

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Piedmont is organizing a fire department.

All trains have been very late the past week.

All shippers are complaining of the scarcity of cars.

The telephone builders are now encamped at Sabula.

Cabbage, onions, potatoes and apples at the Bell Grocery Store.

The late sleet and snow was rather disastrous to fruit prospects.

The band boys will give a dance at the Academy of Music St. Patrick's night.

The boys were skating all over town on the sleet and ice last Saturday and Sunday.

Wednesday night of last week it thundered and lightened. So we may look for frost in May.

How such weather as we have had the past week makes us long for the spring time, Gentle Annie.

Some dollar wheat has been hauled to town the past week. The highest price paid in a good many years.

The bank, the post-office, the land office and schools observed Washington's birthday in the Valley.

Some of the papers on the Belmont branch are saying that they will soon have a night train again over there.

Louis Miller, Arcadia, to-day receives a consignment of all kinds of fresh fish at Arcadia Valley Grocery Store.

Rev. George Steel was called to Jefferson county one day last week to conduct the funeral services of Mrs. J. H. Reppy.

The sidewalks on Main street are in horrible condition. The city should issue a general order that they all be repaired.

A neighboring town is asking for an ordinance prohibiting gates from opening out to the pavement. Not a bad idea.

Rev. Peterson was called to Graniteville to-day to attend the funeral services of the infant of Andrew Orrick and wife.

The ice and the sleet the past week have made walking about as disagreeable as it ever gets to be in this part of the country.

The Junior League will have an open meeting at Fort Hill church Sunday, February 28th, at 11 A. M. All are cordially invited.

St. Francois county will have a primary election May 21st to nominate county officers. A vote will also be taken on State officers.

Midian R. A. Chapter will entertain members and their families with a dinner at the Academy of Music the evening of March 15th.

Tuesday was a magnificent day after the long siege of miserable weather that preceded, but the walking, well, it was simply horrible.

We last week stated that Mrs. F. L. Cloves, an artist from St. Louis, had temporarily located at Arcadia. It should have been Mrs. F. L. Clover.

Joseph W. Folk delivers two speeches in Reynolds county next Saturday. At Lesterville in the morning and at Centerville in the afternoon.

It is understood that Albert Hill will open a butcher shop for the Clark & Baldwin Manufacturing Company in the J. Alberts' building in a few days.

A freight train ran off the White River bridge near Newport into the river last Saturday. In consequence all trains were delayed for a couple of days.

Regular meeting of Ironton Lodge, No. 244, K. P., Friday night. Business of importance. All members urged to attend.

FRED. KINDELL, JR., K. R. & S.

The fruit trees down in the valleys indicate a poor prospect for fruit the coming summer. Up in the hills, though, the outlook is said to be much more encouraging.

Mrs. Fred. Kindell, Sr., now has her complete line of samples of Tailor Made Garments for spring; also shirt waist suits in all the latest fabrics. She desires all the ladies of the Valley to call and inspect them, whether they intend to purchase or not.

About a month ago a trunk was taken from the depot without permission of the agent. Monday the trunk was located in Mahmud Joseph's store, in the south end of town. Joe says the trunk was brought there by one of his peddlers, now out on the road.

Mrs. Bird Pryor died last Thursday evening of blood-poisoning. Several weeks ago she fell and severely bruised her knee, which caused the dread disease to develop and consequently caused her death. The body was taken to Iron county last Friday for burial.—Desloge Correspondent Farmington News.

At the coming city election in the spring let us have an opportunity to vote on the question whether the cow shall roam at will over our streets or not. We believe that if the question was submitted to a vote that a majority would be found in favor of denying the cow the freedom of the streets.

R. E. Purkiss has sufficiently recovered from his accident of two months ago so that he can walk with a cane. Mr. Purkiss fell from a scaffold in Potosi about Christmas time, and has been confined to his room ever since.

County Recorder Hawkins has issued the following marriage licenses since our last report: Lowry Lovelace, of Wayne county, and Lula Hinkle, of Iron county; J. M. Hartzell and Ella Alcorn, both of Iron county; Amose E. Westerman and Edith Rencshausen, both of Iron county; Chas. Gruttemeyer and Laura Bertram, both of Iron county; F. P. Blount, of Washington county, and Mattie Fitzgerald, of Tennessee; Herman Janke and Grace Mills, both of Iron county.

