

Closing of Mails.

Regular Mail—North, daily, 8 A. M. Express Mail, north, daily, except Sunday, 11 P. M. Regular Mail—South, daily, 11 P. M. Ironton to Goodwater, via Sand Bluff, McNail, Edge Hill and Edithburg, Monday, 6 A. M. Ironton to Hinton Silver Mine—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 3 P. M. C. R. PECK, P. M.

Schedule of Passenger Trains.

IRONTON ARRIVES AT LEAVES No. 1—St. Louis, 8:52 A. M.—Ironton, 12:50 P. M. No. 2—Ironton, 8:52 A. M.—St. Louis, 12:51 P. M. No. 3—St. Louis, 8:52 P. M.—Ironton, 12:51 A. M. No. 4—Ironton, 8:52 P. M.—St. Louis, 8:57 P. M. ARCADIA ACCOMMODATION No. 9—St. Louis, 4 P. M.—Ironton, 8:05 P. M. No. 10—Ironton, 5:04 A. M.—St. Louis, 9:05 A. M. The Arcadia Accommodation arrives and departs from Plum Street Depot, is daily except Sunday, and carries express matter.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

'Tis the season when the housewife toils and sugar suffers. New goods are being received at Lopez's. Go and see them.

Pres. Whitworth has sold his saloon fixtures to C. A. Downs.

For a first-class apple parer, corer, and slicer, go to J. N. Bishop's.

WANTED.—Two good girls for general housework at the Pilot Knob Hotel.

Quarterly meeting at the M. E. Church of Ironton will commence next Saturday.

It is reported that a vein of ore thirty feet thick has been developed on Russell Mountain.

WANTED.—A good boy to assist in the bar and work around the house. Pilot Knob Hotel.

Sunday and Monday brought some fine rains to this section, and the corn crop laughs for joy.

A steam thrasher is being successfully run in Bellevue Valley. It is said to work like a charm.

The diamond drills lately used at Shut-In will be taken in a day or two to Russell Mountain.

No. 2 was seven hours late last Wednesday morning. Suspected cause: a smashup somewhere south.

The Academy of Music Ball to-morrow (Thursday) evening. If you want a good time come around.

The pusher, which was sent to De Soto for repairs some ten days ago, returned last Saturday fitted for work.

The Hes for the new switch at Ironton were brought up last week, and the track will be finished up shortly.

J. N. Bishop has a machine for sale that will pare, core and slice an apple at the same time. Everybody should have one.

Marshal Patton has been overhauling the bridges on Main street, and that thoroughfare is in excellent condition.

The REGISTERMAN will pay cash down for five cords of good hickory wood, to be delivered during the present month.

We have been having some real summer weather three or four days past: hot and sultry. But the nights are glorious.

Its a difficult matter to find a mah in Arcadia Valley who was not in bed and sound asleep before ten o'clock Saturday night.

Jno. Begley has caught the spirit of improvement, and his fence newly painted now postpones with the finest on Main street.

The Ironton Manufacturing company has put a new porch in front of the mill. Must have been selling a big lot of wheelbarrows.

A Mrs. Rose, of St. Louis, last week purchased the property owned by Jno. Hill, on south side of the courthouse square for \$2,000.

W. R. Allen, Esq., lessee of the Granite Quarry, was last week awarded three contracts for granite for paving the streets in St. Louis.

Mrs. Lopez has just returned from St. Louis, having bought the latest novelties in ladies' neckwear and fancy goods, latest patterns in calicoes, etc.

Jos. A. Gregory has removed his law office to the building just north of Hotson's restaurant. May he have a thousand clients within the twelvemonth.

There never was a bigger or better crop of potatoes raised in Ironton than this year will produce, and vegetables of all kinds are very plentiful and cheap.

Our regular printer returned last Thursday and things in the office are again going along smoothly and in order. Deliver us from your peripatetic type-sticker!

James Devire, the man stabbed at Middlebrook last Sunday week, died of his injuries, at Iron Mountain last Wednesday. His assailants have not yet been arrested.

Read the advertisement of the State University, and if you have a boy you want to send to a good school at little cost, interview the County Court at its September term.

Joseph Huff, Esq., last Monday sent us a sample bucket of tomatoes of his own raising. They were very fine, the largest measuring more than twelve inches in circumference.

Dr. W. C. Patton's card will be found in this issue of the REGISTER. We commend him to all who may need his services, as a careful, attentive and well qualified physician.

