

Iron County Register.

By ELLI D. AKE.
IRONTON, MISSOURI

The Ghost of the Round House.

By Esther Serle Kenneth.

IT HAD been built in the old colonial times for a blockhouse—a perfectly circular structure, formed of oak logs, some 20 feet high, and with a steeply pointed roof. At a distance it had looked like an old tower until Dr. Amberley purchased it, and threw out rustic piazzas and balconies, covered with vines. Then it was more picturesque than any modern villa you ever saw.

It stood on a high hill against a group of balsamic pines, and overlooked the green banks of a rapid stream and verdant meadows. So salubrious was the situation that the doctor found it desirable to keep open house for his patients; and seldom a week passed that some languishing guest did not seek its hospitality for the advantages it possessed, to soon bid it farewell a renewed creature.

And there was no more perfect picture of health than his only child, Brenda. Straight and supple as an Indian, frank-eyed, glowing, and with never a nervous pain in her life, she seemed the very spirit of courage and joyous life. She was the most effective of housekeepers, and delighted in receiving company under their romantic roof.

Having no mother, she was mistress of her father's house, his companion and pet. Several years previous they had come out of the city, and chosen this house, wherein to give free scope to the powers of both.

Part of the year—all summer—the Round House, as it was called, was filled to overflowing with the doctor's patients and personal friends. But when winter and its severest weather came, the family, so deep in the country, were left mostly to themselves. But Brenda was still brightly happy and busy as a bee. She read all the new books to keep abreast with her literary friends, practiced songs, and embroidered gifts for her many favorites, while her adored father reviled in his favorite dishes prepared by her own fair hands.

During these quiet, happy seasons, they never kept but one servant, a stout maid-of-all-work, whose name was Patty. They had brought her from the city, and she had spent two winters with them; but on the approach of the third, Patty deserted her post.

"The people are all gone—one of them cold, fearsome times be a-comin' in, Miss," she said to Brenda, "and I'd rather be awa'."

"I'm sure the house is warm here winters, and what in the world are you afraid of, Patty?" asked the young lady.

"Well, there be no use saying fear to the likes of you, Miss Brenda," answered the girl. "You're always ready to laugh and flirt awa' such talk, but the Round House is set so high on the hill, the winds go a-talkin' round it o' nights. It's like bein' up in heaven among the spirits."

"Nonsense, Patty—what notions! But if you want to go, you may. Papa and I can get along till we get somebody else."

For Brenda was no more afraid of housework than she was of "spirits."

"Well, it's good not to be lonesome in a lone place, Miss, I suppose. But one might well be afraid of his life here. For I say I'd as lief be murdered as frightened to death."

"What are you talking about, Patty?"

"Plenty o' people in the village will tell you, Miss, that there was a murder committed here some ten years ago. As likely a young man as could be, who was spending the night here alone, was murdered by some enemy following him and coming upon him unawares just as he was a-crossin' the threshold; an' there he lay dead at the door three days an' three nights before he was chanced to be found. And that door, Miss," concluded the girl, with a shudder, "is always an' always a-cleekin', especially on a dark night, when you can't see what does it. I allus sleep with my head covered up, so as not to hear it."

"Poor Patty!" said Brenda, after a moment's thought. "I did not dream you were so troubled. As you say, you would be best away from here. But we shall not be afraid of visitations—of visitations of the poor young man. You see, we are more strong-minded."

"It's well ye are," said the girl, significantly; "for I've heard from them who's seen him since he died about this very place, a tryin' to get in, Miss, with a streak of blood on his neck."

"At this time of year?"

"Yes, a gentleman, wao, through a severe cold, has quite lost his voice. He wishes to put himself in my care, and, therefore, is coming here."

"When?"

"I don't know exactly."

"Not until I can get a woman in the kitchen, I hope. I'll send to the city to-morrow."

But now came the greatest trouble of Brenda's life. Her father was attacked with congestion of the lungs that night, and only his own presence of mind in directing Brenda, and the girl's extreme exertions, saved his life.