Monday morning on going to the post-office we discovered a large picture posted in the front door, that at first glance we took to be a likeness of our postmaster himself, but closer inspection showed it to be a picture of another celebrated citizen—the late George Washington. Underneath the likeness were these words: "This great and good man is gone, but I am still here. The Postmaster." It is said that the great similarity between "the father of his country" and Mr. Bishop is that neither one of them was ever known to tell a falsehood.

During the past week Station Agent George F. Smith received orders from the M. R. & B. T. Railway Company to furnish tickets from this station to Riverside to several Russian miners who have been at work in the mines of the Desloge Consolidated Lead Company and St. Louis Smelting and Refining Company. These men have been here a few years, but have not taken out naturalization papers, and, being citizens of Russia, they are now compelled to return to their native country on account of the Japan-Russia war.—Desloge Correspondent Farmington News.

The Fourth Quarterly Conference of the M. E. Church, Ironton charge, will begin Sunday, February 28th, at eleven o'clock A. M., with a sermon by the pastor. Subject: "Now and Then." Rev. A. D. Ball, P. E., will preach in the evening at 7:30 and administer the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's supper. The Quarterly Conference will convene Monday morning at ten o'clock. As this is the most important quarterly conference of the year let all the official members be present. Dr. Ball will also preach at Graniteville Monday, seven o'clock P. M., and administer the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's supper there. The pastor will also preach at Pilot Knob Sunday three P. M. You are cordially invited to attend these services. T. G. PETERSON.

Hog cholera may be prevented, as well as cured, is the announcement made by Doctor R. E. Graham, recent bacteriologist of Missouri University. He has discovered that hogs may be immunized against cholera by means of inoculation, after exactly the same manner that cattle on the Missouri Agricultural Farm are now being rendered immune from Texas fever. Doctor Graham has held the theory for three years. Assisted by Doctor W. R. Shafer, he began in 1901 a system of experiments, and has since then inoculated over 1,000 hogs, the work being conducted on herds in all sections of the State, and under varying conditions. A test experiment was made in Boone county on a herd of 100, the hogs being first inoculated with the preventative and then exposed to the disease. Out of the herd thus treated no case of infection was reported. Doctor D. F. Luckey, State Veterinarian, has announced that hog cholera is now raging in all parts of Missouri, with indications that all previous records will be broken, and Doctor Graham has announced that he will put his discovery to an immediate test by checking the disease.

E. H. Amelung, a former Pilot Knob boy, now Superintendent of the Prudential Life Insurance Company at Saginaw, Michigan, writes us a very pleasant letter and encloses some Prudential literature. From the literature we learn that Mr. Amelung is making a most enviable reputation in the life insurance, and he is rapidly mounting the ladder to success and fortune. He has many friends here back in the old home who are glad to know that he is doing so well. Mr. Amelung is most gracious in his remarks about the REGISTER. Among other things he says: "Your paper is always a welcome visitor. It keeps me in touch with the doings of the Arcadia Valley, which brings so many pleasant reminiscences. A good many papers were launched in Ironton, but none seemed to have the sailing qualities that the good old REGISTER has. May she sail down the stream of life for a good many years, is my heartiest wish. The winter up here has been the most severe this locality has seen for thirty years. Snow has been on the ground since before Thanksgiving, the thermometer indicating from zero to 27 below. When the weather permits, they have horse racing on the river ice, which is very exciting. Everything is on runners, all vehicles, hacks, hearses, etc. They even give a person a slide to his last resting place—slick times for the undertaker."

STRAYED—From my home in Pilot Knob, a Jersey heifer, two years old, dark color, crop of right and split in left ear. Will pay reasonable reward for information leading to her recovery. CHAS. MADLINGER, Pilot Knob, Mo.

Fine line of candies at the Bell.

Bring in your Irish potatoes. Will pay your highest market price. H. Barnhouse, south court house square.

PERSONAL.

Miss Carrie Parmer is visiting in St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Cain were in St. Louis last week.

