



County Recorder.

THE PEOPLE'S PILOT.

FOR THE FREE AND UNLIMITED COINAGE OF SILVER AND GOLD AT THE PARITY RATIO OF SIXTEEN TO ONE.

VOL. VI.

RENSSELAER IND., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1897.

NUMBER 34.



The Direct Line to
Chicago,
Indianapolis,
Cincinnati
LaFayette,
Louisville,
West Baden,
French Lick Springs
and
All Points South.
FRANK J. REED, G. P. A., Chicago.

Monon Time Table No. 23, in Effect Sept. 13.

NORTH BOUND. SOUTH BOUND.
No. 4. 4:30 a. m. No. 5. 10:55 a. m.
No. 40. 7:31 a. m. No. 23. 1:53 p. m.
No. 32. 9:55 a. m. No. 59. 6:05 p. m.
No. 6. 3:30 p. m. No. 3. 11:20 p. m.
No. 30. 6:31 p. m. No. 45. 2:40 p. m.
No. 32. 7:49 a. m. No. 30. 3:30 p. m.
No. 34. 8:30 a. m.

No. 74 carries passengers between Monon and Lowell.

No. 30 makes no stops between Rensselaer and Elizabethtown.

No. 32 makes no stops between Rensselaer and Hammond.

Train No. 5 has a through coach for Indianapolis and Cincinnati via Roachdale; arrives Indianapolis 2:40 p. m.; Cincinnati 6 p. m.; No. 6 has a through coach for Indianapolis and Cincinnati 8:30 a. m.; leaves Indianapolis 11:50 a. m.; arrives Rensselaer 3:30 p. m. daily. Tickets can be purchased at regular rates via this new route.

W. H. BEAM, Agent.

CHURCHES

FIRST BAPTIST. Preaching every two weeks, at 10:45 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday school at 9:30; B. Y. P. U. 6 p. m.; Sunday prayer meeting 7 p. m.; C. E. Voluntary pastor.

CHRISTIAN. Corner Van Rensselaer and Susan. Preaching, 10:45 a. m. and 8:00; Sunday school 9:30; J. Y. P. S. C. E. 2:30; S. Y. P. S. C. E. 6:30; Prayer meeting, Thursday 9:30. Rev. Findley, pastor.

Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon, by appointment.

PRESBYTERIAN. Corner Harrison and Anna. Preaching, 10:45 and 7:30; Sunday School 9:30; Junior Endeavorers, 2:30 p. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. 6:30; Prayer meeting, Thursday, 7:30. Ladies Industrial Society meets every Wednesday afternoon. The Missionary Society, monthly.

METHODIST E. Preaching at 10:45 and 7: Sunday school 9:30; Epworth League, Sunday 6: Tuesday 7; Junior League 2:30; afternoons 8:30; Prayer meeting Thursday at 7. Dr. R. D. Utter, pastor.

Ladies Aid Society every Wednesday afternoon, by appointment.

CHURCH OF GOD. Corner Harrison and Anna. Preaching, 10:45 and 7:30; Sunday School 9:30; Prayer meeting, Thursday, 7:30. Rev. F. L. Austin, pastor.

Ladies Society meets every Wednesday afternoon, by appointment.

CHRISTIAN-BARKLEY CHURCH OF CHRIST. Preaching every alternate Lord's Day. Morning, Sunday School 10:00; Preaching 11:00 a. m. Evening, Y. P. S. C. E. 7:30; Preaching, 8:00. Rev. R. S. Morgan, Pastor.

LODGES

MASONIC.—PRAIRIE LODGE, No. 126. A. F. and A. M. meets first and third Monday of each month. C. G. Spitzer W. M.; W. J. Ives, Secy.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH. No. 141. O. E. S. meets first and third Wednesday of each month. Nellie Hopkins, W. M. Maud E. Spitzer Secy.

CATHOLIC ORDER FORESTERS.—Waukesha Court, No. 100, meets every first and third Sunday of the month at 2 p. m. E. P. Honan, Secy., Frank Maloy, Chief Ranger.

ODF FELLOWS. IROQUOIS LODGE, No. 149. I. O. O. F. meets every Thursday, W. E. Overton, N. G. S. C. Irwin, Secy.

RENSSELAER ENCAPMENT. No. 201. I. O. O. F. meets second and fourth Fridays of each month. T. J. Sayler, C. P.; John VanAntwerp, Secy.

I. O. OF FORESTERS. COURT JASPER, No. 1708. Independent Order of Foresters, meets second and fourth Mondays Geo. Goff, C. D. H. C. R.; J. W. Horton, C. R.

