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THE ARGUS.

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All communications of a critical or original nature should be sent to the publisher, and should be accompanied by postage stamps. No article will be published unless accompanied by postage stamps. Correspondence solicited from every town in the United States.

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THE DAILY ARGUS down to 10 cents a week. The leading daily of the tri-cities. All can afford to have it at that price.

THE ARGUS circulation will be increased until it leads all other dailies in the tri-cities, and the price was cut to 10 cents a week with that end in view. What do you think of it as an advertising medium?

LIEUTENANT-GOV. JOSEPH B. GILL OF ILLINOIS, and Miss Pearl Hall, daughter of Hon. J. W. Hall, a banker of San Bernardino, Cal., were married there Tuesday. Their home will be at Murphysborough, Ill.

THE ARGUS has equipped itself to lead all competitors. It has spared no expense to accomplish that end. If you are in business, and it is not carrying your advertisement to its multitude of readers, you are the loser.

SECRETARY CARLISLE is the recipient of congratulations from all sides on the able financial speech he delivered before the New York chamber of commerce, and many are of the opinion that it will have a highly beneficial effect upon the business of the country.

THE new democratic tariff bill, which has been given out by the ways and means committee, as approved by the administration, has met with expressions of approval in all sections of the country, and the essential features will doubtless be enacted into law early in the coming session of congress. It is a statesman-like document that looks to the first and best interests of the common people.

It is expected that President Cleveland's message to congress will deal so fully with the financial policy of the administration that the republican calamity waiters will find themselves deprived of their principal argument—the allegation that there is a doubt about the financial intentions of the administration. The message, together with the new tariff bill, will put these intentions before the public so plainly that there can be no misunderstanding, and no doubt.

Low Tariff and Prosperity.

H. E. Bliss in Chicago Record.—The low tariff period—1850-1860—was the most prosperous of our history. The increase in the value of taxable property was 126 per cent. The per capita income was 66.41 per cent. The wonderful prosperity of the country in this decade was shown by Gen. Garfield, a careful and conscientious student of economic subjects, in a speech in reply to Mr. Kelly, of Pennsylvania, which may be found on page 325 of the Congressional Record, XLVth congress (1878). After giving a full statistical demonstration of the marvelous development of this period, Gen. Garfield said: "The fact is, Mr. Chairman, the decade from 1850 to 1860 was one of peace and general prosperity."

Yet to suit a theory of finance we are told that the year 1860 was a year of great distress and depletion of business equaled only by the distress of the present year. The present year was the fifth year of the high-tariff panic.

Forgetting the tariff question while showing how unjustifiable was the southern rebellion, Mr. Blaine shows the wonderful prosperity of the south, which is but indicative of that of the whole country, saying: "The south was enjoying exceptional prosperity. The advance of the slave states in wealth was more rapid than at any other period of their history."

There was never a community on the face of the globe whose condition so little justified revolution as that of the slave states of 1860. Indeed, it was a sense of strength born of ex-

ceptional prosperity that led them to their rash adventure of war. ("Twenty Years in Congress," page 216.)

Mr. McKinley boasts of the increase during the so-called protective period, stating the entire wealth of the country as \$16,919,000,000 in 1851 and \$63,919,000,000 now. That the people have been grossly deceived in the matter is not strange considering how persistently this protection falsehood has been repeated, but there seems no excuse for such ignorance regarding economic subjects.

The utter worthlessness of Mr. Porter's statistics of valuation, which Gov. McKinley quotes, the writer so conclusively demonstrated in an article published in the Record November, 1892, attempted no reply, but was compelled to admit that which had been proved. This he did by inserting this remark opposite the estimates for 1851 and 1891 in a table which he presented: "A comparison cannot be made; 1861 only includes estimated true value based upon assessed property."

The valuation of 1861 is the estimated true value of assessed property only; that of 1891 the estimated value of all property, in which the watered stocks of our railroads and other corporations are included at par and mortgages are aggregated with real property at its full value, making a duplication to the extent of the entire mortgage indebtedness of the country. Fred C. Waite, placed by Mr. Porter as special commissioner in charge of statistics of valuation on account of his eminent abilities as a statistician, estimates the true value of all property in 1861 at \$25,000,000,000, exclusive of slave values.

