

THE PILOT SOLD.

Continued from 1st page.

repay us for expenses incurred in his behalf.

REFUSED A LEASE FOR 1897.

Jan. 1, 1897, came and we were unable to pay the Pilot Pub. Co. its \$150. We were asked to give them a mortgage for \$200 on our equity in the press and printing material. We declined, and the directors concluded not to lease it to us again, especially as we signified a disinclination to pay rent for it this year, having come to the conclusion that it amounted to the same thing as paying for the privilege of working for some one. As a result the property has been sold and the paper as an advocate of reform suspended, that a fraction of the money invested in the enterprise six years ago may be drawn back by the stockholders. A dividend of 20 cents on the dollar may be realized, but a few dollars to the greatest stockholder, the aggregate being less than the loss thus inflicted on the man who took the paper when about to be abandoned, infused, life, respect and prosperity into it, and carried it creditably through a long and bitterly contested campaign without cost to them, and who now must sacrifice the value he had built into the reputation and business of the paper, and sell his property at a discount.

MAY SAVE A LITTLE.

We were accused of poor financial management by some of the directors. Well, since the first of January we have been withdrawing our financeering from the Pilot and concentrating it on Craig, in the attempt to save a little from the wreck, and if our friends will pay us the small amounts due on back subscriptions we shall not come out of this wholly without remuneration.

DEMAND THEIR POUND OF FLESH

We desire to say that our relations with the Pilot Publishing Co. have always been the most amicable, and while we have differed with the ruling majority of the board in business opinions we have been treated in a thoroughly honorable and business-like manner. But, like Shylock, they demanded, and still demand, their pound of flesh, like other people with human nature.

TO RUIN OUR CREDIT.

So valuable has the Pilot been considered by certain Populist stockholders of exclusively demo-silver proclivities, residents of Rensselaer, that they have for months been conspiring to ruin the credit of its publisher and prevent patronage and financial aid from coming to him, that he would thus be unable to meet expenses and be compelled to abandon his mortgaged press to their generous mercies.

POLITICAL CONSPIRACY.

It may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that we were, last year, compelled through remonstrances by one of the largest and wealthiest stockholders, to retain in our employ for two months a printer who was absolutely incompetent, and with whom this said stockholder was conspiring to secure the Pilot in violation of our lease, and turn it into a democratic paper.

EMPLOYEES APPROACHED.

Our present foreman was approached but a few weeks ago by a democratic stockholder, who one year ago was an ultra gold-standard apostle, and offered inducements to financially cripple us, with the promise of a permanent job in this office as soon as we should be turned out and this ex-gold democrat and his partners should be installed. This same gang also induced other of our employees to leave under promise of future jobs.

WANTED THE MORTGAGE.

Emissaries have been sent by parties unknown to us to the

Cottrell press company to buy the mortgage they hold upon our press, that the same might be foreclosed and our equity in it liquidated in the simple manner common in Jasper courts and elsewhere. But thanks to the honorable consideration of our creditors they refused to even consider such a proposition. This emissary was given this answer: "We have known Mr. Craig for twenty years, and have never known him to do a dishonorable act in a business transaction or otherwise. His interests will be protected by us to the fullest extent. The fact that you are endeavoring to purchase this mortgage without Mr. Craig's consent is evidence that we do not wish to have any transaction with you."

"ABOUT WINKED OUT."

In spite of all the opposition and contemptible tricks of a well organized gang, who wished to steal our property and the value we had, by two years of hard labor, builded into the Pilot, that they might control its political policy, we have gone steadily on, paid our bills, saved our mortgaged property from foreclosure, and faithfully surrendered to Pilot Publishing Co., the property this gang would also have stolen had it ever passed into their possession. Within the present week an honorable (?) stockholder and director advised a delinquent subscriber not to pay what he justly owed us. For months men have industriously circulated the report that the Pilot was "about winked out," for the purpose of getting hold of it themselves. Well they did not get it.

LANDLORD INFLUENCED TO SUE.

Developments show that there was more gold democracy than saloon in the effort of our landlord last January to get possession of the building occupied by the Pilot.

ALARMED AT ARCHERY.

It has been amusing to behold with what persistency a certain job lot of "silver" politicians have opposed the instituting here of the order known as Plato's Archers. They have stood on the streets and attempted to frighten people from making an investigation of the merits of the society, though acknowledging that they knew nothing about it themselves. The potency of their influence can be measured by the fact that there are over 100 Archers already enrolled here.

WHO HAS BEEN EDITOR?

It has been hinted that some one besides the ostensible editor was doing the editorial work for us. Just how it leaked out we do not know, but it is due to thank that "some one" for his many favors and for dishing up this final contribution to the editorial columns. Perhaps "some one" will now come forward and reveal his identity.