It is discouraging to the friends of agricultural education to learn that a bill now under consideration by the Michigan legislature actually contemplates the abolition of the famous and splendid Agricultural college of that state! It seems incredible that a proposition of that kind could be seriously made by sane men, but the press dispatches indicate it so, and the reason stated is that "the college has outlived its usefulness and that the institution may better be employed in the raising of sugar beets by the convicts of the state!" That is reform with a vengeance, surely, but that no such measure will ever be allowed to pass through the legislature, notwithstanding the number of ignoramus who constitute a part of its membership, is certain. We may trust Gov. Pingree to kill it if it does.—Farmer's Voice.

Your Boy Won't Live a Month.
So, Mr. Gilman Brown, of 34 Mill St., South Gardner, Mass., was told by the doctors. His son had lung trouble, following Typhoid Malaria, and he spent three hundred and seventy-five dollars with doctors, who finally gave him up, saying: "Your boy won't live a month." He tried Dr. King's New Discovery and a few bottles restored him to health and enabled him to go to work a perfectly well man. He says he owes his present good health to the use of Dr. King's Discovery, and knows it to be the best in the world for Lung trouble. Trial bottles free at F. B. Meyer's Drug Store.

DeMotte.

J. D. Moates, whose sale is advertised in this paper for Feb. 20th, has been a resident here for ten years. His wife died last summer after a long illness and he now intends to return to Dayton, Ohio, to accept his old position of attendant in the asylum. Mr. Moates has been one of our most valued citizens and all of his neighbors regret to see him leave, though he promises to return often to the old farm.

Wm. Hazekamp has for sale a few bushels of Northern King corn. He paid \$7 per bushel last year for the seed. The corn has very large ears and ripens in 90 days. Price 50c per bushel.

Robt. Vandoufer of Keener will move to Tennessee soon.

Jerry Levrean is preparing to move from Keener township to Kankakee, Ill.

R. W. Burris at Gifford's headquarters in Keener is going to Cullum, Ill., as foreman of another tract. Mr. Andrews of Boon county will take his place.

Remington.

Rev. Mr. Carson, pastor of the Christian church at Remington, is visiting his father's family for a few days, having received word that his father was quite sick and not likely to recover.

While they were discussing the mele in the school board the head of a big manufacturing establishment was moved to relate this experience:

"I was once a pedagogue myself. I had resolved to do something worth while in the business world, and having no capital except what was wrapped up in my person I taught school to get a starter. I had some advanced students and had to skirmish in order to keep up with the procession. One day the whole class was stumped by an arithmetical problem, and so was I. In order to gain time for myself I came the old dodge of telling them how much better it would be if they would work out the solution for themselves and gave them another day.

Last Saturday evening B. S. Kennedy and C. V. Selsor had an altercation on the streets in Remington. Both parties live about one mile north of town the trouble grew out of some business transaction. It appears from what those say who saw the trouble that Kennedy was the aggressor, having struck Selsor three times before he, Selsor, resented the attack, and when he did resent it, Kennedy thought a cyclone had struck him. He was promptly downed, and soon said he had enough.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stokes died last week and was buried in the Remington Cemetery.

The little child of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Davis, died last week and was buried in the cemetery at Idaville in White county.

Miss Lulu Hawn, teacher of the Hunt school in Carpenter township, was sick all last week. She is however teaching again this week.

Remington's water works bonds were sold this week. They brought a fair price.

The Superintendent of the Jasper county schools, J. F. Warren of Rensselaer, attended the Carpenter Township Institute last Saturday, which was held in the high school building in Remington.

Mr. Clarence Bridgeman and Miss Grove were married at the Residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Grove, in the south-west part of Carpenter Township last week. We wish the happy couple long life, continued happiness, and prosperity, but not the kind of prosperity we were assured we would at once receive by the McKinley.

Carpenter Township will have only seven and one half months of school this term, owing to a scarcity of Tuition School funds.

The "Holiness" people are now holding a series of meetings in the Town Hall, having commenced about one week ago. The meetings will probably continue about two weeks.

The town of Remington will commence active operations in building their contemplated system of water works about the first of April next. The contract has been let to the Challenge Wind Mill and Feed Mill Company of Batavia, Ill., and the plant will cost the Town, including engines, pumping apparatus, well, pipe lines and hydrants something over \$12,000.

James N. Green living about four miles north west of Remington has been sick with lung trouble nearly all winter. He is not confined to his bed however.

Moses Steves of Kankakee Illinois, will move back on his farm in Benton county, (Gibson township,) about the first of March.

Hanging Grove.

I desire to say something on the temperson question Mr. Editor, and submit these short comments.

Does not the law require that a man shall be of good moral character to obtain a license to sell liquor? and, if our county commissioners are just what they ought to be, would they not require them to present evidence from good, responsible citizens and not allow them to bring saloon bums in to prove their character? Does not our commissioners know that a man of good moral character will not sell liquor?

Can he be moral who will sell that which engenders evil? Is he a man, let some one tell, or an incarnate devil?

Can true philanthropy possess the heart of him, who for a shilling will fill with rum his neighbors glass and turn him reeling from the door?

Can he enjoy religion pure who spreads intoxication and causes many to imure themselves to dissipation? READER.

