

Schedule of Passenger Trains.

Table with columns for train names (Texas Express, Mail and Express, etc.), destinations, and departure times.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Strawberries, from Arkansas, have been in the market for the past week.

Thirty Thousand Choice Late Cabbage Plants now ready at Markham's Gardens.

Jno. G. Wear will preside at the special term of Circuit Court to be held in this county next month.

A land-slide at Cliff Cave last Wednesday night delayed all trains over twelve hours.

MARRIED—At Pilot Knob, Mo., April 28th, 1887, by Louis Schwager, J. P., MIKE HILLBRET to Miss AMANDA HART, both of Pilot Knob.

Copies of the "Evelyn Revere," Mrs. F. Scoville's musical composition, can be secured at Mrs. H. O. Davis' on payment of the retail price, 60 cents.

To Aug. Bieke we return thanks for a mess of new potatoes—a sample of the kind he keeps in his store for those who hunger after the season's early tubers.

A new three-card game into effect next Sunday. We learn that several changes will be made, but are not advised as to what trains will thereby be affected.

Mrs. T. S. Lopez is having the Moser property, which she purchased last fall, thoroughly repaired and proposes removing her family there in a short time.

The I. O. O. F. of this place contemplate giving a big picnic and banquet on the 4th of July. The former in the day and the latter at the Academy of Music at night.

Heavy rains and an abundance of mud prevented the Caledonia Collegians from making their excursion to this place last Saturday, but, if nothing prevents, will they come over next Saturday.

Henry Lang, Giovanni & Grandhomme's barber, solicits the patronage of the public. Satisfaction guaranteed. Shampooing, dyeing, etc., done in city style and at reasonable rates. Give him a call.

Mr. Hotsen has his soda fountain in running order now and proposes keeping this delicious beverage on sale during the summer. The tanks are charged in St. Louis and the quality is first-class. Give him a call.

The W. C. T. U. will meet Friday afternoon, May 13th, 20th, 27th and June 3d at the Baptist Church, at 3 o'clock.

Mrs. C. F. LYMAN, President.

M. A. BRESSELL, Supt. Press Work.

The Fredericktown Plasterer pays the following well-merited and just compliment to our correspondents: "Without a doubt the Iron County REGISTER has the best corps of correspondents to be found in this section of the state."

Geo. F. Blomeyer has leased the Summit Hotel at Summit, Mo., and in addition to running the station at that place will have charge of the afore-named hotel. If George makes as good a landlord as he does station agent, and we believe he will, his success is assured.

A number of down-towners have formed an organization known as the — Brigade. Of the object or aim of the order we are not advised, but all persons who contemplate associating themselves therewith can likely obtain any desired information by applying to the President, James Presnel, or Dr. Goff, Secretary.

The Basket Social given by the W. C. T. U. at the Academy of Music on Tuesday night was all that it promised to be, and the evening passed off very pleasantly. A large crowd was in attendance, and the refreshments had all been disposed of before 10 o'clock. So, we suppose, it was a financial, as well as social, success.

On our first page will be found the first of a series of letters, which Mr. W. G. Ditts has kindly furnished us with, treating of his recent trip across the sea and into Great Britain. Mr. D. is an extremely interesting and pleasing writer, and we are confident that his articles will be heartily relished by all our readers, without exception.

Ben Dearing in his Golden Era Life says: "The Arcadia Valley is the prettiest spot in Missouri. The Iron Mountain Railroad Company have purchased the Arcadia Hotel property, and will make a pleasant summer resort of it. It is certainly a most delightful place for such a resort, and if well managed, must command a large patronage."

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of "My Physician, Mind," a work of seventy pages, marked "with the compliments of the author, J. B. Crocker." The subjects treated therein are interesting ones, and, from a glance at the references, we are led to believe that the author has handled them in a masterly manner. We shall endeavor to give a review of the work some time in the future.