A. Roehry visited his son, Emil, at Mexico this week.

Mrs. A. F. Bond visited in Farmington the past week.

Mrs. W. J. Schwab was visiting in Potosi the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thomson was at "Valley Home" Monday.

Joe Hickman, of Des Arc, is now with a mercantile firm at Mill Spring.

Mrs. W. A. Flowers, of Eldon, Iowa, visited her father in Ironton the past week.

Capt. E. C. Clark returned last week from a four months' absence in California and other points in the far west.

Please do not ask for groceries on Sunday. The Bell Store.

Among the Capitalists.

LITTLE ROCK, Feb. 20, 1904. When I left home, it was with the understanding that I would not take the return trail until after Mardi Gras. That festival was celebrated last Tuesday afternoon and night, and behold I yet linger, reluctant to close the very pleasant sojourn. But duty calls, and I expect, ere to-morrow's descending sun has glided the cloven top of Pilot Knob, to be again in as well as of the Valley.

Mardi Gras was quiet, not to say tame, during the day, and the revels of the night were greatly toned down from former years, so I am told. The "French Ball" was interdicted by the authorities, and only a few Society events marked the passing of the occasion. In the afternoon, though, the business streets were crowded by maskers and those who came to see them. Up and down the streets they surged with no apparent purpose, except to be moving. The crowds were orderly and good humored, and the spirit of excitement was mild as a church lemonade—that is, as a rule. But a deplorable occurrence in one of the saloons caused quite a commotion in its locality. Two women, masked, and in inflammable costumes, were in the place taking a drink with their escorts. Some wretch threw a lighted match against the dress of one of the women, and in an instant she was enveloped in flames. Her female companion, disregarding her own peril, sprang to her rescue only to have the fire communicated to herself. Finally, one or two men came to their assistance and, enveloping the women in their overcoats, smothered the flames—but not until one of the victims was fatally and the other seriously burned. The match-thrower was not identified and he will probably go scot-free of human law; but, for all that, I would not lay my head upon his pillow for the wealth of the Indies. One victim lies in her grave most honored in being quickly forgotten, and the other will probably—so well do we Christians pave the easy way to Avernus—accelerate her pace from day to day hereafter. Yet is she a heroine more true than him who gages life on the field of honor. No reward awaits her in return for her sacrifice; that she did was done from the only worthy motive that can actuate men or women—from the unselfish love which angels know and devils hate. Would that there were a palpable Jesus of Nazareth to take her by the hand and lead her into the path of virtue and peace!

Last Saturday night I went to the theater and saw "The Wizard of Oz." There were in the play a plenty of shapely women scantily dressed and the stage setting was good. The Tin Man and the Scarecrow are excellent comedians—of their kind—and the singing and dancing were passable. I had my laugh and enjoyed the "play" after a manner. So weary do we become of the tedium of every day life and so do we long for relief from its wear and tear, the mimic substitute, be it ever so unreal and flimsy, is for the time gratefully received. "The Wizard of Oz" is such a tacky production—so utterly devoid of sequence or merit—that I am amazed that any human could have had the brazenness of cheek and adamantness of conscience necessary to put it before an audience of intelligent grown-up men and women. Yet I say we laughed at its hot-house drollery and took interest in the inanities of its attenuated plot for three hours! Truly Fairy Land belongs not exclusively to children of tender years.

I leave to-day for home, but will take a day at Newport to see the kinfolks and friends in that town. When I was there four years ago, I made acquaintance with some people whose memory has been kept green, and I hope to meet them again. But I may be doomed to some disappointment; this is a world of change and men are moved from here to there as pawns upon a chess board, with about as much self-volition, for "there is a divinity which shapes our ends" to its own purposes. Here in Little Rock, besides the immediate family, I have had the pleasure of meeting William G. Dilts, Esq., and his daughters Misses Minnie and Edna. The son is now in Kansas City, having flown from the home nest to seek his fortune, after the manner of aspiring Young America. I trust that only the best of fortune may attend him. These youngsters make old men of some of us, and begin to make us feel our superfluity on the stage of life. We look about us and see the leading roles enacted by those we but yesterday held as petulant children, to be caressed, cojoned, corrected, and sent be times to bed! But I won't maunder, though the spirit of garrulity is strong on me this morning.

