

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.

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GOOD-BYE, Old Court House! GOOD-BYE.

The farewell services of the old court house were held in the court room last night, under the auspices of the Woman's Relief Corps, who charged a small fee to be used for charitable purposes.

Addresses were made by Hon. M. L. Spittler, Hon. S. P. Thompson, Hon. E. P. Hammond, Capt. J. A. Burnham, Capt. B. E. Faris, Hon. M. F. Chilcote and Capt. R. W. Marshall; recitations were rendered by the Misses Gail Wasson and M. Edith Marshall. The band played several selections.

The following is the address of Hon. S. P. Thompson:

My FRIENDS:

On this occasion let us renew our devotion as we recall the history of Jasper county, and Rensselaer to a constitution and Statutes that fosters and encourages free schools and courts to protect the loyal and good against ignorance and other crimes. In old Jasper no slavery ever prevailed that was not based on personal habits. Our public officers and teachers, as well as our Judges, Jurors, Prosecutors, Sheriffs, Constables and Policemen have patriotically drawn their salaries from the treasury to make us wise, and to keep the bars in the legal fence around our life property and honor.

These free public means of tuition and care for the children, aged and unfortunate have done their most perfect work so that there has been little need for the reform influences of courts, churches, jails and prisons. The men of Jasper have never taken life by mob law, and have tried no man before Judge Lynch. It is true in our early days the regulators under Captain Simon Phillips used to hold court in this vicinity and choke the truth out of a few scoundrels.

The state's formula for its campaign against crime was well understood, and applied however, in a war without armistice or peace. The regulators and the Dodd said were mere guerilla manifestations.

The ballot is wisely committed to us without distinction as to sense or disposition. Experience teaches us that there is much that goes on in the human heart and mind of which no picture can be taken. Our scheme for taxing wealth to procure comfortable public court houses, school houses and public servants has done so much for those in need in Jasper county that we have a special reason to feel grateful that we are citizens of so good a state and country.

Those not content with the free tuition of our common, normal and agricultural institutions have succeeded at their own expense in procuring collegiate, technical and professional training. The free schools, however well patronized have fitted its patrons to follow almost any of the honest avocations of life.

The preachers working in the human vineyard have scared off many of the little foxes that might spoil the vines. Most of our true citizens have sought wisdom, have formed good habits, and honor liberty and law.

It was on December 1, 1862, within these walls I looked into the faces of the parents and school children of Rensselaer. I came bearing a normal diploma as an instructor of youth. The school term was then four months, costing one hundred dollars per month. Then there were three teachers and now there are sixteen. The public school had been boarding around where ever rents happened to be cheapest. Now the old frame court house, then in the ark in liberal corner, and in the Saylor building. I set about persuading the school officers the free schools needed a home. The next spring a frame school house was erected in the triangle

bounded by Milroy, Front and Susan streets. A wing was added in 1865, since giving place to two large beautiful brick edifices, a credit to the educational progress of Rensselaer. In 1862 the civil town was asleep, and had been for years without officers or revenue; but on a petition the incorporation was awakened, and a tax of just \$518.75 for all purposes was levied and collected in 1863. The town has now blossomed into a beautiful city. There was then but two, and now nine beautiful houses of worship, the pride of all, lift their spires toward heaven. This court house was then (in 1862) the crowning edifice of the town and county. It was the best court house northwest of the Wabash. It was used for schools, churches, theatres, shows and all kinds of meetings. In three short years came the fire destroying the inner soul of this structure, leaving the body and walls intact. On January 18, 1865 calamity scattered the court house officers to various places in town, as prosperity now compels them to vacate awaiting the new stone court house to be erected where we now stand. The contract then went to a Ft. Wayne man, Daniel J. Silver, at the lowest bid of \$10,000 in greenbacks—We then had cheap money.

Within six months after the letting of the contract the repairs all complete, and in September 1865 the court and officers of the county returned to enjoy the resurrection. For thirty-one years the renewed court house has served its purpose. The proper preservation of the written titles to our lands and highways has outgrown its vaults. The number of officers have so increased that not all can have a home. A new structure is coming ten fold better to keep pace with the new school houses and churches.