The Ironton Fish Market was scattered to the four winds last Thursday afternoon about four o'clock. The fiery, untamed "J. I. C." which pulled the concern was the cause. He went not stood upon the border of his going, but went like blazes. The market was torn to shreds and fish raised to the surface on an acre and a half of ground, while the proprietor looked upon the scene in blank amazement. It was indeed a fine delivery.

Mr. C. Brossel, the Middlebrook butcher, had another runaway Monday, which came near being attended with disastrous results. As Mr. B. was climbing into his wagon, which was standing in front of Nagle's shop, the horses suddenly wheeled around, upset the wagon, threw Mr. B. and another occupant out on the ground and started to run, dragging Mr. B., who had got entangled in one of the wheels, along with them. Luckily the horses were stopped by parties near by, and Mr. Brossel and his companion escaped with slight bruises. It was what might be termed a close call.

The following is a little variation from Longfellow's gem, but worthy a place in any newspaper: "Tell me not in mournful numbers that the town is full of gloom, for the man's a crank who slumbers in these bursting days of boom. Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal; every dollar that turns, helps to make the old town roll. But enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way; if you have no money, borrow—buy a corner lot each day! Lives of great men all remind us we can win immortal fame; let us leave the chumps behind us, and we'll get there just the same. In this world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life, let us make the dry bones rattle—buy a corner lot for wife! Let us then be up and doing, with a heart for any fate; still achieving, still pursuing, booming early, booming late."

While in Ironton last week Mr. Jas. Pickens and his editor enjoyed the pleasure of Judge Emerson's invitation to visit the Emerson park and mansion. The pleasant companionship of the Judge rendered every walk and each statue, the shrubbery, the lake, and all most interesting indeed. As we neared the lake to look for carp in the bluish pool in the bright sunshine, expecting to find them shy and diffident, the Judge dropped in some food and, to some magnificent ones appeared—the carp of the Emersons.

We next viewed the pond of trout—German trout, which are kept as pets. The curiosity of all are the golden sides, an Atlantic fish of golden color and about five inches long. One cannot appreciate the magnificence of the Emerson mansion and from that point view the landscape over.

On approaching Sylvan Lake we thought of the despotism of the Judge rendered every walk and each statue, the shrubbery, the lake, and all most interesting indeed. As we neared the lake to look for carp in the bluish pool in the bright sunshine, expecting to find them shy and diffident, the Judge dropped in some food and, to some magnificent ones appeared—the carp of the Emersons.

On reaching the dome of the mansion we thought of Boutwell's aerial flight from the dome of the capitol, guided by the imagination of Everts, bidding farewell in these words: *sic utur ad acta*—Arcadia Valley is truly picturesque.—Reynolds County Outlook.

It has transpired that we were somewhat previous last week in stating that a Mrs. Davidson, of Virginia, had purchased the Ironton House. It is true, however, that a large, portly woman, of pleasant manners, bearing such a name, arrived here some ten days ago and made arrangements to purchase the aforesaid property; that is, the price had been agreed upon, and she had bargained for some of the furniture owned by Mr. Crocker, the proprietor. Mrs. D. left the impression wherever she went that she was a wealthy Virginian and held considerable property in the Old Commonwealth. She did not have the amount necessary to pay for the property with her, but telegraphed to Stanton, Virginia, for \$6,000. The money was not forthcoming, and she informed Mr. Crocker that she had just received word from her nephew, who was on his way to St. Louis with \$10,000, and that she would go there and meet him, and when all was ready, she would telegraph for Mr. Crocker to come up and get his money. This was all satisfactory, and Mrs. D. left for that city that night. The following day Mr. Crocker received a telegram telling him to come on. He went up the next morning, and after considerable inquiry located Mrs. D. at one of the hotels, but not at the one where she gave him the address. Mr. C. came home that day and nothing more has been done in the transaction, but as the lady returned to Ironton, and is still here, the sale may yet be consummated.

