

SUBSCRIPTION:
One Year, \$1.50. Six Months, \$0.75.
RATES OF ADVERTISING
Furnished on Application. Special In-
ducements to Home Patrons.
Address, REGISTER, Ironton, Missouri.

Best equipped job print-
ing establishment in
Southeast Missouri. In-
sure satisfaction. Pri-
ces reasonable.

TRY US.

BY ELI D. AKE.
VOLUME XXXI.

OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY AND TRUTH.

TERMS—\$1.50 a Year, In Advance.

IRONTON, MO., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1897.

NUMBER 24.

AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA" AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.
I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on every bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.
March 8, 1897.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher

Insist on Having

The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Greetings to Everybody!

The Autumn Season is fully upon us, and with it we come before you with the Handsomest, Most Complete and Carefully Selected Stock that Money, Time, and Years of Experience can produce. We've No Bluster

To harass you with! We do no "blowing," but we say truthfully that we have a Light, Airy, Clean and Neat Store Room, where you are always made welcome, and where we stand ready to serve you with the

Choicest Goods of the Market AND SEASON,

at Prices that Cannot be Surpassed ANYWHERE.

We Handle

Only the Best Grades of Goods, Buy only from the Best and Most Reliable Wholesalers for Cash, thus assuring you only the Best

Standard Goods

at the Very Lowest Prices. We do not carry a single Low-Grade Article. Call and see us. Our Goods and Prices will tell the tale.

We are just Opening up the Finest and Most Complete Line of

Fancy Glass and Queensware

ever displayed in Southeast Missouri. Come and see our Elegant Line. Don't fail to see

OUR 10-CENT COUNTER of Glass and Queensware. Not a Poor Article in the Lot. We offer you a Market FOR ANYTHING YOU HAVE TO SELL!

and insure you the Best of Goods at Prices CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST.

Our Meat Market

is Complete, our Store is Light and Airy, Clean and Neat, and you are always Welcome. Come and see the Leaders!

GROSS & TOLLESON.

J. W. WHITWORTH,
DEALER IN

ST. JAMES HOTEL,
ST. LOUIS.



RATES: \$2.00 PER DAY.
Room and Breakfast, \$1.00.
EUROPEAN PLAN, \$1.00 Per Day.
Good Rooms. Good Meals. Good Service.
When you visit St. Louis stop at
ST. JAMES HOTEL,
Broadway and Walnut. Street Cars Direct to Hotel.
TURKISH BATHS, Open all Night.

General Merchandise

ARCADIA, MO.

If you want the Best Groceries at the Lowest Prices, call and see us. We are making prices that will interest you.

Good Flour, per cwt. \$2.40.
Good Meat per pound, 6c.
Fine Guatemala Coffee, per lb. 30c.
J. W. WHITWORTH.

Sight-Seeing.

Ed. Register—Allow me to shift the scenes from the city to the country for this week; then we will go back to the city. For the last fifty years or more I have been receiving invitations to "come over to Black river and see us and go hunting and fishing." Although my body could not get there for first one reason, then another, my spirit, my heart, and my mind were there, and not until last week when Professor Fox came to visit us and to attend to some business could I make the trip. One morning he said to me "Mr. Fred Hunt will come up with his two-seated spring wagon and will take us home to Lesterville in the morning and you are to go home with me and make that long-promised visit."

On Monday morning at ten and a half o'clock we started, and as the clouds looked as if they would pour down rain every moment, we took plenty of wraps and umbrellas. As we drove along I kept my eyes wide open, for I love to look at the rocks and trees, the late wild flowers, the wild asters and golden rod and the rich foliage. It seemed so good to once more get out in the woods, and view the roads; for when the Springfield road was surveyed from Fredericktown, many years ago, I was appointed to oversee the cutting out and opening up of that road from the St. Francis river to what is now Hogan. Nothing of interest occurred until in about a mile of Hogan, when the clouds let down the rain for about a mile, as if to take a good cry.

