

Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

A COUNTRY BREATH.

A hay load in the city square, The sweets of a whole summer fair, In one rude nose piled high...

My lady in the gilded shop, Lets all the tawdry trinkets drop, And through the magic sees...

And long and long the sweetest stays, And cheers and cools the heated ways, Like happy news from home...

The Inn in the Hollow

By H. E. Armstrong. (From Good Literature, reprinted by Special Permission.)

SOME 20 years before the day of railroads in New England a horseman drew rein one evening in June just before sunset on the crest of a hill between the villages of Windsor and Ludlow in Vermont...

"Yes, that must be the inn," he said, as his eyes rested on an old-fashioned, many-gabled house buried in the trees on the road below.

Miles from any other dwelling, hemmed in by a forest that had never known the ax, and reached only by a road that was seldom traveled, no situation could have been more isolated.

"You have a quiet place here, landlord?" "Too quiet," returned the latter, laconically.

"Well," assented the landlord, "if you want no other company but the mill carrier and a belated traveler, and would sooner sleep than be up and doing, this is indeed the spot for you."

"I shall be fortunate if I sleep much," said the other, gloomily. "But tell me," he added, becoming aware that he was being scanned curiously, "why do you keep an inn here in this lonely country?"

"Because my father kept one before me and at his death left it to me. You hear the bawling of the stream yonder on the mountain?"

"Well, the old fellow had a notion that the water power would bring mills and that in the hollow just here a bustling settlement would spring up. But, as you see, he was far out in his reckoning. For a year or two after he built the house—it was not long before the war of 1812—there was some custom, mostly soldiers on the march to and from Champlain, and the place, as I remember it in those days, was lively enough. But with the return of peace business fell off and we found ourselves living in a land of nod. Finally the old gentleman died, rusted out, as one might say. Here I stay on, and old associations tie me to the spot. With a roof over my head and enough to stock the larder, a few cronies to drop in now and then to cheer me up and a wife at the fireside to keep me in countenance, what more can I ask in these times of peace? By the way, if I might be so inquisitive, you have been a soldier, eh?"

"Yes," he answered, with visible reluctance; "I was with Macomb at Pittsburg."

a glass, we will talk about the war, and you shall tell me how you helped to vanquish the British under Sir George Prevost."

The landlord unbuckled a portmanteau from the saddle, whistled for a lad to take the horse and led the way into the house.

"We, here is a jaded man who will be our guest if we give him an easy bed and wholesome fare. And he must have ever care, for he fought with the Great Mountain boys under Macomb and Strong."

The landlord's wife, a woman of girth and good nature, murmured a welcome with a courtesy of respect. She also marked the pallor and brooding sadness of the stranger, and her sympathies went out to him.

No host ever had a more peculiar guest. His response to a hesitating query as to what name he might be called by was to lay down a few pieces of gold.

"Now, landlord," he said, "let me see your rooms."

He selected a spacious apartment in the back of the house which looked out on the deep woods.

"But little sun finds its way in here," remarked the landlord, apprehensively. "Never fear that I shall like it less on that account," said the stranger.

"Here I can imagine myself in the heart of the forest and at all times feel the fresh breeze of the mountains of your chance guests, who might take it ill that I should prefer to be alone. For, understand, landlord, my complaint wants the tonic of silence and privacy. As I look about I see that these surroundings suit me well. That old oak bed with the great head-piece and high canopy is like the one in which I slept in my father's house."

"It is really a Burgundy," said he, "and if the praises of Gen. Strong's officers count for anything you will find it palatable."

The stranger, who had scarcely noticed the preparations for his entertainment, nodded, but said not a word. As the landlord went out again he thought that he heard a sigh escape his guest, deep-drawn and mournful, as of one in mental anguish.

"In some trouble which he must bear all alone, I fear," said the landlord; and this surmise he lost no time in communicating to his wife.