DIED—At his home in Ironton, Mo., at 5:15 A. M. on Wednesday, May 11, 1887, ALBERT J. DENNY, aged 29 years and 7 months. He had suffered for nearly one year from consumption, and his death is only a release from pain which, at times, was almost too great to be borne. Let us hope and believe the released spirit, if it could, would not again take up the thread of life here, and is now reveling in the joys of a world where pain and grief cannot come.

The funeral will take place from the residence to-morrow (Thursday), at 2 o'clock P. M.

Tunnel Drivings.

Mr. Landuskey's new patent drill chuck was taken into the mines for a test trial last Monday. The chuck is very simple and easily understood, and there is no reason that it should not prove to be a superior chuck over the old style, and it gives satisfaction and works well in the Pilot Knob mines it will be a fortune to Mr. L., who is at present working here in one of the drill-sharpening shops and is a first-class blacksmith.

Everybody should be his own prohibitionist, for one drink of Missouri lightning will make him feel like thunder. Does prohibition prohibit or is there a city or a town in a prohibition state where you can't get a glass of whisky—providing you have got the money?

Mr. S. Humphreys, late receiver of the Wash and also one of the directors of the Ore and Steel company, accompanied by seven other gentlemen from the East, were dropped in at Pilot Knob on a special car No. 403 last Friday morning, and about nine o'clock they were escorted by President Hogue and Superintendent Crane on to the mill and made a thorough inspection of the mines. Being apparently satisfied with the looks and workings of it, they left, going north, about 11:30 o'clock.

Any one that would like to look at the future prospect of Pilot Knob, can do so now by going into the rock heading, as there is a vein of star ore—and of the best star—22 feet wide, and pitches on an angle of 75 degrees. The depth of this vein is unknown. This does not only make only the officers feel good, but everybody in the Valley that depends on these mines.

Ben Hensley, formerly of this place, but late of Carondelet, is back again, and I understand he is going to work on the Knob.

Mr. Cal. Goodenough, who left here a short time since, is in Georgetown, Colorado.

Mr. W. M. Moody, of Frontale, is in full charge of the diamond drill department of the Ore and Steel company at Pilot Knob.

The artesian well is going slow but sure. Some say they intend to sink it 350 feet. It is now down about 100 feet. They struck water at 70 feet.

Married, at the residence of the bride's parents in Pilot Knob, Thursday, May 5th, by the Rev. Simeon M. LOUIS FINK to Miss AUGUSTA GIBBETTER.

Mr. Fink is one of the electric light corps, and is known to all on the works as one of our best men. His bride is one of Pilot Knob's favorite belles, and proud may her husband be that he has won her. The "Drifter," as well as everybody else, wishes them all the happiness this world can give.

Died, at Pilot Knob, Mo., on Saturday, May 7th, 1887, W. M. SHREVE, aged 68 years, 4 months and 1 day. Mr. Shreve was born in Todd county, Ky., and removed to Missouri in 1867, purchasing a farm in Bellevue on which he lived until about a month ago, when he sold it and removed to Pilot Knob. He leaves a wife and nine children—two daughters and seven sons, all grown to man and womanhood. His demise is mourned and regretted by a host of friends, who tender the afflicted family their heartfelt sympathies.

Arcadia Items.