Toward the third evening she saw her father's heavy eyes wistfully reading her pale face.

"Steep some hops and make a tea for me to drink, and I shall sleep to-night," he whispered, for louder speech was extremely painful.

"Yes, father."

She knew of old this simple and effective remedy. It was a happy thought of her father's, and she immediately prepared to obey him.

His nourishment and soothing influence soon had a healthful effect on him, and, with a few last directions for the night, he composed himself to a night of natural rest.

His own room was a half flight of stairs down to the ground floor. It joined the pretty south parlor, and was so situated that the slightest sound in her father's room could be heard there. Feeling the need of sleep, and knowing that she could rest more satisfactorily in her own bed than on the lounge near her father, Brenda arranged the lights, left the doors open—the house being evenly warmed—and stole down to her own room. By this time it was nine o'clock, and a very dark night.

Brenda promised herself that she would walk in an hour or two and visit her father. She extinguished the lamp, not being accustomed to a light in her room, and, wrapping herself closely in her dressing gown, lay down upon the outside of the bed. The apartment was warm and silent, the bed soft, and, in spite of a feeling of reluctance to lose herself, the girl soon fell deeply asleep.

She was aroused by a sound as if the front door were gently, almost cautiously, tried or shaken. With a bound she was on her feet.

With burning cheeks and a fast-beating heart, she listened.

Again she heard the door tried, and so deep the silence of the house she could hear a hand brushing and fumbling over the panels, as if stealthily seeking for the lock. Another moment's waiting, then she distinctly heard footsteps about the front of the house.

Meanwhile, she could not see her hand before her, the rooms were so dark. She stood quite still in the center of the apartment, trying to summon her resources.

She had none. If the person trying to get into the house were a burglar or a murderer, or some crazed being, what could she do? Scarcely anything.

"But they shall not harm father!" The girl spoke aloud. Then, gathering the soft folds of her wrapper from about her naked white feet, she moved out of the room into the parlor, and found one of the front windows with her hands. Not a ray came from the sable sky, but in a large square of light, made outside by her father's lamp upon the frozen ground, stood the figure of a young man.

He was clearly young, for he stood looking up at the windows of the chamber, thus revealing every feature. His hands and face were frozen pale, and then Brenda's eyes dilated in involuntary horror—a slight, slow movement showed a red line along his neck.

Swam. Then out of the stillness of the house voices seemed to mock in her ears and her vision grew blinded. For above her stood the ghostly visitor from whom Patty had fled.

It was a swift conviction. Then, without sign or warning, the figure disappeared, and Brenda stood in the silence, listening to her own heavy heart-beats—her very brain on fire.

For an hour she waited, harkening to every sound, but all continued undisturbed, and at last, forcing her almost paralyzed limbs to move, she started from her position and dragged herself up to her father's room.

He was still sleeping, sweetly. Trembling, yet resisting her fear, Brenda stood watching him, glad of even his unconscious presence.

Then, having unconsciously dismissed from her mind the idea of burglars, she lay down on the couch beside the bed, and lay wide-eyed and thoughtful until morning.

The doctor, much better the next day, found the girl very silent and pale. She made no complaint of any weariness or trouble, but when he urged her to go to the village for help, she complied, and, driving to Wellbridge with Mogul, returned with the village nurse—Aunt Dorothy Rust.

Aunt Dorothy had strong arms with which to lift an invalid, and was not above lending a hand at housework. Brenda said she would do very well. In any event, she was all the help she could get.

If not a nurse after her own heart, she was at least a human being; and, weakened and more nervous than ever before in her life, Brenda was glad of any human presence in the solitary and echoing house.

Though weak and depressed, Brenda's natural strength of mind prevented her relating the episode of the previous night. She would not yield to fear or panic, though she pondered silently over the mystery, and retired to rest as usual that night, only at a much earlier hour.

The room in which Aunt Dorothy lay down to rest was on the same floor as the doctor's. This was a perfectly satisfactory arrangement, as the old nurse possessed the convenient ability of sleeping with one eye open.

