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Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE. OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND TRUTH: TERMS—$1.50 a Year, in Advance

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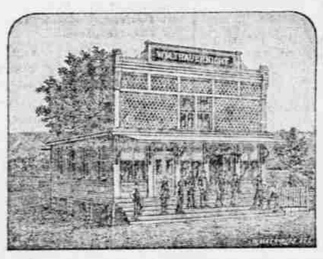

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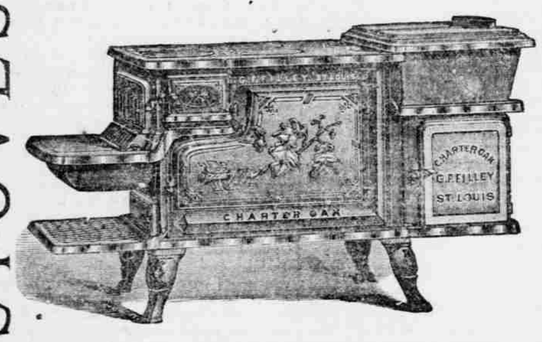

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A BULL FIGHT IN PROVENCE.

Scenes of Excitement Attendant Upon the Event.

Usually the bulls for the Sunday's bull fight are brought into the town from the Camargue in a closed van, and scarcely anyone knows when they arrive. But at rare intervals they are driven by their Camarguan keepers through the streets to their stables in the amphitheater. In most parts of the civilized world all precaution is taken to keep wild cattle out of the public thoroughfares; in Provence, to send them tearing through the towns is the treat of treats reserved for holidays. The route they were now to follow had been officially announced, with M. le maire's signature to the proclamation. The greater part of it of course lay along the boulevards. The whole place was barricaded with wooden barriers to prevent their escape down any cross street, and everywhere shutters were drawn in lower windows, and doors were closed, and shops were shut, in case they did, by chance, get loose. Business was suspended.

By three o'clock, the entire town of more than twenty thousand people had turned out to meet them. At the cafes on the Lices there was not a vacant table. Gay parties were at every window and in every pretty hanging-garden. The paths opposite were thronged, and the market was over. To greet the bulls the stately, handsome women of Arles had put on their finest costumes, their long gold watch-chains hanging over the Quaker-like shawls and soft fichus, the pretty Arlesian cross at their throat, a tiny square of rich old lace inclosed in the velvet ribbon of their head-dress. They walked together arm-in-arm on the wide road, conscious that they were, as a sight, equal to any other part of the day's show.

Boys already were climbing into the trees in a delicious tremor of fear and expectation. * * * But suddenly there was a cry of, "Ye! les taureaux!" and the dancers, hot and breathless, rushed to the garden railings. Out on the Lices people were fleeing in every direction, springing across the little ditch by the roadside, jumping up on the high marble benches.

At the far end of the boulevards rose a cloud of white dust. The next minute eight black bulls thundered past on a dead gallop, the foam streaming from their mouths, guarded on each side by men, each one of whom carried a long trident and was mounted on a white horse of Camargue. After them came at full tilt men and boys and even women. From the gardens the crowd turned and made a short cut for the amphitheater. From every street people were running towards it, laughing, shouting, pushing, panting. All Arles was racing for one more look at the bulls.

We reached the front of the main entrance just in time to see the black bulls galloping up a narrow street, one or two a little in advance, and the white horses, their riders setting firm in the saddle, the long tridents in their hands. They were at the top of the street. The only way now open for them led into the stables. Suddenly the barrier fell. Eight bulls were at large in the streets of Arles.

Everybody left. I did not wait to see anything more. But when, once safe inside the amphitheater, I looked out again, near windows and balconies were still crowded, and there were still groups on many housetops; but no one was on the street.

Gradually the women came back to the doors, lifting up the green curtains and peeping out while they kept the children well behind them. Men walked boldly about. Then at last we started cautiously for the hotel. Wild rumors were abroad. "One bull has gone into the Cafe du Forum. It jumped through the glass of the front door. The waiters and the patron ran. It knocked down the tables; it went out through the back door." "Two are in the place de la Republique. They have got into the Hotel de Ville, and are mounting towards the man of bronze. The clerks have flown." "They are coming here now. Les taureaux! les taureaux!" Then came precipitate flight.

But the bulls were seen no more that night. They had gone back to the Camargue. Eight others, fresh and fit for combat, were brought in the covered van to take their places.

Preposterous as it may seem to let a regiment of cowboys and bulls loose in this town—a flourishing city long before the Christian era—there was a barbaric picturesqueness about the grand arrival of the bulls not to be found in the better regulated spectacles of more serious people.—J. Pennell, in Century.

Summary Execution.