Well, Editor, after a long stay in the wilderness, I have returned, although I promised not to do so until the Arcadia House affairs were settled and everything in running order. I noticed in a recent issue of your paper that some one under the signature of "Arcadia" has undertaken to make public all the intentions of the railroad company and also the private business affairs between that corporation and two of our most worthy fellow townsmen. In the first place I shall ask your correspondent if he thinks it would be business for Judge Clark and Mr. Hatten to sacrifice their own personal interests for the sake of giving a foot-hold to the railroad company. It seems to me that any one would say so. There is no person who takes more interest in the progress of his town than I do in the progress of Arcadia; but, when circumstances are such that one or two of our citizens must drop all claims, in order to induce a millionaire corporation to come in, I say, let our town stand where it is. I have said all the time, and I continue to say, that I long to see the railroad company take charge of the Arcadia House, make the proper improvements and turn this Valley into a summer resort. However, before this is done, let the company come fairly to the front and pay off all just claims. I am told that a St. Louis gentleman recently purchased some lots just west of town and was to return on a certain day to make the payment and procure the deed. But lo! on that day, that week, and even that month, he failed to return, so his deed is still waiting for him. Now, this being the case, I suppose that your correspondent would insist on having the Arcadians pass around the hat and take up a collection for the purpose of inducing the St. Louis gentleman to return. Every citizen of Arcadia cheerfully calls aloud to the railroad company and all others, come! we welcome you. But considering all this, I emphatically say, if capitalists can't come fairly and squarely, let them go elsewhere. We don't propose to be bulldozed. Now your correspondent comes out so openly and boldly in condemning our townsmen for not making a sacrifice, I suggest that he purchase all these claims and make a donation to the company. I am opposed to a sacrifice on the part of any one, but "Arcadia" is so anxious for one, I say, let him put a shoulder to the wheel and push.

Mr. Louis Miller has just completed a fine barn for Gen. Turner. We suppose this is the finest building of the kind in the county.

Mr. John W. Whitworth having sold out his store, the firm is now H. N. Baird & Bro. The writer wishes them success.

Alonzo Harvill, after attending school at Columbia for several months, has returned home with a head "chock full of larnin'."

Mr. James Dixon has lately made some purchases for his lively stable; so well to now henceforth our people would do me to give him a call.

Mrs. Julia Owen, of Bloomfield, is visiting Mrs. Harvill.

Al. Hinchey, of Poplar Bluff, was here last week.

Mr. Flemmings, of the pusher, has returned from a trip to the East.

Fearing this is too long, I must close. Respectfully, GRANNY.

The real estate boom in Arcadia is a thing of the past, and we are the "same old seven and six."

When Mr. Jim Hatten came up from Greenville last Saturday, he found four little boys instead of three. However, he was very proud of the addition.

The ex-proprietor of the Arcadia House has again taken up his abode in Ironton.

Mr. Ed. Baird has taken a "lay off" for a few days, and is visiting relatives and friends here.

May devotions at the Catholic church every eve this month.

Miss Cora Wheelon has closed her school at Pilot Knob, and is now enjoying a vacation at her home.

Mrs. Capt. Johnson and Misses Gerty Davis and Lee, of Piedmont, were visiting in Arcadia last week.

Mr. Louis Miller is preparing to erect a nice residence on Main street, near the Harvill property.

Miss Zella Hayden has come to Des Arc to take charge of the school at that place.

Mr. Davis, Piedmont, was here yesterday on a special visit.

Mrs. Annie Flowers left Saturday for a visit to Mrs. Clark and Williams, of Desoto.

Mr. and Mrs. Hinchey were visiting at Hogan last week.

Quite a number of our men and boys went on a fishing excursion near the French Mills. About all I heard of them bringing back was dirty quilts and blankets.

Everything looks lonely around the Arcadia House, and we are informed, it will remain in that dormant state all summer.

Judge Langdon is in the Valley again and will bring his family here soon.

Notwithstanding the expiration of the Arcadia boom, our merchants, Messrs. Hogue and H. N. Baird & Bro., are getting along well and feel encouraged.

Mr. Editor, will you please tell that "Old Bachelor," of Belgrade, to keep quiet on the subject of matrimony, as one of my order does not approve of such unions.

Services at Fort Hill next Sunday.

Mr. Felix Williams is erecting a small residence on Main St. Very respectfully, May 9, 1887. OLD MAID.