As the days wore on the landlord found his guest more peculiar, mysterious and taciturn. When the weather was fine he left the inn soon after breakfast, and avoiding Oliphant's, he returned through the forest. Seldom did he return before nightfall, and if rain or hunger drove him home he approached the house from the rear, ascending to his room by a private stairway. Once or twice the landlord observed him scanning the entrance to the inn from a distance with a look of uneasiness that was unaccountable.

When the weather was inclement the stranger shut himself in his room, poring over books and writing, or pacing the floor with restless feet. His lamp burned far into the night, and in its still watches his tread echoed through the house. Without doubt the agitation of mind which this sentinel duty denoted revolved around people far distant, and he lived again in scenes of excitement and distraction.

He sometimes heard their guest strike his clinched hands together as he walked, and utter groans of remorse. At first these signs of aberration gave the landlord some uneasiness, for he thought he might be harboring a criminal, or feared that his guest might soon be more in need of an asylum for the demented than of the refuge and creature comforts of an inn. But after one of these nights of stress and disquietude the stranger emerged so self-contained and serene of front that the landlord and his wife were reassured.

One evening, after nightfall of a day lowering with storm clouds and oppressive with the mutterings of thunder, that the hills cast back and forth somewhere in the distance, a traveling carriage drew up at the door of the inn, and there alighted a well-favored gentleman and a lady of striking beauty. They were both young, and evidently people of distinction.

"Landlord," said the gentleman, as the host of the Green Mountain house hastened out to meet the travelers, "the storm seems about to break, and if you can accommodate us we will pitch the night here."

"I have more accommodations than guests," said the landlord, with frankness, "and my wife will be glad to make the lady comfortable."

They had hardly gained the threshold of the inn when the gloom of the roadway was illuminated by a vivid flash of lightning, and instantly a nerve-shaking peal of thunder shook the house to its foundations, and was repeated in the surrounding hills with appalling reverberations. Then the floodgates of the sky were opened; torrents raged down the gullies, and the roof spouts gushed. Almost incessant was the rumble of the thunder, and the lightnings came in quick and blinding successions. Inside the house the landlord's wife, whose nerves had become steeled by

friendship with the mountain storms, was ministering to the gentler of her husband's guests, who was a picture of beautiful distress and affliction. Her companion, as became a man, was composed, and he read the landlords about the severity of the storms in that region with an indifference to the raging of the elements outside that did much to reassure the lady.

In a pause between the thunder-claps the landlord's wife suddenly asked him: "What of the captain? Is he out in this awful storm?"

"This was the title which he had given to the taciturn stranger. 'I'm sure he's not stirred from the house all day,' said the landlord, 'and he must now be in his room.'"

"You have a military gentleman stopping with you?" inquired the newcomer, glad of an opportunity to start a conversation in which the lady might be interested.

"I believe so," said the landlord. "Although all I can tell you about him is that he saw service in the American army under Gen. Macomb in the campaign against Sir George Prevost. He came here on a strapping chestnut mare some eight weeks ago, and has remained with us ever since, to the benefit of his health, as he says; but, for the life of me, I cannot see that he is any less haggard and wretched than on the day we saw him first. What do you think, my dear?"

The gentleman is evidently in sore trouble of some kind," said the landlord's wife, with sympathy.

"That is very strange," mused the lady's companion. "How odd is this singular guest of yours, landlord?"

"I should say about 40, and as fine a specimen of manhood as I ever laid eyes on," answered the landlord. Meanwhile the storm had died down measurably. The wind tumbled suddenly further up the chain of hills, and the lightning was fitful. Only the rain fell in a steady but diminished shower.