Fraternally and affectionately,
FRANCIS D. CRAIG.

THE RENSSELAER JOURNAL.

The above is the name of a new paper which is to succeed the People's Pilot. Leslie Clark, its editor and publisher, is a Rensselaer boy, son of Ezra L. Clark, and is a capable and energetic newspaper man. He is not unknown to the Pilot readers, having been its editor and manager during the first two years of its existence. Recently he has been located as a publisher at Fort Recovery, Ohio, and has shipped his nearly new and very complete printing office here. Mr. Clark does not claim that his paper will, in a partisan sense, be a populist journal, but promising to make it thoroughly independent of party control and attempting to make it the faithful watchdog of the people's interests, we trust that our patrons will bestow upon him the liberality they have constantly shown us.

After thus introducing our successor we have a word to say to

and of the people of Rensselaer and vicinity, among whom we have resided for over two years on terms of the most cordial friendship, and in whose midst it may be an unaffected pleasure to remain for some time to come. We can not speak too highly of their hospitality and true Christian kindness. They have spared no pains to make our social relations enjoyable as a summer dream, and their business favors have been generously bestowed.

F. D. CRAIG.

The Pilot's Peanut Roaster.

That the Pilot is issued in half sheet again this week is due to the fact that such true friends of the oppressed people as William Washburn have been patriotically preventing people from coming to this office and paying us what they justly owed us.

So long as such able aspirants for newspaper experience in Rensselaer as J. A. McFarland, David W. Shields, W. R. Nowels and William Tecumseh Sherman Ireland remain with ambitions unsatisfied, there will be a yawning chasm unfilled. The unsatisfied army of regular democracy will heave a sigh at the acquisition of this grist of appetites yet to be endured and provided for in due and regular form. But what cannot be prevented has to be provided for.

It will take years of adversity to make us forget the unselfish, patriotic work of the Honorable Picyunus Skinfintum, more commonly known as William Washburn, who for months has assiduously spent his time on the streets, when not sponging the reading of our daily papers in this office, in black-guarding the editor of the Pilot, begging our friends not to pay their subscriptions, or bring us their job work and advertising. Anybody who is short on entertaining company, and good readers for the dailies they pay for, should see to it that Brother Washburn is taken in and provided for.

Our good friend McFarland will now have time to develop that long cherished ambition to start up a "16 to 1 barber shop." Interests of the Pilot office have so constantly occupied his gratuitous attention all winter and spring, he has been unable to devote himself to that laudable enterprise, which, in time, may make him a lucrative rallying center for his democratic push.

The big investment our good democratic committeeman, Dave Shields, was "about" to make in a newspaper venture has, from some inexplicable reason, been diverted to the base and unexpected channel of the laundry business, surprising an indulgent community by appearing in a clean shirt and collar. Further than this, it is not known that big David contemplates reform along the lines of his extenuated anatomy.

N. B.—Expert investigation explodes the clean shirt and collar business. He has simply moistened and rubbed up a celluloid collar. The background remains undisturbed.

J. A. McFarland criticizes the directors of the Pilot Publishing Company for selling their property for \$500 when he could get \$800 of Republican money and secure the position of editor. You were rainbow chasing, Mc. Some good republican was "playing hoss" with you. When politicians make an investment the fellow they trade with must have something of value to sell.

Electric Bitters.

Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any season, but perhaps more generally needed, when the languid exhausted feeling prevails, when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and alterative is felt. A prompt use of this medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal bilious fevers. No medicine will act more surely in counteracting and freeing the system from the malarial poison. Headache, indigestion, constipation, dizziness yield to Electric Bitters. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle at F. B. Meyer's drug store.

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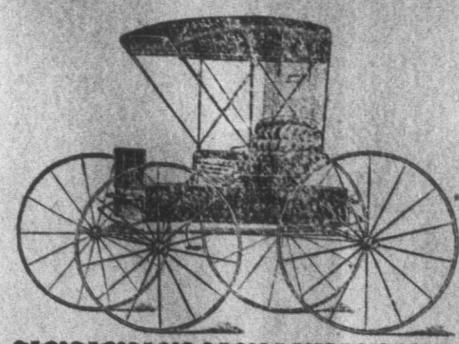
W. E. Overton has removed his undertaking business into the new Hollingsworth block and will make his headquarters in the store with Porter & Yeoman, where he can be found at all hours ready to attend calls for those needing his services. 2t

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Our drug stock new and fresh. No old worm-eaten drugs. **Our Wall Paper stock** is clean, new and latest designs, and at prices to suit the trade. **Paints, Oils, Varnishes, and in fact everything carried in a first-class, up-to-date drugstore.**

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