This is our farewell assembly in this room. Many matters of importance in war and peace have been discussed and determined within these walls which others will mention. The bell in this building sounded the alarm of war in 1861. Recruiting meetings and banquets to visiting soldiers were frequent.

I wish to bear testimony to the Calliope, a debating society which met in the Auditor's office every Monday night, except the first Monday night of each month, when public contest was waged in this room with the Philomatheans or Erudites. These societies discussed and dissected all great questions, up to date questions of school, church and state. They gave valuable advice to legislators and congress, and upon the management of the war. In the roll call were lawyers, doctors, merchants, preachers, teachers and our very best citizens beyond school age. We met on a basis of perfect equality as neighbors to speak and act in public on the stage. Our little town was secluded from the outside world. A stranger became common property for analysis as to whence he came, whither he went, who he was, and what was his business. Our Professor McChull, Moxey, William Hopkins and Norman Warner were a quartet of night-ingales who warbled for us freely those old songs like "Three Blind Mice." I can hear them yet. The members of the Calliope have scattered until now there are but two or three in our village. Marion L. Spittler and Ezra L. Clark, whose worthy records as public servants, soldiers and citizens are known to all of us like a book. John Thompson, then a general merchant, and now the same bland, happy gentleman as he ever was. Our poet recorded him thus in 1864:

Of all the merchants in the place
John Thompson, he's the man.
He meets you with a smiling face
And takes you by the hand.

No evil genius prompteth him.
Nor love of worldly gain.
In sunshine bright, or midnight dim,
John Thompson's still the same.

These three and myself are all that reside in our city. The gallant Grey Eagle, Major General Robert H. Milroy, was a member who now sleeps near the blue waves of the Pacific. The reaper with his scythe keen has cut down many of our band. In Weston's cemetery and the graves of the successful lawyer William Hopkins and the honest and brave Col Joshua Healey, the chivalrous and enthusiastic Alexander Rowen, the poet and wit Isaac N. S. Alter, the versatile Eldridge T. Harding, the renowned surgeon James H. Loughridge and the quiet business man Alfred Thompson, each living and dying in Jasper true to his poetic training. David T. Halsted, then county Auditor, Robert S. Diggins then a lawyer, and John H. Cissel have since gained distinction and fame preaching the gospel. Bro. Halsted is in North Dakota, Bro. Cissel is an active member of the Methodist Conference, while Bro. Diggins is living at ease on the left bank of the broad Hudson. The pioneer editor, Daniel F. Davis, laid down life's burden, but his resting place I cannot recall. The scholarly Reuben B. Jones sleeps in Kansas. William J. Larue is still plying his business as a merchant in Burlington, Kansas. Horace E. James, the soldier and republican editor is now asking to run for congress on the democratic ticket. While Edwin P. Hammond, tired of the debate with the Calliope, went to the battle field and helped settle the question that human rights were paramount to state rights in this nation, returned unscathed, and rose to the greatest honor as a jurist and is here to speak for himself. Not one Calliope ever forgot to give credit for the training he received in the discussions held within these walls.

Let us, in saying farewell to this temple of justice, resolve through our children to honor the new temple when built with the broadest application of the law of self defense applying in the wisdom that buildeth brotherly kindness and patriotism.

From the sea of childhood faces meeting me here on that December day thirty-four years ago has sprung the manhood and womanhood I see tonight. As a member of the bar I have grown old with this building. I regret to see it pass away.

County Bonds Unsold

The county commissioners have been disappointed in the sale of the court house bonds, the party to whom they were awarded at the sale last week, having defaulted in putting up the cash as per contract. Just what the commissioners will do is not definitely known but it is probable that they will now be sold at private sale, though it is claimed the county will not be a serious loser.

The contractor commenced the demolition of the old court house this morning and as the Pilot goes to press at noon the roof has been removed and a large force of men are pushing the work with rapidity. This week will see the structure fully torn down.