As we passed the schoolhouse we saw boys and girls sitting around out doors eating their dinners. So when we got over to the Holloman place we stopped and ate our dinners from the basket and lunch box that had been put up for us. And I tell you I, for one, enjoyed it for I had got quite hungry. After we had rested we drove on, and as we went winding up and around among the mountains, I asked myself, "How did anybody find their way over these mountains to the world beyond?" As we passed a farm on Carver's creek I just thought, well, that man is not troubled with his neighbor's chickens, for I could not see where a neighbor could come from or where a neighbor could find a place to settle. After a long drive up and down such steep mountains, all got out and walked but myself, we at last struck the head of Mill creek. As we sped along a good, smooth road, we soon came in sight of the river valley spread out with large beautiful farms, with great fields of corn and wide meadows, surrounded by low foot hills, as if old mother earth had got tired and wanted to lie down and take a rest.

As we come to the east fork of Black River we saw great piles of long, pine saw logs, piled up on each side of the road right in the middle of what is the river when it is running full. I asked, "What are all these logs here for?" I was told those logs were waiting for a freshet to take them down the river to Leeper, to be sawed into lumber, and "where is the town?" for I could not see any signs of one. They said, "just over the hill." When we reached the top of the hill then I saw Lesterville—a town nestled in the head of a large valley with large farms off to the south and west. The town was on a gentle slope with high lands on the north and east, with a river on the east, south and west, and such clear water you could see fish way down in the deep water. The sand and gravel were so white and clean, deep water looked shallow.

I saw, as we reached town, and I had time to look around, right across the street, a large two-story store painted white, with brown blinds. On the front, a wide porch with "Dobbins, Carter & Co.," lower down, "Oliver Chilled Plows," "Post-Office," and when I crossed over to see what was to be seen, I saw the proprietor with his two assistants, one a lady, very busy waiting upon their customers; and I saw the store had as great a variety and as good an assortment of goods as you will find in any country store. You could get anything from a cambric needle to a cross cut saw, everything from an iron spoon to the finest of table ware; from a spool of thread to a bunch of carpet yarn; from bread ticking to the finest dress goods; from a palm hat to a hat with ostrich plumes. And as I sat by the stove one evening I saw a little boy, in his first short pants, and a face as ruddy as an apple, with eyes as black as coal, and in his hand he had a young coon's skin. The skin was small but it had been well stretched. As he handed his peltry to the merchant he was asked, "and what do you want for this skin?" He said, "I want a new saddle for it." O, the way the people did

laugh. But when the merchant handed or laid down some pieces of money on the counter, you ought to have seen that little fellow scrape the money into his hand and walk out of the store—the richest man in all that town.

At the post-office supplied with a daily mail I saw the boxes were well filled with all sorts of papers, dailies and weeklies, and many other periodicals. I find this is a reading people. I found quite a variety of papers in every house I was in.

As I looked I saw right over to the southeast the schoolhouse, a large two-story building with a large campus around it, and at recess I saw a large crowd of boys and young men and little girls and young ladies, just such as I have seen ever since I was big enough to go to school—all enjoying themselves in all the games and pastimes, and I saw the old Professor out throwing ball for the young ladies to bat, and I tell you I saw some good batting and throwing and catching, and those girls could run and catch a ball as good as the best of them, and as I looked over west I saw the college, and on the opposite side of the street, the church—all nice buildings for any country. Just down in the hollow I saw the cabinet shop and just a little farther on a large blacksmith and wagon shop, where those great log wagons are made, and I saw but few wagons other than those broad tired, low ones for hauling those great logs.

Way down in the lower part of town is located a steam mill. As I made my way to it I saw not only a saw mill but a grist mill, carding machine, planer and I don't know what other machinery. As I sat one day on a log in the mill yard, sunning and watching the mill at work I saw a small boy come with a team. On his wagon he had two long pine logs. Each log would make, as near as I could guess, two hundred and fifty feet of sawed lumber. That boy drove his team up to the proper place and unloaded the logs as quick and as easy as a man could have done it. As he was so small I asked him, "how old are you?" He said fourteen years. "And did you load those logs?" He said, "No, my pa helped." "And how far have you come?" He said, "four and a half miles." I just thought what a difference in now and way back fifty years ago when I hauled logs. No boy could have done such a feat at that time. No, we did not know how and we did not have the conveniences they have now. And that town has two doctors, both single men, and nice, pleasant looking with just such faces as makes one who is sick feel glad to have them come to the sick room. I tell you appearance has a great deal to do with the mind, and the mind has a great deal to do with the body. Jolly looking faces will do more to drive away the blues than a saddlebag full of medicine.