A despotic government has its advantages, and among them is the easy collection of a debt, provided the ruler is friendly to the creditor. Ahmed Vefyk Pasha, a Turkish statesman, was once governor of Broussa, and this story is told of his paternal rule: A rich man had judgment pronounced against him in favor of a poor man. The latter, owing to the bribes of the rich man, could not obtain execution, and complained to Ahmed Vefyk. After hearing the case, Ahmed saw the debtor riding up to the Konak upon a beautiful Arab horse. He ordered the creditor to sit down, called a messenger, and whispered to him. The debtor entered the room, and was surprised at the exceptional cordiality of the pasha, who invited him to sit down, to take coffee, and to converse. Presently, when he rose to leave, the pasha pressed him to remain, and kept him more than an hour, until, indeed, a messenger entered the room and placed a small bag on the table before Ahmed. When the debtor next rose, Ahmed took the bag from the table and gave it to him, stating, "This is yours. You owed so much to this poor man, I have sold your horse, paid him, and this is the balance belonging to you."—Youth's Companion.

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From Over the Water.

XI.

PALLANZA, Saturday, Aug. 8.

The hotel is a festive scene to-night. There are Chinese lanterns of all shapes and colors hung on the balconies and along the walks in the yard. The effect is really very good. The band has been stationed in front, just under our window, ever since supper. They play at intervals and are treated to wine between times. It is really pleasant to hear a band again. 'Tis a good one and the music doesn't seem so loud and harsh as we often hear at home. They played "America" a few minutes ago. It was with variations, not just as we sing it, but it never sounded so good to me. I tell you there was a clapping of hands on all sides when they finished, and they had to play it again. We illuminated my American flag by setting two candles behind it and 'twas effective I can assure you. I'm only afraid it was so high up that the people below do not get the full benefit.

Sunday morning, Aug. 9.—The day is still, clear, cool and perfectly delightful. This is a beautiful place to sleep, and the past two nights have been most refreshing. Not that I have any trouble about sleeping; since the first night on the sleeper from Ohio to New York I've had no difficulty, but sometimes dreams, mosquitos and other interruptions prevent the devotion of the whole night to peaceful slumbers. Every morning when I wake I think of you, begin to wonder what you are doing, and then it comes over me that 'tis still the middle of night, and then I realize how far away I am. Often it seems impossible that the great ocean lies between us. For instance, as we passed groups of sycamore trees, I was carried home in thought, and as we rode along in the darkness on our way to Pisa, it seemed, as I sat looking out the window that I was on the way from Oberlin to Missouri, and I could hardly put the impression from my mind; but I was going to tell something more of what we saw and did in Rome. You see we were there from Saturday noon until Wednesday noon; considering the short time we had I think we saw a great deal. Some pictures we wanted to see were in private collections, which were closed for the summer, but we found a great deal that was of interest. Monday afternoon we drove to the church of St. Paul's without the walls and then visited the catacombs of St. Sebastian. We were prepared and wrought into a state of ghostly anticipation by the priests in the damp old church which we entered. They moved about silently and mysteriously in their dark robes and lighted long wax tapers and gave one to each of us. Then the priest who was to be our guide opened a door, and, speaking for the first time, requested that the last one close it as we came through. Then down we went into an arched passage way hewn in the solid rock, with innumerable turns and side passages, with always that little cowled figure at our head. His look was decidedly wierd, but his bright eyes danced when he pointed to a dusty heap and said, "bones!" He rather enjoyed trying to frighten the girls, I think. All along the walls were rows of shelves or places cut in to hold coffins. Some were very small, for little children. In none of them could we see coffins, but often there would be a heap of bones or a skeleton ready to crumble at the faintest touch. The catecombs were originally stone quarries, it is thought. Then they were the dwellings and places of worship of the early Christians. Thousands of martyrs were buried there, but many bodies have been removed and taken to the churches in Rome and a shrine for some saint made over it. In the wall on one side we saw a bit of broken bottle which the monk said once held the blood of the martyrs. Upon coming up into the church again the little monk showed us a case of relics in a case over one of the altars. Among them was a stone bearing the prints of two feet, our Lord's, the Catholics believe. The drive out there and back was most enjoyable. The ruins along the Appian way and out in the Campagna were more like the Rome that I had imagined. Old bits of aqueducts, broken walls, ruined columns and arches, stood out in the twilight grim and bleak and alone. The sun set without a cloud, and the golden, misty light on hills and plain was beautiful. On Wednesday morning we visited the church of the Capucini, which has the most ghastly cemetery in the world. They have some holy ground brought from Jerusalem and all the monks of that monastery must be buried in it. So when one dies they dig up the bones of the one who has been there longest and put the last one in his place. The bones are arranged in artistic (?) fashion upon the walls and ceiling, and all sorts of mosaics and decorations are made from the bones of these disinterred priests. There are four or five rooms, all different in design, but made in the same way. There is a chandelier in one of them of bones fastened together. One room is almost entirely of jaw bones, another of skulls, and one of thigh bones. Heaps of "tibulas" and "fibias" are used to make grottos or cases where whole skeletons are placed. Some are standing, others lying with bony hands closed over the crucifix. All these have the crumbling remains of the brown robe and hood of the Capucin order. The hair and beard were plainly visible on some of them, and some of the bony hands had bits of dried flesh. There was no odor, as you might suppose, but the sight of those grinning skeleton figures was decidedly ghastly. That is the only adjective which I can apply to it. The monk who took us down waited in the passageway while we looked. He was of portly frame and looked undisturbedly at the thought that one day his bones must go to decorate one of those awful rooms. They are lighted through the passageway by windows, which open into the court of a large horse stable. That's the way you find things mixed up in Italy.

