

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND TRUTH.

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JOB-WORK. The REGISTER'S facilities for doing job work are unsurpassed in Southeast Missouri and we return out the best of work, such as POSTERS, BILL-HEADS, LETTER-HEADS, STATEMENTS, Envelopes, Cards, Dodgers, BRIEFS, PAMPHLETS, ETC. AT LOW PRICES.

Official Directory.

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OFFICIAL DIRECTORY IRON COUNTY.

COURTS: 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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CITY OFFICERS: Mayor, W. T. GAY. Marshal, J. L. Baldwin. City Attorney, J. S. Jordan. City Clerk, W. G. Fairchild. City Treasurer, D. F. Reese. Collector, J. L. Baldwin. City Councilmen—W. R. Edgar, J. N. Bishop, A. Bezier, J. M. Reel, M. Claybaugh and Jno. Baldwin. Street Committee—A. Begley, Jno. Baldwin and M. Claybaugh. Fire Committee—J. M. Reel, Jno. Baldwin and M. Claybaugh. Health Committee—W. R. Edgar, J. N. Bishop and A. Begley.

CHURCHES:

CATHOLIC CHURCH, Arcadia College and Pilot Knob. L. C. WERNERT, Rector. High Mass and Sermon at Arcadia College every Sunday at 9 o'clock A. M. Vespers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 4 o'clock P. M. High Mass and Sermon and Benediction at Pilot Knob Catholic Church at 10:30 o'clock A. M. Sunday School for children at 1:30 o'clock P. M. M. E. CHURCH, Cor. Reynolds and Mountain Streets, W. H. HOEHL, Pastor. Residence: Ironton. Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School 9:30 A. M. Class Meeting, 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. All are invited. M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH, Fort Hill, between Ironton and Arcadia. Rev. H. WHITEHEAD, Pastor. Services every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening, 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9:30 A. M. BAPTIST CHURCH, Madison Street, near Knob street, F. M. SHOUSH, Pastor. Residence: Ironton. Services every Saturday before the first Sunday of each month at 2:30 P. M. and on the first and third Sundays at 11 A. M. Sunday School, No. 123, Sunday at 9:30 A. M. and Prayer Meeting every Tuesday evening at 7:30 P. M. LUTHERAN CHURCH, Pilot Knob. Rev. OTTO PRAEGER, Pastor. M. E. CHURCH, Corner Shepherd and Washington streets, Ironton. D. J. KENOLY, pastor.

SOCIETIES:

IRONTON LODGE, No. 544, K. of P., Ironton, Mo., meets every Friday evening at Odd-Fellows Hall. J. B. HOLLOWAY, C. C. C. DEMIER, K. of R. & S. IRON LODGE, No. 107, I. O. O. F., meets every Monday evening at Odd-Fellows 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 Friday evenings of every month in Odd-Fellows Hall, corner Main and Madison streets. AUG. RIEKE, C. P. I. T. BALDWIN, Secretary. BEAR OF THE WEST LODGE, No. 123, A. F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall, corner Main and Madison streets, on Saturday of 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 alternate Wednesday evenings. J. B. WALKER, D. J. S. JORDAN, Reporter. EASTERN STAR LODGE, No. 62, A. F. & A. M. (colored), meets on the second Saturday of each month. IRON POST, No. 346, G. A. B., meets the 2d and 4th Saturdays of each month 2 P. M. FRANK DINGER, P. C. C. R. PECK, 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. DIXON, 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. 158, I. O. O. F., meets every Tuesday evening at their hall. CHAS. MASCHMEYER, Secretary. IRON LODGE, No. 30, SONS OF HERMAN, meets on the second and last Sunday of each month. WM. STEFFENS, President. VAL EFFINGER, Secretary. IRON MOUNTAIN. IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 490, A. F. & A. M., meets Saturday night on or before the full moon. LOUIS PETIT, W. M. J. A. PARKER, Secretary. IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 280, I. O. O. F., meets Wednesday night of each week. JNO. DOWNEY, N. G. 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. 351, A. F. & A. M., meets on Saturday night of or after the full moon. E. M. LOGAN, W. M. R. J. HILL, Secretary.

