

# 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. VI.

RENSSELAER IND., THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1896.

NUMBER 4.

## "Stump" Ashby's Speech

The Texas Orator Addresses An Audience of 1500 Attentive People in Court House Square Today.

The Financial Question Handled with Masterly Effect by the Talented Texan.

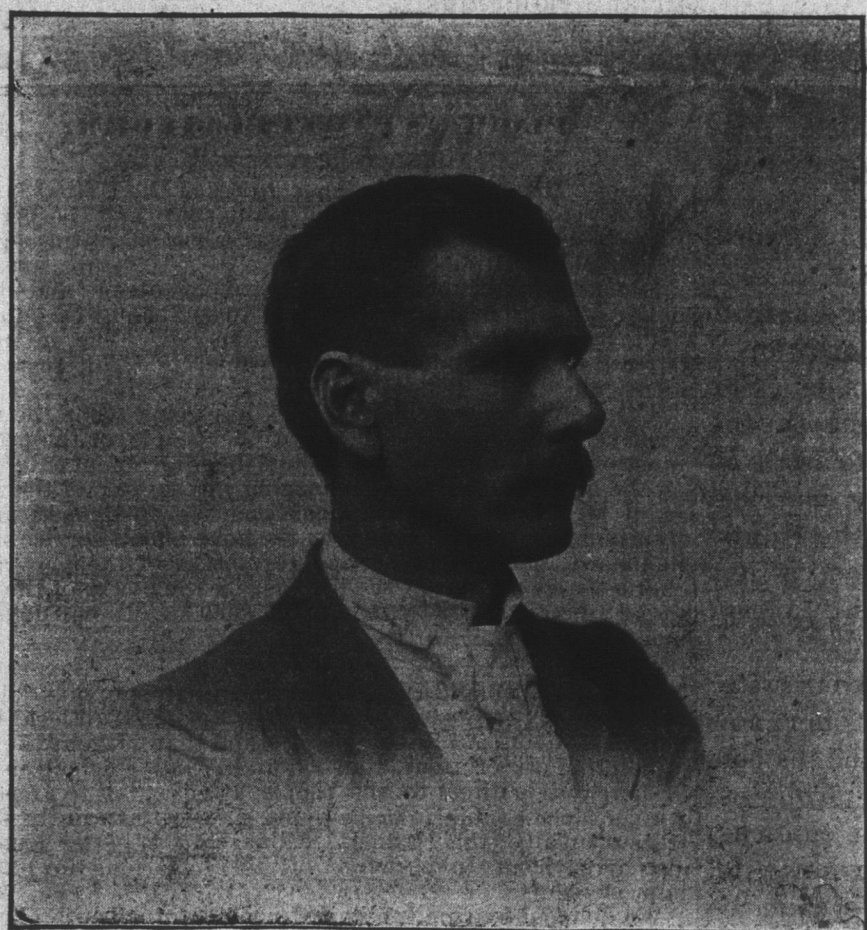
THE PEOPLE'S PARTY CONVENTION

Declares Against Fusion and Sends Delegates to St. Louis So Instructed.

## Congressional Convention

Hon. H. S. P. Ashby, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the People's Party of Texas, discussed the financial question before a large and intelligent audience in the court house park this afternoon. The surrounding conditions were extremely bad, owing to the fact that a large number of workmen were engaged in removing the old court house, unavoidably creating confusion, noise and disagreeable dust, but despite the detracting influences the speaker held his audience attentive to the close, his wealth of native humor and well modulated eloquence, being frequently applauded. Mr. Ashby spoke to good audiences at Goodland, DeMotte, Wheatfield, LaPorte, Michigan City, Chesterton, and Valparaiso, previous to his date here.

He speaks to night at Rem-



ington and is billed for several other places in this part of Indiana, closing the series at Veedersburg next Monday night, after which he goes at once to St. Louis to attend the National Convention.

