

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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POPULIST CONVENTION.

Senator Allen, of Nebraska, Chosen Chairman of the Convention.

BRYAN MEN IN FORCE.

Nominations Likely to be Made Today.

On account of the tremendous consequence resting upon the action of the convention at St. Louis, this column of the Pilot has been left open till the very last minute before going to press. No political convention since that at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1860, has so held the destinies of the country in its keeping as does the one that is so patriotically laboring at St. Louis.

The convention that nominated McKinley, and that at Chicago that nominated Bryan, dwindle into insignificance when compared with this, for while they named the men who may be president, upon the action of the populist convention absolutely depends who will be president.

The convention has passed through the turmoil usual to such gatherings and has chosen Senator Allen, of Nebraska, as the permanent chairman, and while the middle-of-the-road men appear to be well pleased with their chairman; and favorably impressed by his address, the straight Bryan men hail it as a victory for their chief. Republican emissaries are exerting every possible energy to prevent the endorsement of Bryan, while the democrats are equally as actively engaged in trying to consummate the same. At this writing it looks like their efforts will be successful but that a populist will be the candidate for vice president.

Tenth District Democratic Congressional Convention.

While the band played "Auld Lang Syne" outside and some one loudly whistled "Dixie" in the hall, the delegates to the Tenth District Convention, numbering something like one hundred, occupied their seats in the opera house, at eleven o'clock sharp Wednesday morning. The Monon Band comprised of some 12 or 13 uniformed musicians, were arranged at the back of the stage, and the chairman promptly announced the convention as ready for business.

Hon. Martin G. Krueger was nominated and immediately and unanimously elected permanent chairman of the convention, before taking the chair he addressed the convention at some length congratulating the party upon its well known reputation for honesty, and condemning the republicans as guilty of the extremes of dishonesty, charging them with selling favors; of corrupting the franchise, etc. Thanking the convention for the honors conferred; motion to make William Darroch permanent secretary was entertained, put and carried, also to invite all editors of democratic papers to act as assistants.

While the roll was being called for a committee on resolutions an enthusiastic member offered to substitute the Chicago platform in its entirety—Ruled out of order.

On motion it was agreed that the convention proceed to transact the business for which it was called—the selection of congressional candidate and that no recess be taken till that duty was performed.

On call of roll the following names were put in nomination: H. E. James, C. J. Kern, W. L. Newman Dr. S. S. Washburn, Isaac Parsons, Ed F. McCabe.

On tenth ballot Hon. Martin G. Krueger was elected. Resolutions adopted, and the convention adjourned, sine die.

Wanted.

A girl to strip tobacco; wages from the beginning. Call on A. Lewis at the cigar factory.

Farm Loans.

We are prepared to make farm loans at a lower rate of interest than any other firm in Jasper county. The expenses will be as low as the lowest. Call and see us. Office in the Odd Fellow's Building, near the Court House.

WARREN & IRWIN.

CRIMSON CLOVER IN INDIANA.

Crimson clover has been grown in Indiana several years. It has proved an almost absolute failure in some instances while in others very satisfactory crops have been grown. It is, at best, a rather uncertain crop in this latitude, but it has several characteristics which make it a desirable acquisition where it can be grown successfully.

It is a true clover, but earlier, smaller and usually less hardy than the common red clover. It starts promptly and more vigorously from the seed than common clover, and this feature adapts it to mid-summer seeding. It comes into full bloom at this station, early in May, and is ready to be cut for seed about the 1st of June. It is an annual the parent plant dying when it has matured its seed.

Being an annual and unable to endure severe winters, crimson clover cannot take rank as a staple crop in Indiana. It is, however, well fitted to be a "catch crop," because, under favorable conditions as to moisture, a "catch" can be secured in July and even in August, in which case it will furnish winter and early spring pasture, or if preferred, a very early crop of hay or seed. If cut for hay a crop of corn could follow the same year.

Crimson clover is especially commended as an inter-crop between two crops of corn, the seed being sown when "laying by" the first crop of corn and the clover turned under the following spring, with or without pasturing, as a green manure for the succeeding corn crop.

In case of failure to get a stand of common red clover in wheat, crimson clover may be sown to advantage as soon as the crop of wheat is removed.

This clover has proved excellent for pasture in the late fall, winter and early spring, and judging from its chemical composition. It will doubtless prove a better food or fertilizing crop than the common red clover.

Crimson clover should be sown in July, or early in August, to insure a vigorous fall growth in which case it will probably pass the winter with slight damage. If it is to follow corn sow just before the last cultivation, using a fine tooth cultivator to bury the seed. If it is to follow wheat burn the stubble if possible, pulverize the ground thoroughly with disk or spading harrow, sow, harrow again with a tooth harrow and roll.

The methods described above were successfully used last year in sowing crimson clover on the station farm.

It is well to sow thickly—say 10 pounds to the acre—as many plants may be killed by drouth or frost.

W. C. LATTA,
Agriculturist.

After having advocated and nominated Sewall for the vice-presidency, the gold bugs are pretending to be surprised that he was chosen. Their surprise neither surprises nor deceives others.

