

Iron County Register.

BY H. D. AKE.

OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND TRUTH.

TERMS—\$1.50 a Year, in Advance

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Official Directory.

MARTIN L. CLARDY, M. C., Tenth District, Farmington.
BERNARD ZWART, U. S. Commissioner, Eastern District of Missouri, Ironton.
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G. B. NALL, Clerk County Court, Ironton.
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JACOB T. AKE, Public Administrator, Ironton.
J. GRANDHORN, Coroner, Ironton.
F. C. MILLER, County School Commissioner for Iron county, Missouri, Pilot Knob.

CIRCUIT COURT is held on the Fourth Monday in October and April.
COUNTY COURT convenes on the First Monday of March, June, September and December.
PROBATE COURT is held on the First Monday in February, May, August and November.

Societies.

IRON LODGE No. 107, I. O. O. F. meets every Monday evening, at its Hall, in Ironton.
PHOENIX LODGE No. 230, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday evening, in Masonic Hall, Cross Roads.
FIDELITY LODGE No. 253, A. O. U. W. meets every Friday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, Pilot Knob.
IRONTON ENCAMPMENT No. 29, I. O. O. F., meets in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Ironton, on the First and Third Tuesdays of every month.
STAR OF THE WEST LODGE No. 138, A. F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall, Ironton, on the Saturday of or preceding the full moon in each month.
MORIAN LODGE No. 351, A. F. & A. M., meets in the Masonic Hall, Cross Roads, on the Saturday of or preceding the full moon in each month.
MIDIAN CHAPTER, No. 71, R. A., meets on the First and Third Tuesdays in every month, at 7 o'clock P. M., in the Masonic Hall, Ironton.
EASTERN STAR LODGE, No. 62, A. F. & A. M.—Regular Communication second Saturday in every month. All visiting Brethren are cordially invited to attend. W. W. ARMS, W. M. J. W. JACKSON, Secy. and J. W. ARMS, W. M.
VALLEY LODGE, No. 1870, KNIGHTS OF HONOR, meet alternate Wednesday evenings, as follows: October 10th and 24th; November 7th and 21st; December 5th and 19th.
W. W. NALL, Reporter.

Churches.

SERVICES at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Ironton, on the second Sunday in each month, morning and evening.
SERVICES in the Presbyterian Church every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Sabbath School every Sabbath at 9 o'clock. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. A. W. WRIGHT, Pastor.
M. E. CHURCH, Cor. Reynolds and Mountain Streets, Ironton. J. MARLATT, Pastor. Residence: Ironton. Services, Second and Fourth Sundays in each month. Sabbath School every Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock.
HIGH MASS and Sermon at Arcadia College every Sunday at 8 o'clock A. M. Respects and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 6 o'clock P. M. Mass and Sermon at Pilot Knob Catholic Church at 10:30 o'clock A. M. Sunday School for children at 1:30 o'clock P. M.

Arcadia College AND ACADEMY OF THE URSULINE SISTERS

The system of education pursued in this institution is designed to develop the moral, intellectual and physical powers of the pupils; to make them refined, accomplished and useful members of society.
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TERMS

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Terms in the Day School will remain as formerly—One Dollar, Two Dollars, Four Dollars, or Five Dollars per month, according to the studies pursued.
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ORDERS BY TELEGRAPH PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. Rooms One Door South of Odd-Fellows' Hall, Ironton.

Chas. W. Tetwiler, CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER, IRONTON, MISSOURI.

J. W. EMERSON, W. R. EDGAR, Late Judge 15th Circuit. Pres. Atty. of Iron Co. EMERSON & EDGAR, Attorneys at Law, Ironton, Missouri, PRACTICE in all the courts of the State. Strict and prompt attention to all business.

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How They Celebrate.

When one reads the news Holiday week, he becomes thoroughly impressed with the fact that there are too many people who think that the proper way to celebrate Christmas and New Year is by getting gloriously drunk. As a natural consequence the papers of this week of "peace on earth, good will to men," teem with accounts of frays and murders. When people become more human and less brutal, through the slow evolutionary process, they will look back with disgust upon the hogghish propensities of their progenitors, no doubt; but that doesn't help matters just now, and the only consolation the reformer and philanthropist of one part of the country has, lies in the fact that the people in other sections are no better, and aren't; "throw stones." In the city and the backwoods, beyond the Alleghenies and west of the Rockies, in cultured Boston and excitable New Orleans—all are the same. Speaking of the New York mode of "celebrating," the Sun gives this picture of the great metropolis on Christmas Eve: "It may have been a result of the weather, but anybody who walked about town much on Christmas Eve, or waded through it Christmas night, couldn't help noticing the great number of persons who had tarried altogether too long at the whiskey bottle. New Year's Day has hitherto been the drunkard's day of New York, although the number of people who 'auspiciously inaugurate' the new year by making fools of themselves in public has seemed to be growing smaller. But the quantity of Christmas wassail this week was large enough to punctuate the sidewalks and snowbanks with howling and hilarious drunkards, a majority of whom were well-dressed persons. It is evident that there are a good many people who are so affected by cold weather that they have to calm their spirits with rum, as Byron recommends, or perhaps there is a prevalent idea that the proper way to keep a holiday is to get gloriously drunk. At any rate, if there are as many drunken men and boys in the streets New Year's Day as there were Christmas, it is to be hoped that Senator Blair won't be in New York. He would be certain that the United States will perish without prohibition."