The sky was threatening as they drove from Wellbridge. At dark it began to snow. Before eight o'clock it was storming violently.

Brenda retired with a sense of relief and comfort. The security given by the presence of Aunt Dorothy,

the privilege of undressing and sleeping comfortably, and the luxurious warmth of the house, contrasting with the sounds of the storm, combined to fill her with a feeling of quiet and gratitude; and soon as her head touched the pillow she fell into sweet and composed slumber. Being, then, of the shock of her being awakened almost immediately by the violent shaking at the front door.

Leaping to her feet, she felt her way into her dressing-gown and slippers, and reached the front hall just as Aunt Dorothy in her list shoes came swiftly down the stairs.

"Brenda! Brenda!" she called, in a cautious tone, "some one wants to come in."

But Brenda had flung herself with all her force against the locked and barred door.

"No, no," she cried. "Let no one in! It is the ghost of the Round House. I saw him."

In her excitement, she was half-conscious of Aunt Dorothy's look of amazed terror, but she was using all her strength to resist the force with which the strong oak door, in spite of bolted bars, trembled.

Finally, the effort without ceased. But the next moment there was a dismal shriek from Aunt Dorothy. She stood with fixed eyes gazing into the parlor, and there against one of the windows was the figure of a young man, with pale, distorted countenance, using all his efforts to get in.

The Secret of the Young Old Man

By SAMUEL SLOAN,
Ex-President Delaware & Lackawanna Railway.



If a man wishes to retain his youth during declining years he must work. That's the best tonic. When I hired men I always picked out the fellow who didn't care what he was to do so long as it was honorable work. When a young man asked me: "What will I be expected to do?" I said: "Anything that comes to hand." That's the way I was brought up. I began working in a store.

A young man came to me once and said he wanted a good, easy place, where there wasn't much work. I told him I didn't want him.

There's no method about me. I get enough sleep, get enough good, wholesome food, and work gives me all the exercise I need.

To this day I get my bath at 6:30 every morning. It tones me for the day. A man never gets too old to work, and I expect to keep on working until I die.

I take no stock in all these systems of exercise or training. If a man works like he ought to he will get plenty of exercise. I've worked all my life and I never lacked exercise. It was the kind of work that always made me sleep like a log when I came home. It was the work that makes insomnia impossible.

I'm in bed every night by ten, and if they'd only let me I'm there by nine. I've had no method, but I always have made it a point to get my meals regularly and to get plenty of sleep. A man must have plenty of sleep.

The chances were never better for young men than now. They are as good as they were when I was a boy, 70 years ago. If a young man will work, economize, act right, take care of his health, get plenty of sleep and eat good, wholesome food, he'll succeed.

If a young man would succeed he should be diligent and give his closest attention to his business, whatever it may be. He should watch what goes on about him and drink in all the information that will tend to advance him. In all situations and under all circumstances he must be scrupulously honest—never leave the straight path. Cheerfulness, diligence and honesty should be his guiding lights, and unless something very adverse occurs success will be his reward.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Some of the inhabitants of Peking are so conservative that they even refuse to use matches of the "foreign devil" to light their fires.

Elaborately painted and mounted with silver fittings, an Irish jaunting car is being made in Dublin for a Boston millionaire.

Thirty-four houses in various parts of Glasgow were closed in a single day as unfit for human habitation. There were 118 persons living in them.

Toxopne Lord Yarborough's hounds once jumped through a glass window into a larder at Lacey, England, where it was captured and thrown to the dogs.

Ten young Koreans are being sent by the emperor of Korea to finish their education in Russia, the first of regular parties whose expenses the emperor will pay.

While trimming a large tree at Perigueux, France, recently, two men fell and were killed. Sixty years ago to a day two men met their deaths while cutting the same tree.

Mr. Davis, the American, who has expended considerable sums in exploring work near Thebes, Egypt, has found a splendid chariot in the tomb of King Thothmes.

