

Iron County Register

OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND TRUTH: TERMS—\$1.50 a Year, in Advance. VOLUME XXVIII. IRONTON, MO., THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1895. NUMBER 37

JOB WORK

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Official Directory.

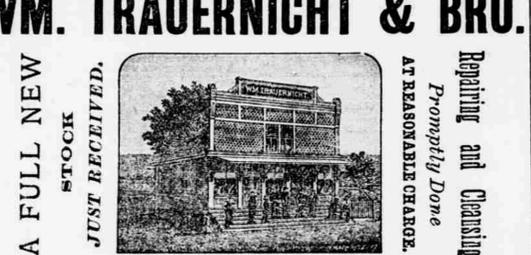
MEMBER OF CONGRESS: HON. R. W. FYAN, Thirteenth District, Missouri. U. S. LAND OFFICE—JAS. H. CLARK, Register, MANN KING, Receiver—Iron- ton, Mo. J. FRANK GREEN, Judge Twenty-First Circuit, De Soto, Mo. OFFICIAL DIRECTORY IRON COUNTY COURTS: CIRCUIT COURT is held on the fourth Monday in April and October. 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. OFFICERS: W. T. GAY, Representative. ANDREW J. CARTY, Presiding Judge county court. CHARLES HART, County Judge, Southern District. A. G. MOYER, County Judge, Western District. J. B. WALKER, Prosecuting Attorney. P. W. WILKINSON, County Clerk. W. A. FLETCHER, County Clerk. ARTHUR HUFF, Circuit Clerk. JOS. A. ZWART, Probate Judge. D. F. REESE, Treasurer. W. F. O'NEAL, Sheriff. G. G. HENDERSON, Assessor. G. W. FARRAR, Surveyor. A. W. HOLLOMAN, Surveyor. D. H. MCKENZIE, School Commissioner. CITY OFFICERS: Mayor, W. R. Edgar. Marshal, J. L. Baldwin. City Attorney, W. G. Fairchild. City Clerk, W. A. Zwart. City Treasurer, J. L. Baldwin. City Collector, J. L. Baldwin. City Councilmen—L. J. Giovanoni, J. N. Bishop, M. Clabaugh, Geo. Baldwin, Geo. D. Marks and Henry Kendall. Street Committee—Geo. Baldwin, M. Clabaugh and L. J. Giovanoni. Fire Committee—L. J. Giovanoni, G. D. Marks and H. Kendall. Health Committee—J. N. Bishop, G. D. Marks and H. Kendall. CHURCHES: CATHOLIC CHURCH, Arcadia College and Pilot Knob. L. WERNERT, Pastor. High Mass and Sermon at Arcadia College every Sunday at 9 o'clock A. M. Vesters 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, J. H. HULLY, Pastor. Residence, Ironton. Services on 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 every Sunday at 9:30 A. M. and Prayer Meeting every Tuesday evening at 7:30 P. M. All are invited. M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH, Fort Hill, between Ironton and Arcadia. Rev. J. M. ENGLAND, 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, H. T. MOHON, Pastor. Residence, Ironton. Preaching on 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 every Sunday at 9:30 A. M. and Prayer Meeting every Tuesday evening at 7:30 P. M. Presbyterian Church, cor. Reynolds and Knob streets, Ironton. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. Y. P. S. C. 6:30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7 P. M. G. H. DUTY, Pastor. St. Paul's Church, Episcopal, Ironton Sunday School every Sunday, at 9:30 A. M. Rev. OTTO FAYE, Pastor. M. E. CHURCH, Corner Shepherd and Washington streets, Ironton. H. A. HENLEY, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. and Select Reading at 4 P. M. Literary every Tuesday night at 8. SOCIETIES: IRONTON LODGE, No. 544, K. of P., Ironton, Mo., meets every 2d and 4th Friday evening of each month at Odd-Fellows Hall. R. F. HOLLOMAN, C. C. ARTHUR HUFF, K. of R. & S. IRON LODGE, No. 197, I. O. O. F., meets every Monday at its hall, corner Main and Madison streets. CHAS. ARNOLDY, N. 3. J. T. BALDWIN, Secretary. IRONTON ENGAGEMENT, 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. G. D. MARKS, C. P. J. T. BALDWIN, Scribe. 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. MANN KING, Secretary. MIDIAN CHAPTER, No. 7, 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. W. P. WEMP, Secretaries. VALLEY LODGE, No. 870, KNIGHTS OF HONOR, meets in Odd-Fellows Hall every alternate Wednesday evening. W. T. GAY, D. IRA A. MARSHALL, Reporter. EASTERN STAR LODGE, No. 62, A. F. & A. M. (colored), meets on the second Saturday of each month. FRANZ DINGER, P. C. C. R. PECK, AdJt. IRONTON CAMP, No. 60, Sons of Veterans, meets every 1st and 3d Saturday evening, each month, and every Tuesday evening for drill. C. C. DINGER, C. R. PECK, Camp Commander. 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. 55, 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. W. T. STEFFENS, President. VAL EFFINGER, Secretary. IRON MOUNTAIN. IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 293, A. O. U. W., meets on the first and third Friday of each month. BELLEVUE. MESAIC LODGE, No. 35, 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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Second Page—Editorial Miscellany, Congressional Proceedings, Missouri State News and Cullings, Legislative Proceedings, Sad River Disaster. Third Page—Doctors in Turkey, Private Brown (a serial), What It Has Cost, Operation of the New Tariff, American Carpets Abroad, etc. Sixth Page—The Next Congress, New Silver Party, etc. Seventh Page—Domestic Concerns, Agricultural Hints, With Spoon and Cup, The Markets, etc.