A contractor from Chicago offered to move the building with all its contents on to the county lot east of the square for \$2,500, agreeing to put its old foundation under it and leave the building as solid in every respect as it was on the old location. By so doing the old court house could have been used until the new one was completed and then put to some good use. The commissioners are strongly criticised for not doing so, but it is possible that the demonstration of the fact that the "unsafe old ruin" was strong enough to haul around town would have been embarrassing to the architect who condemned it.

James J. Corbett the worlds champion (boozier) and Thomas Sharkey are to meet and settle the question of fictitious and brutal supremacy. The wager is \$10,000 a side and is to take place within six months from date of agreement.—Brookston Reporter.

THE NEXT HEIR.

A Thrilling Recital of Adventure and Love.

Founded on Actual Occurrence in American Life.

Back numbers of the Pilot containing this story will be kept on hand at this office. New subscribers can begin their time with the first chapter of story and receive all back copies. Ten cents pays for the Pilot thirteen weeks, from April 30 to July 23 inclusive, to new subscribers only.

"She will not have to bear it," answered Fred. "since I am here to save her. I only point out to her what the danger is that threatens. Undoubtedly, if I had not arrived, May Ellis would have had her way—to our ruin."

To his own ruin, would have been more like the truth. But what did these women know of his treachery? They listened, horrified, bewildered, credulous, as if an oracle had spoken.

"I do not blame your credulity, Cousin Dolly. Your innocence judges others by itself; but I do blame your doubts of Cyril—Cyril, who loves you so truly, who has run such a risk and made such a sacrifice for your sake. Far better would it have been for him to have told you all the truth from the first as I advised; but he thought to bear the burden and care of the secret alone. His one wish was to spare you every pain."

Now she spoke. Suddenly, with a scarlet flush dyeing her pale cheek and a new fire kindling in her eyes:

"Have I not cause to doubt? Where is my marriage certificate?"

He had the effrontery to smile. In reality he had no knowledge of its whereabouts, but he was quite able to guess. Knowing, as he did, Cyril's yielding, careless nature, and remembering their conversation on the morning of their arrival in town, he concluded, immediately, that his own evil counsels had done their work, and that Cyril had hidden the papers away as soon as he found himself alone.

"And being as careless as he is weak," he argued, mentally, "he has, doubtless, put them in the first safe place that came to hand. His desk for instance."

Aloud, and outwardly, however, he both spoke and acted as if upon positive knowledge.

"You doubt your husband's honor and love, for such a little thing as that?" he said reproachfully. "Because, in his thoughtful care for your interests, he has removed most precious papers to a secure and proper place. For shame cousin, oh, for shame! Pray, have you a key to Cyril's desk?"

She had not, she said. Cyril kept his own keys always. Hastings was standing now beside the pretty pearl and gold-inlaid bijou of a desk, that had been kept locked ever since their coming home. She arose and went up to him.

"Cyril bought that desk for me, he said," she told him. "But I have never really used it. He used it, always."

Then Fred felt sure.

"We must open it," said he. "Your papers are here, and I know he would wish you to have them. Oh, well it is for you that he did use the wise precaution of hiding them—else, by this time, with your suspicious nature, they would have been in your bitter enemy's hands!"

She hung her head in shame.

"I have been wrong, wrong she said. "I should not have doubted Cyril on a stranger's word. Oh, if you could know the misery it is to doubt him! But he has been so changed and cold of late. Don't break open the desk, cousin!"

But he persisted.

"It is necessary. I must remove you from this place at once, before that woman's messenger can arrive, and, of course, you must have the papers with you. As for change in Cyril—foolish girl! Little you guess the anxieties that torture him! Foremost among them, fear of just some such plot to take you from him, as May Ellis has nearly succeeded in today! There!"

The desk flew open. With a little cry of joy Dolly recognized her treasure, laid carefully away, and stretched out her hands to receive them.

But Hastings seemed to hesitate a moment holding them meanwhile just beyond her reach.

"Ought I not to place them in Cyril's hands, having taken them from his desk, and leave him to hand them to you?"

