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Iron County Register.

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

VOLUME XXVI. IRONTON, MO., THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1893. NUMBER 43.

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

Iron County, Missouri, May Term, 1893 Commencing May 1st, 1893:

Bradley, Hugh M, deceased, Margaret B Bradley, executrix.

Elsman, Henry, deceased, J. T. Ake, administrator.

Gay, S T and W T, copartnership, W T Gay, administrator.

Gay, S T, deceased, W T Gay, administrator.

Grandhomme, Jacob, minor, Amanda Grandhomme, guardian and curator.

Hopkins, Samuel, minor, J T Ake, curator.

Hopkins, Carrey E, minor, J T Ake, curator.

Hall, Sophie, minor, Thos P Hall, guardian and curator.

Hickman, Dora, minor, B Zwart, guardian and curator.

Reyburn, Alex H, minor, John H Russell, guardian and curator.

Razor, Peter, minor, Isaac G Whitworth, guardian and curator.

Strother, Wm Walter, minor, J T Ake, curator.

Strother, James Edward, minor, J T Ake, curator.

Strother, Myrtle Ann, minor, J T Ake, curator.

Strother, Grace May, minor, J T Ake, curator.

Tierney, M J, deceased, James F Hatten, administrator.

Tiley minor children, J T Ake, curator.

White, W L, minor, Jas M Logan, curator.

White, W L, minor, Rebecca Matkin, guardian.

FRANZ DINGER,
Judge of Probate.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an order of the Probate Court of the county of Iron, and State of Missouri, made at the February Term, 1893, thereof, I, J. T. Ake, Administrator of the estate of Arminta Charlton, deceased, will sell, at either public or private sale, the following described property; and, if said property be not sold before that time, I will, on the

Monday, May 1st, 1893.

at the east front door of the courthouse in the city of Ironton, Iron county, Missouri, and during the session of the Probate court of the county of Iron, sell at public auction, all the interest of Arminta Charlton, deceased, in and to the following described real estate, to wit:

Lot three, in block number two, in the town of Shaverville in the county of Iron, state of Missouri.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash in hand.

J. T. AKE,
Administrator Estate Arminta Charlton, deceased. apr6n40

Guardian's Notice of Final Settlement.

STATE OF MISSOURI, } ss.
COUNTY OF IRON.

Estate of Mary Theodosia Campbell, late a minor, since married to J. J. Hodges, and now deceased. Andrew Campbell, Guardian and Curator. In the Probate Court of Iron county.

May Term, 1893.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned guardian and curator of the estate of Mary Theodosia Campbell, late a minor, has made a just and true exhibit of the account between himself and said ward, and filed the same with the Probate Court of Iron county, and that on the third day of the May Term, 1893, thereof, he intends to apply to said court for leave to make final settlement of his accounts, and for his discharge as such.

apr5n40 ANDREW CAMPBELL,
Guardian and Curator.

Public Sale of Personal Property.

By virtue of an order of sale of the Probate Court of Iron county, Missouri, I will on

Thursday, the 27th day of April, 1893,

Between nine o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon of that day, at the east front door of the courthouse in Ironton, Missouri, offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest of the estate of Joseph G. Clarkson, deceased, in a number of Claims and Assets belonging to said estate, including several Accounts, Notes and Contracts; Reynolds County Warrants; Twenty Shares of the "Old Channel Placer Mining Company," of Utah; Two Hundred Shares of the "Telluride Gold and Silver Mining Company" of Colorado (not assessable); One United States Patent-right for Improved Car Coupler, also, one English Patent-right for same, and such other choses in action, as then may be brought forward.

All sales will be made subject to the approval of said Probate Court.

B. ZWART, Executor
Estate Joseph G. Clarkson.

FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors and others interested in the estate of M. P. Collins, deceased, that the undersigned administrators of said estate, intend to make final settlement thereof at next term of the Probate court of Iron county, to be held at the court house in Ironton, Iron county, Mo., on the 1st Monday in May next—the same being the 1st day of May A. D., 1893.