Mr. Editor—I am sorry that I decamped, and have come back to see all my old friends. I did not like my stay in the wilderness; the frogs and other insects are even more annoying than the old maids and aunts of Arcadia, and I see they have also deserted, so I am happy once more, and come to invite you to our great barbecue and 4th of July celebration. I say "great," for we want it to be the greatest event of the season. "Uncle Pete" was present at a meeting this evening and will give you a few facts of the meeting: Louis Miller in the chair; John A. Hogue, secretary and treasurer. Committee on the grounds: J. W. Whitworth, S. M. Goney, Louis Miller, H. N. Baird, R. Greenmore, Sam C. Jones. Committee on barbequing: J. M. Dixon, J. B. Evans, W. R. Gratton, William Gregory, R. M. Buckler. Committee on speakers: J. W. Whitworth, J. A. Hogue.

The Declaration of Independence will be read, and other speaking. There will be music, swings, games of all kinds to suit all, and we will endeavor to make it most enjoyable to all, and want everybody to come and bring their wives and children, uncles and aunts and cousins, and, in fact, we want

them to come from the north and south, east and west, and have a good, old-fashioned picnic. Come! we want all to come and see in our new park, which will be ready for you then.

You see your old Uncle has not forgotten his Arcadia friends, but is tickled to see them all looking so well, and hopes they are all having a good time.

The Arcadia boom has about died out, for which I am sorry. We need more enterprising people in our little town, to build houses—make nice houses—in this beautiful Valley. There are not enough houses to accommodate those that are here now. There is not a week passes but some families are hunting a house, and there are hundreds of families from the city wanting to come down for the summer, and no place for them to stay. I hope yet that the time will come when Arcadia will grow and prosper as it ought, and be a haven for those tired city brethren.

Mr. Editor, you must excuse me this time, for I have not been back long enough to gather up any news or gossip. I can hardly think of anything but the picnic yet, and hope for its success. I will try and do better next time.

Fishing is all the go now. I hear a party of young folks are going to-day. Hope they will succeed in catching more than the other party did; but I will tell you all about it next week. So good-bye for this week.

UNCLE PETE.

From Des Arc.

Ed. Register—It has been quite a while since I wrote, so will try to send you a bit of news this morning.

Business is about as usually. No boom has struck this place yet, though we have looked for it for some time.

A freight train was wrecked a mile south of here Saturday morning. Three cars loaded with ties were demolished.

A negro had two fingers cut off while counting cards.

Mr. Allen Hinchey, of Poplar Bluff, was in town Saturday. He was going south but was detained here several hours by the wreck.

The public school opened last Monday with Miss Zella Hayden as teacher.

John A. Collins is working in the Railway Mail Service as assistant postal clerk.

Mrs. Dr. Glass, of Harvill, is here to-day delivering books, she sold some two months ago.

The house of Mr. Ballard, who lives about two miles from here, was burned to the ground two weeks ago. The family had gone to church and when they returned they were without a home. It is supposed to have caught from Mrs. Ballard's pipe as she went up stairs, before leaving the house with her pipe and it is probable that is the way it got on fire. Many a house has been burned in that way.

J. M. Morris has gone to St. Louis to buy a new engine for Graham and Ruble's mill. May 9th, 1887. Respectfully, Z. N. N. A.

Graite Chips From Graniteville.

Ed. Register—A few items from our town to the readers of the REGISTER, to let them know that our little town is not dead yet.

There was quite an exodus of stone-cutters from this place the past week. Among those who left were Messrs. Jos. Newall and John Fitcher, who started for Colorado to try their luck at railroading in the Far West, and, I suppose, they will wish themselves back, as they have never roughed it any.

Frank has started his mustache, but you will have to get a microscope to see them.

Say, George C., would it not be well for you to get another autograph album in the place of the one you did so much scribbling in for a certain young lady not a thousand miles from Graniteville; it would look better if you did.

My friend, Nolan, could do without the smiles of his best girl no longer, as he started for the Future Great at Saturday noon.

Mrs. R. W. Dyer left for a short visit to her relatives in Peoria, Ill., and left Robt' to keep bachelor hall; but he tired of so doing after one day's trying his skill at the culinary art.

