

Official Directory.

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Circuit Court is held on the fourth Monday in April and October. COUNTY COURT convenes on the first Monday of March, June, September and December.
Probate Court is held on the first Monday in February, May, August and November.

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M. E. CHURCH, Cor. Reynolds and Mountain Streets, L. H. TREMBLE, Pastor. Residence: Ironton. Services every Sabbath excepting the first of each month at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Sunday School 9:50 A. M. Class Meeting Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. All are invited.
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LUTHERAN CHURCH, Pilot Knob. Rev. OTTO PRAYER, Pastor.
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SOCIETIES:

IRON LODGE, No. 107, I. O. O. F., meets every Monday at its hall, corner Main and Madison streets. A. P. VANCE, N. S. J. S. JOHNSON, Secretary.
IRONTON ENCAMPMENT, No. 29, I. O. O. F., meets on the first and third Thursday evenings of every month in Odd-Fellows' Hall, corner Main and Madison streets. AUG. RIEKE, C. P. J. E. BALDWIN, Scribe.
STAR OF THE WEST LODGE, No. 133, A. F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall, corner Main and Madison streets, on Saturday of each month, preceding full moon. W. R. EDGAR, W. M. W. A. FLETCHER, Secretary.
MILAN CHAPTER, No. 71, R. A., meets at the Masonic Hall, on the first and third Tuesdays of each month, at 7 P. M. W. R. EDGAR, M. E. H. P. E. D. AKE, Secretary.
VALLEY LODGE, No. 1870, KNIGHTS OF HONOR, meets in Odd-Fellows' Hall every alternate Wednesday evening. J. R. WALKER, D. A. HUFF, Reporter.
EASTERN STAR LODGE, No. 62, A. F. & A. M. (colored), meets on the second Saturday of each month.

IRON POST, No. 245, G. A. R., meets the 2d and 4th Saturdays of each month at 2 P. M.
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IRONTON CAMP, No. 160, Sons of Veterans, meets every 1st and 3rd Saturday evening, each month, and every Tuesday evening for drill. C. R. PECK, Camp Commander. C. R. PECK, First Sergeant.

PILOT KNOB. PILOT KNOB LODGE, No. 253, A. O. U. W., meets every 2d and 4th Friday evenings, 7:30 P. M., upstairs in Union Church.
PILOT KNOB LODGE, No. 155, I. O. O. F., meets every 1st and 3rd Friday at their hall. CHAS. MASCHMEYER, Secretary.

IRON LODGE, No. 30, Sons of HERMAN, meets on the second and last Sunday of each month. W. M. STEVENS, President. VAL EPPINGER, Secretary.

IRON MOUNTAIN. IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 430, A. F. & A. M., meets Saturday night on or before the full moon. L. E. FLETCHER, W. M. J. A. PARKER, Secretary.

IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 200, I. O. O. F., meets Wednesday night of every week. J. A. PARKER, Sec'y.
IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 283, A. O. U. W., meets on the first and third Friday of each month.

BELLEVUE. MOSAIC LODGE, No. 1551, A. F. & A. M., meets on Saturday night or after the full moon. E. M. LOGAN, W. M. R. J. HILL, Secretary.

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ST. LOUIS, MO. H. C. TOWNSEND, Gen. P. and T. Ag't.

Weary.

I am weary, Oh so weary,
Of earth's lasting strife;
Wondering if there is nothing lovely,
Nothing charming in my life.

I am weary, Oh so weary,
Of earth's troubled sorrow;
Wondering if there is nothing happy,
Nothing lovely in the morrow.

I am weary, Oh so weary,
Of earth's weary pain;
Wondering if there's nothing charming,
No rest for me again.

I am weary, Oh so weary,
Of earth's little joys,
Wondering if there is nothing pleasant,
No, earth's pleasures are but alloy.

I am weary, Oh so weary,
Of earth's disappointing ways;
Wondering if there is nothing joyous,
If earth has no better days.

J. S.

"Because It Didn't Pay."

He had traveled through Sahara, bravely
Defeated enraged Mussalem and dined
on crocodile;
Knew everything of politics, religion
and the law,
Could box and fence and scull a race
and please his mother-in-law—
In short, had all accomplishments of
men both great and wise,
But he couldn't run a business, for he
wouldn't advertise.
—John R. Barrett, in Printers Ink.

Old Times.

