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Iron County Register.

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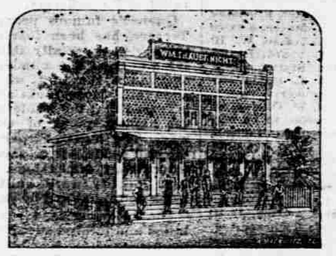
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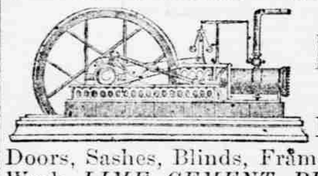
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Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that Letters of Administration on the Estate of Wiley O'Neal, late of Iron county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, W. T. O'Neal, by the Judge of Probate Court of the County of Iron, bearing date the 30th day of August, 1889.

All persons having claims against said deceased are required to exhibit them to me for allowance within one year after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within two years from the time of the publication of this notice, they will be forever barred.

W. T. O'NEAL, Administrator.

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From St. Louis—The G. A. R., Tanner, and The Negro.

Ed. Register—I want to write you a few words about Tanner; I want to do it to catch a flying opportunity, as such a chance will never present itself again. The world's history will, when Gabriel finally slams the big book shut, contain the name of but one Tanner: "Tanner the chaw," the phrase that would in one breath speak of him and his nearest approach to a virtue, for in this case, the serpent has brought an antidote for its own poison.

I write you an innocent fable. In the great larder from which the Presidential politician fed was placed a new but nice dish. It was a sort of hash, harmlesss in appearance. It had been made up of odds and ends left from the war. There was everything there but the good meat that had been left ever. The good meat—that is the soldier proper who had done his fighting where there was an enemy, and had ceased his battles when his country's battles ceased—refused to go into the succotash.

This dish was labeled "G. A. R." It was sugar-coated, and, to a hungry politician, was inviting. It was set on Cleveland's political table, but he saw in a moment (or else could tell it by the smell) that it needed seasoning with pension sauce to be palatable; Cleveland, however, had an honest stomach, and realized this spice was too rich for his blood. And though he knew this hash would fatten his political ribs, he foresaw that this pension sauce was so rich it would prevent the thing staying around his digestive apparatus.

But his successor was very hungry—gaunt. He ate largely of this dish, taking the most tempting morsel. And he fattened exceedingly for a time—grew sleek and sleeker—until the warmth in the great political maw stirred the morsel to unusual life, and lo! the administration suddenly belched it forth, after a vain attempt to hide the bait in the manifolds of its entombing paunch.

And now neither party wants aught more of Tanner or the haste with which he was served up. They have found that the hash was infested with trichinae, that while it seemed like an elegant bit of pork, to fatten whoso swallowed it, the mess was really desirous of getting into a fat stomach to feed on the living organism, and gorge its myriad of filthy protoplasms. And now the cook says of his own dish, "I'll vomit it forth," and adds in a stage whisper invented by Shakespeare, "I'll none of it."

MORAL.

In war we fight with soldiers and patriots whom we pay and honor all we can.

In peace we govern with statesmen; we pension those who have given all to our country—but we don't give them the earth and the supreme fulness of the treasury. We provide for the decrepid patriot and honor him, but don't turn him over a 25 per cent. mortgage on the United States.

Gentlemen, the war is over—more'n a quarter century since. We are now running things on a sort of civil basis. The speaker's baton strikes down the general's bayonet; it shuts the Corporal's mouth.

The tanning of one man's political hide by the owner's own aciduous exhalations is a marvel of excellence. Gone is the pension disseminator. The American was called to arms to protect the country of his kith and kin, and others were called to assist him in protecting it. He was not invited to a picnic at $13 and rations a month, or if so, when he drew that, the debt was discharged. Better though that the country had been wrecked than that the rising generation should have entailed on it a heavy, interminable, monstrous debt of cash as well as gratitude to the rescuers. Honor in plenty to the old soldiers, and honor to the man who loves to greet his old comrade, but dishonor to the men who trailed the flag in the dust of Virginia, and confusion on those who would foist their schemes of plunder on the civic by the lever of a superannuated military institution.

The Grand Army is very much like the negro in one respect—much out of place when it invades civil government's precincts. There are many heroes in that body—to them I make no reference but an honorable one. But the majority are "too fresh."