Upstairs in the room of the solitary guest the shade of a lamp threw a circle of light upon the mahogany table at which he was accustomed to read, and to write also when an interperpetive mood was upon him. Worn out with the constant strain of self-communing, he had fallen asleep at the table with his head upon his arm. As the storm subsided his slumber became deeper, until at last it amounted to a coma, so exhausted had he become in mind and body by his vigils. Before the bowed head there stood in a silver frame on the table the picture of a young woman of surpassing loveliness, whose eyes sparkled with intelligence and the innocent joy of living. She had been painted in a ball-room dress of delicate texture, which showed the perfect column of her neck and the graceful slope of her shoulders in all their unblemished purity. It was upon this face that his eyes had rested before they closed in a laden slumber; and it was this face upon which the lamp shed the fullness of its light, when a figure loomed in the shadows of the doorway. Three silent steps carried it to the table, where it paused, contemplating the picture of the woman.

PITH AND POINT.

Wise is the man who knows what is best worth doing and does what is best worth doing.—Chicago Daily News.

"I saw a girl look into a mirror today, and it broke." "The mirror?" "No; her face. It broke into a smile."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Quiller—"Old Perkin is not himself any more." Quizer—"Why, how odd. And doesn't he really know who he is?"—Ohio State Journal.

Maud—"I don't think that Angelina is as cold as they say she is." Mary—"Probably not, but I notice that she has managed to freeze on to Fred for a long time."—Denver News.

irate husband is leaving home; tearful wife is attempting to stop him. "Don't touch me!" "Oh, I must! I must!" she cried. "The ice man will be here to-morrow!"—St. Louis Republic.

"Yes, the girls claim the family was once in very good circumstances. But they suffered a great come-down several years ago. How was that?" "The girls fell onto a balloon."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Guest—"What have you got?" Waiter—"I've got liver, calf's brains, pig's feet." Guest—"I don't want a description of your physical peculiarities. What you have got to eat is what I want to know."—Punch.

Tooter—"Do you know I'm quite a believer in the theory that we have all lived before in some other shape?" Loozer (who has just paid for the ninth drink)—"Ah, very likely." Tooter—"Wonder what I was in my former life?" Loozer—"Dunno. Sponge, probably."—Pick-Me-Up.

Experiments by the United States Fish Commission Looking to This End. The difficulty of keeping their merchandise fresh is a cause of great trouble and loss to fish dealers and shippers. Ice is only partly satisfactory, inasmuch as it does not tend to deprive the fish of flavor and firmness, while the moisture from its melting hastens decay. Hence it has been the desire of the United States fish commission to devise some other method by which fish may be preserved, and recently experiments with this end in view have been conducted at Woods Hole, says Youth's Companion.

Bluefish, weakfish and bonito were used for the purpose. In the first experiment 24 weakfish were taken alive from the nets, carefully dressed, and washed with a one per cent. solution of salicylic acid in sea water. Notwithstanding the well-known preservative quality of salicylic acid, this trial was a total failure. So likewise was the next experiment, which was made with a five per cent. solution of formaldehyde. But very different and entirely successful results were obtained by the use of boric acid.

Twenty-four weakfish, freshly killed and dressed, were washed with a three per cent. solution of boric acid in sea water. Twenty-four hours later they looked as if they had just come out of the sea, the flesh being hard and firm and the eyes clear, though no ice had been used. It was hot weather, and other weakfish, killed and dressed at the same time with these, but not treated with boric acid, were in an advanced stage of putrefaction. One of those preserved with boric acid was cooked and eaten and found to be excellent.

This promises to be a most important discovery. The fishes thus treated are in no sense "embalmed," but, after the removal of the viscera, the inside of the stomach is washed with a solution that has been dipped in the solution. This must be done immediately after the capture of the fish. If the latter are thrown about, left for awhile before being dressed, and then put in barrels, the preservative process will not work satisfactorily.

The boric acid solution remains in its first stages, being so effective even in hot summer weather that there is time to get the fish to market, where it may be iced and kept fresh for a long time. The acid is not used as a preservative in the ordinary sense, but as an agent to sponged over, the amount of fluid that remains on it is very small. Its employment can have no injurious effect in its favor, so that it prevents the formation of ptomaines, which are sometimes so dangerous.

