

Iron County Register.

Toney Lopez was fined four dollars and costs, for shooting at a chicken on the street, last Friday.

Fresh Oysters at Oesterle's, every day, by the can or dish. Fresh supply of Candies, Nuts, etc., just received.

Rev. J. C. Berryman will fill the Fort Hill Church pulpit next Sunday, Jan. 31. All are cordially invited to be present.

The time of holding services in the Baptist Church has been changed from the 3d Sunday to the 4th Sunday of every month.

Ben. Elliot killed a catamount, one day last week, measuring a little over four feet from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail. Monday morning of this week, "Judge" Keeling killed one which measured about three feet. Both animals were killed on "Valley Hill" about three miles west of town.

Our readers will have observed the Prospect of the Republic, published in this paper for several weeks past. We need give no commendation, for the Republic is recognized by all the world as the one leading Democratic daily of the West. Complete in every department, it has reached the Ultima Thule of newspaper art.

The value of the gifts on the Christmas tree at the colored school-house last Friday afternoon was \$299.25. These were contributed by the colored citizens of the Valley, assisted by their white neighbors. We understand the afternoon was one of unusual enjoyment to all the attendants, young and old. Mr. Jackson, the teacher of the colored school, was present, and proved himself as capable in conducting festive occasions, as he is excellent as a tutor.

PERSONALS.—Mr. Bernard Zwart, who has been attending the Medical College of St. Louis, came home to spend the holidays. We understand he will graduate this spring. Our good wishes attend him.

Messrs. Frank Guild and Miles Farrar, who have been attending the Columbia University, returned home last week to spend Christmas with their parents and friends.

Dr. Tom Edwards, of Mill Springs, was in town last week on a visit to his relatives.

Mrs. S. G. Reichold left Saturday for a visit to friends in De Bo's.

Mr. G. M. Palmer spent Christmas in Ironton with his wife.

Miss Etta Ashby, formerly of this place, but who has for the past few months had charge of a school near Greenville, stopped off on her way home, to visit friends in Ironton.

Dr. W. Will. Toney, of Piedmont, was in town last week.

Dr. G. A. Auerwald, of Hillsboro, Mo., spent Christmas with friends in the Valley.

TERRIBLE AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—Christmas has come and gone. To millions of families its memories will be a source of pleasure, but with us it leaves the saddest episode of our existence. A Christmas dinner at our residence was participated in by a number of members of the family—and with them came several children. One was the son of our absent brother, Peter Ake, whose family resides in Ironton. Little Charlie was in his seventh year, and unusually bright and full of life. In the afternoon of the day he by some means got hold of a loaded revolver which lay forgotten on the bureau—forgoten because behind the mirror, and out of ordinary sight. How he came to see it, how he got to it, and how his little hand contrived to raise the stiff-sprung hammer, will never be known. Suffice it to say, that with the succeeding midnight his little spirit passed from earth forever. 'Tis the saddest thing that ever occurred, and our sorrow is none the less that we know the weapon should have been in a safer place. But the location of the accursed thing had passed from our memory for a week; we had no small children of our own to meddle with it; so it lay to become the miserable memory of every future Christmas.

To all kind neighbors who by their deeds and words have sought to alleviate the terrible grief of the bereaved mother and relatives, we can but say, God bless them! For they have proven the goodness, the kindness, and the humanity of the world to the sorrowing.

A Mysterious Affair.

The St. Louis Republican of Saturday last contained a short item about a mysterious shooting affair at Neelyville. While the information on which the paragraph was based was obtained from a brief telegram to the train dispatcher of the Iron Mountain road sent by Mr. E. D. Welch, conductor of the Texas express train which the shooting occurred. On Sunday, a Republican reporter hunted up Conductor Welch, who had returned to St. Louis, and having found him at his residence, No. 78 1/2nd St., induced him to tell all he knew about the mysterious shooting.