And I saw at church on Sunday a good house full of worshippers, both men and women. I saw as fine a looking lot of young men, dressed as nice as you will find in any country. And the girls, my, you just ought to see the girls with their rosy cheeks and the skin so clear! The clear, fresh, pure air and clear, pure water, not a taint in the air, and those girls dressed as nice and prim as the nicest. I tell you they looked real sweet.

And I was told there was not a saloon in the county; a drunken man would be a sight not often seen. Prof. Fox told me he had not heard an oath uttered on the streets in months. I could but compare this place to the eastern country in the time of Abraham, when he told his son, Isaac, to go back to his old country and get a wife.

One of the public wells in Lesterville is at the corner of Mr. Fox's yard. As I sat looking I saw those Rebekahs of the town come at the sunset hour in groups with their pitchers to draw water, and I saw the young men with their buckets, and I don't know how many matches have been made at that town well as the young men would draw and fill the pitchers for the girls. It almost made me feel as if I would like to be young again. T. P. R.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Don't be persuaded into buying liniments without reputation or merit—Chamberlain's Pain Balm costs no more, and its merits have been proven by a test of many years. Such letters as the following, from L. G. Bagley, Huene, Cal., are constantly being received: "The best remedy for pain I have ever used is Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and I say so after having used it in my family for several years." It cures rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings. For sale by Arcadia Valley Drug Store.

When in the city drop in at the Union Market, Ironton, Mo., for first-class goods. Prices will please you. W. P. MCCARTER.

Republican Platform for 1900.

There is a great lull in the Republican ranks right now. Since McKinley stabbed his Wolcott bimetallic commission in the back, and destroyed its work in behalf of silver coinage, and since he recommended the single gold standard to congress in July, they are dissatisfied of course, but yet they have not the courage to say what they will do. They are waiting for their bosses to speak, and then they will fall in line and whoop it up. In order that their suspense may be relieved, we now tell in a few plain words the most important things they will have to swallow in 1900.

PLATFORM.

We, the Truists, Bankers, Corporations and Plutocrats, commonly called the Republican Party, do set forth and endorse the following:

PLANKS.

1. We heartily endorse Mr. McKinley's servicable administration, for while he is in reality our pliant tool, he is able to make the common people believe he is their friend also. We thank him for smothering his silver convictions and serving the gold standard only, to the full extent of his power.
2. We can never thank Mark Hanna enough for the masterful way he bought up votes and intimidated voters during the '96 campaign.
3. We are for the gold standard pure and simple, without waiting for the consent either of our own people or of any other nation on earth.
4. We will make congress pass a law making the word "coin" mean gold in all the government bonds.
5. We shall call in all the greenbacks and treasury notes and burn them, and issue gold bonds in their stead.
6. We will take all finances out of the hands of the government and give all the money into the hands of the bank; but we will make Uncle Sam responsible for all bank deficits. The banks must have the jobs, but no responsibility.
7. Resolved, That Abe Lincoln was a fool for ever issuing the greenbacks, when we would have loaned him money to carry on the war for the reasonable rate of 40 per cent. per annum. And that Blaine, Logan, Garfield, Harrison, McKinley, Allison, etc., were too foolish for ever advocating free coinage of silver at any ratio.
8. We want still higher protection than the Dingley bill, in order to cut off all revenue from that source, and make the government sell us more bonds to supply the deficiency. We don't want the war debt paid; we want to enrich us more and more.
9. Resolved, That a man in public office does not owe the public anything; as Mark Hanna says.
10. Resolved, That the President shall hold his office for life or during the time he will devotedly serve our interests, for this thing of buying up the voters every four years is getting to be too expensive. We need the money we have to pay them to buy more gold bonds, more palace cars, more fine steamboats, and more voyages to the summer resorts of Europe, etc., etc. The fool voters are asking too much for their votes. We must get that right out of their hands.
11. Resolved, That the earth is flat.
12. Resolved, That the moon consists of green cheese.