I met and had a long talk and a long walk over the city with "Jim-

mie" Garrett the other day. He goes to the Far West on the first of the coming month, to see his parents. He is telegraphing here, and quits his job of his own accord.

It is freezing cold here this morning, after an all day rain yesterday—the first weather unpleasantness I have experienced since my coming. I do hope to-day's cold is only a narrow streak with Ironton on the outside.

HOME, 21st, 7 A. M.

After mailing the foregoing, I went to the railway station, intending to proceed northward as far as Newport, remain there until 10 A. M. next day, and then conclude my journey on No. 8. At the station the bulletin board showed the coming train one hour and forty-five minutes late, and as the clock slowly ticked the interval into eternity, the disparity between actual and I stated time became more and more pronounced. We finally got away three hours behind the schedule hour. I had partaken of no noonday meal, but I cared little for that, for would I not in two short hours be stretching my legs under, and exercising my godlier portion over the social mahogany groaning beneath its burden of furnishings for the inner man? Would not the feast of welcome be for me ready spread my travel-strained appetite to satisfy? I suppose I am of the earth earthy and have a natural longing for its grosser holdings-out. Anyway, I don't disdain the pleasures of the table at stated reasonable intervals, if the cooking is good. When one knows a fine dinner awaits him at the end of his journey, every mile intervening is savory with anticipation, and he finds pleasure in nursing his appetite to keep it warm. And so, when I boarded the belated train I seated myself with a sigh of relief that I was at length on my way, and contentment settled o'er me and halved my impatience as morning mists the mountain top. I bought a magazine from the "butch" and soon was reading, oblivious to the rain and sleet pelting the windows and making outside life miserable; or, dozing sensuously to the rhythmic rattle of the car, with pleasant snatches of half-waking dream interlacing unconsciousness and dim perception. From this state I was aroused by the conductor, who, accompanied by his colored assistant, came along diligently investigating the title of each and every passenger to the seat by him or her occupied. I passed my mileage book to him with the punch. "Where to?" he inquired. "To Newport," was my answer. "To Newport!" with grieved surprise. "I can't take you there to-day! There's a wreck at the bridge this side of that town, and this train will go around it by way of the branch road running from Bald Knob to Wynona, where it forms junction with the main line running from Memphis to St. Louis. I can take care of my through passengers all right, but hardly know what to do with you. Check him to Newport, porter, and we'll see."

You may feel assured I was now wide awake, with anxious thought raising Cain. Gone my dinner, gone the pleasure of meeting friends, and an all-night ride or a weary wait at some wayside station staring into the face of my perception. I chose the former horn of the dilemma, not because I liked it, but from necessity; I'd rather be struck with a chair-rung than an iron poker. Our fate determined, we wisely sought its kinder phase and made ourselves as comfortable as the conditions permitted. We patronized "the diner," and an excellent supper gave us courage to endure. A good cigar passed me another hour, and I read and dozed under the Welsbach lamp over many a swampy mile. Then little conversational acquaintance was struck up, and in that way we "rolled along, rolled along," past Bald Knob, past Wynona, and up to Poplar Bluff. There we changed conductors and I made vain endeavor to have the new man in charge let me off at Ironton. He courteously but firmly denied my plea—as I had expected—and suggested that I get off at Williamsville and there await No. 10, which is billed to halt at the place desired. But, thanking him for the suggestion, I told him to clip enough mileage to carry me to Bismarck, whence I would retrograde home on No. 7. It was 3:30 A. M. when we reached the former place, and I stepped out on to a pavement of solid ice, so treacherous to the step that it required my utmost caution to keep from making "a holy show" of myself to the trainmen there congregated. I finally, unhurt and unhumiliated, gained the Norrid Hotel. As No. 7 would be along in two hours, if on time, to secure a room and bed would have been but an aggravation to my weariness, and so I sat me down in an easy chair before the fire blazing in the chimney and fell asleep.