Ed. Register—Thursday, May 19th,
1892: fifty-four years spent in this
lovely Valley of Arcadia, and, as I look
around over the Valley, how different
it all looks this morning from what it
did the first morning after we came;
and how many changes have taken
place all over this broad land, and how
little was known of all this vast country
west of the Mississippi river, at that
time. And how people lived in all of
the country west of the Allegheny
Mountains. How different it all seems
now! with its millions of inhabitants
and hundreds and thousands of villages,
towns and cities; with its net work of
railroads; and as I look back to those
days when everybody lived in a log
cabin, with all barns and cribs and
other buildings made of logs and
covered with split bark, fastened on
with weight poles; and when you looked
over the plantation, you saw men
breaking ground for the crop with one
horse or mule, and the women and
children out in the field with a big
heavy old hoe, chopping out the weeds,
while the men ploughed, or hoeing in
the cotton patch. As I look back over
all these years, and can see in my
thoughts just how each of our old
neighbors looked and dressed; it seems
like another world from what we live
in at this time, 1892.

And as I sit and look over my garden
with its long rows of onions, pars-
nips, carrots, beets, lettuce, cabbages
and cauliflower—the strawberries al-
most ripe—grapes loaded with bloss-
oms, giving promise of a bountiful
crop of luscious grapes in the future—
how fresh it brings to my mind my
first garden.

The same spot that is in garden now,
I remember how, in the early morning,
I would dig and grub, while my young
wife got the breakfast; and as she came
to the garden and said, "breakfast is
ready," as we took our seats at the table
and each of us repeated some appropriate
passage of Scripture. If I was
sowing seeds, such as "In the morning
sow thy seed, and in the evening with-
hold not thy hand, for thou knowest
not whether this or that shall prosper,
or both alike shall be good;" or if I
had been digging grubs: "By the sweat
of thy brow thou shalt eat bread all the
days of thy life." Then as I looked
over the table and saw such lovely
venison steak, with nice butter cakes,
puffy biscuits, and lots of other good
things, how it made my heart go
out to the Giver of all good; and at
evening after the supper was over I
would work in the grubs while my wife
would come and pick up the grubs and
burn them. Ah, it all comes to me so
fresh this morning; I can see her just
as she looked in her girl-wife days.

When I married, a woman friend
that lived way east of the Knob had
said to me, "When you make your first
garden I want to furnish the seeds." In
those days we had no seed stores;
every person saved all of their seed
from year to year. After I had got
my ground ready to plant I went over
the mountains to get my seed that she
had promised. When I reached her
house I said: "I have got my garden
all ready for the seed you promised
me." From an old bee gum that stood
back in the corner of the cabin, she
brought out bunch after bunch of seeds
all tied up in pieces of old cloth, with
strings tied around. All the bunches
she spread on the table; after she had
opened each kind, (they were of all
sorts, beets, beans, both bunch and
pole, cabbage, cucumbers, lettuce, on-
ion sets, peas, &c.) then she took just

as many square bits of cloth as there
were kinds of seeds and spread them all
out on the other side of the table and
commenced to put a portion of seeds
from each big rag to the small ones,
until all were filled. Then she tied
them all up again. At last she gath-
ered all the bunches up in her hands
and gave them to me. All the time
she had been working with the seeds
she had been telling me how to plant
and how to tend each kind. She
seemed to be so very anxious I should
sow a good garden. When she handed
me the seeds I said "Thank you."
You just ought to have seen her when
I said "thank you." She just broke
down and said, "Why, you fool man,
you have just spoiled the whole thing,
you might just as well throw all those
seeds in the fire. They won't do you a
mite of good. Ah, it's too bad, you
won't have a thing."

I said, "I have always been taught
to thank for any favors and I don't
think it will make a cent's worth of dif-
ference if I thank you a thousand
times."
"Well, we'll see, but I just know you
won't raise a thing from all those
seeds, I just know you won't."
"Well, I am going home and I am
going to plant every seed, and if I don't
have as good garden as you or any
other woman, I will be mistaken; and
I want you to come and see me and my
wife and our garden, and we will see if
it spoils the truck to thank."
"Yes, you Yankees may do as much
thanksgiving as you please way down here
you came from, but it won't do in this
country."

Well, I planted those seeds and they
all came up and grew and prospered
and made splendid crops. One day she
came over to see us, she said, but I al-
ways believed it was to see if I had any
garden. My wife and I took her to see
the garden; you ought to have seen how
disappointed she looked when she saw
how much better my garden was than
her own. "And now, Mr. —, do you
really think it hurt those seeds to thank
for them?" That may do down in your
yankee land, but it won't do out here.
I always believed the woman was sor-
ry the seed didn't fail. It is so hard
for some folks to find they were mis-
taken, to have their say-so not come
true.

The National Capitol.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 10, 1892.
The "political dough" is being kneaded
with a vim at the Nation's Center
just now, and both Houses are grind-
ing along in a perfunctory sort of way,
with their inmost thoughts scurrying
over the country for a leader, rather
than intent upon the business before
them.

