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Official Directory.

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IRONTON LODGE, No. 14, K. of P., Ironton, Mo., meets every Friday evening at Odd-Fellows Hall.
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IRON LODGE, No. 107, I. O. O. F., meets every Monday at its hall, corner Main and Madison streets. A. P. VANCE, N. G. J. S. JORDAN, Secretary.
IRONTON ENCAMPMENT, No. 29, I. O. O. F., meets on the first and third Tuesday evenings of every month in Odd-Fellows Hall, corner Main and Madison streets. AGO. BUCKER, P. E. C. BAYLOR, Secretary.
STAR OF THE WEST LODGE, No. 133, A. F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall, corner Main and Madison streets, on Saturday or preceding full moon. W. R. EDGAR, W. M. W. A. FLETCHER, Secretary.
MIDIAN 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 Wednesday evening. J. B. WALKER, D. A. HUFF, Reporter.
FRANKS STAR LODGE, No. 62, A. F. & A. M., meets on the second and Saturday of each month.
IRON POST, No. 346, G. A. R., meets the 2d and 4th Saturdays of each month at 2 P. M.
FRANZ DINGER, P. C. C. R. Preck, Adjt.IRONTON CAMP, No. 160, Sons of Veterans, meets every 1st and 3d Saturday evening, each month, and every Tuesday evening for drill. C. C. DINGER, Camp Commander. C. R. Preck, First Sergeant.PILOT KNOB, 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. 158, I. O. O. F., meets every Tuesday evening at their hall. CHAS. MASCHMEYER, Secretary.
IRON LODGE, No. 29, Sons of HERMAN, meets on the second and last Sunday of each month. W. M. STEPHENS, President. VAL. EFFINGER, Secretary.IRON MOUNTAIN, IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 430, A. F. & A. M., meets Saturday night or before the full moon. LOUIS PETTIT, W. M. J. A. PARKER, Secretary.
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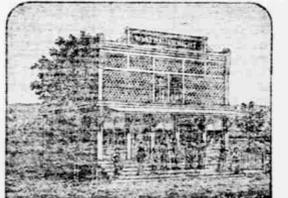
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THE ETERNAL CITY.

Statuary, Painting and Scenery Under the Blue Skies of Italy.

Rome, August 7th, 1892.

The ride on the steamer to the other end of lake Lugano was very enjoyable, and even more so from Menaggio to Como. There was a peculiar delight in seeing again a place we had seen before. We could hardly bear to pass Bellagio without getting off again.

On reaching Milan, after supper, we went out to see the cathedral by moonlight. It is imposing from the side; the front is comparatively insignificant, not showing the real beauty or size of the building. The entrance to the arcades is near the cathedral, and consists of a fine arch. As we passed through we came into an open place where we saw Leonardo da Vinci's statue. I like it better than almost anything of that sort we have seen. It is more than life size, and around him on the high pedestal are four of his pupils. They have expressive attitudes and their faces are noble ones.

Tuesday, some of us climbed to the top of the cathedral, three hundred and sixty feet. It was not nearly so tiresome as the Cologne cathedral, because the stairs are not circular, or at least have little landing places, and part of the climb is out in the open air. I was very glad I went to the top and got the effect of the many statues and carvings. The view of the surrounding country was extensive, including the Monte Rosa chain. They had a pink tinge that is indescribable.

We visited the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie where Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" is. The picture is so worn by time that the features of Christ's face are hardly discernible. Probably by long study one could get the expression, but I didn't have time, and so was somewhat disappointed in the picture. It is such a misfortune that the work hasn't been taken care of. You know Napoleon once used the room it is in for a stable; he even cut a door through the lower part of it. The art gallery was not very fruitful for me. I was interested in comparing Ruben's "Last Supper" with Leonardo's. Then there was a very beautiful bust, "The Vestal Virgin," by Canova.

Tuesday, after supper, we took a drive out to the magnificent triumphal arch which ends the Simplon route. We saw many of the streets of Milan and were surprised, or at least, I was, to see such a fine city.