G. W. COLLINS, mch30n39
TAYLOR COLLINS, Administrators.

Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors and others interested in the estate of Chas. Seltz, deceased, that the undersigned executrix of said estate, intends to make final settlement thereof at the next term of the Probate Court of Iron county, to be held at the courthouse in Ironton, Iron county, Mo., on the first Monday in May next—same being the 1st day of May, A. D., 1893.

mch23n38 LINA SEITZ, Executrix.

FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors and others interested in the estate of J. E. Lowe, deceased, that the undersigned administrator of said estate, intends to make final settlement thereof at the next term of the Probate Court of Iron county, to be held at the courthouse in Ironton, Iron county, Mo., on the first Monday in May next—same being the 1st day of May, A. D., 1893.

mch23n38 F. M. LOWE, Administrator.

FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors and otherr interested in the estate of Mrs. M. A. Crocker, deceased, that the undersigned administrator of said estate, intends to make final settlement thereof at the next term of the Probate Court of Iron county, to be held at the courthouse in Ironton, Iron county, Mo., on the first Monday in May next—same being the 1st day of May, A. D., 1893.

apr5n40 W. T. GAY, Administrator.

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QUARTERLY.

Published the First Mondays in February, May, August and November.

THE COLUMBIAN RECIPROCITY is not a newspaper magazine or an ordinary periodical, but a bureau of Information to Summer Tourists, places of resort for City People, Real Estate Men, Lumber men, Producers, Investors, Capitalists, Mineral, Mining, Manufacturing and Suppy men.

We intend to make it the Forum where those seeking a summer vacation and the many places of summer resort meet, where manufacturers and supply men offer their goods for sale; where investors purchase supplies; where improvements are sought; where there is money to loan and those to borrow; where one industry is brought in direct contact with another.

We will send the COLUMBIAN RECIPROCITY to 2,500 Investors, Capitalists and Mining Men in the New England States. We will place it in the hands of 2,000 Summer Tourists, 1,000 Summer Resorts, and 3,000 Real Estate Men, scattered throughout the Union. We will place you in correspondence with these people as we print your name and address on the descriptions of what you may want sent out.

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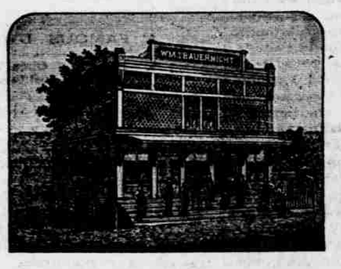

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Old Times.

Ed. Register—In the early days of my western life, when this country was thinly inhabited, and neighbors few and far between, if a man moved into this or any settlement and desired to settle, he was informed by the neighbors that such and such tracts of land belonged to such and such a man, and no new comer would be allowed to enter or "squat" on such and such tracts of land. "But if you want to 'squat' on some land, you can have some land over yonder; but we claim all this that we have shown you."

Most all settlers came in the early spring. There was a class of people that could not possibly content themselves in one place more than two years at a time—two years was a long time for that class to stop in one place. They would get so restless, and want to go some where else; perhaps the neighbors were getting too thick to thrive well.

I saw a fellow that had married and "squatted" on a piece of land and made him a cabin, and got a few acres of land under fence and the timber cleared, and getting just ready to live with hard scratching. He said "I am going to move."

I asked him, "What you want to move for, now you have got ready to make something?"

He said, "We are getting too thick to thrive well."

His nearest neighbor was more than a mile away. So he pulled up stakes and went.