This Squirrel Is a Good Swimmer. That gray squirrels are fast and long-distance swimmers was proved the other day to the entire satisfaction of Thomas Donnellon, the ferryman at Middle Haddam. He heard two gray squirrels chattering and scolding on a tree near the bank of the river. Suddenly a large log floated past, and the two squirrels jumped on it and were swept into the river. Tom watched the squirrel by the gray, and watched for his appearance with great interest. The squirrel, instead of striking out for the nearby shore, started for the opposite side. A strong current was running, and though the waves ran high the little animal breasted them like a veteran. Tom followed in his boat. When the middle of the river was reached and he had gained on the gray he quickened his stroke, but the squirrel forged ahead, gaining the shore 15 or 20 feet ahead of his would-be captor.—Hartford Courant.

FARMERS AND OTHERS.

They Work Out Prosperity Unaided by Tariff Laws or Combinations. Mr. L. G. Porter, the head of the statistical branch of the census bureau, has announced the "incontrovertible conclusion" that the farmers of Minnesota are enjoying prosperity to the extent that they are richer than ever before. He shows that if they received less for their agricultural products the cause was not the reduction in their profits, but the reduced cost of production due to improvements in machinery.

Everyone must rejoice in this fortunate condition of the Minnesota farmers. They are to be congratulated. From the scythe and cradle and the flail to the machine that marches through the grain field leaving behind it tied bags of grain that in a moment before was waving in the air is a great stride. Invention has done wonderful things in reducing the cost of agricultural products. Improvement in transportation has given the consumers the opportunity to get these products at a very low cost above production cost.

But it should not escape attention that this prosperity has been worked out by the farmer in free and open competition with all the world. The farmers are the great unprotected producers. It is not such a wonderful thing that a tin plate industry should be built up in this country, after the government gave tin plate makers a protective tariff which guaranteed that the industry would pay from the start. But the farmer has no such guarantee. His products had to be sold in the markets of the world, beyond the reach of the power of this government to control the price.

There can be no farmers' trust, for the reason that the field of their business is world-wide and the farmers are too many to organize. They cannot do as the steel manufacturers did recently in New York. A dispatch from Pittsburgh tells what was done: "Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 11.—The steel manufacturers who had been in session in New York last week have returned today. They succeeded in establishing two additional pools.

These products protected by the pooling agreements are rails, structural shapes plates and billets. Several weeks ago plates were protected by an agreement when the price was advanced to \$25 per ton. A pooling arrangement was completed, at which every plate-maker in the country is a member. The orders of their equivalents will be divided among the firms in the business according to capacity. Prices were advanced to \$27 per ton. A billet pool was also organized, of which every billet-making concern in the country is a member, and minimum price of \$20 per ton and \$18 previously. This only covers domestic sales and does not interfere with price for export.

The demand since election aided in the manufacturers coming together. Circulars will be prepared to-morrow by the steel billet manufacturers announcing the new prices.

"It is expected the Bessemer Furnace association will meet again this week at Cleveland, Ohio, to discuss the price of \$14 per ton as a result of the advance in billets. This will cause an advance on sheet bars and all products into which Bessemer billets are used.

Is that fair to the farmer? The steel manufacturers are protected to the extent of seven or eight dollars on a ton. They can combine and add that much to the selling price which would rule with free competition. Those who produce steel would pay trust prices, because even then it is cheaper than to buy abroad and pay the duty to get the product into this country. This tariff duty enables them to charge exorbitant prices, thereby making it cost the farmer more for every implement used in production; making the railroad pay more for rails over which the products are carried, making everyone using a thing into which steel enters pay tribute to the gentlemen who met in New York. Is it any wonder they are prosperous? The farmer struggles single-handed not only against this handicap at home, but against all the world. If he is prosperous, Evidently Senator Depew's himself to thank for it.—Utica Observer.