The Republican informs its readers that "F. D. Craig, editor of the Pilot and district populist chairman, is attending the St. Louis convention. It says he is a middle-of-the-road man, and dead against fusion with the democrats.

On what authority does the republican base its information?

Republican and democratic newspapers are giving the names of hundreds of prominent democrats and republicans who

are leaving their respective parties, if either or both can derive comfort from the fact, populists ought to be happy.

Those who heard the Stump Ashby speeches, and those who read accounts thereof in opposition papers will never be able to agree, upon the merits, of the case, because he that was there knows the truth, while the reader is made, to believe falsehoods.

Considerable complaint is being indulged in by republican editors on account of their not being able to feel the expected influence of the money power. What a pity for them it would be if all their golden dreams should turn out to be simply filled case affairs.

The bewhiskered populists, what a horrible thought! men who wear whiskers are so lost to all sense of propriety that they are not ashamed to entertain opinions, and even express them in public Oh! the degeneracy of the times, since the days of the Patriarchs who, that has worn whiskers has been tolerated?

At Leavenworth, Kansas, a poor man, through ignorance of the enormity of the crime, was sentenced to two years imprisonment in the federal penitentiary for attempting to use a cancelled two cent postal stamp. The same sentence was recently passed upon the treasurer of South Dakota for stealing \$350,000 but, the treasurer was not guilty of the additional crime of being poor and ignorant.

A political campaign fraud with weal or woe for the American people is now in progress. There would be no question or doubt as to the issue being favorable, if the people were organized and working with a singleness of purpose that characterizes this Order. But we will hope for the best, and believe that the chances are good for the crushing defeat of the money power in November.—Patriots Bulletin.

A New York special to Chicago Record of 20th. inst, reports of Perpont Morgan,—while discussing the probability of another bond issue,—as saying, in effect, that the newspapers are doing more harm by discussing the gold reserve than all other things put together. Yes keep the sacred thing hid, let no impious hand profane the holy ark. No doubt J. Perpont and company would be glad to welcome a press. Censorship.

The patrons of the Pilot will please over-look the many imperfections of this issue of the paper, the editor being absent, his duty to the paper and its friends necessitated his attending the St. Louis convention, in consequence of which the Editorial work devolves, upon new and unfamiliar heads and hands, so we are constrained to quote the poet in behalf of the paper. Don't view us with a critic eye. But pass our imperfections by.

McClures Magazine for August is to be a mid-summer fiction number, with stories by Octave Thanet, Stephen Crane, Clinton Ross, E. W. Thomson, and Annie Elliot. Stephen Crane's story will exhibit the hero of his successful novel, "The Red Badge of Courage," grown an old man, but still capable of a fine act of bravery; Clinton Ross's will deal with Perry's historic fight and victory on Lake Erie; and Annie Elliot's will depict a sprightly love episode in a Yale and Harvard boat race.

J. J. Hunt

THE NEXT HEIR.

A Thrilling Recital of Adventure and Loye.

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.

So he contented himself with writing him a note, telling him vaguely of some trouble, and bidding him to come to May's house first thing next morning. In reality, so powerful was Cyril's habit of depending upon his cousin, that the very fact of finding him within reach and call in his distress, had its influence in reassuring him.

Late as it was he started off for the little house uptown, leaving instructions that his note should be given to Fred as soon as he awoke in the morning.

The night-porter did not wait so long. As soon as locks and bolts had shut Cyril out, he ran up stairs where a gentleman, evidently just coming off a journey, had been waiting (and listening) on the staircase.

To him he handed the note.

"You have earned your five dollars," said Fred, for it was he. "Now good-night. Stick to the same story if you're questioned further and give orders that they call me at eight o'clock in the morning."

With that—untroubled by a thought of poor Dolly and her anguish; on the contrary, full of guilty delight at the knowledge that he had her in his power—Fred Hastings fatigued but triumphant, laid his head upon his pillow, and if the sleep of the just be any sweeter or sounder than his was, then the just are to be envied.

CHAPTER XXX. FRED'S CAPTIVES

Meantime poor Dolly, recovering from her swoon, realized the full extent of the misfortune that had befallen her; the unhappy creature's anguish knew no bounds, she laid her golden head on Rose's faithful breast and wept as if she would weep her very life away.

"My husband! my husband! He will believe you false!" this was a thought that tortured her. Oh, worst of misery. Worse even than the loss of the beloved—to have that well beloved one to live think that the heart that so adored could yet betray him.

"He will not believe it," cried Rose, striving to comfort her. "He knows your faithful loving heart too well. He knows that even a bad woman is faithful to the man she loves, and how should he think ill of you, who is as pure as a child or an angel? I tell you that Cyril won't believe it."