They boast in their councils, and where else there are none to interrupt them, of having eradicated slavery; but if they did aught towards freeing the blacks, they did it, not because of their antipathy to that institution, but because it was a cloak of purity, of popularity, to cover desires for deeds of evil, of most base selfishness; for they are doing, and have been doing, all in their power to enslave the masters who were conquered by force of arms, and not by superiority of valor. Aye, worse, they would subject these former masters to a slavery more cruel than the negro ever suffered. They have put the ballot into the hands of the servant where, by reason of numbers, it meant rule by that servant, and where such rule meant ruin to not the master alone, but to society. And more, they sent the most unscrupulous mercenarie—carpet baggers—to aid the ex-slave in enslaving the ex-master. When that nefarious scheme failed, it was reinforced by the bayonet, and the *returning board*—than which, the devil never hatched a smarter scheme.

There is the Grand Army militant and the Grand Army blatant.

Corporal Tanner was a most choicely representative leader of the latter. And but give these cohorts blatant—those who howl for hours in the back rooms of low groggeries about how "we put down slavery"—power and they would put the party whip—the Republican party whip—into the hands of the black to drive every southern white south from office; after it was done, they would come in and reap the harvest. Emancipators, bah! The southron took an inferior race as a protege, and bound him with fetters which 90 per cent. of the bound will tell you were more easy than the trammels of freedom have proved to be; but these alleged warriors, on the most of whom the shadow of some brave man may have fallen for a moment, would bind members of their own race, from common ancestors, perhaps, in a bondage to an inferior race, hardly a full remove from barbarism, and which would be horrible.

I will add that I have it from high authority that Judge Emerson will remain in office until next year. He is a Grand Army man who reflects credit to the body—but no Grand Army influences placed him there, nor do they keep him there, In this case it is pure, honest ability and integrity. And let me say, I would not vote for a man whom I thought would be influenced in favor of appointing a man because he was of the G. A. R., unless he would be influenced the same by a Confederate veteran's record.

A. H. ST. CLAIR.

Old Times.