The next day at Rapallo we had a thoroughly Italian dinner. We were as dirty as could be, from riding in the dusty car all morning, and wanted to wash before eating. We went to a restaurant where the meals were served out under a grape covered trellis. We asked for water and they filled two or three strange bowls with water out back of the house on a bench and brought us two or three towels. Water was never more welcome. The first course for lunch was two large platters of long stringy macaroni with cheese on top—very good. The second course was some kind of fried vegetable, cucumbers I think. It had a taste new to most of us, but I could learn to like it. The next course was a salad of mushrooms dressed with olive oil, and olives of a peculiar kind. I have found but one dish that I did not like; that was a pudding with brandy in it. After our Italian lunch we took carriages and drove for an hour through scenery so new to me, and so charming that I shall never forget it. Nearly all the time the Mediterranean was in sight and it is really blue. I was afraid that what I had heard of the color of the Mediterranean was a myth, but it is bluer than any water I have ever seen—bluer than the sky. Then the foliage was all of olive or fig trees. Whole mountains were covered with that peculiar gray tinge of the olive trees. We could see on the trees near the road side the half grown olives. We rode over hills from which we could look down on the sea coming up to the land in a beautiful bay, or gently dashing its waters on some cliff. After we got on the train at Chiavari and there we enjoyed the same scenery, but were continually tormented by having to go through tunnels. Some were several miles long, the air was smoky and the noise of the train deafening. We passed the marble quarries of Carrara, looking exactly like snow, so white in the crevices of the mountains. We reached Pisa about ten o'clock, but our hotel was very near the station and we were soon asleep.

Our morning in Pisa was satisfactory. The four buildings we were to see—the cathedral, the baptistry, the Campo Santo and the tower—are so near to each other that we didn't have to waste time in getting around. The cathedral is a very imposing one, but I do not exactly like the combination of the

black and white marble in the interior. The facade is magnificent. Within we saw the hanging bronze lamp that gave Galileo the hint about the pendulum. I was surprised not to find it swaying, but our guide gave it a touch with an umbrella and started it going.

There we saw Andrea del Sarto's "Saint Agnes and the lamb." I have a photograph of it. Some of the monuments are said to have been designed by Michael Angelo.

Most of us climbed the leaning tower. It looked exactly as I expected (perhaps a little whiter) as if I had seen it every day of my life.

The font and pulpit of the baptistry are beautiful. We were much interested in seeing two babies baptized. Nurses brought the children and the fathers and god-mothers were along. The babies were very young, one was three days old, the nurse said. They wore on fancy clothes and the priest wore a white robe. He said a good deal, and put his finger in a box of something and then touched the child's neck. Then the nurse held the baby over the font and the priest poured a lot of water on its head which the nurse wiped off with a handkerchief. Then the child's name was recorded in a book and the ceremony was over. One baby's name was Margarita Maria.

The echo in the baptistry is very strange. It rumbles around at a great rate. The guide sang the scale and what not to give us the effect.

We left Pisa about four o'clock for Rome, reaching that place at eleven, the latest ride we have had. We lunched on the train. The railroad is near the sea much of the way from Pisa, and the moon came up and shone over the water. At the station at Pisa were quite a number of officers in their shining uniforms. Their suits were of black jersey, tight fitting, with orange stripes down the outside of the pantaloons, and there were gold trimmings on coats and hats. I never saw such fine looking fellows, unless it was those Scotch highlander soldiers at Stirling castle or the Swiss guard of the Vatican, Monday.

We leave Rome to-morrow and have seen so much that it is interesting. Our "pension" has been delightful. It is kept by a woman who was born in Boston, and though she may not be an ideal woman, she keeps a very neat and good hotel. I have not been disappointed in Rome; indeed it has seemed most familiar to me of all the places we have visited. The forum looked natural. We went there the first thing Friday morning. Then we went to the colosseum which is much nearer the forum than I had supposed. They are surrounded by modern buildings and it is hard to imagine how old Rome must have looked.

Tuesday morning.—The churches of Rome have been particularly interesting. We visited three Friday morning. One is St. Peter in chains, where they put the chains that bound St. Peter. But the chief thing of interest was Michel Angelo's Moses. This is part of a monument of Julius II. It is a powerful statue. I cannot appreciate statuary fully, but can see there is something in these great master-pieces that the others lack. At Santa Maria Maggiore there was a festival, the anniversary of its foundation. The marble columns had coverings of red, and crowds of people were there at mass. This church has a beautiful mosaic floor in white, green and red marbles, and the walls are exquisite. The panelled ceiling is gilded with the first gold brought from South America to Spain. The other church we visited was the Lateran, the church of the Pope as bishop of Rome.