"He will believe my own cruel letter," she cried. "If any one had told him I was false, even Fred, he would not have listened, but I have written my own condemnation. He must believe that I am one of two things, a bad, false wife, or a mad woman. Oh, believe the last my love!" she cried wildly stretching forth her arms as if to her husband. "The last will soon be true. Believe that the wife who loved you, and will love you to the last, may be lost, may be dead, and may be estranged by cruel slander, may be mad from sorrow, but never false—oh, my love, my lost love. Never, never false."

Some plan for communicating with Cyril, and making him aware of her strait, was suggested by Rose, some hope of escape from their prison. Dolly listened with the apathy of despair to all. "No use, no use. Before we could write, before we could reach him, Fred will see him and convince him that I am a wretch. He told me to my face that he would do so—he told me—me, Cyril's wife, that he loved me—oh, God! how can such horrible wickedness be?"

A burst of tears again relieved her almost frenzied brain; she threw herself into a chair exhausted.

"I begin to comprehend his villainy now. Miss Ellis was true—my sincere friend—Fred has only been my enemy. If Cyril has ever slighted me his cousin has been the cause, as now he will be the cause of his finally cursing and abandoning me!"

And at the cruel image her own words conjured up, it really seemed as if the passion of her despair threatened at once her reason and her life.

"If I should write to him—if I even could do so—he will think of that one false cruel letter, and refuse to read anything from me. If I should escape and go to him, he will drive away with horror the false wife, who, he believes, has be-

trayed him. No, no, I am ruined, I am lost; my heart is broken. Oh, pitiful Heaven let me die!"

Thus she wept and raved, alternately, pacing wildly about the room, or lying, almost dead, on Rose's bosom, until at last weary nature could endure no more, and she suffered herself to be persuaded to lie down and rest. If not for her own, then at least, as Rose suggested: "For the future heir of Huntsford's sake."

"My child will never know its father," she sobbed, despairingly. "He will think that I deceived him even in that. Oh, Cyril, my love, why was I such a foolish childish creature? Why didn't I tell you everything, and show you all the doubts and fears, and jealous secret anguish of my heart? This villain has made mischief and trouble all throughout my married life, and I have never once suspected him!"

Then a new torture beset her mind.

"They take the children of bad wives away from them. He will take mine from me. No, no! oh, Rose rather pray that he may never find us; that baby and I may die together, and this lonely prison be our grave!"

At last she was hushed and still—worn out by the unaccustomed violence of her own emotions.

Still as she lay in Rose's arm's from time to time a bitter, heavy sob came welling up from her desolate heart, and shook her slight form cruelly.

The old farm-house was hushed and still once more. The woman whom Hastings had addressed as "Nurse" had again retired to rest.

Within the house nothing was heard, save the accustomed noises of the night, that rather serve to enhance than break the silence. The crackle of the bright wood fire, the ticking of an old-fashioned clock upon the stairs, that had long since announced the hour of one, the occasional scurry of some timid mouse behind the old worn-eaten wainscot. Outside the stillness was only broken by the low murmuring of a rising wind, and the creaking of the leafless trees.

Suddenly, and with startling distinctness, came to Rose's wakeful ear another sound.

She sat up, softly and noiselessly listening. Her movement disturbed Dolly's uneasy slumber, and her blue eyes flew open wide with a new and strange alarm.

What was it they heard? Their frightened eyes questioned each other silently.

The sound was as if some one was endeavoring, as quietly as possible, to scale the shed under their window.

The terror of these unprotected women may be imagined. What new outrage was this?

Presently they were aware of stealthy footsteps on the shed, pausing beside the window. Next minute came a light soft tapping on the glass,

Terror kept them still and mute. The tapping was repeated a little more loudly.

Rose made as if she would have sprung from the bed, but Dolly clung to her.

"Don't move," she gasped. "Don't speak. It is Fred come back again!"

But a moments reflection served to convince them both that this fear, at least was groundless. Fred could have no motive for returning by way of their window, since the woman of the house was his servant, and in his pay.

"Nor is it a robber," argued Rose, "for certainly a robber wouldn't knock. Miss Dolly my darling indeed I had better answer it."

As she spoke she gently but resolutely freed herself from the little, trembling, clinging hands, and bent down close against the window.

"Who's there?" she called, very softly, and peering through the dim glass.

Next instant she drew back, with a low cry of joy.

"Thank God! Oh, thank God! Oh, may Heaven bless you, Dick! I never thought to be so glad to see your face! My darling!" as Dolly slipped from the bed and joined them at the window, "you need grieve no longer—you are safe; you will be cleared and restored—it's Dick Ferret, and he says he's come to save you!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

HOW THE MOUSE GOT INTO THE SNARE.

"He has come to save me," repeated Dolly, in a rapturous whisper. "Oh, may Heaven bless him for it! Dear, good Dick! Open the window Rose; let him come in, so that we can talk to him more safely."

But Dick knew better than that.

"Winder won't open," said he, shortly: "it's nailed down. Stand away till I knock the rest o' this pane out. We can talk well enough then."

Obedying his instructions, both women stood farther away from the broken pane, which Dick with one sharp blow of his fist, very quickly demolished; then the boy lay down flat upon the shed, while Rose and Dolly crouched at the