

FOR CONGRESS—10TH DISTRICT:
MARTIN L. CLARDY,
 OF ST. FRANCIS.

DEMOCRATIC MASS MEETING!

The Democrats of Iron County will meet in mass convention at the courthouse in Ironton, on **SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1888,** at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of selecting delegates to the State Convention at Sedalia. The Sedalia Convention will meet on the 17th of May, to select delegates to the National Convention, which will assemble at St. Louis June 5th. **ELI D. AKE, Ch'n Co. Ex. Com.**

The editor of the Salem Monitor saw a field of corn "on the head of Big Sinking" last week, ready for cultivation.

The *Clipper* is a new paper at Malden, Mo., with our old friend, R. H. Jones, at the helm. We wish the newcomer success.

The *Piedmont Leader* will not be revived. Bro. Harris will seek another, and, as he hopes, a richer field. We wish him success, wherever he goes.

An election will be held in Dunklin county on the 15th inst., to determine whether bonds shall be issued for the building of a new courthouse, to cost \$15,000.

The Poplar Bluff *Renovator* is now an eight-page paper, but the old name has not been changed. Don't let "innocuous desuetude" kill a good idea, Bro. Oury.

Hon. J. P. Walker has formally announced himself a candidate for reelection to Congress from the 14th district. He will probably "get there" with little trouble.

The *Bonne Terre Register* says the ore in Pilot Knob mine is exhausted; another verification of the adage that it is best to go away from home to hear the news. Nevertheless, the rumor is more startling than agreeable.

The *Perryville Chronicle* is an out-and-out Republican sheet, thinly veneered with "independence," judging from its editorials. It thinks the thing for the Wheelers and Alliance men to do is "to go into politics," as an aid to the g. o. p.

A Madison county jury in a justice of the peace's court, last week, tried to send a prisoner to the penitentiary for two years, for stealing some wheat and corn. When the prosecuting attorney was notified, he called a halt, and took steps for a new and legal trial.

The Madison county board of equalization last month raised the valuation of the Mine La Motte real estate. The owner of the property "kicks," and proposes to have the question passed upon in the courts. Gen. Noble, of St. Louis, and Senator Johnson are the attorneys for the plaintiff, and the *Plaintender* says the case will be fought for all it is worth.

The *New Madrid Record* hits the nail squarely on the head when it says, "In these tariff reform days, while the Republican party is crying for the continuance of its high-protective-tariff aims, Democracy insists that the tariff be lowered, the mortgages lifted off the farms, and the farmers shake off that dread coil of pauperism; and cries for a discontinuance of the so-called protection."

Speaking of political matters in the 14th district, the *Charleston Democrat* has this to say:

The report that Judge Wear of the neighboring judicial circuit will seek congressional honors bears an impression of truth to those who knew of his support to Mr. Walker two years ago. It was freely stated at the time, and with apparent reason, that he considered Mr. Walker the weakest candidate in the field and Mr. Livingston the strongest. He was reported to have said that if Livingston was elected he would stay in Congress as long as he wished, while he (Wear) could defeat "Jim" Walker when he got ready. This may and may not be true, but if he is a candidate it will seem to confirm it. But he will hold to his judgment until the higher office is his—that may be counted upon.

Old Times.

Ed. Register—In the month of October, 1846, Rev. J. C. Berryman, with a corps of teachers, moved to Arcadia Valley and opened a high school. The first year the building now owned by the Misses Edgar was used as a school room. My father and my brothers had built that house for church and school—the lower part for church and the upper part for school. We at that time had hired the Rev. John T. Pierce as our pastor and was using the upper part as church and school. As there was no saw-mills or anything else there at that time, everything had to be hewn right from the stump. So while Mr. Berryman was having mills and the old Arcadia College built, he occupied our house for school until the college was built. That same fall I was married to my wife, who is now with me, and is just as young to me as ever. When I and her brother started on our trip to St. Louis and through Illinois, we bought a two-horse carriage of Rev. Mr. Berryman and hitched a pair of horses to it and took our trunk and a gun along. At that time there was not a foot of railroad west of Pittsburgh, except a short piece of road from Meridoc to the Illinois river to Jacksonville—distant about thirty miles. This