This is a sufficient outline. The last two planks do no have anything to do with politics, but they are added only to show the power the bosses have over the rank and file of their party. Last year they were for free silver till the bosses spoke, then they were for the gold standard. If their convention should adopt the last two planks, you will see the little 2x4's jump in and "whoop 'em up."

ROSELLE.

Successful and Unsuccessful Mining.

Manifestly the first thing necessary for the inception of mining is the discovery of minerals or ores worthy of mining. After this discovery is made the next in importance to the discovery is the distribution of mineral to be mined. Such minerals may exist, but it may be in such small quantity as to be unworthy of consideration. Or it may exist in large quantity, but by so disseminated or diffused as to be unobtainable with profit. Mining is like any other business, only there is a better prospect for large reward for intelligent and well directed efforts to be reaped in a shorter time at nobody else's loss than in any other business. Mining is not a game of chance, as some would have it to be. Some of the greatest successes that have ever been made by mining, have been in taking hold of abandoned properties given up by some discouraged business man after coming to the conclusion that mining after all was a gamble.

The same rule applies to mining as in all others. A mine will run itself no more than any other business. And thus it goes with all classes except mining men. They, understanding their business, work steadily on, and while all do not reap large fortunes they make a good return for the capital invested. If we take the lead mines on Flat River in St. Francois county and look at the past, present and future of mining and its management, no one will deny that

HOME MINING.

yields more great prizes than any other adventure, and the total of its annual returns places it in the front rank of the great industrial pursuits of the country and shows that it is a source of permanent enrichment. It contributes largely to the employment of labor, both directly and indirectly; it adds millions every year to the national wealth and at the same time it enriches the adventurers. Of all the branches of mining industry, there are none which have paid so steadily and so well as home mining in St. Francois county. There is no exaggeration in saying that the mining industry of not only St. Francois county, but all of Southeast Missouri, is still in its infancy. Therefore, those having money at command and wishing to occupy it profitably, would do well, under carefully considered advice, to make selections of mines and mining properties in the well-known mineral belts of Southeast Missouri. It is well-known everywhere that the Flat River lead district is a source of wealth to the companies interested, and under the management that at present exists at some of the mines I doubt whether any improvement for the welfare of those mines could be made. I must say that as a general rule with the mines on Flat River the officials deserve the credit of making the mines what they are. That is successful mining.

T. B.

Chin Deep in Duplicity.

Senator Teller's statement to a Washington newspaper man that Republicans are not honest on the money question embodies a fact no less true than chestnutlike. The Republicans—that is to say, the misleading leaders, not the misled voters—have had dishonesty and duplicity for the cardinal principles of their politics ever since the party emerged from the function of nation-savers and took up the congenial vocation of nation-robbers. It therefore, needs no "prophet of the past" to enlighten the country on the matter of Republican dishonesty.

But Senator Teller, who left his party on account of its dishonesty on the money question, is worth quoting in his latest iteration of this manifest truth, because he gives reasons patent and cogent wherewith to clinch it. In the interview referred to he said: "The Republicans are going about the study of this question in the wrong way. They are not honest. Secretary Chandler talks of bimetalism as a necessity to save the party from loss at the hands of the voters. He represents the sentiments of that party, which would do something for silver if it were imperative to save the party, and leave silver alone as long as the elections could be carried without it."

So it is with others besides Chandler among leading Republicans. They urge their party to do something for silver, because political expediency and their party's salvation require it, and not because it is statesmanlike, patriotic and, therefore, right. They are for gold, because their election purse-bearers are for gold. They are for bimetalism for fear their deceived and humbugged constituents will sweep them out of the office with their ballots. And so they halt, undetermined and hesitating, between which course to pursue, instead of going forward boldly and with firm tread toward that stand on the money question which their judgment and conscience alike commend.