There exists among the cottage gardeners of the village of Broughton-Monchelsea, Kent, England, an organization which goes by the name of the Sparrow and Rat club, the members being banded together for the wholesale slaughter of sparrows and rats.

Munich's reputation for beer drinking is in danger. The city is still far ahead of any other in the quantity consumed, but in 1901 it drank 14 liters a head less than in 1900, only 34 liters a man, that is to say, less than a liter a day. This is ascribed in part to the falling off in the number of strangers who visit the Athens on the Izar.

FISHING ON THE BALTIC.

A Sport That Is in Great Favor with Men of Means in the Winter Season.

"The wealth of Stockholm," writes Marcus Woodward in an article in Pearson's, "like their archipelago best in summer time, and many of them own their holiday homes on the islands. But in winter it is wonderful, beautiful, past telling. For from three to five months in the year the Baltic is frozen—solidly frozen, for its waters are practically tideless. Only the strongest ships can be navigated. The still blue sea of summer glimmers white in winter, taking on marvelous purity—and then you may enjoy the strange sport of ice fishing."

"In winter ice breakers run from Stockholm every day to keep a clear passageway to the various little villages on the archipelago. If you are bent on a fishing expedition you board a steamer in the early morning. This I did one day last winter, joining a large fishing party on the Waxholm II. Nearly every one on board wore heavy fur coats, and great snowshoes of straw were provided for the passengers to keep their feet warm and to keep out the snow."

"As soon as she is free from the harbor the nose of the ship runs against the ice masses. Past the green islands, the jagged rocks, single villas among trees and snow, little villages, military stations, the ship plows her way onward to the fishing ground, pushing aside the huge blocks of ice that float in her way, crushing on her sides. At last, after some three hours' steaming, she is swung off her course and drives a new passageway through the unbroken ice, which proving too resistant, brings her to a standstill. Men troop off from the ship on to a gangway is run out and the fisherman, walking with the confidence of those who know that there is edible to him."

"You say," uttered the fiancée of the vegetarian, "that you could fairly eat the tents of your belief?"

"Not at all," asserted the vegetarian. "But if you ate me—"

"I should simply be eating a peach."

"No use talking, the meat diet isn't the only one that makes the mind solve—Judge."

REVOLT OF REPUBLICANS.

Grosvenor of Ohio and His Get-Rich-Quick Schemes Creating Discord in the State.

The majority of the people of the Eleventh congressional district of Ohio have for the past 16 years looked upon Gen. Grosvenor as one of the great lights in their political firmament. He has succeeded in placing on the pension rolls the relatives and friends of all the leading local republicans and has succeeded in forcing more of his constituents into federal offices than perhaps any other congressman. They point to him with pride as the man who gets there. That is the class of statesman the Ohio republicans are proud of, for political graft is the highest ambition of most of them, and Grosvenor fills the bill. His vote for ship subsidies and protection and other propositions that the robber trusts are continually demanding of congress are looked upon as further marks of his political genius. The "leading citizens" of Grosvenor's district no doubt argue that they get their share of the swag that the trusts furnish to run campaigns and thus see that the vote of their representative is really in their interest. If the balance of the people do suffer by trust exactions.

There are, however, a good many old-fashioned voters even in the Grosvenor district that have not bowed the knee to Baal and still believe that common

KNOCKED OUT BEEF COMBINE.

An Illustration of the Difference Between Democrats and Republicans in Fighting Trusts.

There is a great difference between republican and democratic trust busting. President Roosevelt and his attorney general have been for over a year trying to bring the beef trust to time, but so far all that has been accomplished is the granting of a temporary injunction to restrain the members of the combine from organizing to control prices. It is needless to say this proceeding has had no effect in curbing the rapacity of the beef trust and the members continue to bid their own prices for stock. The democratic trust-busters have been more expeditious, for the attorney general of the state of Missouri has forced the fight against the beef combine and obtained judgment against them in the highest court of the state.