Now, when a man squatted on a piece of land, the first thing was to cut logs for a cabin. A few neighbors would help him put it up: next, he would blaze around as large a piece of land as he wanted to fence. Next, he would cut out the small stuff and then cut and make the rails to fence the piece of ground. The fences were generally taken from the land he wanted to clear. As soon as the fences were made and the down timber and brush cleared off, which was generally in the spring, he would, with a yoke of oxen or a horse, break up the land with a bull tongue plow and plant it to corn. All of the large trees were left standing to be deadened at a certain time of the moon (I have forgotten just the time.) But when the proper time came, that man would go from tree to tree and chop a ring round them about three feet from the ground. In a few weeks that tree would be dead, and by the next year all of those deadened trees would begin to fall. Sometimes after a hard storm in the spring, the clearing would be covered with dead, fallen trees. Now, the next thing in order, was to go and get the logs off. The way that was done, was to lay a large limb or a large piece of a log across the prostrate body of the tree, and put a chunk of a fire brand on the log against the cross log, which would soon be blazing and as the wind would blow around the cross log, make the fire burn day and night, until it had eaten its way clear down through the log. And so each and every fallen tree was treated until all were in suitable lengths for hauling and now was the most interesting part of the job, "the log rolling;" and how many of my readers have ever seen a "log rolling?" I don't think I was ever at at any kind of work, where the men and boys managed to get as much fun out of a job, as at a "log rolling," and a "log rolling" is just no rolling at all. The logs are carried on hand spikes, and a handspike is a small tree about three or four inches in diameter, cut about five or six feet long, nicely trimmed and each end made just the right size to handle with the hands. Next the men and boys are paired off as nearly matched for size and strength; each pair has one of these handspikes. The captain and his mate march to a log and all the rest fall in behind. The captain runs one end of his handspike under the end of the log and his mate takes hold, and at the word they raise the end of the log and each fellow with his stick runs it under and his mate takes hold of his end. Remember, every handspike is run under at once. At the word all raise up, and at the word "March," all take step and move forward carrying the log between them. When they come to the place where the pile is to be made, all of the right hand side men rest the end of their handspikes on a log and step out of the way. The men on the left side raise their ends and log rolls off on the pile. And such a time as they have, trying to see who is the best man! I tell you I have seen some good, lifting done at such places, and how many jokes and pranks are played off on some fellow. And stories, such stories of fishing, hunting, shooting, etc.

The first log rolling I was ever at, was at was at my old hunting tutor's. He had cut the timber off of that piece of land just west of the railroad bridge now owned by Mr. Jack Newman, and we did not think at that time we should ever see it in garden and a railroad passing it, with long trains going and coming constantly. Well, at that log rolling, there were about eighteen or twenty men, old and young, mostly young. And such a jolly time, and such stories as some of those fellows did tell. And we Yankee boys who had never seen such scenes as they discussed, we could hardly believe. I remember one fellow who had been out to the mountains trapping and hunting, told of seeing a kind of sheep with horns as large as a man's leg, and two or three feet long, And when those sheep come to a place in the mountains where they could not climb down, they would jump off and fall on those big horns, and away they would go over the hills and hollows, as if it was nothing. I remember I thought the fellow was lying, just to see how big a lie he could tell. But I found afterwards he he was telling the truth, when I got hold of a book giving the history of Clarke and Lewis crossing the mountains to Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia River. They spoke of these sheep and of their seeing them jump from high cliffs to places way, way below; and then in Freemont's Travels he gave the same accounts.

Well, you see I had not seen all of the world at that time, and haven't yet. And the thought comes to me how hard it is for some folks to believe those things that they don't understand. Now a few days ago I was told by an old man that there were persons, readers of the REGISTER, that didn't believe all of the old time stories. I don't know as I can blame them, for they don't know any better, but that old man said "We old fellars know what you write is true, for we have seen it and know it is so." I was reading in some papers a few days ago; it said a man got on the cars and took his seat just back of two college students. As he did so he heard one of them say, "I won't believe what I can't understand."

This gentleman said to the young man, "Did I understand you to say you won't believe what you can't understand."

"That's what I said."