road was made with thick plank laid lengthwise of the road and sawed cross ties; on top of them a square timber lengthwise for the rail to lie on, which was a piece of tire iron with holes punched through the rail and long spikes driven in to fasten the rail to the timber. The cars were drawn by a pair of horses. That was the only railroad in all the great west, so you see the need of our own team. After we crossed the Mississippi river at St. Louis, on a ferry boat, the country was very thinly settled. In crossing Ninety Mile prairie we were at one time out of sight of any house, and yet that prairie was just as level as the sea, and not a tree or house or fence to obstruct the view. I saw on that prairie acres and acres of sand-hill cranes, wild geese, thousands and thousands of prairie chickens. That night we reached a little hamlet where a half-dozen families from New England had settled and taken up land and made themselves farms. One man, an old Vermont, had built a house a little larger than the neighbors so as to entertain any traveler that might be passing that way. As it was almost sundown when we reached that place we were very glad to find a place to stay, for we had begun to think we would have to sleep on the open prairie. This man had a wife and one daughter—a stout, solid, healthy looking girl that looked as though she was able to hoe her own row. After supper as we were all seated around the fire, the old man with his pipe and the mother and daughter with their knitting, they plied us with a great many questions as to where we were going. They seemed to take a great deal of interest in our affairs. As my brother (which was to be) had been sick, he asked to be shown to bed, which the old mother did with all the motherly care she would have shown one of her own children. When she seated herself again in the circle she turned to me and said: "What are you young men traveling all alone for? What is your object?" I told her in girls down in Missouri that you need to come to Illinois?" I told her yes, but you have read in the good book where Abraham made his servant swear that he should not take of the daughters of the land to wife for his son Isaac, but he should take one of the daughters of his own people and kindred, and as we were born and raised in New England we wanted to take of the daughters of the people of our own kind; and we have heard there are handsome, lovely girls in this country, we thought we would like to see for ourselves, and as I had finished speaking the mother and daughter both spoke at once and said, "If that is what you are after you can stop right here, you need go no farther; we have got lots of pretty girls all about here; you can get a wife right here." I tell you, Mr. Editor, we were well cared for and in the morning we told them we were going on farther north and see what we could see. We asked our bill. They all said, "I guess we won't charge you anything," but we insisted on paying for our fare. "Now, if you don't find anybody to suit you, come back," I told them we would be gone about two weeks, and if we did not get any wives in that time we would come back. So good-bye, and drove on. The last day, just at night, we crossed the Illinois river on a ferry. After crossing I saw on the river bottom a large flock of wild turkeys. I hurried and loaded the gun and killed one of them. We were then in four miles of my girl, so I did not stop to kill any more of them. When we reached her home, as I was presented to her father and mother. I handed her father the turkey I had killed. He said, "I have always heard you were a great hunter and now I know it." Well, to make the story short, after I was married and on our return, we passed that same place, but we did not stop for it was too early in the day to put up and we were in too much of a hurry to reach home, but one of them saw us and the mother and daughter came to the window. We bowed to them and drove on. I have always been sorry I did not stop and call for a glass of water, but we can't always think of everything. After we reached home we found a good many families were moving into the valley for the sake of schooling their children and building homes for themselves, and as everything such as shingles had to be made by hand, and very hard to be got, I and my old pard took a contract to make some thirty or forty thousand shingles. We, both of us, understood the business first rate, so we found, or rather we knew, of a fine body of pine timber in the mountains below the Shut-In—that belonged to Uncle Samuel—and right here I will say old Uncle Samuel was very kind in those days to his children that went out into the new country to make themselves homes. "Now you boys just make yourselves at home, and if you want any timber or building material off my land just help yourselves—make yourselves at home." So I and my old pard selected a nice, smooth place at the foot of a deep ravine on the side of the mountain. There we built us a sort of a booth or camp. First we set up two tall forks about sixteen feet apart and eight feet high, fastened a good pole on top, then laid long poles from the top back to the bank or side of the ravine, then withed poles at the sides, so as make a half-faced camp, then covered the whole with pine tops. After it was finished it made a good, nice place to work under, unless it rained; then with a good fire against a large tree we had cut down and fell across the ravine, we with our shaving tools were ready for work. After we had our camp fixed to our notion, we took our axes and cross-cut saw and went up on the side of the mountain above us and went to