Numerous important men of both
parties are all over Union find it
convenient to be in Washington at the
present, and the city papers teem with
informal talks given out by these wise
men in hotel lobbies and elsewhere,
bearing upon the present outlook.

Prominent among these is the Hon.
Henri Watterson, of the Louisville
Courier Journal, who lectured here last
week on "Money and Morals," in which
he took occasion to roughly estimate
the present political status. He gave
it out that the whole stock in trade of
the politician of to-day, was "mighty
small politics," but that no real political
danger menaced from within or
without. In an interview the next day,
which you have doubtless long since
read, he attempted to show that Cleve-
land was not now available. Avail-
ability: how potent, how grand, thou
art. Statesmanship, experience in gov-
ernmental affairs, learning, ability,
purity of official life, all go down be-
fore thy conquering name. Truly there
is a danger menacing and from within.

The latest talk in Republican ranks
is that Blaine will be nominated at
Minneapolis and that he will accept.
This morning's Washington Post says:
"The silver fight now seems certain to
be something of a factor in the conven-
tion. The silver states have decided
to pool their issues and vote as a unit
for a free silver man until the signal
comes from Quay and Platt and the
other leaders, and then they will swing
in a body in the proper direction. This
consolidation of the votes of the dele-
gates from the silver states will, of
course, have a tendency also to empha-
size the sentiment against Harrison."

But I have already devoted more
space to political talk than I intended,
so I will switch off to something else.

Everybody in Missouri has heard of,
and most of them have listened to, the
great "Gilmore's Band;" perhaps not
so many are as well posted as to the U.
S. Marine Band, so a few words about
it. It is the pride of the Nation and of
Washington official life. It is the band
of the White House, of Congress, and
of Army and Navy circles in Washing-
ton. It is the band that beguiles the
guests of the President at all White

House receptions. It is the band that
on Saturday afternoons in the White
House grounds causes all Washington
to flock to the scene and charms them
with its delightful strains. It is the
band which heads every official pro-
cession, which is the chief musical fea-
ture of the inauguration ceremonies and
balls. It is in fact the boast of Wash-
ington official life and the only band in
America which is regarded as the offi-
cial exponent of the musical public.
No pains or expense is spared to make
it perfect. It consist of a great leader,
the best musicians that can anywhere
be obtained, and its equipments, res-
plendent uniforms, etc., make it a
perfect picture to the eye.

The director, Mr. John Philip Sousa,
who is the seventh in the career of the
band, was appointed eleven years ago,
and his great abilities as a conductor
and composer have placed the Marine
Band in the very front rank of national
bands of the world.

The members are enlisted as marines
and classified as musicians, and entitled
to retirement for old age, or pensions
for disabilities received in the service.
All have to be subjected to the most
rigid physical and musical examina-
tion, and must be over five feet and six
inches tall. The strictest discipline is
maintained, the members all taking
pride in the character of their organi-
zation, and, furthermore, being prompt-
ly by the kindest consideration and
esteem for their distinguished leader,
who is known as the "March King."

The instruments of the band are 14
Bb clarinets, 2 Eb clarinets, 2 flutes,
2 oboes, 2 bassoons, 4 saxophones, 2 alto
clarinets, 1 bass clarinet, 4 French
horns, 3 cornets, 2 trumpets, 2 flugel
horns, 3 trombones, 2 euphoniums, 3
basses, drums, triangles, tympani, etc.

The band has just returned from a
tour to the Pacific Coast and the larger
cities between and gave a concert at
Albany's Opera House on Monday
night, and, though Barnum's Circus
was here at the time and many other
attractions, there was not standing
room at the concert.

The usual Saturday evening concerts
in the White House grounds will be
given hereafter at the driving track on
the Mall. This results from the forma-
tion lately of a fashionable drive at
this place from 4 to 5 o'clock Saturday
evenings. The fashionable turnouts of
Vice-President Morton, Sec'y Blaine,
Elkins and all the other notables may
here be viewed as they roll gaily round
the ring.

Blaine is not above going to a circus,
for he was to be seen at Barnum's last
Monday evening in the press box. All
Washington seems to take kindly to the
pleasures of the saw-dust ring, for at
the evening performance 2,000 people
were turned away after buying tickets.
Consequently one bold individual sued
Mr. Bailey the next day for \$500 for
failure to perform his contract. D.

The Gain of a Lost Tax.

As the first effect of every tax on
trade is to decrease the consumption of
the articles on which the tax is levied,
so when the tax on trade in any article
is removed the consumption of the article
increases at once. As a means of
increasing the taxes on trade compet-
ing with corporations specially favored
by the Republican party the McKinley
law transferred the tariff tax from raw
sugar to the schedules of manufactured
goods, paying sugar producers a direct
bounty from the Treasury to "compensate"
them for the share in the usufruct
of taxation they had enjoyed indirectly.