Near here are the Scala Santa, the stairs from Jerusalem, up which Luther was climbing when he determined to try some other way. We saw four people, two old men and two women climbing up on their knees, stopping to kiss each step. Our guide told us that any one who climbed up those stairs had three hundred indulgences.

On the way to dinner we passed Trajan's forum with the fine column, and the Trevi fountain. You know there is a superstition that any one who throws a copper in the Trevi fountain will visit Rome again. I have put my cent in.

In the afternoon we drove out on the Appian way and visited the baths of Caracalla and the Catacombs. A handsome Italian guide showed us over the baths. Many of the mosaics of the old floors are left, and give a hint of the former magnificence of the place. A few fragments of the marble frieze are left and are very beautiful. It is hard to imagine how grand and magnificent it all must have been. The length of the building was two hundred and forty yards, the width one hundred and twenty.

The catacombs were ghastly. The

guide, a long robed priest gave us each a lighted candle, and conducted us through the narrow passages. The walls are lined with niches for dead bodies, some small for children. The bones have been removed from most of them, but several are covered with a glass case and show the skeleton of some poor Christian. There are several stories of these galleries, and it is computed that if every passage in each one was placed end to end they would extend five hundred miles. So our trip covered only a very little part of the catacombs.

From the Appian way we could see the arches of the aqueducts, one of which still carries water into Rome.

Blaine and Harrison.

Mr. Blaine is not wholly lost to an interested and often admiring populace. Only last week he did one of the Blainiest things of his whole career. It was a think so deeply, darkly, beautifully Blaine that it lightens up this dull campaign with a beam of delightful and eminently malicious humor. It was on a bright Autumnal afternoon that he did it, on Tuesday, September 6th; and this is the manner of the doing of it. On that day, in the morning, Mr. Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States and leader of the Republican Party, who had overthrown Mr. Blaine in the National Convention, and had won his own re-nomination in the very teeth of Mr. Blaine—on that day Mr. Benjamin Harrison put forth his formal letter of acceptance for the people of the United States to read. Long, long had the public waited for it; long, long had Mr. Harrison labored and toiled to produce it; written and re-written; altered and emended; patched and cobbed and filed at it, until at last the day had come when he was satisfied with it and willing to let it go before the world to represent his views and opinions on the political questions of the hour. And so, forth it came, bearing date of September 3d.

And so it came forth, six mortal columns of it, and a great silence followed it. For it was a poor letter, a very poor letter; so poor a letter that Republicans had not the front to applaud it, and Democrats had not the heart to make fun of it. In the first place, it was dull and uninteresting; and that was fatal in itself, even if it hadn't had a number of other things the matter with it. It was a loosely constructed and ill-balanced affair that had neither beginning, middle nor end. It had no unity to it; it wandered and faltered and turned this way and that; now enlarging and elaborating generalities, and now dropping into scrappy and undignified passages of querulous argument. In fact it was just the sort of letter that you might expect from a man who had been set to write a thesis on a subject, or on a group of subjects, with which he was not familiar, in which he was not deeply interested, and upon which he felt unwilling clearly to commit himself, for fear of making some unfortunate misstatement whereof, his adversaries might take advantage.

And that is just exactly the sort of letter it was; for Mr. Harrison is to-day the most conspicuous representative of the large class of perfectly honest men who take their opinions ready-made from the party to which their sentiments attach them, and who very much prefer to have the party do their thinking for them. Protection is the policy of the Republican party, and Mr. Harrison preaches protection just as readily as he would preach Homoeopathy or the Metric System if his party saw fit to take up either one or the other. So far as the letter published on September 6th gave evidence, Mr. Harrison might never have devoted one hour of his life to original and independent thought upon the tariff question—or, indeed, upon any of the various themes which he treated. When it was not repeating the regulation formulas of the party creed, such as they grind out on the Tribune composing machine, (Union-Labor, now,) it dropped into the sort of talk that you may hear nowadays all over the country, in cars and ferry-boats and hotel lobbies; futile little odds and ends of discussion, illogical deductions from meaningless facts, and cheap little accusations of inconsistency. Boli down Mr. Harrison's original contributions to that letter, and you will find the gist of them singularly like these familiar utterances:—"I tell you, sir, I did fifty per cent. more business this year than I did the first year Cleveland was elected. No Free Trade for me!"—"When my partner was in St. Louis last month he saw with his own eyes a car-load of American tin—with his own eyes, sir! And you're going to tell me there ain't a tin plate industry after that!"—"Do you mean to say there ain't any lawlessness in the South?"