Since the organization of the Temperance Society, the Bucket Club has "gone clean busted," as the majority of its members have joined the M. P.'s (Missouri Prohibitionists).

What has become of the Doctor? He has not been in town but once the past week. Doc, we would like to see your smiling face a little oftener.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McLeod, a son. May you have a half dozen such, Jas.

Friday or next Friday, and from a visit to the saloons one would not think we had a Temperance Society in the place, as they did a laud-office business.

Mr. August Block has repainted his saloon and dwelling, and has placed on the front of the saloon a sign, which reads, going south, "First chance," which means, I suppose, the first chance to get a glass of cool lager after a ride of—I don't know how many miles, and on the other side of the sign is the words, "Last chance," which means that it is the last chance that the weary traveler will have to quench his thirst before starting for the north. He has also had the inside of the building handsomely frescoed, with granite columns painted on the walls, which makes it look very neat, and August can give the thirsty as cool a glass of lager as any in Southeast Missouri. Who should know any better than the OWL?

Graniteville, May 8, 1887.

Obituary.

RINGO.—Fredonia A. McGregor was born August 12th, 1821, in the State of Tennessee. When she was two years old her parents emigrated to Kentucky. Being an only child, she received a good education for those times. She was married to Joseph M. Ringo February 21st, 1845, and removed at once to Missouri, where she has ever since resided. She died at her home in Arcadia, April 27th, 1887, surrounded by her entire family and other sympathizing friends. She was the mother of three sons and three daughters, all of whom are grown, and with her bereaved father, now in deepest sorrow lament the loss of one of the best of mothers.

Mrs. Ringo had been a member of the Missionary Baptist Church forty years, and honored her profession by a most consistent Christian department in all the relations of life. No wonder that she said she was "ready to die," and told all the members of her family "to strive to be religious men and women," and so wonder she could say "she was at peace with God and all her fellow creatures."

The writer of this brief sketch feels his incompetency to express his personal admiration of this "good lady;" for after, I may say, an intimate acquaintance of at least a dozen years, I am unprepared to pronounce her one of the most faultless women of whom I have seen and known as much as I have Mrs. Ringo. I am glad, also, to be able to state that she impressed herself upon her children. May they ever honor their mother by emulating her character.

As the corpse lay in its appropriate casket, while we were attending to the funeral

privileges, I observed one figure which impressed me most of all. He was taking a last farewell look at the upturned face which had for so many years been to him the face of an angel—now without its wonted bloom, yet beautiful, even in death. Bending, more under the weight of bodily disease than years, his thoughts and feelings were doubtless well expressed by the poet in the following sad lament:

"Ah, lovely appearance of death! What sight upon earth is so fair? Not all the gay pageants that breathe, Can with this dead body compare. With solemn delight I survey The corpse when the spirit is fled; In love with this beautiful clay, And longing to lie in its stead."

His companion has left him but for a little season, and happy will be the final reunion doubtless.

We buried her at noon on the day after her death, with Christian burial, in the beautiful cemetery near Ironton. Her mourning friends will cultivate flowers about her resting place—watering them with tears, if it were possible. But she is not dead, her body only sleeps (most restful sleep). Her spirit has ascended to the mansion prepared for her. J. C. BERRYMAN.

"Owl's" Freshness.

Ed. Register—In "Owl's" report of the entertainment given by the Temperance Society on the evening of Saturday, 2d ult., which appeared in your issue of last week, it does a seeming injustice to one of the gentlemen—a non-member of the society—who, along with several other gentlemen, kindly lent their aid on that occasion. "Owl" ignores the gentleman altogether while speaking of the performances of the others, and, as an afterthought, gratuitously advises him to learn a new song for the next occasion, from which remark one would infer that he had sung his song through care. We can vouch for the fact that it was the first time the gentleman had sung it in public, and it was the second time only that it was sung in public in Graniteville, and it is not more than three years since the song was first published. Evidently "Owl" must be extra fastidious in his musical tastes, which must have acquired in its nocturnal promenade. There is an old maxim that we would recall to "Owl's" mind: "A gift horse should not be looked in the mouth," and we trust to "Owl's" good sense in the future to abstain from any comments of a nature likely to discourage any one from helping a good cause. By publishing this you will oblige MANY READERS.