"Well, do you see that cow over in that lot eating grass? She is covered with hair and gives milk, and her flesh is beef. You see it and believe it?"

"Yes, sir, I see it and believe it."

"Well, you see that sheep out there? she is eating grass grass and is covered with wool, and her flesh is mutton. You see it and believe it?"

"Yes, sir, I see it and know it."

"Well, you see that goose? She is eating grass and is covered with feathers."

"Yes, sir, I see it and know it."

"Well. now do you understand it?"

"No, sir, I don't understand it."

And it is just so with the world. They are ready to believe what they know and understand, but can't and won't believe what they don't understand. Well, we have one comfort: most all get to know more as they get older. Some don't, but most people do.

T. P. R.

A gentleman in Union County, Mo., who is too modest a man to have his name mentioned in the newspapers, was cured of rheumattism by Chamberlain's Pain Balm, after trying other medicines and treatment for thirteen years. For sale by P. R. Crisp, druggist.

A Sermon on the Power, Abuse and Use of the Tongue.

TEXT: James III.—chapter throughout.

When we know the writer of a letter, the party addressed, and the circumstances under which the letter was written, we are all the better prepared to understand the communication.

There were two disciples called James (which, by the way, is the Greek name of Jacob.)

The one was the son of Zebedee, and brother of John—Mark III., 17.

Him Herod killed in the first persecution—Acts XII., 2.

The other was the son of Alpheus and brother of Jude—Mark III., 18, Jude I., 1, Jno. XIV., 22.

He was also called the brother of our Lord.

N. B.—Terms, expressing family relationship in the Bible, very often have very wide range.

He does not appear to have been prominent in missions, and speaks of himself very modestly.

But he was a strong man, for he handled great practical facts in a true and concise manner.

The parties addressed were Jews, members of all the twelve tribes.

We are accustomed to hear of the ten lost tribes of Israel. There were no lost tribes. The secession that took place under Rehoboam was a religious as well as a political movement.

All the pagan Jews in the territories of Judah and Benjamin went to Jeroboam. All the worshippers of the true God among the ten tribes came to Rehoboam. Thenceforward, in the two tribes under him, all the twelve tribes were represented, and continue to be so among the Jewish people to-day, as appears from the names of individuals.

Christ chose twelve disciples, that each tribe might be represented in the Apostolic College. But Paul, rising above tribal distinctions, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, bound the work of missions into one great national unity.

In speaking before Agrippa he assumes this fact: "And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers. Under which promise, our twelve tribes instantly serving God day and night might hope to come"—Acts XXVI. It is to these people that James writes, or rather to the Christian element among them.

The Epistle is entirely practical in character. The writer does not discuss. He counsels and decides kindly, but with authority.

He assumes that thoughts, which are the germs of action, spring up in words and deeds. In our text he discusses the power, abuses and uses of words. He shows that things materially small can, owing to circumstances, have great power for good or evil. He uses three illustrations, all subject to similar conditions and exceptions.

All these illustrations are drawn from the Old Testament so as to be the better understood by Jews.

The first illustration of controlling force is from Psalms XXXII., 9: "Be not as the horse or the mule which have no understanding, whose mouth must be kept in by bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee."

But the bridle bit will do no good, unless guided by human intelligence. The consent of the horse must be obtained. The horse may take the bit in his teeth, and so control will become a question of physical strength, with the horse in the majority.

But there is a bridle bit which the horse cannot hold in his teeth. So the idea of human control holds good.

The second illustration, is a ship driven of a strong wind, and yet obeying her helm. Here also, human intelligence is needed. The helm would be useless without a pilot. And although nineteen hundred years ago their ships were mere shallops, compared to the modern vessels, yet human genius in controlling ships has exceeded its triumphs in their construction, for navigation is more speedy, safe and pleasant than it was then. Man's knowledge in the control of horses as well as of ships, has improved. The world has seen a Maury, an Ericson and a Cramp, and a Raney as well—Ps. CVII., 23–29.