We see large accumulations of capital in our great cities, but the statistics of the present census indicate a corresponding decrease in rural and agricultural values, showing that this wealth has been accumulated at the expense of our agricultural classes, and that the wall of distress that went up from the plundered farms of the west on last election day (1892) was not without a cause.

Acute Vision of Birds.

Birds have very acute vision—perhaps the most acute of any creature—and the sense is almost more widely diffused over the retina than in the case with man; consequently a bird can see objects sideways as well as in front of it. A bird sees—showing great unbusiness in consequence—a hawk long before it is visible to man. So, too, fowls and pigeons find minute scraps of food, distinguishing them from what appear to us exactly similar pieces of earth or gravel. Young chickens are also able to find their own food, knowing its position and how distant it is as soon as they are hatched, whereas a child only very gradually learns either to see or to understand the distance of an object. Several birds—apparently the young of all those that nest on the ground—can see quite well directly they come out of the shell, but the young of birds that nest in trees or on rocks are born blind and have to be fed.—Chambers' Journal.

A Remarkable Bridge.

It is reported from Denver that a natural bridge formed by a tree of agatized wood, spanning a canyon 45 feet wide, has been found in Chaco Canyon park in Arizona. It is supposed that the tree had at some remote time fallen, when it became imbedded in the silt of some great inland sea or mighty water overflow. The silt became in time sandstone, and the wood gradually passed through the stages of mineralization, until now it is a wonderful tree of solid agate. Again, in after years, water has washed and eaten away the sandstone until a canyon 45 feet in width has been formed, the flintlike substances of the agatized wood having resisted the erosion of the waterflow.—Yankee Blade.

Charles V.

Charles V had epileptic attacks during his youth. He stammered. He retreated to a monastery, where he had the singular fantasy of celebrating his own funeral rites in his own presence. His mother, Jane of Castile, was insane and deformed. His grandfather, Ferdinand of Aragon, died at the age of 62 in a state of profound melancholia.—New York Times.

The fall is the time of the year when the country demand for broken down street car horses is the greatest. During the cold weather the animals get used to their rural surroundings, recuperate, have only enough exercise to keep them in condition, and by spring are able to accomplish the heavier tasks of plowing and harrowing.

A hundred and fifty years ago unmarried as well as married women were styled "Mrs." Girls were called "Miss" until they left school, when they took rank as "Mrs.," while married women were very generally addressed as "Madam."

Miss Jessie Ackermann, the second round the world missionary and president of the Australian W. C. T. U., has completed her trip. It occupied four years, during which time she traversed over 100,000 miles.

HE LEARNED SOMETHING.

And in the Light of a New Experience He Felt Worried.

"Excuse me," said the little man with the pointed chin whiskers to the man reading a magazine in the seat across the aisle, "but I've been suffering with toothache for the last hour."

"Yes, I suspected it," was the reply. "And I didn't know, being you are a drummer, but that you might have something in your grip to alleviate the infernal nuisance."

"Yes, I may have. Let's see. I have peppermint essence, laudanum, Jamaica ginger, painkiller, ammonia, alcohol and—"

"I'll try the painkiller, if you'll be so kind."

"Yes. Wait a minute, please." The man of the grip opened it and took out pencil and paper and wrote a few lines and passed that over, with the remark: "Sign that, please. It is simply a statement that you will not hold me or my heirs financially responsible in case anything happens to you through my remedies."

"Rather odd document, that," said the man behind him as the chap with the toothache sat down to dose his tooth. "Well, maybe," replied the drummer, "but it's only a matter of prudence, after all. Three years ago down at Medina a stranger came to me on the depot platform suffering with the toothache. It was at night, and I had no remedies handy. I suggested that I tie a string around the aching tooth and pull it out, and after a little he consented."

"And what?" "I got a piece of fishing around that tooth, got a firm hold of the string and then told him to jump off the platform. Oh! That was a sad night for me!"

"Did the tooth come?"

"No." "Did the string break?"

"No. I braced myself for the shock, and he jumped, and the next thing I knew I held his head on the end of that string."

"You don't mean that it pulled his head off?"

