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Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

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Official Directory.

MEMBER OF CONGRESS: Hon. J. H. RANKY, Thirteenth District, Piedmont, Mo.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY OF 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 2d Monday in February, May, August and November.

OFFICERS: G. W. FARRAR, Jr., Representative. R. L. CARTY, Presiding Judge county Court.

CITY OFFICERS: Mayor, W. R. Edgar. Marshal, J. L. Marshall. City Attorney, Arthur Huff.

CHURCHES:

CATHOLIC CHURCH, Arcadia College and Pilot Knob. L. WERNERT, Rector.

M. E. CHURCH, Cor. Reynolds and Mountain Streets, Edw. Koeth, Pastor.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH, Fort Hill, between Ironton and Arcadia. Rev. L. F. ASPLEY, Pastor.

BAPTIST CHURCH, Madison street, near Knob st., Pastor.

Presbyterian Church, cor. Reynolds and Knob streets, Ironton. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

St. PAUL'S CHURCH, Episcopal, Ironton. Sunday School every Sunday, at 9:30 A. M.

LUTHERAN CHURCH, Pilot Knob. Rev. OTTO PRAFF, Pastor.

SOCIETIES:

IRONTON LODGE, No. 144, K. of P., Ironton, Mo., meets every 2d and 4th Friday evening of each month at Odd-Fellows Hall.

IRON LODGE, No. 107, I. O. O. F., meets every Monday at its hall, corner Main and Madison streets.

IRONTON ENGAGEMENT, No. 29, I. O. O. F., meets on the first and third Tuesday evenings of every month in Odd-Fellows Hall.

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.

MIDIAN CHAPTER, No. 71, B. A., meets at the Masonic Hall on the first and third Tuesday of each month.

VALLEY LODGE, No. 1570, KNIGHTS OF HONOR, meets in G. A. R. Hall on the 2d and 4th Wednesday evening.

EASTERN STAR LODGE, No. 62, A. F. & A. M. (colored), meets on the second Saturday of each month.

IRON POST, No. 246, G. A. R., meets on the 2d Saturday of each month at 2 P. M.

IRONTON CAMP, No. 60, Sons of Veterans, meets every 1st and 3d Saturday evening, each month, and every Tuesday evening for drill.

MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA, Camp No. 3755, meets on the first and third Tuesday night of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

BELLEVUE. MOSAIC LODGE No. 35, A. F. & A. M., meets on Saturday night or after the full moon.

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From Tarheeliana.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Jan. 27, 1897.

When advised by one of St. Louis best known and most talented physicians to come to Asheville, he said: "There you can sit outside the house every day in the year and breathe the ozone that restores health and strength to the invalid."

As I write this morning the thick-falling snow nearly obscures the buildings on the other side of a 75-foot street from view; "the beautiful" lies six inches deep on the dead level; the mercury went down last night to fourteen degrees below freezing-point, and a wintery sky never greeted the gaze of a Southeast Missourian since first he budded, blossomed, and produced fruit of his kind.

Yet we were more provident in our outfitting than was at least one party they tell of. He came here for the winter with only a full supply of summer clothing—duck suits, sunshades and dusters; to the advantage of the Asheville clothing stores, whose proprietors better understand the ins and outs of the climate which pertains to this Skyland resort.

We have visited Biltmore, the famous Vanderbilt chateau—that is, we got within halting distance thereof, to a good, strong voice. There we were shut off, and had to take in its beauties from afar. Time was when visitors were permitted to approach to the very portals of the castle; but one day a lady visitor was surprised in the act of trying to detach with a hatchet one of the carved ornaments beautifying a marble pillar upon which a good many hundred dollars had been expended.

She wanted to carry home with her a souvenir whose genuineness would be ever susceptible to proof and carry conviction to the hearts of the Doubting Thomases who afflict the serenity of the traveled story-teller. To my mind the act delicately conveyed—or ought to have conveyed—a most acceptable compliment to the understanding of Mr. Vanderbilt. Suppose some lady were to go to my premises in Ironton and take a shingle off the roof or pull a paling from the fence, to sacredly treasure it as a remembrance of the editor of the only Democratic paper in Iron county? Would I "kick," wax wroth, and set guards about the precincts? It seems to me something is due from us celebrated people to our admirers. But Mr. Vanderbilt, who is yet a young man, and therefore more subject to impulse, refused to look at it from this "pint of view," and all the world suffers the consequence.