Mr. Welch told a story about as follows: I left here on Night Express No. 3 Thursday night. Nothing unusual occurred on it. In the second class car I found three men, one of whom handed me four third-class tickets, which are a rate lower than the emigrant tickets. I examined these and found they were "extras," from Pittsburg, Pa., to Little Rock, Ark., and then I asked where the fourth passenger was. "She's in the other car," was the reply. "Well," I said, "if she rides in a first-class car she'll have to pay first-class fare. I'd like to let her remain where she is without extra charge, but rules are strict, and it can't be did." The man who spoke to me said he would let me know what he would do in a few minutes. I went into the first-class car and saw something of one of the seats all rolled up in black clothes. I wasn't at first sure whether it was a man, a woman or a bundle of clothing, but after I had collected all the other tickets in the car I knew it was the fourth passenger. In a few minutes the bundle of clothes got up and moved into the second-class car and took a seat with the other Pittsburg fare. They never spoke to each other, and the woman kept herself wrapped up so closely that no one could see her features. The other passengers looked very curiously at the Pittsburg fare and asked me lots of questions about them, but of course I could give no information.

We got to Neelyville at 5:30 o'clock Friday morning. The engine had just steamed up, approaching the depot, when I heard the report of a revolver. I was on the platform and went to the door of the second-class car and opened the door of the second-class car and asked "What's the matter?" "You get out of my way or I'll give it to you too. That's what the matter," was the short reply. The fellow, a tall, good-looking one of the Pittsburg crowd, a tall, good-looking fellow, some five feet ten or eleven inches high, with a sandy mustache and goatee, a black, with a sandy mustache and goatee, a brown suit of clothes, brown overcoat and light-colored soft hat. A five-shooter under my nose the small end of a five-shooter was standing open, and the fellow turned, raised his pistol and fired directly at me. I leaped to the side. I don't know which one he fired at, but he must have hit one of the other men, as the woman rose to her feet and screamed. "Oh, he's killed my husband!" While she was shouting he killed my husband! The man with the revolver screamed once more and called out, "Oh, and he's killed me too!" The man with the revolver then made a break for the door and I saw he could stop him, but in a few seconds the timber, and was cleared away in a few seconds. After the train started I went into the car to see what damage had been done. I learned that the first shot had entered the shoulder of

Dr. J. H. Payne, of Turrell, Texas, who wasn't at all related to the mysterious quartette, and didn't even know their names, he had unobtrusively taken a seat in their immediate rear. The next shot wounded a man named R. P. Jones in the hand, and the third shot gave Mrs. R. P. Jones a pretty bad scalp wound. The fourth Pittsburg fare, a man, wasn't hurt at all. I tried my best to find out something about the parties and to learn what the shooting was for, but the other three were all very reticent and I could not learn a thing, except the names of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and the fact that all four were from Smith's Ferry, Pa. When the woman was shot she tore off her veil and then I saw her face. She was a brunette of not very extraordinary beauty, about 30 years old, of medium size, dressed in black and without any jewelry. All the men were fine looking, tall and well built. The one that did the shooting left his valise in the car.

When we got to Corning, Arkansas, the three folks got off to get medical attention. As I came back through there yesterday morning I learned that they were all getting along pretty well, and that a sheriff's posse had started after the shooter. I don't understand the thing at all, and I don't suppose you do either.

"I do not," said the reporter, adding, "Was there any previous warning of the shooting?" "Not any. The passengers say that the fellow got up out his seat and blazed away without saying a word."

Hepidam.

IRONTON, Mo., Dec. 27, '81. "Hepidam is the next place to Nowhere," remarked one of the dwellers therein. The peasant was not badly mistaken as regards its size and number of inhabitants. It is, by measurement, (taking the road), seven miles from Ironton, though it is walking distance, it is about twice as far. The occasion calling us to this out-of-the-way place, was a Christmas tree—there being none in Ironton upon which a likelihood of a present for us existed. So we went to Hepidam, a place—excepting its 12 or 15 inhabitants, who are open-hearted and hospitable people—that raised every other place we ever saw, higher in our estimation than we thought it possible to suit the occasion, means: "We went, we saw, we conquered; but came none vanquished."