A Ride For Reputation.

While they were discussing the mele in the school board the head of a big manufacturing establishment was moved to relate this experience:

"I was once a pedagogue myself. I had resolved to do something worth while in the business world, and having no capital except what was wrapped up in my person I taught school to get a starter. I had some advanced students and had to skirmish in order to keep up with the procession. One day the whole class was stumped by an arithmetical problem, and so was I. In order to gain time for myself I came the old dodge of telling them how much better it would be if they would work out the solution for themselves and gave them another day.

"That night, behind locked doors and closed blinds, I worked in fear and perspiration. From the bottom of my trunk I took a key to the arithmetic, but even with that aid I failed to master the problem. By midnight I was desperate. It would never do to let the scholars, the parents and the whole cruel world know that I was not equal to my position. But it's not in my make up to surrender while there's a fighting chance.

"At the town, ten miles away, there was a loyal and highly educated friend of mine. He would help me and say nothing. It was one of the bitterest January nights I ever knew. But I slipped to the barn, appropriated a horse, made a ride more notable than many of those immortalized in song or history, froze my ears and toes and had my vocal powers reduced to a whisper.

"But you should have heard my whispered explanation of that problem and my regrets that none of the pupils had mastered it!"—Detroit Free Press.

Wave Names.

I have a note of some curious names given locally to the waves on different parts of our coast that may be worthy of record. These were culled from The Family Herald a few years ago. I cannot give the exact date. The names are curiously varied and sometimes not a little suggestive. The Peterhead folk call the large breakers that fall with a crash on the beach by the grim name of "Norway" carpenters." On the low Lincolnshire coast, as on the southwestern Atlantic fronting shore of these islands, the grandly long unbroken waves are known as "rollers." Among East Anglians a heavy surf, tumbling with an offshore wind, or in a calm, is called by the expressive name of "slog," while a well marked swell, rolling independently of any blowing, is called a "home." "There is no wind," a Suffolk fisherman will say, "but a nasty home on the beach." Suffolk men also speak of the "bark" of the surf, and a sea covered with foam is spoken of as "feather white." The foam itself is known as "spoon drift." So in the vernacular we have it, "The sea was all feather white with spoon drift."

Notes and Queries.

He Said "Poke and Beans."

Joe Cavan, who has had a whirlwind experience in the south and west, said to the crowd in the same old place, the town hotel:

"My advice to you all is, be natural. Do not try to deceive people with your affected talk or in your clothes. You will be certain to show the cloven foot somewhere. I was at a dinner once in St. Louis. It was given by Governor Marmaduke. Before we had given our orders, for at western dinner every man has the privilege of saying what he wants, the governor asked each one of his guests where he hailed from. One was from Tennessee, one from Illinois, one from California. The east was not represented, so I handed in my card from Vermont. Just then the waiter passed the bill of fare, and, my ruling passion asserting itself, 'Poke and beans,' said I in my natural voice.

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"My advice to you all is, be natural.

"Cavan," said the governor of Missouri vehemently, "you're from Georgia. No man from Vermont ever said 'poke and beans,' and your scheme of passing for a Yankee, sub, is reprehensible and will cost you the wine."

"I have sailed under my own colors ever since."—New York Sun.

The Whaling Industry.

The trials and tribulations of the whaling industry defy the meager justice which the resources of a single paragraph affords. A volume might cover the subject. The difficulty about whaling is the uncertainty of whales. These mammals decline to be regulated by any signal service reporter and refuse in their migrations to respect precedent or the ambitions of the arctic oil works.

The consequence is a skipper may cruise the northern latitudes, trying conclusions with icebergs and polar bears, endangering life and limb in a mangy old tub, encountering the perils of storm, wave and Eskimo, and all without sighting a spout or capturing a yard of whalebone. I listened recently to the mournful reminiscences of Captain Green, a hardy mariner of much experience, who after many years of laboring at the oil industry retired to a raisin ranch at Fresno. Owing to the decline of raisins, however, he took to the ocean again, equipped a vessel and sailed into the latitudes of winter. There he found an antique steam whaler, the Reindeer, and for two long and weary years they have kept each other company in the close knit sisterhood of misfortune.

Once during the second year they sighted a whale, and Captain Green encompassed its capture. A bowhead it was, and no great prize. Tiring of cold, salt and ill luck, the twain decided at last to go south for rest and provisions. They started together, when something broke on the Reindeer, and she was condemned to delay until the damage might be repaired. How the gallant skipper cursed the misfortune which detained him among the icebergs! How he railed at fate! Two days later a school of whales hove in sight. The captain and crew dashed upon them and in four hours had killed a dozen giants, which meant at ruling prices at least \$60,000 worth of whalebones. However, it often happens in the arctic, as in the world, that the darkest moment of misfortune is the dusk that preceded the advent of prosperity.—San Francisco Wave.

A Bootblack's Novel Scheme.