I neglected to tell you of the famous Pisan Campo Sante. There is a long rectangular corridor surrounding a green grass covered plot. The flagstones of this corridor are over graves and bear inscriptions. Along the sides are monuments in marble—some very beautiful in design. Upon the walls are paintings by old, old artists. One represents the Triumph of Death. The Dark Angel passes by a group of monks and beggars who implore him to take them, and he seizes on a company of happy, gay young people. Some corpses are lying in the foreground, and their souls are seen coming out of their bodies in the shape of little naked angels. The soul of a fat old priest is seized by the feet by a devil, while an angel holds his hands. It seems to be an even chance between them. At one side a group of horsemen come upon three coffins; two contain bloated corpses with huge worms devouring them, and the third holds a skeleton. The expressions on the faces of the cavaliers are very different. One is apparently unmoved, another is reflective, a third holds his nose, and so on. A representation of the Last Judgment portrays the devil in most hideous form, devouring the helpless souls with evident delight. One picture painted before the discovery of America shows that the sense of humor was known to the world before that time. 'Tis the wine press of Noah and the story of his drunkenness. In one corner stands a woman with her hands over her face, peeping through her spread fingers. She is the "scandalized female." Miss D. called my attention to it, and it certainly is interesting and refreshing to find a touch of that kind among the old pictures, which impress us as staid and proper. The one thing I regret about our visit to Pisa is that I did not climb the leaning tower. We saw it, of course, and it is beautiful aside from its interesting slant. Only two girls went up inside, Hattie R. and Grace E. The rest of us felt tired from being up late and dreaded the stairs, but what is a few hours' fatigue compared with the life-long satisfaction of having been to the top of that seventh wonder? I'm ashamed of myself.

But to skip back to Rome again. I was in St. Peters but once, and that was Tuesday A. M. I saw that it was vast, but got no definite impression of its vastness and beauty. I wish we might see it again. We heard a bit of the service, and the music I enjoyed very much. Three male voices (fine ones, too) rendered the words "Hosanna in Excelsis" in a way to thrill one. There was a group of girls, nine in number, all dressed alike in drab, who knelt throughout the service all in a line with a devout nun behind them. Before leaving the church they knelt in front of several shrines, repeated their prayers with clasped hands and filed meekly out. It was very pretty to look at. Tuesday afternoon we visited the ruins of the baths of Caracalla which were once very magnificent, and accommodated sixteen hundred bathers at once. There were hot air, hot and cold water departments. A bath was a great luxury in those days. Bits of the old floor showed fine Mosaic work. The old furnace has lately been excavated and we saw the places in the walls for the hot air pipes. Many of the fine statues in Rome were discovered in that place. Before coming away on Wednesday we made a second visit to the Museum of Sculpture and found that we had seen almost nothing in it the first time. The richest collection in the world, I suppose.

Old Times.

Ed. Register—

A few days ago I received a letter from a lady cousin, from my old home country. She was then at Minneapolis, Minnesota, at the Christian Endeavor convention, where every state of the Union was represented. Over eighteen thousand delegates were assembled. Among other interesting things she wrote, she said, "I, with a great many others, have just been to see the great Minneapolis flouring mills." Accompanying the letter, she sent the card of Pilsberry Mills Co., which card stated that mill A made seven thousand five hundred barrels of flour each day of the week, and the three mills owned by that company made ten thousand barrels of flour per day; that it could feed three such cities as New York. Took two hundred cars a day to bring the wheat to the mill and carry away the flour and bran. As I read the letter and card, I just sat down and thought, how different the present time to the days when I was a boy! How fast the world has moved on, and what changes and improvements have been made in the days of my life. I can well remember when all the grain was beat out on the barn floor with the flail; from daylight until dark, thump, thump, thump! went the flail, day after day, week after week, for months at a time. I can remember how we had to go to mill on horseback, with a sack of grain balanced across the horse's back, and go for miles, and be gone all day—and, sometimes, two—before we could get that sack of grain ground. I can remember when all the wheat flour we had came from Genesee Valley, in the State of New York. At that time the Genesee flour was all the kind of flour quoted in the papers; it was sent to all parts of the world. Years later, St. Louis was the great flour emporium. It is but a few years since the St. Louis flour stood at the top all over the world, and brought the highest price of any make or brand in the world. Now Minneapolis is the great flour center of all that is great in the bread line.