All Sorts of a Climate. Another "Robber State."

Ed. Register—Some one remarked in my hearing not long ago that Illinois was "the hottest, the coldest, the wettest, and the driest State in the Union;" and there is no doubt but that it is, so far as climate goes, the state superlative. Of one thing we are absolutely certain, and that is, that for all the fine weather we may have there will follow enough bad to balance it, or more. The first of December made old settlers talk of '41, but though the last half makes them talk like "forty," they don't talk of '41 any more. Snow sleet, and wind, are the order of the day; and on the 22d the ice pack seemed to have set in for the third year; but it turned warmer and gave the trees a chance to shake off their coats of mail before they became too heavy. Missouri may be a very promising State, but Illinois is bound to be ahead. Some time ago the Globe-Democrat gave Missouri the prize for daring train robberies; but the Danville affair, in this State, beat anything the James gang ever tried to do. Four men robbed a train coming into Danville; then, boarding an outgoing eastern train, robbed it, and then made their escape. The robbery was announced in most of our papers in an obscure and very brief sort of way, the week it occurred; but since then not a word has appeared in regard to it. It seemed strange at the time that a thing so unusual should not be given under heavy head lines; but what seems still stranger is that none of our papers have referred to the matter again. Money and railroad influence, has probably hushed the matter up, since such mishaps were not calculated to encourage people to travel by rail.

Our county can now publicly announce another bloody murder to prove that this particular community is quite abreast, if not a little ahead, of the civilization of the age. This time two men were killed at a frolic, in a wanton and bloody manner, and four men are in the jug for doing it. This will give a money-making job to several talented advocates; for as, "Brother Gardiner" says, "ever, murder, burglary, and robbery, is so much cash in the pockets of the lawyers who make our laws;" so there's no wonder that lawyers as a class, favor a system that is a nursery and hot-bed of crime.

Apropos of this idea, let me call the attention of your readers to an article in the December number of the North American Review, by Prof. J. Lawrence Laughlin, and entitled "Evils of the Sub-Treasury System." I mention it because such articles in such publications often foreshadow legislation by Congress. The evils of the present sub-treasury system, according to this essayist are, that, under the act of 1846, U. S. Treasury officials can not loan, or deposit in banks, the funds of the U. S., except, under the act of 1864, the moneys derived from the Internal Revenue; and his proposition is to let the banks, especially the New York banks, deposit U. S. bonds as securities, and take out the idle money in the treasury to increase their own loans. That's a pretty cool proposition, to say the least of it. The writer assumes that our commercial system is a credit system, based upon loans; and the more loans we have the bricker and more flush trade will be; but he never stops to ask who pays, in the end, the usury upon these loans; or who is to bear the cost of this speculative gambling which sells every bushel of wheat, corn, and every bale of cotton, over a hundred times before they are put to any real use. This would-be statesman and financier does not seem to realize that our commercial system, being a credit system, is a system of legalized robbery. He would extend this system, by increasing loans, increasing the burden of usury the laboring classes have to bear, and which is driving them into want and poverty, the vices and crimes that poverty engender, while the income classes wallow in the luxury and dissipation of unearned gains. Verily "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." Laughlin ridicules the President's recommendation to apply surplus funds to some good or needed public improvements; sneers at the idea of lessening taxation; and winds up with a spiteful slap at the half playful proposition of would-be President Jas. G. Blaine to divide the surplus revenue among the states.

The report of the Secretary of the Treasury, too, has some queer reading in it; queer—because he gives a scheme for issuing a new, long time, low-interest bond, to serve as a security for National Bank currency, and then says he does not approve of the plan, though he has the details ready whenever Congress "catches on." There is probably little profit on circulation; but through the medium of the National Banks the capitalists and speculators can manipulate and control the money volume of the whole country, and so affect markets and prices; hence there is no wonder the usury-shop keepers are so anxious to get the people to secure a currency for them. I suppose they would actually get us into another war, if they could not succeed in any other way, so that they could get more mortgages on the men who should be patriotic enough to enlist; and then have Uncle Sam take their mortgages as security for more currency to loan out and get usury on. The working people of this country are fools if they allow such a scheme to be played on them. FARMER. MURRAYVILLE, Ill., Dec. 25, '83.

He Didn't Catch Her.