falling and sawing up those trees into blocks of shingle lengths. After cutting and sawing enough for ten or twelve thousand we would start those short logs rolling down the mountain side to our camp. I tell you it was fun to see those logs going like a flock of sheep jumping and bounding down the mountain. After we had split all our blocks up into bolts and piled them up under our shanty, I, with the proe and mallet, would rive or split the bolts up ready for the shave. As my old pard shaved them I would keep a good pile at his right hand and as he shaved each shingle with his left hand I would throw it to his left. As we lived he at his home and I at my home, we were always on a strife to see which would be at the shanty first each morning. We were always on time. We always carried our guns so as to hunt on the way home at night. One morning, for some cause, I did not take my gun and when I reached camp my pard had just arrived and I noticed he had left his gun at home, but we neither of us made any remarks about it and went to work. About ten o'clock we heard the baying of hounds way over the mountain. After awhile it came nearer. All at once a deer came running to the top of the bank above us and as soon as he saw us stopped and stood not more than fifty feet from us. There it stood and looked at us, and looked all around as if to make observations. We sat perfectly still and watched that deer. How graceful in all its motions as it turns its head from side to side, with large, lustrous eyes. How beautiful in form, how carefully it lifts its feet when it steps. As I sat and watched it in all its motions I just thought, now why did I not bring my gun? Oh, how easy I could have put out one of those eyes. After standing for quite a while it switched its tail and lowered its head and picked its way down the bank and walked in a few feet of our fire, around our shanty, around about our pile of shingles, then on top the ravine back the way it came, in sight of the hounds. Just as it had passed out of sight those hounds started up a large flock of old gobbles, fifteen or twenty great big fellows, and they lit in the trees all about us, and there we sat and looked at them. What a beautiful bird an old gobbler is, with all the beautiful hues, as the light shines on them from different ways. After awhile one by one they flew lazily away. After they had all gone I gave a deep sigh and went to work. Just then I saw my pard shake his head. He got up from his bench and walked a few steps to a bush of good slim switches and cut a good one. I thought, well what now? He came over to where I was sitting. With his left hand on my shoulder he just laid that switch on my back until I was as hot as pepper. As he dropped his switch he said, "fetch your gun tomorrow," then took his seat and went to work. I sat and looked at him for about one minute, I got up and cut me a good hickory about four feet long. I walked over to him and I put my hand on his shoulder and the way I let down on his shirt I fairly made the dust fly. After I thought I had give as much as he gave me and some for good count, I dropped my switch and said, "fetch your gun to-morrow," then I took my seat and you never saw two fellows make shingles faster than we did, until at noon my pard spoke for the first time and said, "Old man, I guess its about dinner time." We laid our tools down and went to the fire and spread out our dinners as usual, for we always made our dinners a company affair. We ate of each other's part as we always had done, and now let me say, as long as he lived I never heard that affair spoken of between us, or to anyone else. T. P. R.

Cowards in Office.

In an "aside" on the floor of the house the other day, Mr. Reed of Maine, the Republican congressional leader, said, "none of us have any courage." Here is the proof of that assertion: To the house of Representatives. I return without approval house bill number eight hundred and twenty-three, entitled "An act granting a pension to Hannah C. De Witt." An act the precise duplicate of this was passed by the present congress and received executive approval on the 10th day of March, 1888. Pursuant to said act, the name of the beneficiary mentioned in the bill herewith returned has been placed upon the pension roll. The second enactment is, of course, entirely useless, and was evidently passed by mistake. GROVER CLEVELAND. EXECUTIVE MANSION, April 21, 1888. There is no doubt an American history to this incident—the passage of the same bill twice in the same sitting by the American senate and house of representatives. It seems impossible, and when it becomes a fact, explanation after explanation is offered, but the real explanation is this of Mr. Reed's: "None of us have any courage." The pension policy of the administration is most liberal. Under Gen. Black the pension bureau has added thousands of names to the rolls that were kept off or rejected by Republican administrations. When a claim is so plainly unfounded that no stretch of charity can cover it, the bureau rejects it. The result is "a special pension" bill in congress to overrule the bureau and get at the treasury in spite of the legal and constitutional safeguards around it. Hundreds of these bills have been passed, and the one man in a controlling position, of whose courage there can be no doubt, has vetoed them until his vetoes have become monotonous. But the bills continue to pass. The howl raised against the president by sympathizers with these frauds has made congress more cowardly than ever. The passage of this bill twice in the same session shows the situation. Congress passes these bills as they are introduced—"no questions asked." There is not in either house one man to stand up and make a fight for honesty and justice against the power of the pension ring. Mr. Reed is right, "None of us have any courage." It is humiliating, but true. Take away the courage of circumstances, and there is no courage left in congress. Misunderstood, misinterpreted, assailed, vilified and threatened, the president does not swerve from the course he has marked out for himself. What a contrast it is!—Republican.