W. L. Beyersdorff, LAW & REAL ESTATE OFFICE CENTREVILLE, MO. Will practice in State and Federal Courts.

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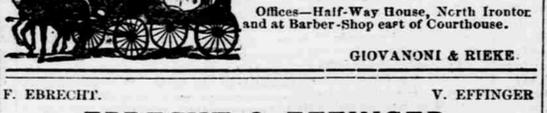
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Some Things I Saw at the Exposition and Fair.

As the Union depot was in our route, and the morning trains were coming in from all parts of the world and from every direction, loaded with its thousands of human freight, we started down street to it, and, as each train came in such a crowd, such a mess, such a jam. We went up on one of the bridges and stood and looked and gazed and gazed. Such a tangle! Engines with long trains of cars moving, some one way, some another. I thought to myself, "I wonder if those engineers and conductors know which way is home. I wonder if they will ever find their way out of such a crowd," and such a mess as they made, ringing of bells and tooting of whistles, I had to feel of myself to see if I was in the body or out of the body. Oh, I did not hardly know I was myself or somebody else. At last Charles said, "I guess we have seen enough of this, so let's go to the Kindergarten." "Kindergarten, what's that?" "Don't you know that they have schools where the little bits of tots are sent to school to learn to read without books and to do lots of nice things?" "Well, let's go and see how the thing works."

After awhile we came to a great big building, I don't know how big it was nor how high it was, but it has twenty-four rooms, with twenty-five lady teachers and sixteen hundred children. Some of the rooms are filled with little bits of tots that can hardly run along. In the forenoon one set of children come to school and at noon this set all go home and another set comes to take their place in the afternoon. Ah, you just ought to see these little bits of tots go through all of the exercises, accompanied with music from a very fine organ played by a pretty young lady. When we were ushered in room No. 1 on the first floor we saw about seventy-five, about equally divided boys and girls. There were no desks, but small tables about as large as a sewing machine table, made low, with little chairs for the little tots to sit in, one at each end of the table, a boy at one end and a girl at the other. These tables are arrayed in rows and look like one long table. At a signal from the teacher each boy and girl rises from the chair and picks up the chair and sets it on top of the table; then they carry the table and set it against the wall. When all of the tables are placed away, the boys stand like little soldiers on one side of the room and the girls on the other. At a given signal the boys advance towards the girls, and, at a signal, they make the nicest bow to the girls and, as they join hands, each couple promenades around the room once or twice. Then at a signal they, with double quick, broke into a galopade. Ah, it was just splendid to see them go through all of the different exercises just as nice as grown folks. As we sat and watched how perfect in all of their movements, I could but think of the old red schoolhouse of my "A, B and C's," and my sitting on the old slab bench. How different, and yet while these children make play of school, they are farther along in study at six years than in the old days at ten. The modern mode of teaching is so different. As it is recess and you look out upon the campus, such a sight! Hundreds and hundreds of boys and girls; each sex on their own side of the fence like swarms of bees. Such a sight! After a few pieces of music were played by the fair musician for our especial benefit, we take our hat and with our best bow leave this living hive for other scenes.

As we are in the vicinity of the great market we will start along through and see what the people of St. Louis have to eat. Here in a tank are fresh lobsters right from the Atlantic Ocean, alive and kicking. Here are fresh mackerel, fresh fish of all sorts and sizes—from the little red perch to great big ugly catfish, half as long as a man. We saw one great big fellow with his eyes set back about half way of his body; the fore half was as large as the hind half, a shovel cat. It fairly made one feel hungry to look at all of the different kinds of fish. By the way, I saw a man scaling a big fish with a currycomb, and the way he made the scales fly was a caution. Meat! such quantities and of every species of animal that man eats; fowls of all sorts that fly, both dead and alive. Fruits! such golden, yellow pears and such large ones from California; from all parts of Missouri. Peaches with such red cheeks, such luscious looking ones; they look too nice to eat. Grapes: tons and tons of them white, red, black, and such delicious and fragrant bananas by the car load. Cheaper than apples, ten cents a dozen, for those great nice yellow ones. The cheapest fruits I saw were tropical fruits. I could buy more