Current Events.

"Nuthin' considerable haint happened" at Edge Hill since the last edition of Current Events.

Owing to an abundant blessing on the varied labors of Rev. Croft Fortson, at the camp ground, a state of lofty morality exists on the Middle Fork. The men are all busy farming, and the women are so thronging garden and cleaning house, that Scandal with her hundred tongues has died.

There has been a panther scare around here lately. Some gentlemen had gone out in the early morning to defend themselves against some wild turkeys, and the varmint yelled uncomfortably near them. Gentlemen who are afraid of being attacked by wild turkeys should remember that a fox, a wolf, a wild cat, or a panther, will all come to a turkey call. Mr. George Sumpter lately told me that he once had an almost hand-to-hand fight with a panther which had crept up on the one side of a log when he was calling turkeys on the other.

The writer has lately made two pleasant additions to the list of his acquaintances in Mr. Samuel McFay, of Kailin, and Mr. Francis Schrum, on the East Fork. The former is a very skillful blacksmith, the latter has sound, practical views on education, and both are real gentlemen.

It appears that Prof. W. H. Stewart, of Washington county, is laboring under epilepsy. He will die of softening of the brain. He has already outlasted my expectations.

It is reported that the wolves raided Mr. Chestnut's sheep, on the Indian, a few nights ago. We suppose that the rough treatment given them by Messrs. Oesch and Lindsay had driven them out of this region. But last night one of them came to the place of the shooting, and gave us a serenade, in which every dog within a mile assisted. He was probably preaching the funeral sermon of his dead comrades, or chanting a mass "to rest their souls."

The peach farm looks splendid now. It is an emerald set in a ring of hills. In the house a room has been set apart as a museum. Shelves have been put up and the specimens arranged so that more than twenty different birds and animals can now be seen at once. Additions to the stock are being made as fast as possible. The visitors are numerous, and appear very much interested and pleased. Master Christie Oesch, who is eight years old, has quite a collection of mineral and Indian curiosities.

May 7th. THOMAS CALAHAN.

Colored Society Notes.

Elder Ananah was called suddenly to Caledonia during the past week, to attend the funeral of Mrs. Whittemburg. The Elder also filled an appointment at Farmington on the 8th inst. He was accompanied there by his wife and several members of his congregation.

The restaurant and grocery recently opened in the old post office building by Wesley Arms, is now under full head way, and bids fair for success. John Armstrong seems to be figuring as chief clerk, and will see that B. C. and his best girl will get just the kind of ice-cream and cake that suits their case.

Will Merrill left for the City on the 9th inst., where he has a situation with a private family.

A little stranger came recently to live with Mr. and Mrs. Williams, of Arcadia.

Rev. McKings and Jackson, of Granite Bend, were visiting in Ironton on the 8th inst.

Personal.

Judge Emerson is in Poplar Bluff.

W. G. Ditts went to St. Louis Monday.

Mrs. A. P. Vance is visiting relatives in Graniteville.

Mr. P. E. Crisp lately returned from a trip to North Missouri.

Jno. Burke, of Madison county, was in town a few days this past week.

Representative Crocker was in town Monday on his way to Jefferson City.

Chas. Collins, Des Arc, and G. W. Scroggins, Hogan, were in town Saturday.

Al Hinchey left for the Bluff Saturday after a stay of several days in the Valley.

Mrs. G. M. Palmer, of Poplar Bluff, is in the Valley, the guest of her mother, Mrs. E. Schultz.

Mr. H. P. Miller and wife, of St. Louis, will arrive in town to-night and be the guest of