Mr. Ashby carefully avoided expressions on the question of fusion on the presidential ticket, confining himself strictly to the financial issues as exploited by the Omaha platform. His remarks were conspicuously free from irritating imputations and created a most favorable impression.

### The Convention.

The people's party convention of the Tenth Congressional District of Indiana met as per call in the opera house at Rensselaer today and elected delegates and alternates to the National Convention to be held in St. Louis July 22. The session was more than ordinarily warm even for a populist gathering, and lasted until nearly five o'clock. The contest over, a proposition was put to instruct the delegates against fusion.

The convention was called to

ness, recommend that the temporary organization be made permanent, which was done, and each county was authorized to cast its full vote by the delegates present.

The following resolutions were adopted after prolonged debate:

1st. We hereby indorse the Omaha platform but pledge ourselves to abide by the decision of the St. Louis Convention.

2nd. We are opposed to endorsing the nominee of any other party.

3d. We desire our delegates at the national convention to vote and use their influence to prevent fusion of any kind forever and eternally.

4th. We heartily congratulate H. M. Teller and his associates for withdrawing from the republican convention at St. Louis and thereby placing loyalty to the people above fealty to party.

The district committee was requested to call the convention to nominate a candidate for congress at Monon and do so at an early date. (The chairman promises to do so immediately after the St. Louis convention.)

The delegates to St. Louis are: L. E. Knotts of Lake, and D. H. Overly of White; the alternates are Leander Jones of Porter and Wm. Crow of Warren.

### Plutocracy Shows Its Teeth.

Those deluded voters who boast that we have a "government of the people by the people," etc., have but to read the following Wall street manifesto and couple it with the financial history of the past five years to be convinced that this is a government of plutocrats, by plutocrats and for plutocrats.

Henry Clewes, the most prominent national banker of the United States, in his Wall Street Financial Review of last week, says:

"Wall street has learned to believe that there are greater potencies than party platforms, than legislative subservience to popular ignorance, than the madness of a partisan infatuation. There are situations and events which can instantly coerce and convert the most reckless legislators into the willing servants of a conservative sentiment that represents the real interests and safety of the nation. It will not be necessary to wait for any after effects of silver legislation to remedy its mischiefs, although that would be a perfectly safe course. The near prospect of the authorization of free coinage—a counting of heads showing a certainty of a two-thirds vote in the house and senate for 16 to 1—would evoke in Wall street the kind of conditions that no congress has ever yet dared to disregard, and the cause of free coinage would be overthrown at the moment when its success seemed most certain. It is this reserve power on which Wall street is now reposing."

That Henry Clewes speaks for not only the Wall street gang of plutocrats but for the more powerful European money kings there can be no doubt.

His words are nothing more nor less than a declaration of supreme sovereignty on the part of plutocracy, that they possess a power superior to that of congress which they will not hesitate to exercise whenever national legislation is not to their liking.

The threat to "evoke in Wall street the kind of conditions that no congress has ever dared to disregard" means that a repetition of the panic of 1893, brought about by Cleveland and his associates to force the repeal of the silver purchase law, will be forced on the country to protect the banker's interests regardless of the devastating influence on the people.

It also continues a hidden meaning. It means that if Wall street is superior to congress and the people in one respect it is superior to them in every respect.

It means that if enforced financial distress, will not accomplish their object, they will resort to any other means within their power to accomplish their purpose, even to the overthrow of the government itself.

"It is this reserve power on which Wall street is now reposing," says Banker Clewes.

Plutocracy has shown its teeth and emitted an ominous growl. Will the people now retire in dismay?

The greatest issue in the history of the country is upon us.

This issue is not the silver question, nor the money question, nor the transportation question.

It is the banker question. Shall the banks continue to rule and ruin this government?

That is the great issue before the American people, compared with which all other issues sink into insignificance.

The people must measure strength with plutocracy.

No lasting prosperity for the masses can be attained until this question is positively and permanently settled, and settled in favor of the people.

The threat of plutocracy voiced by the great banker, Henry Clewes, should cause the blood of every patriot to tingle with righteous indignation.

