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Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND TRUTH.

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JOB WORK.

The REGISTER'S facilities for doing job work are unsurpassed in Southeast Missouri and we turn out the best of work, such as POSTERS, BILL-HEADS, LETTER-HEADS, STATEMENTS, Envelopes, Cards, Dodgers, BRIEFS, PAMPHLETS, ETC., AT LOW PRICES.

Official Directory.

MARTIN L. CLARDY, M.C., Tenth District Representative. C. D. YANNEY, State Senator of 34th District, Pictou.

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.

Societies.

IRON LODGE No. 107, I. O. O. F. meets every Monday evening, at its Hall, in Ironton. PHOENIX LODGE No. 330, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday evening, in Masonic Hall, Cross Roads.

Iron Mountain Directory.

IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 450, A. F. & A. M., meets Saturday night, on or after the full moon. J. A. PARKER, Sec'y.

Churches.

SERVICES in the Presbyterian Church every Sabbath morning, 10 o'clock. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday at 8 P. M. A. O. PENNINGTON, Pastor.

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FRANZ DINGER, Attorney at Law and Notary Public

Real Estate Agent. AND Agent for the Mutual Life and Home Fire Insurance Companies of New York, and the Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn. IRONTON, MISSOURI.



All for Glory!

It may seem strange, but we must confess we are going to do business for glory for the next two months! We mean business! We intend to make a

Great Clearance Sale! before taking stock and at such low prices that will make the blood of all competition RUN COLD.

Genuine and reliable Clearing Sale in all line of goods. All we ask from a discriminating public is a thorough inspection of our Stock.

T. S. LOPEZ & SONS, IRONTON.



An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

Calvert, Texas, May 5, 1882. "I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

As a cough remedy. "While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

Thousands of testimonials testify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

Written for the Iron County Register. The Volunteers in Mexico.

BY AN OLD MEXICAN VETERAN.

Next day, when the march began, we all felt pretty sore and stiff from our thirty-mile tramp, but after awhile we got limbered up, and made pretty fair time. Some of the boys were sick, and some, I suppose, played sick, to get to ride in the forage wagons, which hauled a good many that day. Gen. Pillow was in one of his ill-humors that day, and talked pretty rough to the "invalid corps." One of the men, a member of Capt. Foster's company (Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Col. Campbell) "sassed back," and Gen. Pillow had him tied behind the wagon he had been riding in. Capt. Foster heard of it soon after, went back and cut his man loose, and ordered him to the company. In the evening when Gen. Pillow heard of this, he was very wroth, and sent for Capt. Foster. The Capt. was a son of Ephraim H. Foster, a prominent member of the Whig party, and at one time the old man came near being the candidate of his party for Governor of Tennessee. When Capt. Foster came to the General's tent the latter gave him Hall Columbia for releasing the soldier from the wagon, and our Captain, who was a high-spirited man, didn't fail to give him as big words as he sent. Col. Campbell backed his captain, and a regular row ensued, much to the delight of the high privates who stood off a little distance and heard it. Nearly all sided with Capt. Foster. The quarrel between the officers was never made up. Two years after that, when we had all returned to Tennessee, there was an election for U. S. Senator, and as it was an "off" year in politics, (Tennessee on a full vote was Whig,) the General Assembly stood Democratic by four majority on joint ballot. Senator Bell, whose time was about to expire, was the Whig candidate, while Gen. Pillow was nominated in caucus by the Democrats, and it seemed certain he would be elected. But some of the old Mexican soldiers were among the Democratic members, and when the vote was announced, behold, six blank ballots appeared, re-electing Senator Bell. So Gen. Pillow paid full price for his ill-temper that hot day on the march to Tampico.

Two or three days before our arrival at Tampico we got into a better looking country and began to pass small villages, and now and then a patch of ground having the appearance of some sort of cultivation, presented itself to our view. The people had a wild and savage look, and were, mostly, as black as negroes; but their features had no appearance of the negro race, and their hair was long and as straight as an arrow. We reached Tampico about the last of February or first days of March. The U. S. troops, under the command of Maj.-Gen. Patterson, were already in possession of the city, and it was guarded by a squadron of the navy, under Com. Connor. Tampico is not on the Gulf proper, but on a bay or small arm of the Gulf, and in plain view of the sea. The bay is deep and the large vessels run right up to the dock at the city. Tampico is certainly the finest city I saw in Mexico. What the population was at that time I have no idea. There were a great many citizens of the United States residents in the place. One of the largest stores I saw was owned by a man who lived in the United States, and he seemed to be doing a large business. Our camp was located on the beach, where the bay makes out from the Gulf. Here we got acquainted with another kind of a Mexican enemy, and it was not a two-legged enemy, either, but a six-legged one—the stinging scorpion. They are from two to three inches long; of a dark brown color, and have three legs on each side, and when crushed have an offensive smell. Their home is under the bark of old decayed logs, and they all seem to have a natural tendency to run up a fellow's pants legs next; to the skin when he takes a seat on an old log; and can sting about sixty times a second. If any man wants to know how quick he can get up off a log, just let one of