I can well remember one of the first years we were in this Valley. I think it was the second year. The first year was the year of the great drouth, when nothing was raised, which made bread stuff very scarce until the crops were made the second year. Everybody got out of bread. No flour, no meal. I can well remember some of the neighbors had some bran, and one woman tried making it into a sort of bread. She brought some to our house, to show us she could make bread out of bran. From that we all ate bran cakes. But wa'n't it rough on our inards! I well remember one morning father said, "We won't want any gravel to help our gizzards, for I feel as if my stomach needed half soling now." The boys and girls of to-day don't know what it is to live, now, with everything at their command.

I remember one year—I think it was 1842—we had a dry time. The creeks all went dry, or nearly so. We tramped out a load of wheat with horses in the barn, and fanned it up with the wind and on a sheet, and then sifted it so it was pretty clean. On Monday morning we loaded up the big ox wagon with thirty bushels of wheat, and hitched three yoke of oxen to the wagon. The wagon was provisioned for a long trip, and my Old Pard for driver, with instruction to go until he get flour, if he had to go to St. Louis. Like Columbus on his voyage of discovery, without chart or compass, he started. When or where he would be back no one knew, for there were but a few in the country, and miles and miles apart. When Old Pard reached Pinhook, he was told that way down on Black river they were grinding a little. So he turned his team down the East Fork of Black river—and, oh, such roads! Almost impassable. When night came, the oxen were turned loose, with bells on, to feast on the pea-vine and luscious grass. The teamster cooked his own food. When he reached Munger's mill he found they could only grind enough for the few people in that neighborhood; but they thought he could get grinding down to Johnson's mill, eight or ten miles below. So the team went on. I have often wondered how he ever got there and back again over such awful roads. When he reached Johnson's mill, they were just as bad off as at Munger's. As there were no mills farther down stream, he turned his team up stream, to try a mill on Cedar Creek. When he reached Cedar Creek, they were no better off than the others. But they said, "You can get some grinding at Old Uncle Bob Bryant's on Clear Creek, four miles west of Caledonia." So he plodded on, day after day, until he reached Bryant's mill. At first they refused to grind, but, after hearing Old Pard's story, they said, "You may leave half of your load, and you go on to Hornsey's mill, this side of Potosi, and we will grind in the night, while no one is around."

When he reached Hornsey's, they said, "We can't grind for you. Just look at the piles of sacks. We can only grind a little of each—just enough to keep the mouths of our customers filled." But when they heard Old Pard's story, they said, "If you can wait a week, or such a matter, we will steal a little time each night, and try and grind the balance of your load.

Every day, after the first week, we at home kept an eye up the road, to see if we could see anything of the team; and how anxious we felt for fear he could get no grinding. All this time we had subsisted on grated corn and what little flour we had left, with shorts, and, as a substitute, boiled wheat. Although we had a plenty of meat and vegetables and fruit it goes pretty hard when the bread-box is empty.

At last, one Sunday, just before sundown, we heard the popping of that great big ox whip. As the team came tolling up the road with the sacks, how anxiously we all looked until we knew whether he had brought his wheat back, or whether he had got flour. As he came up how anxiously we waited for him to tell us whether it was bread or no bread. I don't think Old Jacob waited and watched for his sons' return from their trip down to Egypt as anxiously as we did. And, don't you think, it was just three weeks he had been gone, and not a word had we heard from him all that time. Oh, what a time!

I think it was about this time that our old neighbor down the creek—the father of our three girls that lived on the hill—concluded he would not be beholden to the creek for grinding; he would build him a mill of his own, and run it with horse power. The old man made him a large shed, set up on posts; under this shed he made a great cog-wheel, thirty feet across, with long levers for his horses to pull by—just like a merry-go-round. A big cog wheel worked into a trundle head that moved the millstone around. After he had got his mill running, the first turn of course it ground, the family all went down to the mill to see and admire the thing. At last one of the girls could restrain herself no longer: As she took a long breath, she said, "Wall, we don't ax no odds of the guyner, now; we got a mill of our own now!" Yes, sir, they had a mill of their own! T. P. R.

FOR SALE.—A Fine Jersey Bull, 4 years old; full blooded; in good condition. For sale cheap for cash, or on trade for cows or a horse. Will be at Collins' livery stable for one week, commencing Thursday, 8th inst.

Children Cry
for Pitcher's Castoria.