The Republican shuffle in raw sugar
was really an increase in taxation of
some \$10,000,000 a year (or by the
amount of the bounty paid annually),
but the transfer of the tax on raw sug-
ar to manufactured goods left the
trade in raw sugar unhampered, and
the result has been a great increase in
the amount of sugar consumed.

In 1890 we consumed 1,522,731 tons
of sugar; in 1891, 1,885,594 tons.
This is an increase of over 23 per
cent. in the amount consumed annual-
ly. The amount consumed per person
was 54.56 pounds in 1890. In 1891 it
was 67.46 pounds. Yet it cannot be
alleged that we wasted sugar last year.
The decrease in price set thousands of
housewives to preserving fruit that they
had been obliged to allow to go to
waste as long as the tariff tax remain-
ed on raw sugar, making it artificially
scarce in this country. Every pound
of the fruit thus saved was double and
treble the value of the sugar used in
saving it, and it was a clear gain. In-
stead of meaning waste, the increased
consumption meant greater saving,
more economy and the preservation as
wealth of what had been allowed to go
to waste before because of the tariff tax
on raw sugar.

Every tariff tax produces this arti-
ficial scarcity in a direct proportion to
the amount of the tax in its relation to
the value of the article on which it is

laid. When the tax is removed on
trade in any article, the increase in
consumption that follows immediately
is not due to extravagance or to waste.
It is simply the return to natural con-
ditions under which the natural supply
is allowed to relieve the existing need.
In some articles it is a failure, but in
the main it succeeds in its object as
long as it exists. Who, after seeing
the result in the case sugar, can doubt
that the same effect would follow the
same cause in the case of clothing, win-
dow glass, binding twine, cotton ties,
cutlery, crockery or any other article
the supply of which is now limited by
the Republican tariff?—*Republic.*

Somebody to Beat Harrison.

Our esteemed contemporary, the
Albany Journal, is in harmony with
that numerous class of Republicans
who are not in harmony with the Hon.
Benjamin Harrison, and who do not
believe it prudent to put up with a
Hobson's Choice candidate. The Hon.
John Sherman has the honor of being
supported copiously and enthusiastically
by our Albany contemporary, and by
some other anti-Harrisonians.

We fancy that Mr. Sherman regards
the compliment with a certain grim-
ness. He has long had the honorable
and natural ambition to be President,
and in sagacity, in experience, and in
wide and varied knowledge of the prin-
ciples and details of administration and
legislation he has no superior in his
party; but Garfield and Foraker have
taught him a lesson. He knows that
it is virtually impossible for an Ohio
Republican delegation to a National
Convention to support an Ohio candi-
date honestly and persistently. For-
aker, the putid and treacherous Foraker,
is still in the way, and so Mr. Sherman
is not likely to give any encourage-
ment to a Sherman boom. The notion
that he ought to suppress such a boom
on the ground that the Administration
helped him in his fight for a renomina-
tion as Senator is sieve-like. What-
ever are the merits of the Hon. Ben-
jamin Harrison, his popularity is of such
a peculiar reversed sort that he may
be said to help most the side which he
is not on. Ohio and not gratitude will
keep Mr. Sherman from striving
against Gen Harrison's candidacy.

Governor McKinley has a good place
now and may have great expectations,
but he will naturally prefer to wait
until 1896. His name has been consid-
ered by the anti-Harrisonians, and al-
though he has the misfortune to come
from Ohio, he is probably stronger
there than any candidate except Mr.
Blaine; but he seems content to let Gen.
Harrison or anybody else have the
nomination. It is not for his interest
to be active in seeking the nomination.
To keep on making friends, to avoid
making enemies, to attend to his busi-
ness, and to wait is the safe programme
for Governor McKinley.

If the opponents of Gen. Harrison are
really bent upon defeating him, they
might go as far as Kansas for a candi-
date. The Chairman of the Kansas
delegation to Minneapolis is as vigor-
ous and brilliant a man and politician
as can be desired. There could not be
a more complete opposite to the Hon.
Benjamin Harrison. The Hoosier's
recommendations are all negative, col-
orless, and cold. The Hon. John
James Ingalls is a positive, interesting
and commanding personality; and how
he likes to fight!—*N. Y. Sun.*

FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

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its readers will get the important news
of the Campaign and Election at least
half a week earlier than any weekly
paper could furnish it. It will be in-
dispensable during the campaign.
Subscribe Now, and get all the news
from the beginning to the close of the
Election. An extra copy will be sent
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a packet of sample copies, and raise a
club. Address *The Republic*, St. Louis,
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physicians for sickness.

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for Pitcher's Castoria.**