those reptiles crawl up his leg, and it is amusing to see how quick he can jerk off his pants and drawers and dance a jig at the same time. But their sting, though painful for a little while, is not dangerous. In fact, the afflicted portion don't swell as much as from the sting of a honey-bee. Something else not found in the United States is a kind of fowl called the Paroquet which fly in large gangs, and when they alight, catch the limb of the tree with their bills instead of their feet, and let their bodies swing down. This is the truth, but I don't expect anyone will believe it. We had hoped, as our time was drawing to a close, that our soldier life would end here, but it was not so. In a few days we got orders to strike tents, roll up bag and baggage, and be ready, at a moment's warning, to go on shipboard for Vera Cruz. In a short time we boarded a large steamer, called the "Atabam," and quite a good load we were for her, too. The time consumed in running from Tampico to Vera Cruz was four days and nights. We had the usual amount of wind and rain—the first rain we had seen for six or eight months. The second or third day out, while the wind was blowing a strong gale, a man fell overboard and was lost. I saw him swimming for the ship, until a large wave rolled over him, when he vanished from sight, and I never saw him afterwards. The poor fellow struggled hard to keep on top of the water. If the ship's crew made any effort to save him I was not aware of it, although I was on the upper deck where I would have been apt to notice it, had any attempt been made. Who he was I don't know, as there were a great many people on the vessel beside our regiment. We reached the harbor of Vera Cruz on the evening of the fourth day. The city was in plain view from our ship, as was also the castle, which is built on in the Gulf six hundred yards from the city, (so stated) but it don't look so far. At the time of our arrival the harbor was full of vessels loaded with troops and supplies, as Gen. Scott had not yet effected a landing, but he was there, however, and I suppose had been for quite a while. Gen. Worth's Division had left Monterey and marched back to the mouth of the Rio Grande and there took ship for Vera Cruz, but he had not yet made his appearance, and Scott was waiting to get his army all together before he made a landing. In the meantime, the navy, under Commodore Perry, was having a good time shelling the castle, at a very prudent distance, however.

The day after we anchored in the harbor, I noticed a number of small boats, propelled by sailors, chugging something through the water, and as they were coming directly towards our vessel, I soon saw some dark object coming through the water, and the sailors "er it with their harpoons. It passed right close to our ship, so I got a good look at it. To me it had the appearance of a big black cow skin, only a great deal larger, and was going through the water at a rapid rate. I never learned the name of the brute, and don't know whether the sailors captured the object of their chase or not, as the last I saw of them they were chasing it out of the harbor. The water of this harbor is remarkably clear; one can see fish swimming down as far as twenty-five or thirty feet, I suppose—fish large enough to swallow a dog—and no scarcity of them.

The ships bearing Worth's Division ran into the harbor the second day after our arrival, and also brought our Major Alexander, whom the reader will remember, had been left in the hospital at Monterey. He soon learned what vessel we were on and came to us. We were glad to see him, and to know that he had got well, as he thought, but we will learn different, shortly. By this time, all of Scott's army had concentrated in the harbor and he made his arrangements to land. Glad we were to receive orders to be ready to go on shore, for we were tired and sick of being cooped up on a ship. Everything being ready, on the 4th of March, 1847, we embarked in long boats, manned by sailors, each man with his musket loaded and ready for use. We fell in right behind Worth's division. All the boats were abreast and all moving like clock-work towards the shore, some two miles away, and in full view of the city, but a good way south of it. It was just sunset when Worth landed and planted the stars and stripes on a small sand hill in plain view of the outposts of the city, and not more than 3-4 of a mile away. Strange to say, the enemy made no effort to keep the army from landing. Had they placed a battery and a division of infantry so as to command the harbor where we were to land, they would certainly have given us not a little trouble. But they were too stupid to do that, and suffered Gen. Scott to land his whole army right in their face, without firing a gun. What could they expect to do after Scott had got such a foot-hold? We had to lie out on the sand that night without tent or blanket, as we had brought nothing from the ship except our guns and ammunition. Some time after dark it commenced to rain, and we had a pretty hard time of it. During the remainder of the night the balance of

the army was landed, and next morning Scott commenced moving his men around the city. Our first aim was to get possession of the National road that leads from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. It now seemed that the Mexican Commander had just waked up, for every shanty, sand hill, and grove of timber was filled with Mexicans ready to dispute our march, but they would only wait to give us a distant fire and then run off, so there was but little damage done on either side. In fact, none on our side, but we captured a few prisoners; if we killed or wounded any of them we were not aware of it.