I slept soundly and awoke with a start. Consulting my watch, I was horrified to see the hands pointing to 6:10—twenty minutes after the time No. 7 was due. Great Scott! Had I allowed it to slip by, and with it my vision of breakfast at home? I hastened to the station. "Forty minutes late," was the answer to my trembling query, and for once I blessed the train "behind time." Just as it whistled, an answering cry came from the south, and Nos. 7 and 10 said "Howdy!" to each other. If I had waited for the latter at Williamsville, circumscribed by the iron arms on one of those continuous, back-breaking, flat bottomed seats, formed, it seems to me, in fiendish ingenuity—but I'll draw the picture no farther. With all its drawbacks, the trip was a pleasant one in many ways. The cars were comfortable and well lighted, the trainmen courteous and obliging, the diner service excellent, and the passengers disposed to make the

ARCADIA VALLEY GROCERY STORE.

THE GOOD PEOPLE OF ARCADIA VALLEY are patronizing my store very liberally; for which I am very grateful to them, and I will see to it that they are treated fair; so when goods come down my customers will reap the benefit thereof. I am not selling out at cost, but sell cheaper than those who do. I have got

Everything in the Grocery Line.

This is what we live for; we can not take anything with us when we cross the river, as it may hinder us in our swimming contest; so eat, drink and be happy while you can, and the Arcadia Valley Grocery Store is the place to get the one thing needful to make the inner man glad and happy all his days. "Tell me not in mournful numbers, life is but an empty dream;" and you will find this out when you buy good things to eat at our store. My country friends have been urging me to put in a full line of goods, and I have come to the conclusion their advice is good and sound, so as soon as I get my store building enlarged I will put in a full line of

Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps,

In fact, everything from a needle to a threshing machine. I WILL BUY EVERYTHING THE FARMERS HAVE TO SELL. I have made arrangements with the largest Wall Paper House in the West, so when you wish to paper your house, come and see me; I will make it to your interest to buy your Wall Paper, Curtains, Paints, Oils and Varnishes from me; and when we come the end of our journey, we will sleep together at the foot, John Anderson my Jo John.

LOUIS MILLER,

Prop'r Arcadia Valley Grocery Store, Arcadia, Mo.

best of everything. In fact, when I consider the attendants of travel as it is set forth by writers of former times, I am amazed at the amount of comfort purveyed to the public by managers of the modern railway. E. D. A.

Graniteville Items.

L. Hiltz went to St. Louis Thursday.

Miss Daisy Edmonds went to De Soto last week.

Wm. Meade returned from Little Rock, Ark., Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hawkins, of Pilot Knob, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Olson.

D. Canter, of St. Mary's, is here visiting relatives.

Messrs. Evans, Hartman and Vigneaux returned from Memphis, Tenn., last week.

Miss Elsie Johnson, of Bellevue, visited friends here Sunday.

Mrs. Whitney is visiting relatives at Arcadia this week.

Messrs. McCabe and Oltz, of Greenville, were the guests of Mr. O. McCabe and family last week.

I. Liggett moved his family from Pilot Knob to this place Monday.

Mrs. B. Murray and Trudaway, of De Soto, were the guests of Mrs. B. Murray last week.

Mrs. Hitzman and little daughter, Ruby, spent Monday with relatives in Bismarck.

Mrs. A. J. Sheehan is in St. Louis this week for medical treatment.

Died—At her home, on February 21, 1904, Mrs. McGrath, aged 78 years, 11 months and 2 days. The funeral services will be conducted by Father Huber in the Catholic church, after which the remains will be taken to the cemetery at Iron Mountain and interred. She leaves two sons to whom we extend our heartfelt sympathy. GIBLARTAR.

February 22, 1904.

Cancer Cured!!

Mr. W. W. Prickett, Smithfield, Ill., writes, Sept., 1901: "I had been suffering several years with a cancer on my face, which gave me great annoyance and unbearable itching. I was using Ballard's Snow Liniment for a sore leg, and through an accident, I rubbed some of the liniment on the cancer, and as it gave me almost instant relief, I decided to continue to use the liniment on the cancer. In a short time the cancer came out, my face healed up and there is not the slightest scar left. I have implicit faith in the merits of this preparation, and it cannot be too highly recommended." 25c, 50c and \$1.00. For sale by Arcadia Valley Drug Co.

See notice of our clearing sale. We mean business. Lopez's.