The War Tax. According to a Washington dispatch there is likely to be no considerable reduction of the war taxes, at present, although distinct assurances to that effect were given prior to the adjournment of congress in June. It seems that Mr. Payne, of this state, chairman of the ways and means committee, has been conferring with the president, and will call a meeting of the republican members of that committee on November 20 to arrange a plan of action, but it is announced that the reduction is not likely to exceed \$15,000,000 annually. It was expected that the war taxes would be cut in two, a reduction of \$60,000,000 a year. Evidently Senator Depew's prophecy in 1898 as to the cost of President McKinley's Philippine policy was much nearer the truth than the average campaign speech.—Albany Argus.

Trust Servers. Mr. McKinley's first administration was devoted to faithful service in behalf of the trusts at the expense of the American people. Under no other president had there been witnessed so complete a sacrifice of the rights of the many to the privileges of the few. The American government was transformed into a trustee government—the very evil most dreaded by its founders, and against which they most strenuously warned those who should come after them. The result has been a tremendous increase of trust formations and a trust power so great that the combines were enabled to reflect to the presidency the man who had so signally represented their interests in the government.—St. Louis Republic.

Kind of Him. Her mother (sternly)—Mary complains that you won't help her at all; that you never even hold the baby. Her Husband—That's her own fault. Why, I held him last night for awhile. "Oh! you did! How long, pray?" "Well, you—long enough for Mary to bring up a scuttie of coal."—Philadelphia Press.

TARIFF REVISION.

Beneficiaries of the Protective System Are Getting Anxious to See Another Haul. We are now hearing from certain republican organs that it is about time for the tariff to be revised by its "friends" once more.

When these organs speak of the tariff they mean the protective system. They are not talking about revenue. They do not have that in mind at all.

Therefore, when they say that the friends of the tariff should revise it they mean that the friends of the protective system should revise it.

Who are the "friends" of that system? Its beneficiaries, of course. Its friends are those who get rich out of it. They are those who are at once licensed by tariff laws to demand far more than the competitive prices for their products and armed with power to collect the extra charge from their fellow citizens.

Thus it will be seen that what the republican organs referred to propose is that it shall be left to those who are practically armed with public powers for their own enrichment to say for themselves just how far they shall be armed with those powers.

We are told that many of the beneficiaries of the system do not need so high duties as they formerly did to shut out foreign competitors and give them possession of the home field. And the suggestion is that since they can hold the field with lower duties they, the "friends" of the system, will voluntarily reduce them.

Perhaps they will. But we thank them for nothing. We may be sure from our past experience with them that they will not do so. They will do as they have done in the past, and as to shield them completely against foreign competition and extort the highest possible prices. We may depend on it they will keep up the rates so that by combining among themselves to stifle competition they can extort far higher prices from their own countrymen than they find quite satisfactory when they sell their goods to foreigners.

Those organs which suggest that the tariff should be revised by its "friends" are not in the least prompted by any desire to relieve the American people from the wrong of being compelled by the agency of law to compete with those who are at once licensed to the enrichment of those who are engaged in pet industries.

All they intend is that there shall be a reduction of such duties as do not produce revenue or enable anybody to practice extortion, and that on the strength of such reductions their party shall get credit for reducing taxes.

Heretofore they have not succeeded even in playing this dishonest game to any purpose. The "friends" of the tariff mode of extortion revised it in 1890, but they did not even make a pretense of relieving the people which could impose on any intelligent person. As a matter of fact, they increased the protective duties and gave us a higher protective tariff than we ever had before. The most they did was to disguise very truthfully the fact of the increase by abolishing the duty on sugar, which was equivalent to some 75 per cent, and substituting an equivalent bounty for the benefit of domestic producers of sugar.