"Certainly do, sir. Yes, pulled his head right off and left it dangling on the string. It was really no affair of mine, but I got a doctor and the coroner and rode in the front hack at his funeral and used up nearly a week of my valuable time. And how was I rewarded?"

"How? Why, his relatives ought to be eternally grateful to you."

"Yes, I know, but I don't think they will be. His wife sued me for \$20,000 damages for holding the string, and after two years of lawing it I settled with her for \$9,000. That was the sort of gratitude I met with!"

"Great Scott, but you don't mean it?" gasped the man. "Why, that was an outrage worthy of the days of Nero."

"Yes, but I had to submit. It won't happen again, however. I'm willing to help a sufferer, but he must absolve me from all legal responsibility. I am now about to take a nip of brandy. If you will sign a paper that you took it of your own free will, and that neither you nor your heirs will hold me."

"Thank you, but I don't care for brandy. Jeweltakes care, but it wasn't four hours ago that I advised a man to touch up his liver with old rum, cayenne pepper and vinegar. 'Spoken it knocks the socks off in him! Say, please excuse me, won't you? We're just coming to Gratton, and I'll drop off and telegraph him to let his liver go to blazes and consult a regular doctor. I've learned something, I have, and I'll make that telegram so hot it'll set fire to half the poles on the way!'"—Detroit Free Press.

A Society Man's Predicament.

A very amusing story has just reached me concerning a prominent young society man, who has just returned from Chicago. He was boarding at the home of relatives while there, and as large crowds came flocking in during the last week he was so commiserated as to give up his room and sleep on a sofa in the parlor. "One morning he over-slept himself, and as his door was unlocked what was his surprise to find three pretty Louisville young women enter the room. He had presence of mind enough to roll under the sofa and tuck into a dark corner before they threw open the shutters. But, although he had tucked himself away, he had neglected to hide his clothes, which were thrown across a rocking chair.

The girls saw the clothes, but believing they had been left there accidentally by the lady of the house thought nothing about them and began a lively chat about the matters of the day. The young man did not mind his imprisonment at first, but grew very nervous as the minutes lengthened into an hour.

He stood it for two hours, but at last grew so exasperated that he thumped upon the floor and meekly put his head out from under the sofa and asked the young women to leave him until he put on his clothes.

It is needless to say that their embarrassment was great and that none of them mentioned it while in Chicago, but as the young man has since recovered from the shock he has been unable to restrain himself from telling a few friends of his awkward predicament.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Too Much Concord of Street Sounds.

A thief broke into a Madison avenue mansion early the other morning and found himself in the music room. Hearing footsteps approaching he took refuge behind a screen.

From 8 to 9 o'clock the eldest daughter had a singing lesson.

From 9 to 10 o'clock the second daughter took a piano lesson.

From 10 to 11 o'clock the eldest son had a violin lesson.

From 11 to 12 o'clock the other son had a lesson on the flute.

At 12:15 all the brothers and sisters assembled and studied an ear-splitting piece for voice, piano, violin and flute.

The thief staggered out from behind the screen at 12:45 and falling at their feet cried:

"For mercy's sake, have me arrested!"—Vogue.

Well Earned Rest.



Lady to polite laborer who has offered her his seat—Oh, no! Keep your seat, my good man; you have been working hard all day. Polite Laborer (sympathetically)—Take it, ma'am. There, O'ive bin carryin' th' load all th' day, but you've bin shoppin'.—Puck.

An Old Woman.

It is a grave little woman who brings home your washing every week. She wears her hair in a childish pigtail, to be sure, and her skirt does not hang much below her knees, but her face is that of quite an elderly person. You often wonder what age she is and also what age she considers herself. One morning you find out. She looks a little graver than usual and comes without your laundry. She delivers herself of this explanation without any pauses:

"Please, mamma, mamma didn't send your wash because baby's been took with the measles, and she don't know but what you're afraid of the measles. The baby ain't over in the room where she washes, and the board of health it has sent around a list of things to put in the water you boils your clothes in so's you don't catch no disease, but still mamma didn't know whether you'd want 'em or not."

She pauses for a reply. When you have given your orders about your ill-fated clothing, you ask the little woman if she has ever had the measles.

