance, and there is danger in every moment that we linger here. Come, love, come."

He would have drawn her gently from the spot, but she, realizing in that moment the full cruelty of what she was about to do, broke away from his arms in a kind of terror and stood, trembling and panting, her eyes fixed on the house, her hands clasped and wrung in remorseful anguish.

"Papa! papa! What will he think or do? He will suppose that I have fled to sin and shame. It will break his heart; it will break down his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. I shall feel through all my life that I have killed him! Oh, Cyril, spare me that! Let him know, at least, that his child is a wedded wife, and has fled to the protection of her husband."

The tone of anguish, the thought that a slur might rest, though unjustly, upon her, pierced the man who loved her to the heart: left to himself he would have yielded to her prayer, at whatever risk; nay, he was yielding to her now, when suddenly his evil genius spoke beside him.

"It is impossible; a word—a hint—may ruin everything. For both your sakes, Cyril, be firm; have you not sacrificed enough?"

As the low, deep, sibilant whisper fell on her ear, Dolly sprang to her husband's arms in terror, and with difficulty repressed a scream.

"Who is it? Oh, who is it?" she gasped, trembling.

A tall form strode out from among the trees.

"It is I, madam," said the deep whisper again, for they dared not raise their voices in that silent place and hour. "Fred Hastings, at your service; your husband's cousin, and your own."

She recognized him then, and drew herself erect with simple dignity.

"I remember you now," she said; "and by what right do you interfere between my husband and myself, and counsel him to reject my prayer?"

"By the right of faithful friendship," answered Fred. "Ask Cyril if he has not tried and proved me. Your husband has arrived at a crisis in his life upon which the welfare of his future depends—the disclosure of his marriage, an imprudent one at best, would ruin him past help and hope—is it for you to urge that disclosure? He has sacrificed much—more than he will acknowledge to you—for your sake; will you be less generous to him, then?"

She dashed her tears away, and looked at him in the dim starlight, with eyes that flashed instinctive distrust and dislike.

"It is not necessary for you to point out my duty to my husband, sir," she said, proudly. Then turning to Cyril, "Oh, Cyril, is it really so? Can we not trust even papa?"

But the wavering nature had taken its bias from Fred, and Dolly's chance had gone by.

"We can trust no one; we must leave no clew; they must think what they please for the present. It is but for awhile," he added, caressing her, "and the welfare of all our future life is at stake. In short, it is thus only that I can take you, Dolly. Do you refuse to come?"

She threw herself into his arms, weeping bitterly.

"How can I refuse? Are you not my husband?"