(To be Continued.)

From Graniteville.

Ed. Register—Again, the cheerful ring of steel to be heard in Sleepy Hollow. It is nearly as inspiring as the mine host's cry of "hah!" J. A. Kirwin has assumed the position of superintendent and paving inspector. Among the familiar faces to be seen at their "berths" are those of Mike Shea, L. Edmunds, Mr. Cox, Johnny Parker, and H. Eckert, with Phil Carter as assistant, attend to the smithing department.

Mrs. Carter (who is unapproachable in the culinary art) is at present kept busy ministering to the material wants of the guests at Schneider's hotel.

John Logan brought our village belle home from the Cross Roads the other day. Johnny, take better care of the girls or you'll have a broken neck to tell!

The dogs attacked the sheep belonging to Wm. Fitzpatrick, last Sabbath, killing many and wounding more. The owners promptly gave the dogs a hypodermic injection of cold lead.

Matters are booming on Rustler's Hill. The Company are putting in a new side track, in anticipation of the new mine, 100 feet in length.

Mr. Hoyt, formerly superintendent at Dix Island, has arrived and is running the quarry in conjunction with J. Fitzpatrick. John Webb, the "old reliable," is at his post engineering the new track, while the Col. has charge of the construction gang. Mr. Lindsay, under the new regime, has charge of all matters pertaining to the paving department, as well as outside business, and is the man to see, if one wants a job. Mr. Phillips retains his position as manager of the sheds. Chas. Reno is still foreman of the polishing department.

The carpenter's gang are building a boarding-house for the Company's locomotive, near the turn-table.

Charlie Shular (who is all energy and a thorough gentleman, besides), is fast pushing the shaft to completion.

Mr. Foley is making some improvements upon his tenement houses, which will greatly enhance their value and comfort.

J. Carter and H. Valle are putting up a large five room house, with their characteristic speed, for Wm. Donnell, just opposite the company's hotel.

The members of the G. Q. B. wish to express their hearty thanks to Mr. Ake and the many good people of Ironton and the Knob, for the many favors received during their brief sojourn there, and which rendered their enjoyment complete.

The writer wishes to express his appreciation of the many courtesies extended him by the officers, employes and others connected with the Iron Company, during the term of his employment at the Iron Mountain, and particularly to the Messrs. Garret and W. G. Thomas, M. D. They are very pleasant company and the doctor is in the price of gentlemen and good fellows.

The Presiding Elder of the M. E. Church (North) delivered an excellent sermon at the Public Hall last Monday evening. There will be preaching upon alternate Sabbaths by Rev. Thomas, and by Mr. Morris upon those intervening, at said hall.

It is getting smoky at the Hill and many are having a second story added to their chimneys.

Mr. Vigneaux took a club to drive off some thieves, as he supposed, from his potato cellar, but, judge of his surprise to find a corps of engineers trying to see how close they could run the side track without peeling his potatoes.

If "Smart Alex" was at the Quarry, we'd print a patent medicine "ad" on him; also, pictures of the moon, and hang him on a nail for future reference. His predictions sound just like an almanac foundry smelt!

I wish to express my admiration of the public-spiritedness Judge Emerson has shown forth by his philanthropic offer made through last issue. Were the world populated with such men the traditional millennium would be a thing of reality.

I admire ye editor's determined, common-sense manner of "casting out devils," from the possessed Republican ranks, as instanced by the just censuring of the Mrs. Grant pension bill. Nothing on earth is more despicable and detestable than the sight of intellectual men debasing themselves into cringing, minuscule and mythical hero-worshippers, willing and anxious to ponder to the nabobs at the expense of their duty to their constituents.

A. Raligh says, "So prone to bind the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow lawfully."

The reflections of "78" are certainly replete with good sense, while R. P. T. furnishes very delectable reading. Thomas C. shows considerable originality, but, did space permit, I would take issue with him on one or two points.

IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1.00 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

FOR SALE.—Number One Farm, containing 200 acres; 150 in cultivation; 4 dwelling houses, out house, 4 fine springs, good orchard, splendid range. Convenient to church and school. Will be sold cheap; one-half cash, balance on twelve months' time. Apply to J. T. AKE, Ironton, Mo.