We started from Ironton with the impression that we were going seven miles. (We'll take an oath that with us it was fifteen miles by the time we got to Hepidam), and that we should easily "beat" a dozen miles. The folks at home provided us with a lunch, knowing our forte not to be pedestrianism. My eye or six miles (in our estimation), and I was hoping to "beat" a dozen miles. We concluded we would stow it safely away. Pulling our hat down over our countenance as low as possible, we began. We took a slice of bread, which was placed in a paper, and cherries preserved—the size of the slice of bread, for delicacy's sake. We would like to interview the inventor of preserved cherries, just as the names will wisely require placed them; a very short time would suffice. We walked two miles while trying to get the better of the bread. Just as we were completing the job we met a man with a load of hoops, with something on top of them resembling a churn, tied up in a bed-quilt, which proved to be a woman. "That's the half-way time, right?" "Lord! we would have had it had it not been for the temperature—3 degrees below freezing. Half way! ahem! We struck out once more, meeting with incidents of no kind and several wagon loads, and arrived at our destination in due time. Three dwellers, a "meetin' house," and a school house.—That's Hepidam. We rested at one of the "meetin' houses." We proceeded to another, from whence we went to the church-house, which contained the Christmas tree. It (the church) is about 12 feet by 16 feet large (or small), and contained 9 benches, an "altar" placed in the center of one end, and a stove, beside the tree, which was placed in one corner of the room.

The residents of Hepidam recognize Christmas, surely, for the "tree" (two large cedars fastened together) was loaded down with the handiwork of the farmers' wives and daughters, together with candy hearts and a full supply of "store-bought" ham therewith. Just as we were about to enter the house, the house was crowded full—at least thirty persons being present.

The first thing on the programme was declaration and dialogue, which were very well rendered, all things considered. Santa Claus was here announced and he created confusion and mirth unlimited. Then the distribution of presents. What a noise and scrambling for gifts! After the distribution, not waiting for the persons around the door to leave, we ploughed our way through the crowd and "spilled for the shore," which happened in this case to be a two-storied lighthouse, very comfortably arranged, about two miles distant from the church; after reaching which, we sat beside a good fire and warmed and dried ourselves.

The hands of the clock moved slowly after we reached our abode for the night, and we were wondering if any one intended to sleep. Just as the clock struck the hour of midnight, our hostess entered and announced supper! We did—at least, we hope we did—ample justice to the victuals placed before us. Just at 11 A. M. we retired, tired and sleepy.

Next morning, bright and early (9 o'clock), we left host and hostess on the night and visited another friend of Hepidam—the conductor of the village (Y), who he lives—where we were one of the holiest moments of our life. Here we took our Christmas dinner, and we know we did it just as though a great injustice to our digestive organs.

At 1 o'clock in the afternoon we left Hepidam and struck "over the hills and far away" to Ironton, which place we reached, footsore and weary, and retired early, to dream of the beauties of Hepidam and vicinity.

GULLIVER.

Telegraphic from Toledo, Ohio. Mr. Editor: say to your readers that Day's Kidney Pad is extensively used here by our best citizens, and is effecting wonderful cures. It is the best kidney remedy ever sold here. W. K. West, Druggist. Tens of thousands are suffering to-day from kidney complaint without knowing what it is that makes them feel depressed and miserable. Day's Kidney Pad is the remedy that will remove the cause of your suffering.

Ye Goode Folkes of Ye County of Yron, in Ye State of Missouri---GREETING:

If ye have the desire to buy ye sweetheart of yours, ye wife or husband, ye friend or ye relation, a present, go to ye

IRONTON DRUGGE STORE, kept by ye younge manne called by ye name of WIESNER (formerly kept by ye PHYSICIAN GRIFFITH.)