If the single gold standard is a good thing, why do they hesitate concerning its adoption? If it is not a good thing, why do they falter about rejecting it and pronouncing for bimetalism? From this trite dilemma it is impossible for them to escape. They must choose one or the other horn of it and abide by the consequences. If they decide for the single gold standard, they will have to depend for success in next year's Congressional elections on the check books of the trust magnates, as they did during the last Presidential campaign. If they pronounce for bimetalism, they will have to go before the people whom they fed full on misrepresentations and sophistries last year, and, while asking them for their votes, confess to them that they have humbugged them in the past.

This is the devil-and-the-deep-sea dilemma in which the Republican party is placed by its grand lofty tumbling

on the money question. It is not possible for it to improve matters by discussing Secretary Gage's plan, or the plan of any other financial quack, during the impending session of Congress. The Republican party is stalled in the mire of its own duplicity, and every effort it makes to get on solid ground but serves to render its extrication more difficult and improbable.—K. C. Times.

Hon. W. J. Bryan.

From the Columbia (Mo.) Herald.
The address of Mr. Bryan in the chapel of the Missouri State University on Monday night last illustrated better than have his political speeches his ability as an orator and the dispassionate and logical qualities of his mind. To hold for two hours the rapt attention of fifteen hundred people of all ages and grades of thinking—and that without any dramatic by play or effort at imagery, or humor or eloquence, falsely so-called, was an achievement greater than to have set a sympathetic national convention wild in a moment of its intense enthusiasm. Analyzed, the merit of his address consisted in its clear, fair and vigorous statement of facts that cannot be controverted. Even those who differ with him conceded the remarkable force of his argument, and some of them have candidly admitted the unanswerableness of his conclusions.

He is a great orator. He is more. He is a great man. To have attained before he is yet thirty-eight years of age the undisputed leadership of a great national party is an achievement without parallel in the history of any public man. He has demonstrated his ability to maintain this leadership. His remarkable discretion has won the confidence of his party and it believes him safe. It will nominate him again.

His character is unimpeachable. Not a taint rests upon it. His enemies have but one charge against him. They say he is a demagogue. The same charge has been made against every public man who dared to stand with the people. It was made against Jefferson and Jackson and all the great commoners of the past. It is the only answer that plutocrats have to make to those who dare defy them.

He has entered upon a great revolution—no less than the rescue of the government from the English money power and the monopolies and the placing it in hands of the people whence it came. It is a Herculean task. But with the support of the common people who are rallying to him from all the parties he will be equal to its accomplishment.

Ladies' and children's hosiery, all colors and black, cheap, at the Bucket Store.

I AM CUTTING PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

I will sell Staple Goods for Cash paid on the delivery of goods at a discount of 20 per cent., and other goods at a discount of from 20 per cent. to 50 per cent. from Regular Prices. All who have money to buy their supplies with will do well to call on me and examine my Goods and learn my Prices before buying.

My Stock of Goods consist of Staple Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing for Men, Youths and Boys; Hats and Caps; Boots and Shoes for Men, Women and Children; Furnishing Goods, consisting of Underclothes, Work Shirts, and Dress Shirts, in great variety; Collars, Cuffs, Neckties, Scarfs, Suspenders, Hose, Half-Hose, Gloves, Mitts and Handkerchiefs, in great variety. Fine Hair Oil, Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Staple Drugs and Patent Medicines, Second-Hand Books, School Books, Blank Books, Paper, Envelopes, Tablets, Box Papers, Ink, Pen Stocks, Pen Points, and all kinds of School Supplies, Watches, Clocks, Spectacles in great variety, Razors, Razor Stocks, Honers, Pocket Knives, Pocket Books, Purses, Ladies' Bags, Satchels, Photograph and Autograph Albums, and an immense stock of Laces, Ribbons and Fancy Notions, too numerous to mention. HENRY BARNHART.

CASTORIA.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

STRAYED—From my farm, six miles southeast of Ironton, about the 1st of August, last, Five Head of Cattle—four Two-Year-Olds and one Yearling. Marked with crop off right ear and split in the left. Two steers are solid red; one brown spotted. The heifer is red with white under belly, and white spot in forehead. Dehorned. The yearling is pale red, not dehorned. Will pay for information leading to their recovery. LUDWIG REICHT.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.