tropical fruits with ten cents than I could of our own home-grown apples. Yes, sir; the crop of vegetables did not look very tempting; taking the whole country through there is the poorest crop of all kinds of vegetables that has been produced for many years. So all of the government and state reports say, and you ask, "Where do all of these things come from?" If you will just take notice as you pass along, you will see things that grow at your own door and things that grow in the South and in the far North and things that grow in the West India Isles, in South America, in all parts of Europe, in all parts of Asia and Africa. Oh, it is wonderful to see things from all parts of the habitated world brought together for the use of man, and it is a good object lesson in geography, and as we stop to look at all these things how our thoughts go out to the Creator, the giver of all these comforts and blessings. All things to suit the taste of each one of us. Things to gratify our different appetites; and do we always feel thankful as we should for all of these comforts and blessings? I am afraid not. But rather feel as though we had a right to them; and yet what right have we to them? Then let us be thankful for all these gifts.

After we had gone all through the different markets, we took a stroll about the city. As we passed the new union depot, we stopped quite awhile to look at the new structure. I found they have a different way of putting up these great buildings from what they had in earlier days.

When I first went to St. Louis, they put up the walls of brick, and as they reached each story of the house, they put in the timbers. Now I see they put a skeleton of steel: all of the posts, crossbars, braces and girders. The whole structure was made just like the skeleton of an animal or a man, before the flesh or covering was put on. After all of the steel work was done, then all of the walls of this great structure were filled with brick, and the roof covered with corrugated iron. I saw a great many buildings that were not finished, where the workmen were putting in the brick and stone work. I saw that most all of those old buildings that, in early times, we thought were large buildings, were being pulled down, even to the lowest foundation, and the walls all made much thicker and stronger to hold up such a mass of material.

As I stood and looked at those men way up on the union depot at work, not a bit of scaffolding, or a plank or stick of wood to stand on; just those thin strips of steel; it looked just like a great spider web, and men like spiders and flies creeping about. Oh, it did make my feet creep, as I thought suppose they should make a mistake, or anything should happen. It fairly made my flesh crawl.

As we walked or rode all over the city, I could not recognize more than a few places. The old court house seemed to have dwindled away. When it was first built, we thought it a very fine large building; it overtopped all of the other buildings. As you stood on top you could see all over the city, and there was a large square surrounding the court house. Now, that square is all built up with immense buildings, that shut the court house all in. I saw so many great fine buildings. I felt as though I was in some fairy land.

As we passed the Custom House, it brought to mind some of the days of the sixties, when things were done different from the present time. I remember in '62 or '63, I got a furlough of fifteen days and a pass to go to St. Louis, and over into Illinois. When we arrived at St. Louis, I saw all of the main roads that entered the city, were defended by great earth works, and great guns as large as a good saw log, all across the streets, with just a way to pass between them. As I wanted to buy some goods to bring home for the different members of our family, I had to walk up to the Custom House and show my pass and make out a manifest, or, in other words, a bill of the things I wanted to purchase. After it had been inspected by the commanding officer, if nothing was found contraband, I was permitted to buy those goods.

When I was walking the streets one day, and I met a lot of Iowa soldiers that I knew. They invited me to go out to the barracks, just outside of the city; now it is in the heart of the city. As we passed the sentinel we were not challenged. After I had finished my visit, I went to go out. As I crossed the parade grounds, a soldier came and ordered me to report to headquarters, and I had to march by his side. When I reached headquarters the commanding officer said: "Young man what is the object of your visit?" I said, "I had heard the boys say

there was an officer in one of the regiments, who was a cousin of mine, and I called to see him."

"What is his name, what regiment does he belong to and did you see him?" I told him, and as we were still in sight of my cousin, I said, "There he is now," as I pointed towards him. "All right; officer show show this man past the guards."

But now how different. All these grounds covered with fine buildings, street cars and a vast population. There was one thing which especially attracted my attention: the absence of all street beggars, tramps and loafers; and I saw no one in all of my wanderings that seemed to be under the influence of liquor. I saw no quarreling, and as fine looking lot of police officers I never saw; always ready to answer questions; ready to show or give you any information. T. P. R.