"Oh, yes'm, when I was a child I had 'em," she answers.

"How old are you now, Gretchen?"

"Ten," replies Gretchen.—New York World.

Made a Difference.



She—I want so much to take the leading part in the amateur theatricals. You have some influence with the promoter. Do you think you could help me?

Galiant Mr. Devoe—Yes, indeed. You can rely upon me to stand up for you every time.

She—But the scene is to be laid in a horse car.—Vogue.

The Saddest Part of It.

"Ah, what an awfully swell girl Ella Ferris used to be, and how she has changed lately," mused Tom De Witt.

"You mean since her marriage?" asked Jack Ford.

"Once nothing on earth was too good for her. Most of the fellows in our set who tried their luck were not nearly so good enough. But she married great mistake when she married Ferris."

"Poor devil of a clerk, wasn't he?"

"He was and is yet. They live in a flat over in Brooklyn somewhere. My sister called there the other day, and she says the way they live is simply dishonouring. Small, dark rooms, with cheap furniture, and a couple of squalling kids for company. Pleasant situation. The flat looks out on a lively stable in the rear and a Catholic school in the front. The best bedroom is in a dark alcove opening invitingly off the dining room. They have no servant and Ella does all the housework, so her hands are getting red and bony, and she is going off brightly in her looks."

"They never go anywhere or see anybody. Haven't been to the theater once since they were married. Ferris is always too tired to go out when he gets home in the evening, and then they have to economize. And my sister says the saddest thing about it all is that Ella has the audacity to be so blissfully and perfectly happy."

"Happy?" ejaculated Jack.

"She is and so is her husband. That's the worst part of it," replied Tom. "My sister said she has not seen anybody so genuinely contented and happy in a long time. Gosh! when I think what she used to be, I can't help feeling sorry for her."

"You're right," said Jack, with fervent conviction. "There are no more pitiable objects than people who can be happy on \$1,500 a year!"—Brooklyn Life.

A Natural Ignority.

It was in the smoking car, and the train was rattling along at a lively rate of speed. A stout, florid complexioned man, very self-satisfied, was talking loudly about the effeminate degeneracy of modern young men.

"Look at me! Fifty years old—never sick in my life and can travel any five miles an hour now! Why? Because from the day when I was 20 until I was 40 I lived a steady life. No delicacies! No late hours! Summer and winter alike I was in bed at 9 and up the next morning at 5 o'clock. Principal food was porridge, and worked hard between 8 and 1 o'clock; then dinner; then an hour's exercise; then—"

"Pardon me, sir," interrupted a young man near him, "what did you say you were in for?"—New York Herald.

Signboard English in Japan.

Here are some attempts at English to be seen on the signboards in the streets of Tokio:

"Wine, beer and other medicines."

"A shop, the kind of umbrella, parasol or hat."

"The shop for the furniture of the several countries."

"Prices, no increase or diminish."

"All kinds of superior sundries kept here."

"Skinmaker and seller (portmanteau shop)."

"Ladies furnished in the up-stair."

Tit-Bits.

Why He Drowned.

First Street Arab—Say, where's Frenchy at, do you know?

Second Do.—Why, ain't you heard dat Frenchy got drowned?

First Do.—Naw. How could he get drowned when he was such a good swimmer?

Second Do.—He went in swimmin' in de pond in de park, and after he had got inter deep water he seen a sign wot said, "No Swimmin' Here," and so wot could he do but just drown?—Princeton Tiger.

Too Much.

It was a lately landed servant girl who returned to the employment agency and said that she had been discharged from her place because she was too industrious.

"Why, how can that be? What did you do?"

"Sure, they told me to clean the house. I cleaned all up stairs and then went down into the cellar and dusted and washed off all the bottles in the wine cellar, and they discharged me."—New York Herald.

Too Friendly.

Some men will insist upon making very inappropos remarks. Jaggs met Baggs the other day. They were warm friends, and Jaggs was lauding his wife to the skies.

"I fairly idolize her," said he.

"So do I," says Baggs, and now he is wondering why Jaggs hit him and the atmosphere is so frigid whenever they meet.—Philadelphia Call.

Charles Gounod.