Ye present manne (ye aforesaid WIESNER) will pay all ye attention possible to his customers and will help them to select suitable presents; he is an expert, for he himself is a younge manne, knowing what they like; also what the younge women like, as HE HAS SEVERAL SISTERS.

ALBUMS, PHOTOGRAPH (for likenesses)—50c.; 75c.; \$1; \$1 10, \$1 25, \$1 35 \$1 50, \$1 75, \$2, \$2 50, \$3, \$3 50, \$4, \$5 and \$7 50.

ALBUMS, AUTOGRAPH—for SCRIBBLING—From 25 cents to \$1 50.

FRAMES—All sizes and descriptions, from 25 cents to \$2.00, for Photographs and Chromos, Mottoes and Paintings.

DOLLS—Any size and color desired: Red, White or Black. Made to order.

BOOKS—From 50 cents each to \$18 00 a set.

Musical Instruments, Writing Paper, Toys, Carriages, Wagons, Magic Lanterns and an immense array of ye trinkets beloved by ye little children, such as Bedsteads, Cradles, Kitchen Sets, Dining Sets, Trumpets, Bells, &c., &c.

My stock of goods can not be surpassed by any for variety in style, color and shape. JUST GIVE US A CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!

W. F. WIESNER, IRONTON DRUG STORE, (OPPOSITE THE POST-OFFICE.)

West Main St., IRONTON, MISSOURI.

TOYS! TOYS! TOYS! 1880. HOTSON'S RESTAURANT, 1881. SOUTH SIDE OF THE COURTHOUSE SQUARE, IRONTON, MO.

Meals at all Hours. Boarding by the Day or Week. FRESH OYSTERS BY THE CAN OR PLATE. ALSO, DEALER IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, Canned Goods, Tobacco, Cigars, Etc.

Also, Toys and Christmas Gifts—An Assortment of Over 500 Different Kinds. Country Produce, Game of All Kinds, Hides, Peltries, &c. Lime and Cement, Plastering Rock, Quarried Rock, &c.

R. Hotson will attend to all calls made upon him as a Bricklayer, Stone Mason and Plasterer, and will work at reasonable rates.

I am now receiving and offer for sale one of the largest and best selected stocks of goods ever brought to his market. This stock is ENTIRELY NEW and bought for cash, and purchasers may rely upon the VERY BEST GOODS at the Lowest Possible Prices!

Call and see me and investigate for yourselves. I will insure you polite and courteous attention and guarantee entire satisfaction.

ADA JAQUITH. PILOT KNOB, MO., Oct. 9th.

Administrator's Notice. Notice is hereby given that letters of Administration upon the estate of John M. Houk, late of Iron county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, with the will annexed, by the Judge of the Probate Court of Iron county, bearing date the 27th day of October, 1881.

Notice of Final Settlement. Notice is hereby given to all creditors and others interested in the estate of Frederick Fisher, deceased, that I, Andrew B. Fisher, Administrator of said estate, intend to make final settlement thereof at the next term of the Probate Court of Iron county, Mo., to be held at the courthouse in Ironton, Iron county, Mo., on the first Monday in February, A. D. 1882.

TRUSSEES. TRUSSEES. \$1 50 \$1 50 2 00 2 00 2 50 2 50 3 00 3 00 3 50 3 50 4 00 4 00 4 50 4 50

SHOULDER BRACES. For sale by W. F. Wiesner, Druggist, Ironton, Mo. Opposite Post-Office.

City Taxes.—Again, and for the last time, I warn all delinquents that unless their taxes are paid before the 1st day of January, 1882, they will find themselves encumbered with no end of costs. The law is imperative, and give me no discretion. Suit must be commenced against every person who is delinquent on the 1st day of January, 1882, and I will, I must, do my duty as an officer of the City. F. PATTON, City Collector.

The only place in Ironton where the Genuine Singer Sewing Machine is for sale is at the Ironton Agency, one-fourth south of Gardner's Clothing Store. Streamer M's Co.