Gilbert Lafayette Scoville is his name, and he weighs something over eight pounds. His father is happy, for he has a marked predilection for boys: in fact, none other need apply.

Al. Tidwell, whose father lives at this place, was badly bruised at Iron Mountain last Friday, by caving earth. He came home, took care of himself, and is now able to be about.

Quite an improvement is being made in the interior arrangement of Lopez's main store, for the better display and the accommodation of the large purchases of gent's furnishing goods, hats, etc.

Wm. Hills, wagonmaker in Gay's shop, last Wednesday evening cut the thumb and finger of his left hand to the bone with a hand-ax. Dr. Goulding dressed the wounds and sewed them up. Wm. is rusticking now, and will take things easy, so far as work goes, for a few days longer.

The railroad bridge between Ironton and Arcadia has in time past been a favorite rendezvous for colored prowlers and hard cases. We'll bet a nickel to a dewberry that it will be used no more for that purpose.

The two diamond drills which were run in the mines at the Shut-In for several weeks, were taken back to the Knob last Monday. What they developed no man knoweth save the drillers and the Superintendent.

Twenty-five Cornish miners, direct from the "old country," arrived at Pilot Knob last Thursday, and are now at work in the tunnels. They are a sturdy set of men, and will give a good account of themselves.

The pay-car went down the road on Tuesday of last week, making glad the hearts and filling the pockets of the section men, the brakemen, the firemen, the conductors, the engineers, and the agents all along the line.

Thomps. Blanton, Esq., came into legal possession of another boy last Monday morning. Though, perhaps, not so much of a curiosity, this find beats all the Indian relics in the West. At least so say the women-folk.

BOEN—Tuesday morning, August 1st, 1882, to J. T. and Estella Baldwin, a daughter. She is of no more than the usual size, but worth all the other babies in the world—in the eyes of certain persons we could name. All are as well as could be expected.

Peaches are not coming in so plentifully as we would like, but we presume it is a little soon for them. The earliest varieties were greatly injured by late frosts—in fact, most of them were killed in many places. The later varieties will pan out pretty well.

That moonlight picnic, set down in the bills for last Saturday night at Langdon's grove, didn't eventuate. The weather-cloak was out of humor, and so he sent down just enough of a drizzle early in the evening to cover the project with a wet blanket, so to speak.

Mr. Allen, lessee of the Granite Quarry, has erected a very fine new hoisting engine on the works. He lately secured a large bridge contract which, with other work, will tax the energies of the company for several months. The circle of the bridge measures 500 feet in diameter. Mr. Allen is hiring all the hands he can get.

The REGISTER was the recipient, last Saturday, of a very fine coffee cake. It was presented by Mrs. Frank Cooley, of Iron Mountain, who certainly is the champion coffee-cake baker of Southeast Missouri. We return thanks and hope to be again remembered in the future.

A Grand Social Ball will be given at the Pilot Knob Hotel, on Monday evening, August 14th. Mr. Steffens, under whose supervision the ball will be given, assures everybody that it will be au fait in all its appointments. Good music, good supper, and everything else appertaining will serve to make it one of the pleasantest affairs given in the Valley for many a day.

The railroad crossing north of town, since the grading for the new switch, is rather rough for heavily loaded wagons. There is a hump or two which ought to be made less abrupt. No less than four wagon-wheels have been broken at that place within ten days, and if a remedy is not found pretty soon, our wagon shops will have to be enlarged, and maybe a couple of extra ones put in. Let the authorities see to this little matter.

Our old friend, C. W. Miller, is back again. He has been over a good deal of ground since we saw him a year ago: through Louisiana, Texas and Old Mexico. His sojourn in these southern lands was made in search of health, Mr. M. being troubled with asthma. While he is no longer troubled with that disease, his general health has not been good, and he says it is his determination to abide henceforth in Southeast Missouri, come what may. We welcome him back, and hope he may enjoy good health.

A CHILD'S DOSE.—Having called for a match at a house near Arcadia, and being informed by a little colored boy that "mother had put them up high," I thought that right; but on hearing baby cry, I asked the cause, and was told he was drinking the coal-oil. On entering the house and finding baby struggling on the floor, I took it in my arms to Mrs. Thompson's, where its mother works. There a light-colored man took it in great excitement, and if Dr. Farrar can save a child already cold, he will do well.

Moral—Put up your coal-oil. II.