TIMELY TOPICS.

[We hope hereafter, with more or less regularity, to publish in the REGISTER a column or so of short original articles on "Timely Topics." They will cover every line of thought that may attract the writer's attention from time to time. They ought to be interesting and instructive, as the author is quite capable of using a trenchant pen. The REGISTER may not always editorially agree with all the opinions expressed, but they may be none the less interesting on that account.—ED. REGISTER.]

THE WAR IN THE EAST.—Our American newspapers give their readers very meagre reports of the progress of the war between China and Japan, and we scarcely realize that for many months actual hostilities have been in progress between the most populous empire in the world, and another very ancient, but modernized power of forty-one millions of inhabitants. Both of these nations have armies and navies armed and equipped with the most improved modern officers. It was at first predicted that the Chinese Empire, with its nearly eight times the population of Japan, would speedily crush and overwhelm the latter. But strange to say, the vast population of China has proved itself unequal to hold its own against the fiery energy of the p'ucky and well organized Japanese. The latter have defeated and driven the Chinese out of Corea, they defeated the Chinese fleet, and sunk a portion of it, in a general naval battle off the Korean coast, have landed their armies in China, captured two of the strongest fortified cities in Asia by assault, and seem to have recently captured most of the Chinese fleet which they had not previously destroyed. This fleet, be it remembered, was composed of modern built iron clads, equal to the best in the world. This addition to her already powerful fleet of steel cruisers and iron clads, makes Japan one of the most formidable naval powers in the world—rating next after England, France, and Russia—if, indeed she is not now superior to the latter.

The secret of this success of Japan seems to lie in her new awakening, and the adoption of the best of the thought and administrative appliances of modern civilization. The displacement of the old forms, old ideas, old antiquated religions, by the new, has filled the Japanese with new hopes, new ambitions, new zeal; and these have lifted the nation to a higher plane, as all right reformations ever have, and ever will, elevate and ennoble a people. The constitutional and inbred conservatism of the Chinese seems to make them as yet incapable of discarding their worn out and antiquated systems, and adopting the new. Hence she finds herself paralyzed and impotent in the face of her energetic neighbor, incapable of organizing and using her mighty resources of numbers.

But the war is likely to result in a new education to China, and may eventually in a new awakening, and the gradual adoption of modern civilization throughout Asia.