"No, no!" she cried impatiently. "They are mine—give them to me. Cyril would say so, I am sure!"

He smiled at her eagerness.

"They are yours of course, and I will hand them to you if you can assure me that they will be safe in your keeping; but they cannot be

while you remain here where Miss Ellis can take them from you."

She looked at him in alarm. No doubt of him ever crossed her mind. He was Cyril's friend, and Cyril, thank God, was true. What could there be to fear, then?

"I will not remain here. You said you would remove me from this place at once. I am willing to do as you advise, of course, for I know that Cyril's interests are yours. Give me the papers and let me get ready at once. Rose and I will go where you think proper."

He handed her the papers, scarcely able to conceal his exultation. She kissed them and placed them in her breast.

"Where shall we go?" she asked anxiously.

"Anywhere, for the present, out of this house. Pack up such things as are necessary, while I procure a carriage; we will go to some quiet hotel, until I can see and consult Cyril. All you require can be brought you afterward. Hurry, Rose, and help your mistress; there is not a moment to be lost."

Away they went up stairs together, mistress and maid, without a single suspicion of the traitor, without one warning instinct to disobey.

And Fred sat down by Cyril's open desk—to think the problem of the present situation out.

His face was gloomy and pale, and his brows contracted ominously. In spite of his success with his unsuspecting victim he realized that he had reached the crisis of his bold unscrupulous game—that victim within the compass of the next twenty-four hours he stood to win or lose the great stake he played for—even the Huntsford fortune.

"She must be got rid of—she and her child," he muttered. "There's no help for it. I would have spared her if I could. This fool!"—his hand fell heavily upon the desk; his face grey darker at the thought of Cyril—"this fool who possesses all I covet—this favorite of fortune to whom—when by his own mad folly he has thrown his inheritance away—Heaven sends an heir to mend the mischief—this cousin of mine has somewhat wearied of the only woman who I ever loved! He has not found the timid creature's secret out; he does not know that she may be the means of saving him. Let him live and die in his ignorance then; it is not I who will enlighten him! This time tomorrow night, if all goes well her Cyril will be—to all intents and purposes—a widower!"

He went on pondering deeply:

"She must write to him—a farewell—a reproach—to give it color. How can I manage that?"

When we resolve to do evil the instruments are never far out of our reach.

As Fred mused his eye fell on an envelope in the open desk.

It was addressed in Dolly's dainty, delicate hand—"To my Husband," and had doubtless contained some loving gift, some trifle of her own handiwork. It had never been soiled or sealed or secured in any way. With a stifled cry of triumph he snatched it and put it into his pocket just as Dolly appeared.

She was breathless and excited; a crimson flush was on her soft, round cheek; her blue eyes shone like stars; never had she seemed to him so beautiful. In spite of his anxiety and fear a thrill of unreasoning, unholy joy shot through him as he thought.

I shall take her far away and Cyril shall see her no more."

It was singular; but never had he so plainly confessed to his own soul—or realized in his own mind the shameful truth—that he loved her—as now when he was most resolute to do her wrong—to spoil her life and blast her hopes forever!

"Have I been quick enough?" she asked, trembling with fear and eagerness. "Rose will be here directly. Oh, cousin Fred, will my husband forgive me for having doubted him?"

He forgot himself for once.

"Why should he not?" he cried scornfully. "Rather let him plead to you, I think"—then recollecting himself and smiling lightly—"I mean you are too sweet and dear for any man to be angry with, dear cousin." And then he added, giving her no time to wonder at his words, "I want you to write a short note to Miss Ellis, so she may find it when she comes. Here sit down while you wait for Rose. I'll tell you what is best for you to say."

She obeyed immediately and gladly; her anger against May was very strong, for Fred well understood the female heart, nothing so efficacious in engendering real hatred there as that crudest of all passions—jealousy.

So she wrote, following Fred's dictation, as follows:

"I have discovered your cruel treachery; rest assured you will deceive me no more. I leave my home this hour with one whose devotion I can trust, in order to guard against the possibility of ever meeting you again. You turned me, for a little while,