CORRECTION.—Mr. Michael Zimmer, the person who had the fight with Geo. Spitzmiller which was chronicled in the REGISTER last week, desires us to correct that version of the affair. In order that history may not be distorted we give place to Mr. Z's assertion that he did not assault Spitzmiller unprovoked, but that S. challenged him—dared him to knock a chip off his shoulder, metaphorically speaking—and that it was only after great provocation that he (Z.) accepted the challenge and went into the scrimmage. In other words, he had to either fight or give up the gun.

The Granite Quarry is one of the big shows we give to all who come into the Valley in search of health, comfort, and fine scenery; it is a place well worth the seeing, and we do not believe a visitor ever rested his feet on the big granite boulders, or feasted his eyes upon the beauties of the situation, but that he blessed the hour he determined to take it in. The Quarry being so favorite a resort, the approaches to it ought certainly be made as feasible and pleasant as possible; and the general highway between that place and the Valley is certainly in excellent condition. But in the immediate vicinity of the Quarry there are several very rough places, and the ordinary pleasure vehicle has to take too many chances in getting over them. Can't this matter be attended to?

The following is the verdict of the coroner's jury who viewed the body and heard testimony relative to the hanging of Henry Caldwell: "Said deceased came to his death on the night of July 29, 1882, at about 12:30 A. M., in the township of Arcadia, in the county aforesaid, by being forcibly taken from the Iron county jail, where he was held in the custody of the lawful authorities of the county of Iron and State of Missouri, and hung by the neck from the railroad bridge southeast from the city of Ironton, Missouri, and shot in numerous places in his body, neck and head, until he was dead, by parties composing a mob and

who are unknown to us." The verdict was signed by Jos. F. Lindsay, foreman, Wm. Brewington, P. Whitworth, C. A. Downs, Isaac Woolen and Gus. Tollman, jurors.

RUNAWAY.—An unhitched team stood in front of the building just south of Lopez's last Friday morning. Three or four dogs got into an altercation under the horses' feet. The horses kicked, reared, snorted, got scared, and started on a keen run down street. The wagon ran off the bridge at Bresline's, smashing one wheel into splinters. Then the horses were checked without further damage. If the team had been hitched, the owner would be several dollars better off to-day; but he is lucky in that the marshal didn't happen along about that time. Leaving horses and teams stand in the street unhitched is against the laws of the City, and the ordinance made and provided for such cases ought to be strictly enforced every time.

Last Friday evening, a man came into Lopez's and asked to look at some pants. The clerk took him to the clothing counter, and they began a search for the article in demand. Just then the clerk was called to the rear end of the store, and taking advantage of his absence, the customer caught up a couple of vests and secreted them under his coat. Another clerk, however, saw the act, and, after the purloiner went out of the store he informed on him. Thereupon the first mentioned clerk followed his late customer who seeing their approach, at once suspected that he had been detected, and he pulled out the vests, saying, "I don't want these things," and laughed it off as a joke. Well a joke's a joke, but some kind of jokes are no jokes at all. This came near being one of that kind.

DIED.—At Hogan Mountain, on Tuesday, the 11th day of July, 1882, little ANNIE QUINN, aged one year, seven months and eight days.

When little Annie was called away By the restless hand of death, The guardian angels were hurrying round To take her home to rest. We laid her body in the tomb, And there it must decay: Her little spirit has taken Its flight, far, far away. Little Annie has gone home, Her brother for to see; Their little spirits are reunited in eternity. By and by the trump will call us From this earth away: Then we will meet little Annie again, Far, far away. J. N. S. DES ANS, July 27th, 1882.

A Terrible Crime and Its Reward. Last Thursday morning, about half-past nine o'clock, we were startled by a cry for "help!" from Mr. Delano, of the Blue Store, coupled with something about Mrs. Peck, toward whose residence Mr. D. started on a run. C. W. Tetwiler, John Phoebe (colored), and one or two others followed immediately. When they reached the residence of the lady in question, they were horrified to see her struggling and screaming in the disgusting embraces of a black brute named Henry Caldwell, who had assaulted her in the yard attached to her house. Tetwiler jumped the picket fence and in the twinkling of an eye, had released the lady from the grasp of the brute. Mrs. P., a lady over sixty years of age, was assisted into her house, while Caldwell was taken into custody, though not without some trouble. He showed fight, and being very muscular would have made trouble for any one single-handed. But there were too many for him to successfully resist, and he was captured and taken at once to Judge Dinger's office, who committed him to jail to await a preliminary examination, which was held the next day. After a hearing, the evidence given being conclusive and damning to the prisoner, the Justice bound him over to the Circuit Court in the sum of \$10,000.