A Japanese Garden. Atlantic Monthly. Lafcadio Hearn, in an article devoted to a Japanese garden, writes thus of his own garden and some of its inhabitants: "Those antique garden walls, high-moored below their ruined coping of tiles, seem to shut out even the murmur of the city's life. There no sounds but the voices of birds, the shrilling of semi, or, at long, lazy intervals, the solitary plash of a diving frog. Nay, those walls seclude me from much more than city streets. Outside them hums the changed Japan of telegraphs, and newspapers, and steamships; within dwell the all-reposing peace of nature and the dreams of the sixteenth century. There is a charm of quietness in the very air; a faint sense of something viewless and sweet all about one; perhaps the gentle haunting of dead ladies, who looked like the ladies of the old picture books and who lived here when all this was new. Even in the summer light—touching the gray, strange shapes of stone thrilling through the foliage of the long-loved trees—there is the tenderness of a phantom caress. These are the gardens of the past. The future will know them only as dreams, creations of a forgotten art, whose charm no genius may reproduce. "Of the human tenants here no creature seems to be afraid. The little frogs resting upon the lotus leaves scarcely shrink from my touch; the lizards sun themselves within easy reach of my hand; the water snakes glide across my shadow without fear; bands of semi establish their deafening orchestra on a plum branch just above my head; and a praying mantis insolently poses on my knee. Swallows and sparrows not only build their nests on my roof, but even enter my rooms concern—one swallow has actually built its nest in the ceiling of the bath room—and the weasel purloins fish under my very eyes without any scruples of conscience. A wild uguisu perches on a cedar by the window, and in a burst of savage sweetness challenges my caged pet to a contest in song; and always through the golden air, from the green twilight of the mountain pines, there purrs to me the plaintive, caressing, delicious call of the yamabato. No European dove has such a cry. He who can hear for the first time the voice of the yamabato without feeling a new sensation at his heart little deserves to dwell in this happy world."

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Royal Baking Powder Absolutely Pure I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best manufactured and in the market. Marion Harland Author of "Common Sense in the Household."

Tit For Tat. What shall we do if it turns out to be true that the Chinese Government really means to take revenge upon us for anti-Chinese legislation by compelling all Americans living in China to register their names, get their photographs taken, and wear tags? We are unable to tell at once. The paper of the San Francisco Chinese, War Kee, prints a document, alleged to be official, which contains some ominous suggestions. It gives notice that, though the Emperor is not afraid of this country, he does not desire to make war upon it for its unfriendly policy, but has other methods of retaliation. It then gives this remarkable warning: "If the Chinese Registration act is enforced upon Chinese resident in America, China will insist that Americans resident in China shall register and wear tags, under penalty of imprisonment and expulsion, according to the American system."

We do not know whether the document containing this curious suggestion of retaliation in kind is authentic, but it is worthy of Chinese shrewdness, and there is a report from Washington that the State Department was in a quandary when it was received there. "If the Chinese Registration act is enforced upon Chinese resident in America, China will insist that Americans resident in China shall register and wear tags, under penalty of imprisonment and expulsion, according to the American system."

It is certain that the Chinese living in this country, who number over one hundred thousand, have thus far steadfastly refused to obey the law adopted by Congress a half year ago, which required them to register and get photographed before May next, at the cost of one dollar, under penalty of expulsion from the country. The Six Companies, which control their conduct, ordered them to take no notice of it, and assured them that the Emperor would come to their relief. Every effort has been made to induce those of them living in this city to conform to the law, but they stand dumb under pressure. Must they all be shipped off to China within the next half year? If our Government should remonstrate against the enforcement of the retaliatory edict against Americans in China, the Chinese Government can reply that we gave no heed to its remonstrance against the anti-Chinese legislation of the United States. It is hard to tell, in a jiffy, what can then be said by us that will be in consonance with the comity of nations.

We do not believe that the Americans living in those parts of China in which Americans are permitted to live would submit to a law like that which we have enacted against the Chinese living in the United States. What in the world does President Harrison think we could do if—the Chinese threat were carried out?—N. Y. Sun. Opinions of the Trade South. I find Chamberlain's medicines very excellent, particularly Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.—B. E. EHRIDGE, Hallettsville, Texas. I have tried Chamberlain's Cough Remedy with great success.—R. TANNER, Waverland, Miss. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy can not be beat.—W. L. DAVIS, Liberty Hill, La. I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family, and consider it the best I have ever tried.—W. J. FLOWERS, Doraville, Ga. 50 cent bottles for sale by P. R. Crisp.