REMOVAL OF OUR STATE CAPITAL.—The passage of a joint resolution by both House and Senate of the Missouri Legislature, to remove the State Capital from Jefferson City to Sedalia, and submitting the proposition to a vote of the people at the next general election, was a distinct surprise, especially to the good people at the capital. What the result will be it is too early to predict at this time. Sedalia proposes to erect new modern capital buildings, more valuable, and better suited to the present needs of our great State, free of cost to the State. Certainly a more antiquated, old foggy, unsuitable place than Jefferson City does not exist in the State, while Sedalia would be a most admirable location in every way. If Sedalia can put the question of cost out of consideration, so that the taxpayers will not have any additional taxes to pay, it would seem as if her more central and beautiful location, where our State Capital can develop on modern lines, ought to win for her the victory. But to win, she must be prepared for a tremendous struggle, for all the army of State officers at Jefferson City, and all the old fogies in the State, will be against removal.

THE BALTIC CANAL.—I was reading a few days ago, in a cablegram from

Germany, about the approaching completion of a gigantic canal, with stupendous locks capable of carrying the greatest iron-clads afloat, from the north sea through Germany to the Baltic. This canal will give Germany a "short cut" for her fleets of merchant as well as war ships, and will in a few years, give her practically the control of the commerce of the Baltic Sea. Besides this, it furnishes her an unsalable retreat for her fleet, as well as a strategic short-cut for double play against, and attack of, her enemies in case of war. The rise of the German commercial fleet during the last twenty years is very phenomenal. It is now away ahead of France, and is gradually gaining on, but of course still far behind, that of Great Britain, the modern commercial colossus.

This canal was constructed by the German Government, cost a vast sum, and gave employment to thousands of men in its construction. Why can we not have a few canals made in these United States by the government? A ship canal of good dimensions from Chicago to St. Louis via the Illinois River, should be one of them. This would furnish work for all the tramps in the United States, and what a blessing it would be not only to those thus giving employment, but to the millions who would be benefited for all time by such a line of commerce? But I suppose we would at once be confronted by the old fogies who would set up the old dogma of "strict construction of the constitution," and "State rights!" Here ought to be an opportunity for our free silver coinage people to do a streak of business,—pass an act to construct such a work—and others—and that it should be paid for in silver dollars, if you please.

Ed. Register: I was thinking one day during the last blizzard, as I was lying on my lounge behind the stove—for I have been doing that thing a good deal during these cold stormy days—of some queer people that I have known in the course of my life. I remember, when I was about ten years old, of seeing a woman the folks called "Old Lyd." It was one cold Sunday in the dead of winter, and such winters as we had in old Connecticut we don't often see in this climate. The snow was about two feet deep on a level, and such sleighing as we had in that country we don't see here. After one of those great snow storms the roads would block all up until the farmers would hitch up those great ox teams to big logging sleds and break out a road. The farmers would get all the boys and girls loaded on the sled to make it sink into the snow, and such fun and jollity as we did have as the long string of oxen went wallowing through the snow!

Well, I remember one Saturday it had snowed all day and way into the night. Sunday morning the clouds had gone and the sun came out bright. But it was very cold. As it was the custom and the law for all persons that were able to go to "meeting" (church), father hitched up the sleigh and all of the family went to church but myself and the little ones that were younger than myself. Just before they started my mother came to me and said: "If 'Old Lyd' should come while we are gone, don't get scared; she won't hurt you, if you don't get frightened at her." Now, I will tell you who old "Lyd" was. Her father's family lived in Wilbrahron, the town next north of us. They were very wealthy people—the aristocracy of that day. We had no millionaires at that time. Even the great John Jacob Astor was a poor man. Yet there were the rich and poor all the same. This "Lyd" was a daughter of one of the aristocracy of that town, and as love is blind she fell in love with one whom her family considered far below her station, and the parents forbade her having anything to do with young man, although he was of respectable parentage; only his family were not as rich as they were. The girl had thoughts of her own. She said if she could not marry the man she wanted she would not marry at all. But her family said she should marry a man they had chosen for her, or she should not marry at all. The result was the girl, either through spite or insanity, became a wanderer. She could be seen traveling all over the country, rain or shine, cold or hot; bare-footed, bare-headed, and with very little clothing. She became the terror of all children in the country as far as she was known. I had seen old "Lyd" once or twice in the summer time, but I had never seen her in the winter.