The prisoner's "statement" before the Justice was a tissue of the most horrible falsehoods, and those present could scarcely restrain themselves from braining him as he gave it. But everything was done lawfully and in order, and he was taken to jail to await judgment at a higher tribunal.

The feelings of all classes were deeply stirred, and covert desire for a first-class lynching was general if not expressed. The delays of the law, the many loop-holes of escape, and the probable inadequacy of legal punishment were fully and freely discussed; for nothing less than death would suffice to punish the crime and serve as a deterrent to others whose "craziness" might have a bent in a similar direction.

However, Thursday and Friday nights passed without demonstration, and the idea became prevalent that the crime would be left to the arbitration of law. Public feeling had not abated, and everybody conceded that justice as well as indemnity from this sort of crime demanded severe and summary punishment; but after the sun had twice gone down in safety to the prisoner, the chances seemed to favor his security for the present at least. But the avengers of the hideous lust of the black brute were merely biding their time.

Saturday evening, the streets were unusually quiet, being almost deserted up to eleven o'clock. Then an occasional passer-by was heard on the sidewalks of Main street. At twelve o'clock squads of two or three persons were observed, all coming toward the centre of town, and a short time after, a body of thirty or forty men had quietly assembled on the street opposite Mrs. Moser's millinery establishment. All were masked or had their faces blackened, and were otherwise disguised. There they were "sworn in," the oath administered requiring them to proceed orderly and quietly, and to forever preserve silence as to the identity of all who participated. Then they silently pursued their way to the jail.

Guards were stationed at every corner of the square on which the jail is located, and all outsiders were kept at a distance. Several parties who endeavored to get a close observation of the proceedings were warned to keep aloof, and they were discreet enough to obey the order.

The jail proper is a one-story stone building, with the jailor's residence (a two-story brick) in front and attached thereto. The entrance into the jail is made through a front door in the jailor's residence, which opens into a hall leading to the iron doors guarding the prisoners' apartments. There are two of these doors, with a narrow lobby between, and in this lobby usually sleeps Louis, a colored servant. He is somewhat of a "night

owl," and on this occasion he was still out when the lynchers, headed by their captain, arrived. The front door leading to the jailor's apartments was consequently on the latch, as was also the first iron door. The second, however, was locked, as was the door of the cell in which Caldwell was confined. There were no other prisoners in the jail.

When the mob found its further progress stayed by the inner iron door, an ax was procured, and a man detailed to break the lock. The first stroke awoke the jailor, Sheriff Fletcher, who sprang from his bed on the upper story, and revolver in hand came out on the landing of the stairs to see what was the matter. A half-dozen coked revolvers instantly covered him, and he was seized by two men, one of whom whispered in his ear: "Bill Fletcher, I am one of your best friends, but, by G—d, we're going to have that nigger!" Of course, unaided, he could do nothing, and he performed had to let the mob have its way. Thursday and Friday nights Mr. Fletcher, fearing that something of the kind might be attempted, was prepared for such an emergency; but as two nights had passed without demonstration, and public feeling seemed to be somewhat allayed, the precautions had been omitted this night.

After hacking away at the lock in the dark ineffectually for some time, some of the men procured a lamp from the kitchen, and in a short time entrance was gained. Then the key to the cell was forcibly taken from the jailor, and in a trice the lynchers had the prisoner in their possession. A rope, with noose adjusted, was thrown over his head, and they started with him on a run for the railroad bridge. A few yells were given by some of the more excitable men as they passed the Ironton Mills, but these were quickly hushed, and no further disturbance was made until the lynching was an accomplished fact.

At the bridge the work was quickly done. The prisoner was rushed up the steps and to the centre of the bridge, when the rope, still about his neck, was made fast to one of the projecting beams. He was then thrown over the parapet, but desperately clung to the timbers, when a slash from a knife through the muscles of his arm loosed his hold, and, dropping, he hung suspended by his neck. His feet touched the ground, however, and feeling the hanging might not be effective, some thirty shots were fired at him at short range. The suspended body was completely riddled. The crowd then gave a yell or two, and immediately dispersed, scattering in all directions.

Coroner Grandhomme was at once advised of the matter and at one o'clock in the morning he summoned a jury, went down to the bridge, received the body, cut it down, procured a coffin, and, assisted by Constable Patton and others, brought it up to the Court House, where it lay in the Sheriff's room until ten o'clock next day. Then it was taken to the potter's field and buried; and so came the end of a horrible crime and its terrible expiation.