We have an up-to-date line of canned goods. The Bell Store.

A Net 10 Per Cent. Investment.

For Sale—The Lopez cottage for \$1500. A good investment. Rent for \$15 a month. Enquire of T. S. LOPEZ & SONS, Ironton, Mo.

FOR RENT—The Forster cottage, furnished. Apply to T. S. Lopez & Sons, Ironton, Mo.

Eighteen pounds of granulated sugar for \$1.00 at Arcadia Valley Grocery Store.

Come and see our stock of facinators and shawls. Prices very reasonable. H. Barnhouse, south of court house square.

Sheriff's Sale as Trustee.

Whereas, Woodson B. Cates and Rhody A. Cates, his wife, by their certain Deed of Trust, dated the 14th day of February, 1894, duly recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds for the County of Iron, and State of Missouri, in book 36, at page 213, did convey to William A. Fletcher, trustee, the following described real estate, situate, lying and being in the county of Iron, and State of Missouri, to wit:

All of the west half of the north-west quarter of section thirteen (13), and the east half of the northeast quarter of section fourteen (14); township thirty-three (33), range three (3) east, except right-of-way of St. Louis Iron Mountain & Southern R'y, which runs through a portion of said land.

Which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of a certain promissory note in said deed described; and whereas default having been made in the payment of said note;

Whereas, it is provided in said deed of trust that in the case of death, removal from the state, or refusal to act, of Wm. A. Fletcher as trustee, the then acting sheriff of Iron county, Mo., shall act as trustee in his stead, and sell the above described property in case of default;

And, whereas, the said trustee Wm. A. Fletcher refuses to act;

Now, therefore, at the request of the legal holder of said note, and in pursuance of the terms of said deed of trust, I, the undersigned, sheriff of Iron county, Mo., will, by the authority in me vested, on

Monday, March 14th, 1904, between the hours of nine o'clock A. M. and five o'clock P. M. of that day,

at the east front courthouse door in the City of Ironton, county of Iron, and State of Missouri, proceed to sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the real estate above described, to satisfy said note, interest and expenses of this proceeding. JOHN W. POLK, Sheriff and Trustee. Ironton, Mo., Feb. 10th, 1904.

Our price on shoes is right when you consider quality. H. Barnhouse, south of court house square.

Rubbers, all sizes, at H. Barnhouse's, south court house square.

IRONTON

..Summer School..

May 2nd to June 24th.

Write for information concerning work and our

SPECIAL LECTURE COURSE.

O. J. BUFORD. M. W. DAUGHERTY.

FRANK MULLIN. J. L. CONWAY.

IRON COUNTY REALTY CO.

Will buy or sell your City or Country Property, Collect Your Rents, etc. We have a large number of correspondents, North and East, and if you list your property with us you may count on a sale. We are Immigration Agents for Missouri Pacific and Iron Mountain Railways. Office adjoining Mullin & Brown's Clothing Store, Ironton, Missouri.



ADOLPH'S Jewelry Store, Ironton, Mo.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE,

Notions, Stationery, Children's Books and Toys. Good and Useful Presents.

Spectacles and Lenses Fitted

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

REPAIRING of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. Work done at Reasonable Rates and Warranted. Agent for

Standard Sewing Machine.

The Best on the Market. Needles, Oils, Belts, and All Kinds of Repairs. Also, Guns, Pistols, Ammunition, etc.

Agent for Columbia Graphophone.

Graphophones and Records for Sale.

We have the largest stock of choice bacon and hams in town. Get our price on meat before buying. H. Barnhouse.

W. W. R. EDGAR

Attorney at Law, Ironton, Mo., Will Practice in all the Courts of the State.

MISS M. C. BAIRD,

Piano Teacher, ARCADIA, MISSOURI.

Three days of each week in St. Louis, one in Bismarck, and two in the Valley.

CHAS. P. DAMRON

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC. IRONTON, MISSOURI. Office in the Dr. Farrar Building.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

has stood the test 25 years. Average Annual Sales over One and a Half Million bottles. Does this record of merit appeal to you? No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

Enclosed with every bottle is a Ten Cent package of Grove's Black Root Liver Pills.