In 1897 the "friends" revised again, and again they helped themselves to more protection than they had ever before ventured to take. Thus we learn about how much the people have to expect from a revision of the tariff by its "friends." People who enjoy profitable privileges do not as a rule surrender them voluntarily. They never see the time when they can get along with any less privileges. It would be as rational to leave all criminal legislation to the inmates of the penitentiaries as to leave tariff legislation to the beneficiaries of protection. The public would fare about equally well in either case.—Chicago Chronicle.

PRESS COMMENTS. —The trusts will face the president's message without a tremor. They've all been there before many a time.—N. Y. World.

—If the trusts fail to get everything they want in the next four years it will be only because they neglect to ask for it.—St. Louis Republic.

MISSOURI CENSUS FIGURES.

Comparative Tables Showing the Progress of the Commonwealth During the Last Ten Years. Washington, Nov. 22.—The population of the state of Missouri, according to the announcement of the census bureau, in 3,105,654.

The announcement shows an increase since 1890, of 47,481, as the population of the state ten years ago was 3,058,173. The first accurate census of the state was taken in 1810, and the population at every census since then was: 1810, 28,000; 1820, 66,557; 1830, 140,553; 1840, 273,185; 1850, 418,296; 1860, 721,295; 1870, 1,272,265; 1880, 1,818,280; 1890, 1,875,191; 1900, 3,105,654.

The increase of population in the state, in number and percentage, by decades, was as follows: Decade. Number. Per cent. 1810 to 1820..... 38,557 138.76 1820 to 1830..... 174,628 612.91 1830 to 1840..... 132,636 471.98 1840 to 1850..... 142,632 520.24 1850 to 1860..... 303,000 1,099.88 1860 to 1870..... 550,970 1,819.55 1870 to 1880..... 546,010 1,812.26 1880 to 1890..... 596,963 1,818.28 1890 to 1900..... 1,230,463 2,044.51

The figures of the Missouri population by counties, as announced to-day, when compared with the census figures of 1890, make an odd showing. None of the counties show a decrease in population, though far have shown a larger decrease in the population of so many counties. Missouri's returns show that 187 counties there were less in the last decade. The figures of the Missouri population by counties, as announced to-day, when compared with the census figures of 1890, make an odd showing. None of the counties show a decrease in population, though far have shown a larger decrease in the population of so many counties. Missouri's returns show that 187 counties there were less in the last decade.

Two counties which gained but six persons in the ten-year period were Warren and Harrison. Other small gains were by five for Platte county and fifty-nine for Saline county.

Table showing the population of Missouri by counties in 1900 and 1890, with percentage increase or decrease. Columns include County, 1900, 1890, and Increase.

Wheeling, W. Va., Nov. 24.—The Intelligencer has received complete census returns from all but two counties of West Virginia, and, with unofficial figures for these counties, the result is as follows: President, McKinley, 119,705; Bryan, 98,667; McKinley's majority, 21,038. Governor: White, republican, 118,660; Holt, democrat, 100,103; White's majority, 18,557.

Illinois Editor Killed. Bloomington, Ill., Nov. 24.—John C. Gordon, of Normal, editor of the Courier, was killed by a Chicago & Alton train while walking on the track between this city and Normal. His mutilated body was found upon the locomotive pistol upon arrival here.

Cabinet Meeting Unimportant. Washington, Nov. 24.—The cabinet meeting was unimportant. The president's message is about completed, and there was some discussion of the various recommendations it contains.

Oregon's Official Count. Salem, Ore., Nov. 24.—The official count of the vote cast at the election November 6 shows the following result: McKinley, 46,294; Bryan, 33,071; Woolley, 2,500; Parker, 267; Debs, 1,470. McKinley's plurality, 13,227.

Both Eyes Destroyed. Monticello, Ill., Nov. 24.—Grandville Kendrick, a young farmer, living near LaBelle, while hunting, was shot in the face by the accidental discharge of his companion's gun. The sight of both eyes was destroyed.