It was not the first attempt of the kind he had made. During the past few months his actions had been such that he was forbidden to enter the premises of several families for whom he had been working, and the heads of these families had been keeping him under continual servellence. He had imbibed the notion that he was entitled to a "white lady," and when he was arrested last Thursday, he declared that he was a man and would fight for his "rights." More than one person feels relieved to know that the brute is out of the way forever.

We are not an advocate of lynch-law, but if there ever can be a case calling justly for its intervention, this was one. And that's about all we have to say about it, excepting that an example of its swift justice was needed, and to hope that the desired effect will result.

Personal.

Mr. Maurice Smith and sister, Mrs. Frank Cooley, of Iron Mountain, spent last Thursday evening with friends in Ironton.

Mrs. Abington and Mrs. M. Roberts returned last Wednesday, from a sojourn of several weeks' rusticking in Butler county.

Mrs. Dr. Praul, of St. Louis, spent several days here last week, the guest of Mrs. F. Scoville.

Mrs. Julia Coleman arrived in town Friday and will spend the remainder of the summer at her home in Ironton.

Miss Lizzie May, of Butler county, stopped off here to pay Mrs. Crumb a visit. She leaves Friday night for Troy, Mo.

Mr. Geo. Lanpher, of Fredericktown, was in town Monday visiting his sister, Mrs. J. M. Moore.

Miss Rene Zwart accompanied Miss Ella Lang home and will spend several weeks visiting friends in Farmington.

Mr. Albert T. Ake arrived home, Monday morning, from Peach Orchard, Ark., on a sick furlough; that is, he has a very sore hand.

Mrs. John Zwart and child and little niece, little Grace Lenard, are visiting the family of Capt. B. Zwart.

Mr. H. Noel, the genial traveling salesman for Shipleigh & Co., of St. Louis, was in town last week.

Mr. Geo. A. Moser and daughters have returned from an extended visit to relatives in Iowa and Kansas.

Free of Charge.

All persons suffering from Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Loss of Voice, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, are requested to call at the Pilot Knob Drug Store and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, free of charge, which will convince them of its wonderful merits and show what a regular dollar-size bottle will do. Call early.

Bargains! Bargains!

I respectfully inform my customers and the public generally that, being overstocked with Spring, Summer and Fall Clothing, I will for the next 30 days sell at and below cost. PAUL GARNIER, Merchant Tailor, Dealer in Ready-Made Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Etc.

FOR SALE—Price \$50—A neat one-horse Rockaway; has lately had \$30 worth of repairs put on it at Newman's shop and Schwane's. Cause of sale—Too small for present family. Wants refurbishing and one step repaired. Address W. J. HINCHY, at this office.

W. H. BYERS, PROPRIETOR. C. KINDELL, MANAGER. BONANZA!

Just bought and placed on sale, a fine stock of Ladies' Children's and Men's FINE GAITERS and BOOTS. They were sold by order of the

The Circuit Court, St. Louis. They belonged to a first-class Wholesale House on Fifth Street. This stock is all Solid Leather Goods, and we warrant every pair.

STILL ANOTHER!

We have just added to the above Stock, another large line of

HAND-MADE BOOTS AND SHOES

FOR GENTLEMEN, Ladies and Children!

We sell none but SOLID-LEATHER GOODS. Every Pair warranted as sold!

Great Reduction In Men's Clothing!

Laces, 2 cents per Yard! Laces, 3 cents per Yard! Laces, 5 cents per Yard!

Earlston Ginghams, 8 cts.

See Some of our Prices!

Children's Shoes, (2 rows of buttons), in in bronze garnet, 50c.; Ladies' Pebble Goat, cloth top, \$1.25; Misses' fine Kid Shoes, \$1; Misses' Solid Grain, 10's to 2's, 75 c.; Men's French Calf, low quarter Shoes, custom-made, \$2; Men's French Calf solid Boot, \$2.50.

We have just made arrangements to accommodate our customers with

PENNIES, so we can sell you 1 cent's worth of anything.

Men's Fine Half Hose, 7c a pair. Ladies' Embroidered Hose, 12 cts. a pair. Ladies' White Hose, 5 cts. a pair.

Ladies' Imported Lace Collars, FOR 25 CENST. COST, \$1.

A New Lot of Doeskin Jeans Pants, with Spring Bottoms.

BONANZA

BOOT, SHOE AND CLOTHING COMPANY, Next Door to Academy of Music, IRONTON - - MISSOURI.