On this cold Sunday, about ten o'clock, I was sitting with the little children before one of those good blazing fires in the fireplace, when without any warning the door was burst open and in jumped old "Lyd." She had a big pole in her hand, and nothing on her head; her hair was cut short and stood up like porcupine quills. Arms and legs naked, and the only garment she had on was a kind of smock with straps over her shoulders to hold the dress up, and it just reached her knees. As she stood glaring at us, I said, "Come to the fire, Lyd." She stamped her foot on the floor and brought the end of her pole down on the floor. I said again, "Lyd, come to the fire." When she saw I did not act as if I was afraid of her, she came towards the fire. I set a chair for her, and she sat down and looked at the little children, who had all stepped around back of my chair. I said, "Lyd, ain't you cold?" She snapped out, "No! my temper keeps me warm. Then I asked her, "Ain't you hungry?" She said, "Yes, I am."

So I got her a plate of baked beans right out of the old bake-oven, and a good slice of pork, and some bread and doughnuts. And the poor creature did eat! After she had gone, we all ran to the window to watch her as she went wading through the deep snow, with her bare feet and legs. O, we felt so sorry for her, the poor creature! I have all my life felt glad I governed my fear and fed and warmed the poor outcast. What ever became of her I never learned. What a pity! Another queer person in our country was a man who owned a farm up in the mountains, about four or five miles south of us. He had got the idea he and his family were going to starve. So, as soon as he would get up he would put on his hat and start out—sometimes in one direction and sometimes in another. At almost every house he would walk in without knocking or any salutation, with hat on his head. As he walked in he would say, "Bread." When folks that knew him saw him coming they would put a loaf of bread on the table, and as soon as he said, "Bread," they would hand the loaf to him. He would put the loaf under his left arm, and with his right hand break off chunks of bread and just cram it in his mouth, as if he was feeding a sausage mill. And there he would stand or sit until the whole loaf had disappeared. Then he would, without a word, walk out and travel for another house. So he would go, day after day.

Another queer person lived on a little place adjoining my father's farm. She was an old maid. Everybody called her "Aunt Easter." Her house stood out even with the road, with no yard in front and two-story back. The lot back of the house had been at some time a pond. She had all of this lot set in mulberry trees, from which she fed silkworms, as she made silk every year. One of our neighbors said one day, "Aunt Easter never combs her hair from the time she begins to feed her silkworms until they have wound or gone into their cocoons; then she would sit down and comb a peck of silk balls out of her hair." But of all the mean queer men I ever saw—it does not matter what his name was or where he lived; while we were building the old homestead, one Sunday morning, before breakfast, that man came and said he wanted a coffin made for his daughter. He said, "I did not bring the measure, but you can be dressing the plank." You see, in those early days we did not have undertakers, where you could get any sort of a coffin. I have seen people buried in a very rough pine board box. About ten o'clock, I took a measure and rode to the house. As I got off and hitched my horse, I saw the house was full of folks. As I came to the door the father came and met me, and as he took hold of me I looked in and saw a woman sitting up in bed talking to the company. The old man said, "Don't go in just yet; she ain't quite dead yet."

I said, "Is that her sitting up in bed talking?" He said, "That's her." I just wanted to knock that old sinner's head for him and I am afraid I said some things to him that would not look very well in a book or sound very well to ears polite. But I know he found out my opinion of himself. Oh! I was too angry to remember the injunction, "Be ye angry and sin not." I told him I wished the coffin was for him; I would make it for nothing. That woman did die that day some time.

Well, it takes all sorts of people to make a world! T. P. R. While no physician or pharmacist can conscientiously warrant a cure, the J. C. Ayer Co. guarantee the purity, strength, and medicinal virtues of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It was the only blood-purifier admitted at the great World's Fair in Chicago, 1893.