The cases in which a horse successfully resists human control, or a ship does not answer its helm, are exceptions which only prove the rule. Now comes the tug of war. God says that a man that can control a vicious horse with a strap and a small bit of iron, and a ship in a storm with a few square feet of boards, cannot control the human tongue.

The horse may weigh a ton, with the superadded stimulus of great excitement; the ship may weigh thousands of tons, with the added momentum of winds and waves. Yet they will be controlled, when a human tongue, weighing two ounces, will still rebel.

Here, as in the former case, the illustrations are from the Old Testament. The tongue is said to be a boaster. Psalm XII., 3: "The Lord shall cut off all flattering lips; the tongue that speaketh proud things; who have said with our tongue will we prevail; our lips are our own; who is lord over us?" Nearly akin to this, is the language of Pharoah: "Who is the Lord that I should obey Him, I know not the Lord, neither will I obey His voice."

The tongue is said to be a fire. Prov. XVI., 27: "An ungodly man diggeth up evil, and in his lips there is a burning fire.

A fire may arise from a trifling cause, and yet produce terrible ruin. April 10th, 1845, a lighted candle carelessly touched to the thatched roof of an ice house about 2 P. M., started a fire, and before that night a hundred acres of the city of Pittsburg lay in ashes.

Some time afterward, in the same city a careless "jour" printer threw a stub of a lucifer match into a pan of benzine, and in one hour a hundred thousand dollars had gone up in smoke.

In 1871, an unruly cow kicked a lighted coal oil lamp into a pile of straw, and almost four square miles of Chicago was burned, involving a loss of $200,000,000.

But all these fires had their compensation. The burnt district of Pittsburg was ramshacle in its architecture, and largely occupied by renters, whose worst trouble was in having to move.

In five years, the district was rebuilt in much better shape in every way.

The dingy old two-story printing house and its contents were covered by insurance, and soon a five-story building, with all the modern improvements, stood in its place.

It is doubtful whether Chicago, which in 1835 was a trading post in a frog pond, but for that fire would ever have reached its present prominence.

But the fire of the tongue does irreparable damage.

It breaks up the most sacred associations of life.

"Trifles light as air, a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken;
The love that tempest never shook,
A word, a look like this has shaken."

"An unbridled tongue destroys the peace of society. A tale bearer revealeth secrets."—Prov. XI., 13. "A froward man soweth strife, and a whisperer separateth chief friends."—Prov. XVI., 28.

"It is not on the signboard, 'Go search both far and wide,'
Or in the town directory, the map, or railroad guide,
Or if you ask your neighbor, you ask alas, in vain,
For no one e'er acknowledged yet, he lived in Scandal Lane.
It is a fearful neighborhood, so secret and so sly,
Although the tenants oftentimes include the rich and high,
I am told they are ever cannibals, and when they dine or sup,
By way of change, will turn about, and eat each other up;
They much prefer the youthful, the beautiful and fair.
They chew up character and all, and call it wholesome fare.
And should the helpless victim wince,
They heed not cries of pain,
These very bloody cannibals, that live in Scandal Lane.
If you should chance with them to be, pray never be deceived,
When they seem most like bosom friends they're least to be believed;
Their claws are sheathed in velvet, their teeth are hid with smiles,
And woe betide the innocent, that falls beneath their wiles,
When they have singled out their prey, they make a cat-like spring,
Or hug them like a serpent, ere they plant the fatal sting,
And then they wash their guilty mouths but don't remove the stain,
These very greedy cannibals, that live in Scandal Lane."

The fire of an unbridled tongue, burns up every claim of its possessor to respectibility and public confidence. Whether he is tale-bearer, a froward man, or a whisperer, he soon becomes a busy body in other men's matters. The connection in which that character stands, is humilitating to the last degree. I. Peter IV., 15: "But let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evil doer, or as a busy body in other men's matters."

(Continued.)

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