Burdette, in "Christmas Chimes from Dan to Beersheba," a running fire of pleasant occurrences while traveling about Christmas times, shoots off as follows: And watch these women as they near their stations. The fearful glances they cast out of the windows to see if husband or children or somebody they don't want to see is loitering near "the station." The other day, there were in our car such a crowd of these women who had been doing Christmas shopping—half a dozen of them from the same town. And of all the chattering and laughing and little suppressed shrieking—why the whole car was rosy and musical with merriment, for the leaven of their mirth was infectious. There was only one among the merry shoppers who was nervous about getting home. The other five—wise matrons that they were, had arranged afore time to have their husbands safely out of the way at train time. The long whistle sounded and as the train drew up at the station, the nervous little woman cried out in despairing tones: "Oh there he is! It's too provoking! It's the first time he's come to the train to meet me in three years, too!" And she fairly broke down with disappointment, her voice trembled and the sensitive lips quivered, and if ever a little woman looked heart broken at the sight of her beloved husband she did. And all the passengers looked out of the windows and saw him, too. Yes, there he was, peering in at one window and another, looking for his wife, and grinning with the unendurable triumphant expression of a man who has caught his wife in a Christ-

mas secret and is chuckling to think how he will tease her about it, and is so satisfied to think how smart he is.

DEPART. "Oh, what shall I do," wailed the little woman, piteously. "Sure enough, what should she do? She was fairly caught. I suggested to the cross passenger that we go out and throw a mail sack over the husband's head and land-tag him, but that was a clumsy man better friend of mine? There were her five neighbors. One man against six women! Gentlemen, his doom was sealed long, long before he had formed his little plan.

SAVED! In less time than it takes to tell it, five women had her packages, bundles and boxes distributed around among their own. The little woman started with much ostentation for the front door, her cunning husband saw her, ran down the platform and triumphantly headed her off. She laughed in a surprised manner, held out a little gloved-hand for him to help her off, and said:

"Why, this is an unexpected pleasure. Whenever did you come to meet me before?"

He blushed to the ears, looked at the empty hands, stared in her face and finally said:

"Why—where—what—why I don't see—oh, is there anything in the baggage car?"

"She innocently said she believed the baggage man was there; she said she had no property there.

CRUSHED AGAIN. And she led him away, for he grooped as one in a dream. Of all the discomfited, amazed, puzzled, check-mated men you ever saw go moving up the street with an innocent, chatting, merry little wife clinging to his drooping arm, that was the man.

While out of the rear door of the car, laden to the eyes with Christmas shopping, marched five demure looking women, holding the innocent faces solemn as judges until they could get around the end of the train and startle the wondering baggage men and bus drivers with shrieks of laughter that were echoed by the spectators in the car.

Solemn Thought.

What a predestined wreck is the man who deliberately measures his clumsy cunning against a woman's ready wit.

Shooting Affray in Poplar Bluff.

At about 11 o'clock Monday night last Al. C. Luking was shot on Main street just opposite the M. E. church in thineity by William Devendorf. It appears that Luking and Devendorf on that night were both indulging somewhat too freely in stimulants, both being in such a degree of intoxication as to attract the attention of many. At about 10:30 o'clock Luking had arrived at such a stage that it was necessary for him to be taken home, and accordingly U. R. Albro, "Red" Tyner and John Nichols took charge of him at the Senate saloon and started out of the house and in the direction of the M. E. church. Arriving just opposite that edifice Devendorf came up and it was at this time that the shooting occurred. The ball was fired from a 38 calibre Smith & Wesson revolver and ranged downward lodging in some portion of the back. After the shooting Luking sank to the sidewalk and Devendorf left the scene. The tragedy was enacted so suddenly that no one seemed to know in which direction he went. A crowd gathered around the wounded man and the officers began the search for Devendorf. In about an hour from the time of the shooting Sheriff Turner accompanied by Louis Derry and Ed. Johnson found him in a closet in the rear of the Citizens office, where he had fallen asleep. When arrested he offered no resistance but simply asked the protection of the law from friends of the wounded man. The prisoner was conducted to the court house where he was placed under guard.

Luking was conveyed to his home where at last reports he was suffering considerably and not able to lie down, but is compelled to sit in a rocking chair and bolted within pillows. Dr. G. T. Bartlett is in attendance on the case and pronounces his patient in a dangerous condition with but little chance of life. Devendorf is under guard but no charges have been preferred so not committed to jail, the Prosecuting attorney desiring to await the extent of Luking's injuries. Inasmuch as the preliminary examination of Devendorf will probably come off in a few days we withhold publication of the rumors of what the witnesses will swear to. Devendorf admits the shooting of Luking but claims he did just what any other man would have done under the circumstances, and what was necessary for the protection of his life. On the other hand, while none of the eye witnesses seem willing to make a full statement of the affair, it is rumored that they will swear to facts that will show the shooting to be without provocation. Al. C. Luking has acted in the capacity of deputy city marshal and city collector but resigned the offices some weeks ago. While Luking was quarrelsome when drinking he was not considered dangerous by those who knew him. He seems to have been drinking considerably of late and about two months ago was wounded with a knife in a quarrel.

Wm. Devendorf, the prisoner, is a stranger in Poplar Bluff having arrived here about Nov. 1st. He is a printer by trade and since his residence here has been employed in the Citizens office. He was extremely fond of his "bow" and has been on several sprees since coming here, but his brief association with the Citizens office won for him friends among those who have had dealings with him.—Poplar Bluff Citizen.