I had intended writing up the property in my own lucid and effective manner, this week, embodying a lot of data not yet in print, but a three-days' siege of jumping tooth-ache has knocked out my calculations. Therefore, the REGISTER readers must content themselves with a second-hand treatment of the subject, taken from the New York Four Hundred, which I am allowed to copy by reason of having been recently made a member of that ancient, exclusive and honorable order: When the president of a bank can be taken in by the bogus check racket, which of us can call himself safe? Speed the day that brings home and safety!

Biltmore estate comprises over 100,000 acres, including Pisgah and The Rat, and young Vanderbilt may drive fifty miles without crossing his tracks or boundary lines. The entrance proper is a private railway station, "Biltmore," where Mr. Vanderbilt has emulated Sir George Fullman with a model little city, entirely built by himself, with depot, general offices, church, school and homes for his workmen. A drive of five miles up the mountain over a gently winding, creamy avenue, shown in my illustrations—so graded in the ascent that a horse may trot or pace the entire distance, or a cyclist climb it without the least exhaustion—brings the visitor to the Biltmore Manor in the sky, and very like what Paradise must be, it seems. The reader may see for himself! what the exterior and surroundings of Biltmore house are, but only relatives and guests are admitted to the palace.

Young Lord George is not in the least given to the vulgarity of vanity, and the morbidly curious public is kept at the respectful distance by astute sentinels and servants, as becomes the dignity of a chateau. Much is known of Biltmore's interior, however, through glib-tongued guests and servants. Its main appointments are the stately library, the tapestry room, the banquet hall or music room, with a grand organ and orchestra loft, the winter garden, the parlors, dining saloon and oratory, and marble halls. There are said to be twenty-five guest rooms, each with a private bath. In the basement is a Turkish bath department, with a marble plunge, 50 by 50 feet, that is electric illuminated from beneath as well as above. The castle,

of course, has its own steam heat, electric light, elevator and laundry plants.

"The whole estate is entwined with drives of ideal type, reviving memories of the World's Fair avenues by their creamy surfaces and solidity, and the waysides are enhanced with frequent artificial lakes, rustic stone bridges massed with vines, jutting fountains, emerald shrubbery, flowers and blue-grass vistas. This five-mile "approach" drive is the only one on the estate that is open to the morbidly curious public and a pass must be obtained at the Vanderbilt office in Biltmore station before even this ride may be taken. The drives are sentimental and adventures are turned back. A pass is not difficult to procure if a party is indorsed by the hotel or town-people. In the height of the season at Asheville the procession of vehicles and horseback riders on a pleasant afternoon extends in an unbroken double column or train from the station to the castle. The public is admitted only on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. The drive and scene are never to be forgotten.

"Sitting on the veranda of the Battery Park Hotel, several years ago, the legend runs, young Vanderbilt asked his native mountain guide if he could take him to the summit of a distant peak designated by a lofty pine tree. The ascent was finally accomplished—the latter part on foot—and to-day Biltmore castle marks the site, at a cost of at least \$10,000,000—if I am any judge. The enormity of the undertaking and its execution cannot be described, and a visit to the premises affords the only adequate idea of the most wonderful estate in the wide world.

"Young Mr. Vanderbilt has furnished Biltmore with traditional paintings, tapestries, rugs and bric-a-brac from the ancient countries in all not less than fifty carloads, it is estimated. Their collection and cost are said to sum over a million. Bedsteads, sofas, chairs, tables and odd pieces of furniture that once belonged to kings and queens and adorned the houses of royalty are profuse in the assortment. Young Mr. Vanderbilt's own bed is an ancient heirloom with carved posts and a throne-like canopy. Steam heat is said to have played havoc with the majority of these quaint rare relics, particularly the artistically inlaid woods, not having been built for steam-heated houses, and Mr. Vanderbilt has been obliged to send abroad for experts to save his invaluable assortment from absolute disintegration. The foreign equipment of Biltmore extends throughout the estate, which along the dreamy drives is adorned with trees and shrubbery from Japan and the tropics. Biltmore, however, is not altogether for pleasure life. Young Vanderbilt has upon it flourishing farms, dairy, brick and tile plants, no end of lumber forests, and millions of precious metal lie buried in his multiplied mountains. In addition to the winding beautiful avenues that cover the estate, there are divers roads and paths for hunting parties, deer parks, stocked lakes, and frequent lodge houses. At Pisgah's base stand a fine clubhouse, a score of miles from the chateau, where the hunters, horses and hounds are wont to take their breathing spells and refresh themselves for the continued chase. Imagine a Vanderbilt hunting party reined on the palace plaza, moving thence east and over the terraced rampedoes and dashing away upon the vista into the wooded glens and jungles for the day's sport without leaving the host's domain. Biltmore has five miles of river front of its own.