Plutocracy has shown its teeth.

The people should advance undismayed and knock those teeth down the throats of the hydra-headed monster.

Plutocracy or the people—which shall rule?

All the gold and silver money in circulation in the United States wouldn't pay two weeks' board at a first-class hotel for all the people.

What this country needs is a government that does not ask the consent of England or any other country on earth how it shall run its own business.

Brand the lie whenever you see it stated in old party papers that the Populists will endorse the nominee of the Democratic party. They will not.

Congress adjourned in time for the Republican convention. This suggests the idea that the convention should have been held about six months earlier.

A fiat dollar issued by this government is precisely as secure to the holder as the face of any bond it has ever issued. No more and no less. Both are fiat declarations of value received.

The fact that Mr. Grover Cleveland misconstrues the law into the idea that our bonds are payable principal and interest in gold coin, does not alter the principle here set forth in a single particular.—Philadelphia Item.

## 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.

Cyril rushed in at the gate.

"What is the matter! What is all this?" he cried.

The man turned quickly. Cyril fell back with a sudden cry. He found himself face to face with Egbert Lisle!

The recognition was mutual, but the elder man was the first to recover from his surprise.

"You villain!" he cried hoarsely, catching Cyril by the throat. "What have you done with my daughter?"

The other shook himself free.

"Married her," he answered concisely. "Calm yourself, Mr. Lisle; though I confess you have reason for your anger. But Dolly is my lawful wife. If you will allow me to let you into the house, she herself shall tell you so."

At those words the other's anger gave way instantly to fear.

"I have been knocking and ringing for near twenty minutes," he said, "and can't get any answer. Can anything be wrong?"

By that time Cyril had unlocked the door and they were in the house. No light, no sound welcomed them; dark, silent, empty all. With one impulse the two men called aloud. Nothing but an echo answered them.

"Rose gone too, and Dick!" said Cyril. "What can it mean?"

He dashed over to the house across the way. Mr. Lisle following.

"Could they tell where his wife had gone?" he questioned eagerly.

Now, Cyril and Dolly had been objects of the greatest curiosity and some scandal to the neighborhood ever since they had resided in it, chiefly because they paid no visits and made no friends. Every movement at the pretty little house was closely watched, and Cyril found plenty of informants.

"Mrs. Vernon went away about half an hour ago with her servant and a tall gentleman who wore a full black beard. They went in a carriage and took one large trunk with them."

Cyril and Mr. Lisle returned to the house bewildered. In this common alarm enmity was laid aside. Their interest in Dolly made them one. Mr. Lisle told Cyril all about May's visit. It angered and enraged him beyond expression.

"How dare she presume to interfere in my affairs? Why did she not question me? not seek out my poor little innocent wife and frighten her, perhaps, into God knows what folly! If harm comes to her the sin will rest on May!"

As he spoke he led the way into the parlor and lighted the gas.

Instantly his eyes fell on the open desk. He sprang toward it.

"My desk forced open! Our marriage certificate was here! I tell you there has been foul play!"

And with that he saw the letter.

He caught it up; at first with a feeling of immense relief, then with a kind of fear.

"To my husband." Why had she not simply addressed it to his name? There was something in this formal direction that chilled him.

But he opened it and read it to the end. Then he sank into a chair, trembling violently, and read it carefully through once again. Then his head sank on his breast, a deep and heavy groan left his lips, the letter fluttered down upon the floor.

"Oh, God! I sinned against her!" he cried. "But did I merit this? She has gone! She has fled from me! She is false!"

And he wept like a child or a woman.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### THE FIRST CLEW FOUND.

As the belief in his wife's infidelity, engendered by the letter and her mysterious flight, burst upon Cyril's soul, it seemed at first as if the shock and horror stunned him.

He sank down bodily and mentally like one crushed by an overwhelming weight of misery and woe.

Now he knew how dearly he had loved her. Now he realized how keen her suffering must have been that had their birth and source in his neglect.