Well, then, do you mean to say that lawlessness is all right?"

A poor, pitiful letter, indeed! A most depressing and discouraging letter to fall under the eyes of a lot of jaded, over-assessed, unenthusiastic Republicans, all waiting for a "ringing battle cry" to echo to the chilly heavens! And the man who wrote it! How was it possible to get up a genial glow of admiration for a man who made such a weak and uninspiring showing for himself? Was this prolix, straggling screed to move men to throwing off their hats in the air and spitting of their lungs with maddening, delirious cheers? Such were the questions that saddened the hearts of the Republican men on the morning of that bright, but cool Autumn day, Tuesday, September 6th, 1892. And the morning passed and noon came, and then evening, and then arose Mr. James G. Blaine, with a bitter joy in his heart and with his shrewd old eye cocked toward the setting sun, as it sank beneath the icy waves that beat upon the Bar Harbor's shore. And he gave his letter to the public. It was not a letter of acceptance, because Mr. Blaine had nothing to accept unless it might be, as the old joke runs, the situation in which he found himself. But if he had had a Presidential nomination to accept, Mr. Blaine need only have added one little sentence to that letter to make it a letter of acceptance of the fullest and completest sort.

For that was a letter! No beating nor fluttering nor sputtering! No six columns of desultory dreariness. No, indeed. Hardly more than a column in all and a slap-bang-here-we-are-again in every paragraph! Gammon, of course, and old enough gammon, too—perhaps too old to be really serviceable if it came to the test of actual use—but gammon with the real Blaine snap to it; with the self-assertive, convincing dash and swagger that nobody can put on to compare with Blaine; the kind of thing that sounds well, and goes well—so long as it can go in a hurry. Gammon, of course.—Thomas Jefferson was a protectionist: Thomas Jefferson was a Democrat: Democrats ought to be protectionists.—The McKinley Bill didn't go just right at first; but it's working elegantly now, and is going to work still more elegantly in the future.—Kioprecity is building up a tremendous trade with South America, positively tree-e-mendous, and we'd all have been millionaires if somebody had only thought of the idea before I did.—Those Democrats are at their cheap-money tricks again; they want to flood the country with an irredeemable currency; never can trust 'em, never in the world!"

Fine old smoky gammon, you see. In fact, you might call those two letters gammon and spinach. But the gammon has a flavor to it, and the spinach is so old and wilted and flabby and insipid, and then so ill-prepared and inartistic, that it seems ashamed to couple the names. And this, if you please, is the accepted leader of the Republican Party who has made such a lamentable and uninteresting failure of his first attempt to proclaim his new leadership. And this, if you please, is the rejected leader of the Republican Party who gets up, and in an off-hand manner shows him how he ought to have done it. It is but a bluff, of course; but, oh, what an admirable bluff! Note the artistic way in which it is done. Both letters are dated September 3d, the dull one in the morning, the smart one in the evening, after the people have had time to realize the weakness of the dull one. The one is long—too long; the other is short—but not too short. The one is timid, mincing, equivocal; the other is bold and audacious. The one tries to bolster up its feeble assertions with feeble bits of testimony; the other flits away as frankly and fearlessly as the truth were no more than a matter of taste. The one falters and fooms with the Force-Bill issue, and only succeeds in showing that the writer knows that the bill is indefensible and unpopular, and constitutes a mean cause to champion; the other utterly ignores the subject of the Force-Bill; so utterly and completely and totally that you can not help seeing that the writer has confidence enough in his own powers of impudence to keep up his intrepid policy of ignorance for the two months that lie between this and Election Day. And, last of all, note the Blainiest touch of the whole business. Mr. Blaine puts forth his plan of campaign, not when it might be practically tried, not when it might serve as help or suggestion to his chief and coquerer; but only after Mr. Benjamin Harrison has spread before the world the policy born of his sadly commonplace mind, and has hopelessly committed himself to every error of judgment which he could find room to make in six columns of closely printed matter.—Puck.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.