"Of the grand gardens southeast of the great plaza, a description is impossible. The beauties of the series of terraces and serpentine walks leading down to them may be conjectured from the various glimpses given. Extending southward from the manor is the walled tennis court and observatory, overlooking the valley on the west, while along the east wall is a park, the end of which is a separate illustration. I have illustrated the premises both in full and detail, showing the general view and the chief features again at close range—the sentinel lions, and rampedoes, the percula, an artificial lake and bridge, a bit of mountain drive, the stables annex, and All Soul's Memorial church in the heart of the village of Biltmore.

"I happened in Asheville on a Sunday, and was taken by a resident friend to All Soul's Church, which Mr. Vanderbilt constructed and has dedicated to the memory of his parents. It cost \$75,000, contains a splendid pipe organ, with a performer and chorister from New York, a picked quartette choir and a chorus of some thirty voices. The architecture is the old Dutch type brought up to date with cathedral windows, quartered oak pews and woodwork, plush cushions and ottomans, steam heat, electric light and all metropolitan features. Young Mr. Vanderbilt invariably attends the services, driving down from Biltmore with guests or friends, and quietly taking a rear pew to attract the least possible attention. For it goes without the saying that the author of this stately splendor in the North Carolina mountains is as great a personage and object of curious interest as the occupant of the White House. Young Mr. Vanderbilt is about five feet six inches, of medium build, with jet black hair and mustache and a strong yet slightly sad face, denoting the highest order of intelligence. He is a Harvard graduate and a world-wide traveler, first visiting Asheville about ten years ago for his health. Asheville not only saved him but won him and his millions, and the royal Biltmore of to-day is the consequence. At present about fifty servants are required to conduct the affairs of the chateau. It was inaugurated a year

ago with a holiday house party from New York, principally the Vanderbilts and their relatives, the occasion including a daily dash, a state dinner and grand ball, and a supplementary ball for the servants. Singularly sad to relate, the inaugural festivities were interrupted by the sudden death of Miss Alice Twombly, dispersing the party, and hardly had Biltmore been finished and formally taken possession of when Mrs. Vanderbilt, young George's mother, who was to have made her future home with him and for whom Biltmore contains a special suite, was summoned to that real Paradise that all the earth's millions combined cannot duplicate here below. The fate of Biltmore house and estate in the event of the demise of Mr. Vanderbilt is of course problematical, especially as the great Vanderbilt family is so rapidly going to pieces, but the chateau might become a convent and the broad domain, outside the immediate or necessary environments, revert to the State of North Carolina, from which Mr. Vanderbilt obtained it by special grant and with some such understanding, so it is said."

E. D. A.

Murrayville, Ills.

The hogs, as well as Mr. Hicks, seem to miss it on the weather. The other day I noticed some sows, with young pigs, had picked the lot clear of shucks and soft litter, and had carried it all to their beds; though the weather was very fine I prepared for a blizzard; but it only clouded and misted and came out again finer and warmer than ever. Hicks may be putting his storms in some where, but they have not struck this part of the Lord's immortal vineyard yet.

I say immoral vineyard because there seems to be a big screw loose somewhere. Four years ago Illinois gave Cleveland a majority of 27,000, nearly, this year it gave Bryan 47,000 more than Cleveland got; and yet McKinley carried the State by over 143,000. Where did the votes come from? We have heard of one tramp boasting of voting six times at one election, and another seemed to pride himself upon having voted, in Chicago, 24 times last November. Is the republic rotten?

Some of our Republicans are most heartily ashamed of the manner in which Algeid was treated at Springfield, by their party, and they do not hesitate to say so. It was a scurrily trick; and it showed that dirty staff our Republican legislators, in this State, are made.

In our legislature, as in yours, there are far more pegs than holes. They run, we are told, from fifty to one hundred applicants for each office, from bottle washer up. Of course from forty-nine to ninety-nine will be disappointed and then—listen!

"The mass of the people are so disgusted with legislators and legislation that they do not protest against the growth of autocracy, so apparent just now. This growth seems likely to continue until our republic is lost or revolution comes. With all our boasted intelligence the large majority of our people fail to understand the simple principles upon which human prosperity is based, and the demagogue has things pretty much his own way.