Ed. Register—I have often in my young days heard the remark, "Once a man, twice a child." How often I have thought of that old saying in the past few weeks; for I have felt very childish of late, and how often I have scanned the horison: for I felt it was almost the time of the year I should see the wild pigeons, or those large flocks of wild geese making their way southward as of old. How well I remember when a child at our old New England home, what immense flocks of pigeons would pass over head for hours and hours. I remember one year, while helping mother about the housework and paring and slicing apples to dry—for drying apples was part of the duties of all farmers in the fall of the year—I remember at breakfast one morning my father said to me, "I want you while you are paring apples to keep your eyes open and watch for pigeons. I think it is time they were flying." Our house stood on a plateau at the foot of the mountains, overlooking the Connecticut River Valley. We could see for miles across and up and down the the Valley—nothing to obstruct the view for miles. As I sat paring apples that forenoon I saw, way to the north, a black speck against the sky; I watched it as it came on towards me. I soon saw it was a pigeon all alone going south, as fast as its wings would carry it. It was soon out of sight again. Soon I saw, way to the north, another black spot, coming. In a minute or two, three pigeons past me. At dinner I told father I had seen two flocks of pigeons; one in the first flock and three in the last flock. He said, "boys, we will go after dinner and make a pigeon tent, for by to-morrow they will be flying fast." When dinner was over we took our hoes and shovels, iron bars and axes, and went to the field on the west side of the farm, called the Parson's field, The field had been thrown up at some early period by the action of the ocean waves. The field was sand; by digging down in the sand we would find sea shells and strata of sediment, where the waves had washed it up. When the ocean receded it left this field higher than the surrounding land. On three sides was a swamp with tall pines growing. On the other side low, sandy land, covered with a dense growth of small white pines. Every year the pigeons would build their nests and hatch their young in those pines. When the young were large enough to fly, they would disappear until the fall season came on when they would return in immense flocks. Then was the farmer's time of sport for a few weeks catching those pigeons in nets. Every year my father would make a net on the highest point in this field. We spread the net on the ground when we wanted the birds. This net is made square, about twenty or twenty-five feet each side. We make a mark all around the net; then clean off everything like a brick yard; make the ground smooth and solid by pounding, walking over it until the bed is smooth and solid. After the bed is finished, we dig a row of holes on each side of the bed about ten or twelve feet apart, in these holes we set small trees with all the limbs left on that are large enough to hold up a pigeon. All the small twigs and leaves are taken off below. These trees are set up in these holes on each side of the bed and made solid and fast so they will not fall under a heavy weight. Long slim poles are put up over and across, from one tree to another, back and forth where ever there is room for a pole. These trees and poles are called pigeon stands. When the pigeons come flying past they see these trees and poles and come and light on them; in the bed below small heaps of corn and wheat and rye, are laid around, all over the bed. When the pigeons see the grain they fly down into the bed and eat the grain that has been placed there for them. After the bed and stands are all finished we set the net. In the back side of the net is a small rope run in the meshes and made fast at each corner, with a loop to fasten the corners down to the ground all the back line on hooks driven in the ground to hold the back line fast and hard to the ground. After the back line is all right the net is spread out over the bed, and a large new rope, about one hundred feet or perhaps one hundred and fifty feet long, is fastened to the front edge of the net. This rope is stretched as far as it will reach on each side of the net. At each end is a tough springy sapling, driven in the ground hard and fast; these spring posts are about five or six feet high. At the tops of the springs the ends of the long front rope are made solid and fast. When these ropes are all properly fixed the net covers the whole bed, spread out smooth. At one end of the long rope a circle is made around the spring, about six feet in diameter. All around this circle small bushy pines are set in holes made in the ground, as to form a bush hut. These bushes are made so close as to hide the nets from the sight of the birds. After everything is ready we set the net, with a short stick called a flyer, which is a piece of an old broom handle about two feet long, with a notch at one end to put against the rope. We put the notch of the stick against the long rope, carry it back to the back side of the bed, with the foot of this flyer set against a hub or short piece of wood driven in the ground the length of the flyer from the back line, which is fastened with a hook. We press the rope down and catch the flyer under the hook. Then we go to the other side and with another flyer carry the rope back to the back line the same way as the first. When this front rope is carried back at every side, the springs at each end are bent towards each other and the rope is on a heavy strain. The net is now carefully folded back once next the ropes, and dusted to hide it from the eyes of the birds as much as possible. When we want to spring the net, we who are in the bush hut, take hold of that spring and with a quick pull jerk those two flyers out of the ketches and then the springs at each end spring up to their places which throws the net over and spreads it completely over the whole bed, and every bird that is in the bed is caught under the net. After we had made everything ready and had tried the net to see if everything worked well we left the place and took the net and our tools home, to give the birds a chance to get acquainted with the surroundings. The next morning father said, "I want you to watch again for pigeons, for I want to catch some this afternoon." At noon I told him I had seen about a half dozen small flocks flying. He said, "I will go over with you and set the net and show you how to work it, and you can stay and if as many as a dozen come in the bed you spring the net." After he had set the net he had me spring the net for it takes a pretty strong pull to unhook the flyers, When he found I could spring it, he said, "I will go back to work, but dont spring the net unless you can catch as many as a dozen." After father had set the net I sat and waited. At last two came and lit on the stands, oh, how my heart thumped! it bumped so, I thought the pigeons could hear it. Their I lay crouched on the ground in that little hut peeping out through between the leaves and watched those two birds. Pretty soon one of these flew down in the bed and commenced eating, all at once it flew up and lit on the stands, and commenced halloing "tweet-tweet," and here came about twenty-five or thirty pigeons and of all the fluttering and twitering. Such a noisy time! I looked way out of the door of the hut towards home. There I saw father leaning on his hoe (he was diging potatoes) watching. Soon one pigeon flew down, then another. I had got up off the ground and had my hands on the spring. Oh, how my heart ached. Soon something scared those birds and away they went. I saw father go to work. I felt so disappointed, I felt sick, I thought now no more pigeons. Just then I looked out and I saw another flock come and soon they were on the stands tweeting. How I watched them, and still held on to the spring. Their is one; now another; and another; have gone down into the bed. I look home, their stands father looking. Soon they begin to go down by twos and threes, untill all but two are three are down. Now and with my whole strength, I throw the net which covered every bird in the bed. I rushed out and how they did flutter and try to get out of the net. I got down on my knees and tried to crack their heads as I had seen father do, but myknuckle was not strong enough. So I got down on my knees and bit their heads. I had not bit more than a half dozen heads before my father came and helped me. He said, "that's a pretty good haul for the first time." We soon had them all killed and the net reset, feathers all gathered up, everything ready for more pigeons. We carried our birds in the hut and went to bunching them. In a few minutes, the stands were full of them again. How they did "tweet-tweet." Soon we were catching them as fast as we could take care of them. By night we had about two hundred. From that on, all the fall we caught them by the hundreds. We sold a good many and salted a barrel full of them. We made a room in one of the out houses and kept one or two hundred alive. Took good care of them and when we wanted a fresh pigeon pot pie, we would go with a lantern at night and take all we wanted not disturbing the rest. What tremendous flocks of pigeons used to pass over every fall and spring. And now where are the pigeons? I dont remember of seeing a single pigeon for three or four years. I do not see any account of them nor hear of them any more. And what has become of them? Have they been exterminated like the buffalo and other kinks of game? T. P. R.

Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia.

Careful examination shows that in many respects this remarkable work is superior to any of its competitors, especially in its adaption to popular use; its combination of an unabridged dictionary with the ordinary features of a cyclopedia of universal knowledge is unique. The definitions and pronunciation of the words are clear and accurate, the illustrations are excellent, the topics are thoroughly treated and embrace the results of the most recent investigation and discoveries. Then, too, the extremely low price places it within the reach of all. The eighteenth volume is fully up to the high-water mark of its predecessors. It is especially rich in its biographies. We find sketches of Hall and Hayes, the Arctic explorers; John Hall and Robert Hall, celebrated clergymen; Hallam and Herodotus, great historians; Haller, the philologist; Alexander Hamilton, the statesman, and Sir William Hamilton, the scientist; Handel and Hadyn, the musical composers; Hannibal, the foe of Rome; Hegel, the philosopher; Heine, the poet, and Hengstenberg, the theologian; Herschel, the astronomer, and many other men of renown. Among important articles in other lines are Hallucination; hand; Hanseatic League, the famous trade union of the Middle Ages; Harbor; Hartford Convention, unique and famous in our political history; Harvard University; Hay; Hayti; Heat; Heart; Heaven; Hell; Heredity; Heresy; and Hieroglyphics. The forty volumes in which this great work will be completed will make a splendid library. The price, which must advance as the work nears completion, is wonderfully low. If received before Oct. 15, 1889, $17.00 will pay for a full set in cloth binding, or $25.00 for the half morocco style. A specimen volume which can be returned if not satisfactory, will be sent for 60 cents in cloth, or 85 cents in half morocco. John B. Alden, Publisher, New York, Chicago and Atlanta.

"Party Foot Balls."

The woollen manufacturers whose executive committee is in session at Boston have adopted a serious of resolutions full of the most ludicrous inconsistencies. They say that the carpet business would be ruined by higher taxes and they demand free trade in carpet wools as a right. Equally as a right, they demand higher, or as they express it, "compensating" taxes on their products.

This sort of political economy will not do at all. The maxim of the Ohio school is that "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," and the Republican party can no more help applying this rule to raising taxation than the Democratic party can help cutting taxes when it gets the opportunity. The manufacturers declare that they will not be "used as a foot ball between the parties," but they cannot help it as long as they insist on their present demands. If they demand taxes on other people for their benefit they must submit to taxes on them for other people's benefit. This is, in fact, the theory they indorse when they use the phrase "compensating duty." They deny that the tax on their products compensates them for the tax they pay on raw wool. They want the tax on their product raised and the tax on their material lowered, but the Protectionists of Ohio have the logic of the unjust and runions system on their side in demanding higher taxes on raw wool. If anyone has a right to have taxes imposed on the people for his profit, surely no one has that right more than the producer of raw wool. Consistency requires the Republican party to raise this tax every time a demand is made representing the wishes of the Ohio Republican sheep. Party necessity also requires it. The party will otherwise become Democratic and vote in favor of justice and low taxes.

These grasping and selfish manufacturers make themselves a party foot ball, and they are entitled to no sympathy when, through their own covetous folly, they reap what they have sown in the shape of stagnation, loss and bankruptcy. From the Democratic party they can expect justice which will remove from trade every tax not absolutely reduired to maintain the government. From the Republican party they have nothing to expect but fraudulent jugglery of "compensatory protection" which seeks to rob them for the benefit of Mr. Columbus Delano's Sheep Association, and to rob the consumer for the benefit of both. That system is ruining woolen manufacturing. As long as it continues, woolen factories will continue to shut down. But even here there is "compensation," for the men who complain of being "made a party foot ball" have leisure thus given them for reflection on the disadvantage of trying to get rich by act of Congress at other people's expense.—*Republic.*

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