The great majority of Gounod's biographers have borrowed their materials wholesale from the pages of Mlle. de Bovet, who presented her readers with a somewhat idealized picture of her hero. Gounod's simplicity of character and homeliness of life, for example, are to some extent imaginary, for the author of "Faust" was, in his way, almost as great a poseur as Lord Chatham himself. He delighted to receive visitors in the dim religious light of his magnificent music room, while, clad in a costume of black velvet, and looking wonderfully like the Doctor of his own creation, he ran his fingers dreamily over the keyboard of the organ there, above which was fixed a large cinque esto crucifix. A wave of the white hand made you be silent, and it was not till the last strains of the messe solennelle on which he was engaged had died away that he began to talk in measured and mysterious accents. For the last 30 years of his life he had a grievance against England and her laws, and never tired of complaining of her judgement infame. He chafed considerably at the impossibility of his crossing the channel without running the risk of an attachment, but chuckled at the summary manner in which the British tribunals had dismissed an application for an execution on his art treasures in the Quarter Mooneen and St. Cloud.—London World.

Seeing is Believing.

How many people know what an endless variety of merchandise is required to carry on a dry goods business complete in every department? We dare say: "But few." Owing to the distance from the market and advantages in buying goods direct from the manufacturers and importers, it is a necessity to carry a tremendous large stock, stated above, direct from headquarters means saving the profit of a great advantage to the retail customer, as it is cheaper from a house buying their goods direct from one buying from jobbers. In order to have these and in nice Silks, Dress Goods, Cloaks, Drapery Goods, Hosiery, Fine and Table Linens, Corsets and thousands of other articles what an immense reserve stock is required to be sold in the Retail Department, daily, we must continually add on us, and we shall take great pleasure in showing you a lot of seasonable merchandise stored on each floor of the store located at 217, 217 1/2 West Second street and occupied by

KLUG, HASLER, SCHWENSTER DRY GOODS.

The undersigned firm employs almost a half hundred their salesladies and salesmen are all experienced and those who have not yet favored us with a call we wish to do so now, and convince yourself of the above statement is believing. Thanking the public for past favors, Yours very truly,

KLUG, HASLER, SCHWENSTER DRY GOODS COMPANY.

217 and 217 1/2 West Second St., DAVENPORT.

CONSTIPATION

Is called the "Father of Diseases."

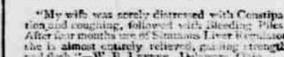
It is caused by a Torpid Liver, and is generally accompanied with

LOSS OF APPETITE,

SICK HEADACHE,

BAD BREATH, Etc.

To treat constipation successfully



It is a mild laxative and a tonic to the digestive organs. By taking Simmons' Liver Regulator you promote digestion, bring on a regular habit of body and prevent Biliousness and Indigestion.

"My wife was severely distressed with Constipation and constipation, followed with bleeding Piles. After four months use of Simmons' Liver Regulator she is almost entirely cured, gaining strength and health."—W. B. LEARNS, Delaware, Ohio.

SEVERAL PACKAGES—See our K Stamp in red on wrapper. J. H. ZEIGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Rasmussen's

Holiday Offer.

WE PROPOSE to boom our trade from now until Christmas by offering unusual inducements, viz: With every order for a dozen cabinet photos we shall give an extra photo in the new Vienna panel size, and in addition your choice of three beautiful souvenirs. In crayon work we are offering an exceptional bargain—a 16x20 crayon portrait in a beautiful gold frame at \$1.00, regular price \$5.50. Visitors are always welcome.

RASMUSSEN,

1725 Second Ave.

GRAND SWEEPING SALE

—OF—

Cloaks and Millinery

For the Next 30 Days.

This will be the greatest and best bargain sale ever held in the Tri-Cities. Everything in our store a genuine bargain sale will save every lady, purchasing a cloak or hat, 25 per cent. Do not fail to attend this great sale before you buy our entire stock of Cloaks and Millinery must be sold.

Watches, Clocks, Jewellery and Silverware.

WOLTMAN'S

1807 SECOND AVENUE.

Special attention to repairing fine watches.

PACKERS' Laundry.

Washes everything from a fine silk handkerchief to a circus tent; Lace curtains a specialty.

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