Local matters are dull to stagnation. Corn is 14 cents a bushel; and if you want a bushel of meal you must sell four bushels of corn to get the money to pay for it. Discontent and misery are the results of such conditions. We hear exclamations some times that put one in mind of an old resident of Scott county, who, when a preacher tried to convince him of the greatness and goodness of God, exclaimed, "If the Boss of the universe don't run things any better in the other worlds than he does in this heaven will be a hell of a place to go to." They are like Ella Wheeler Wilcox's Woman in the House of Wants.

"She hated the world that had used her ill; She was bitter with discontent; She was weary of toil in the dull treadmill, Where she wasted her life in trying to fill The mouth of the monster—REST. She hated the man with acres broad; And she doubted God."

"O woman, weary of toil and pain, No wonder your heart is dull; God gave his people a wide domain; He gives them the seasons, the sun, and the rain, And room and food for them all. 'Tis man, the author of selfish crimes, Who brings hard times."

Let me appeal, as Miss W. does, to those who have plenty. But I appeal not for charity but for justice. O lady, in your Palace of ease, You are happy and well content; But what would do were you one of these Who toil and suffer, and starve, and freeze To fatten the monster, REST? Yet God rules ever, and right some day Will have its way."

Looking at the future from between the handles of a plow, the country's prospect never seemed darker than

they do now; but the use of a few grains of common sense, on the part of the people, and we could not say,—"Right forever on the scaffold; Wrong forever on the throne." Jan. 18, 1897. WM. CAMM.

He Will be a Credit to Kansas.

Those prejudiced and insufficiently inform newspaper critics who have been making all sorts of groundless and injurious assertions concerning the political element which was placed in control of Kansas at the last election would do well to read Senator-elect Harris' speech to the Legislature delivered last Wednesday. They will find none of the opinions voicing hostility against capital, of the threats to destroy vested rights, of which they have accused the Kansas fusionists with entertaining and exploiting.

Senator Harris' speech is a calm, conservative and frank presentation of his views on several leading questions. In all he has said there breathes a devotion to the rights of the people and their relation to property such as is set down in the constitution of the United States and the State of Kansas, and the laws enacted in harmony with these two organic instruments.

Senator Harris' attitude toward corporations should especially be noted by these carping critics on the gold-bug press. The perusal of what he stated on this question will, no doubt, afford them much needed light. Colonel Harris makes it clear that he considers corporations as necessary in the production and distribution of wealth, and that they occupy a useful place in our vast and complex business operations. But he makes it equally plain that they should have no rights and no immunities that are beyond and above those accorded to individual citizens, and that all laws giving them such functions should have no place on the statute book. These artificial bodies, he maintains, when they step outside the legitimate lines of the purpose for which they were created, become a nuisance to government by the people, and should be repressed in their encroachment and rigorously regulated by law.

Colonel Harris' tribute to the grandeur of his State, to the honesty and industry of its citizens, and his modest comparison of his own abilities to those of his predecessors in the Senatorial office, all gave glimpses of the character of mind and heart of, perhaps, the most worthy, honest and broad-gauged man Kansas has ever rewarded with a seat in the Senate of the United States.—K. C. Times.

Bryan Was Really Elected.

In the course of a speech at Chicago Jan. 28d, Ex-Gov. Algeid said: "In Ohio there were nearly 200,000 votes more counted in 1896 than there were in 1892, which would indicate an increase in population in that State during four years of very nearly 1,000,000 of people, whereas in reality there has not been an increase of a third of a million in that time. In other words, it is clear that in Ohio over 94,000 fraudulent votes were counted, and as the returns show that Mr. McKinley had only a majority of 49,000 in that State it is certain that Mr. Bryan carried Ohio by over 40,000.

"In Illinois in 1892 practically every legal vote was cast, yet in 1896 there were 243,000 more votes counted than there were in 1892. During the whole past history of Illinois our population had not reached 4,000,000; in 10 years—from 1880 to 1890—during which our growth was greatest, the population of the State increased only about 750,000; yet, according to the late election returns, the population of this State increased in four years—from 1892 to 1896—nearly 1,200,000. This shows the monstrously fraudulent character of the whole proceeding.

"It should be said that, notwithstanding these fraudulent votes, McKinley did carry Illinois, but only by a small majority and not by 143,000 majority, as reported; but it is certain that he did not carry Ohio, or Indiana, or Kentucky, or California, and it is doubtful if he carried a number of other States credited to him."

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