A Graduated Bachelor Tax.

Julian of Kansas City is one of most eminent members of the present very eminent House of Representatives of Missouri. He is unmarried, and apparently through his fault rather than his misfortune, he wants to fine himself for it. Also others in the same incomplete condition. As a statesman he venerates the married life, and fears to see celibacy laying Missouri low as it laid old Rome. This repentant celibate has therefore brought in a bill directing that bachelors shall be subject to a graduated tax, as follows:

"Between the ages of 30 and 35 years, \$10; between the ages of 35 and 40 years, \$15; between 40 and 45 years, \$30; between 45 and 50 years, \$50; between 50 and 55 years, \$75. Over 60, 25 per cent. of their taxable wealth."

Julian of Kansas City would begin mildly with the unmarried youth between thirty and thirty-five, merely reminding them every year by a little bill for ten dollars that their solitariness is watched anxiously by the State, which expects them to do their duty to it, and that time has already been called and is flying. At 35 the admonition is made 50 per cent. sharper. At 40 the thing is beginning to get serious. It is no time for fooling. Up goes the fine 100 per cent. So, after successive raisings of the impost, the callous celibate, who has endured for thirty years the fiscal rebuke of the State, and has seen most of his comrades warmed of heart or frightened of purse, comes to the three score mark. Then Mr. Julian regards him as hopeless. He has been fined gently and fined severely. The terror of the tax and the good example of most of his coevals have been lost upon him. He has not seen the error of his ways, or if he has, he has refused to acknowledge it, and has persisted in his error. He will not take upon himself a half. Therefore he shall lose a quarter, says the practical Julian.

And now mark with what providence and wisdom the proceeds of the taxes wrong from these basalt-bosomed impenitents are to be bestowed. Those proceeds are not to be spent upon repairing roads and hedges or shingling schoolhouses or any other common and prosaic purpose. With a finer sense of justice Julian of Kansas City proposes that the money be put into the hands of the Probate Judges in the various counties and devoted to the benefit of such spinsters as will declare and prove that they are not spinsters by their own volition, but have been and still are willing to marry. Among this class the money is to be distributed with the same graduation that applies to the imposition of the tax.

A bill of this sort should be constitutional, if the income tax is, although it would have been well if Mr. Julian had inserted into the preamble of his bill a declaration of hostility to the income tax as an obstacle to marriage. To tax a class for the benefit of another class is a form of taxation highly approved by many Missouri statesmen, and there should be no objection in the Legislature of that State to the passage of the Julian Bachelor tax.

Still, there may be just a little doubt, however unworthy, about Julian's motives in bringing the bill forward. He is vouchsafed for as a medicinal bachelor, but statesmen are not in the habit of rushing up to the clerk's desk with bills to tax themselves. Not even statesmen in Missouri. Can it be that Julian is going to get married, and is grinning in anticipation of the affliction in which he will leave his present comrades in celibacy if his bill becomes a law?—N. Y. Sun.

How to Cure Rheumatism.

ARAGO, Oregon, Nov. 10, 1893. I wish to inform you of the great good Chamberlain's Pain Balm has done my wife. She has been troubled with rheumatism of the arms and hands for six months, and has tried many remedies prescribed for that complaint, but found no relief until she used this Pain Balm; one bottle of which has completely cured her. I take pleasure in recommending it for that trouble. Yours truly, C. A. BULLORD. 50 cents and \$1.00 bottles for sale by all dealers.

DR. SAWYER'S FAMILY CURE—It not only relieves; it cures. It is suitable to all ages and every member of the family. Try a free sample. Sold at Crisp's drug store.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

World's Fair Highest Award. Honesty, perseverance and skill cannot improve DR. SAWYER'S FAMILY CURE, because it fully cures Indigestion, Biliaryness and Kidney difficulty. Sold at Crisp's drug store.

Lane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day. In order to be healthy this is necessary.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.