Now he felt how dear and precious had been to his heart the scarcely acknowledged, new-

born hope of a new and still more tender bond between them; it was not only for his wife he mourned; with her he had lost his child.

By a natural though perhaps unjust revulsion of feeling, the bitterest resentment awoke in his heart toward May.

She had been his stumbling-block through it all. She had stood in the way of his inheritance; she, by her beauty, and wiles, and charms, had shaken his true allegiance to his wife; and she—who but she—had found his hidden treasure out and poisoned her unsuspecting mind against him.

He sprang up with a deep and bitter curse against her. The letter which had fallen from his nerveless hand had been picked up by Mr. Lisle, who stood reading it, his white, worn face and trembling form expressing grief unutterable.

"With whom has she fled?" he demanded pitiously, looking appealingly into Cyril's face. "If you are her husband you should know—she says 'a friend whom I can trust.' Poor miserable child. What does she know of friends? She fled from her father long ago, and now from you. But I will find and save her. Only give me if you can, some clew to follow—tell me with whom she has fled?"

Cyril snatched the letter from his hand.

"It is I who should ask you that," he cried despairingly. "My wife had no such friend. Myself and my cousin Hastings were her only acquaintances in New York. Oh, would to God that Fred were here—he would know how to advise me!"

"But her letter says 'one whose devoted friendship I can trust,'" persisted Mr. Lisle. "She must have meant some one."

"It says also, 'one whose love has been proved,'" cried Cyril, reading from the letter, and all the latent jealousy of his nature breaking out in sudden heat and fury. "My heart returns to him again all the more fondly for having proved you false, infamous traitress! It is not enough that she break my heart and dishonors my name, but she must insolently boast of her own falsehood! My curse upon her! It is with her old lover she has fled. He and May Ellis have plotted together—I see it all; she is their dupe and fool, and they have got her away."

His jealous rage mastered him entirely; he strode up and down the room like a madman; Mr. Lisle gazing and listening wildly, unable to grasp the idea conveyed in his angry words.

"You mean Frank!" he cried, at last. "Frank do my child a wrong? You are mad—it is impossible—impossible!"

Cyril strode over to the table, flung the open letter down upon it, and struck it with his clinched hand.

"It is so!" he cried, with passionate vehemence. "She has explicitly declared it here, in so many plain words. Poor, little, miserable victim that she is, they have tortured her and duped her to her ruin. Do you suppose I believe that she is false to me? No! a thousand times, no! The child loved me with her whole soul, and a woman never betrays the man she loves. May Ellis—may my curse light on her! has sought her here, you yourself are my informant—and poisoned her mind with doubts of my affection, perhaps fidelity, until the foolish, loving, trusting creature has been driven half mad. It is her pride—poor, little, cheated thing! her pride that has dictated this lie about another love. And though I will never forgive her for it, never, yet I will save her and revenge myself on those who have wrought this misery for us both. It is my belief that May Ellis herself removed her from his place and sent you out of the way until this fellow could conceal her safely."

As he made this astounding and utterly unfounded accusation Mr. Lisle arose resolutely and confronted him.

"You are talking like a madman," he said, indignantly. "You are greatly excited and greatly wronged, and I know—I, of all the world—how to feel for you; but not for one instant will I listen to a doubt of Frank Osborne's honor. Why," he went on, feelingly, "the tears of joy were in his honest eyes just now, as he told me that my daughter was your wife! 'Thank God,' he said, 'she is not wronged—her lover was, at all events, no villain!' You should blush to speak as you do of a man whom you have wronged only too deep already. Was it nothing that you robbed him of his hopes and his love, and cast a blight on his existence? I tell you, sir, that he has been to me as a son; making amends for the loss of the dear child, whom you stole—and whom you have guarded so ill, that, in your turn, you learn what it is to have your heart's treasure stolen! Of this lady, Miss Ellis, I know nothing. She may be the wretch you say, but Frank—I would stake my soul itself that he is innocent!"

His earnestness was not without its effect even