The dispatch which contains the information says: The principal members of the beef combine, the Armour, the Cudahy, the Swift, the Hammond and the Schwarzhild and Sulzberger packing companies were fined \$5,000 each in the Missouri supreme court on March 20 and ordered to pay the costs of the cases which amounted to \$5,000. Unless the fines and costs are paid within 30 days the defendants will be ousted from the state.

The members of the combine can now take the choice of paying \$25,000

"WRIGHT OR WRONG."

CARPENTER'S WAGES.

1860-\$12.00 PER WEEK
1896-\$18.00 " "
1901 \$20.00 " "

PRICES 6% LOWER
IN 1901 THAN IN 1860



Wright—"My dear man, your real wages are 80 per cent. higher now than they were in 1860. You never saw such prosperity before."

Carpenter—"Well, I'll be darned. How surprised my wife will be when I tell her."

honesty is necessary to good government; these people of course have not belonged to the Grosvenor gang. The developments of the last month or two of the Grosvenor way of doing business must have confirmed these old-fashioned people in their opposition to the popular idol. The exposure by the New York Post of the way Grosvenor and his pals had made the trust magnates come down in the book-subscription business has been now followed by another exposure of even a more serious scandal. The local newspapers have taken the matter up and describe how Count von Muegge, the degenerate son of a German nobleman, was discovered and disinherited and sent to America. He was promised by his father that if he succeeded in obtaining and holding a government position in this country, it would be taken as proof that he had turned over a new leaf. After a long time without succeeding, his case was brought to the attention of Gen. Grosvenor and the latter had him appointed United States marshal for that district. In return for this appointment Von Muegge, it is said, has promised to pay Grosvenor a large sum as soon as his father consents to take him back. Grosvenor has just had Von Muegge reappointed for four years more, in spite of the protests of the citizens of Chillicothe, for he has by no means endeared himself to that municipality during his residence there. The Chillicothe newspapers are again calling attention, says the Times-Star, to the bargain which Von Muegge made with Grosvenor, and by the terms of which he has managed to stick in the United States. All this makes an object lesson of the kind of representative a strong republican district will send to congress if he is only audacious enough, and able to "shake the plum tree" often enough, all of which Grosvenor is to perfection.

POINTS AND OPINIONS.

—The Fifty-seventh congress appropriated \$1,554,108,514.48, not because there was any need of appropriating that much, but because it was a republican congress.—The Commoner.

—Well, congress is all through and the trusts have not suffered from legislation enacted by that republican body. They are all doing business at the old stand, unmolested and not afraid.—St. Paul Globe.

—A Massachusetts democrat is under arrest, charged with perjury for swearing in his vote at a republican primary. The charge should be changed to lack of self-respect.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

—The republicans who favored loaning government money to banks on any old kind of bonds are the same men who denounced the populist idea of loaning money on non-perishable products raised by the farmers.—The Commoner.

—It was very clever of the United States senate, no doubt, to circumvent the president, thwart the will of the American people by a discreditible deal and make a mock of poor little Cuba's confidence, but the American people are becoming weary of the senate's perversity and the trickery of the so-called leaders and they have it in their power to bring that body to a realizing sense of its responsibilities. A radical change in the method of choosing senators is the obvious remedy, and when the people demand that change it will be made.—Philadelphia North American.

—Cuba's joy over the ratification of the reciprocity treaty by the United States senate is pathetically premature. The treaty must again go to the house before it becomes an accomplished agreement, and there is no assurance that it will be satisfactory as finally ratified. Under the most favorable conditions it will not become operative for a year. What the shrewd protectionists in the senate have really done is to secure the delay for which they have striven from the beginning, leaving the ultimate fate of the treaty as uncertain as ever.—St. Louis Republic.

—The Boston Herald rises to observe that "Mr. Littlefield's list of 800 trusts, with \$14,000,000,000 capitalization, looks large, but it is likely to increase rather than diminish. The trusts are not feeling particularly discouraged in the light of recent events."—Albany Argus.

Gen. Frederic Grant has sold the home in Washington of his late mother, Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, in Massachusetts avenue. Col. John A. Johnston, recently resigned from the army, was the purchaser, and the price paid was \$60,000.