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Stray Notice.

Taken by L. C. Ruddock, on the 31st day of March, 1888, and posted before the undersigned, a Justice of the Peace within and for Iron Township, Iron County, Mo., Two Three-Year-Old Steers; small. One is a roan, without any marks or brands; the other, a dark brown with white under belly, and white bush on tall, and marked with a slit in left ear. The two were duly appraised at the sum of \$25, by Ernest Imboden and Wm. Terrill, sworn appraisers. **E. M. LOGAN, J. P.**

Probate Docket.

Iron County, Missouri, May Term, 1888—Commencing Monday, May 7th, 1888.
 Rice, Geo., deceased, Martha Rice, administratrix.
 Gay, S. T., deceased, W. T. Gay, administrator.
 Gay, S. T. and W. T. (copartnership), W. T. Gay, administrator.
 Grandhomme, Jacob, Jr., a minor, Amanda Grandhomme, guardian.
 Hall children, minors, Herbert H. Kiddle, guardian.
 Haller, Elizabeth, a minor, Pauline C. Haller, guardian.
 Haller, W. H. N., a minor, Pauline C. Haller, guardian.
 Lay heirs, minors, Belle Lay, guardian.
 Merlo, Louis, deceased, J. T. Ake, administrator.
 Marsh, Alice H., a minor, M. P. Collins, guardian.
 Marsh, Chester C., M. P. Collins, guardian.
 Massey, S. and Rebecca Rubel, minors, John Crowley, curator.
 Newall, Robert, deceased, Elizabeth Newall, administratrix.
 Reburn, Alexander, minor, J. H. Russell, guardian.
 Reburn, Jas. A., minor, Jos. A. Reburn, guardian.
 Richter, Henry, Jr., Mrs. F. Richter, guardian.
 Roocke, Zoe and Cora, minors, B. Zwart, curator. **FRANZ DEGEN,** Judge of Probate.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given that, by virtue of an order of the Probate Court of the County of Iron, and State of Missouri, made at the February term, 1888, thereof, I, Jacob T. Ake, administrator of the estate of Nancy Ferrill, deceased, will, on

Monday, May 7th, 1888,

(if it be not sold before that day at private sale), at the east front door of the courthouse in the City of Ironton, said county and state, between the hours of nine o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon, and during the session of said Probate Court, sell at public auction all the right, title and interest of Nancy Ferrill, deceased, in and to the following described real estate, situated in Iron county, Missouri, to wit:

The southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 11, in township 33, north, of range 4 east—containing 40 acres, more or less.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash in hand. **JACOB T. AKE,** Administrator.

STATE OF MISSOURI, }
 COUNTY OF IRON, } ss.
 To the May Term of the Probate Court, 1888.
 In the matter of the guardianship of Nancy Hughes.

NOTICE OF RESIGNATION.

Take notice that the undersigned guardian of the estate and person of Nancy Hughes, at the May Term of said court, to be held at the courthouse in the City of Ironton, the county seat, on the first day of the May Term of the Probate Court, to wit: May 7th, 1888, apply to said court for leave to resign the office and trust of guardian of said estate and person. **JAMES RUFFORD,** Guardian of the estate and person of Nancy Hughes. IRONTON, MO., March 31, 1888.

Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors and others interested in the estate of Jacob Grandhomme, deceased, that the undersigned, administratrix of said estate, intends to make final settlement thereof at the next term of the Probate Court of Iron county, Mo., to be held at the Court House in Ironton, Iron county, Mo., on the first Monday in May, next—saying being the 7th day of May, A. D. 1888. **AMANDA GRANDHOMME, Adm'r.**