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THE TROUBLESOME DUST.

Why the Scientist Appreciates It More Than the Housewife.

The hane of the ideal housekeeper's life is dust, and yet this seemingly insignificant, exasperating dust has been a study of scientists for a century. "When a beam of sunlight enters a darkened room, it can be seen along its whole course," says one writer. "The light is reflected to every side and made to reach the eye by the dust in the air of the room. We do not see the sunbeam, but the dust which is illuminated by it. As unimportant as this curious stuff seems, it plays a conspicuous part in nature. It is what makes the sky appear blue, and when we look at the sky we see the dust illuminated by the sun. Light goes through all the gases—the dust catches it, reflects it in every direction, and so causes the whole atmosphere to appear clear, in the same way that it makes the sunbeam visible in the dark room.

"Without this strange, wonderful dust there would be no blue sky. It would be as dark or darker than on moonless nights. The glowing disk of the sun would stand immediately against the black background, thus producing blinding light where the sun's rays fall and deep black shadows where they do not. It is to dust that we owe the moderately tempered daylight adapted to our eyes, and it is dust that contributes to the beauty of the scenery. The finest dust gives the blue tone to the sky, while the coarser kind produces an almost black appearance.

"The clouds consist of dust and vapor. If there be only a little dust, all the vapor is precipitated upon it, and so loads the clouds with water that they sink in heavy drops to the ground. Without dust the vapor would penetrate houses, making everything mold with damp. We should feel upon going out that our clothes were becoming saturated and umbrellas would be a useless protection. It is hard, indeed, to conceive how different everything would be if there were no dust. This trivial common stuff has its considerable part in the processes of nature, and there is much of the wonderful and mysterious concealed in its filmy particles."—Detroit Free Press.

"OLD COMPARISON."

An Eccentric Westerner Who Has Gained the Sobriquet.

The people around the little mountain town, says the Yakima (Wash.) Herald, called him "Old Comparison," and I knew in a general way why the sobriquet had been given him, but I did not, during my month's stay, have an opportunity to test it, though I had a speaking acquaintance with him. One day I was passing his house and he was sitting on the steps of the little vine clad porch in front.

"Good morning," I said. "It's a lovely day." "Finer'n silk," he responded. "How are you this morning?" "Friskier'n a colt." "How's your wife?" "Peater'n a pullet." "The weather is very hot and dry for this season, don't you think?" "Hotter'n a run horse and drier'n a clean shirt." "I suppose you went to the wedding last night in the meeting house? A pretty bride, I thought." "Purtier'n a speckled dog." "The young man is very rich, I hear." "Richer'n fertilizer a foot thick." "By the way, are you willing to sell me those saw logs Brown couldn't take off your land?" "Willin' n a girl to get spiced." "When can I see them?" "Quicker'n a lamb can shake his tail." And the old man grabbed his hat and stick and led the way to the river, offering no remark, but answering all questions as usual.

Two Not Always Company.

People who are shut off from continual contact with their kind are apt to grow sullen. Army officers who have lived for long periods at one company post on the frontier and the wives of these army officers may know something about the difficulties of small groups of human beings living together and loving one another.

Keepers of lighthouses do not always get along together, and if there are two lighthouse keepers and two lighthouse keepers' wives the result is generally a monkey and a parrot time. Light housekeeping in lighthouses by lighthouse keepers' wives often leads to heavy work with rolling pins.

Even husbands and wives have been known to quarrel on the honeymoon tour, not because they did not love one another, but because, being in foreign countries, they were cut off from their kind and were forced to rely entirely on one another's society. It is one of the weaknesses of human nature. Man is gregarious. When a few individuals are isolated, they nearly always quarrel.—Exchange.

How to Whistle a Librarian.

I note that an Oxford scholar of my acquaintance, if he wished a valuable book to be taken from the Bodleian library into the Radcliffe reading room that he might continue reading it after the library was closed, used to begin by asking leave for some unique manuscript, and when that was refused a book somewhat less valuable, coming gradually down a scale and being refused with less emphasis, until he reached the book which alone he wanted, when he would say, "At least you can have no objection to my taking this."—Cornhill Magazine.

After the Battle.

"So Jones was not re-elected." "No, he was fired out." "I wonder if he still believes office is a public trust." "I don't at. He regards it more in the light of a public trust."—New York World.

Fiddle Butt Stealers.

There is a reason why the Adirondack forest fires should become more destructive each succeeding year. Most of the timber there is spruce. While spruce is used for various purposes it is valued chiefly as material for the manufacture of sounding boards for all kinds of musical instruments.

That part of the spruce tree which is free from branches, extending to from 20 to 30 feet above the ground, is known as a fiddle butt. As there are no branches in that part of the trunk there are no knots, and when the lumber is sawed it presents a smooth surface, an essential in the making of sounding boards.

The stealing of fiddle butts is carried on as a regular industry by hundreds of men who own small farms on the outer edges of the forests. These men go into the woods in winter and cut down thousands of great spruce trees. They take from each tree only the base log, which they sell at the nearest sawmill, allowing the remainder of the tree to be where it falls. The branches become dry as tinder in time, and when a fire is started by a careless hunter or woodsman they furnish an abundance of fuel for the spread of the conflagration.

Many efforts have been made to punish the fiddle butt stealers, but it is a fact that no jury has ever been got together that would bring in a verdict of guilty. It is claimed, with much evidence of truth, that a jury has never been selected in that section that did not have a fiddle butt stealer among its members.—Philadelphia Record.

No Wonder He Fled.

A tall, solemn looking young man entered the restaurant with a mild, apologetic air and seated himself at a vacant table near the middle of the room. It was evident that he dreaded to intrude. He wanted to get as far away from other people as possible. He even blushed painfully when he gave his order, and the most casual observer could have told that he was bashful.

Just as his dinner was brought to him a buxom looking woman with seven small children entered the place. The head waiter swept the field with his eye, pounced down upon the table where the young man had sought solitude, motioned to the children, who clucked to the kitchen, and a moment later they were all around that one table.

That young man's face was a serial story. Other people entered the restaurant, glanced at the group, smiled significantly, and seated themselves.

"He doesn't look it, does he?" queried a pleasant faced old lady in an audible whisper.

"She looks at least ten years older than he," murmured a girl at the next table.

He flew to the hatrack, tossed a half crown to the waiter and tried to go through the door without opening it.—London Telegraph.

Ingersoll and Delaware.

"The late Colonel Ingersoll had but little use for the state of Delaware," said Mr. E. V. Turner of Wilmington. "His aversion had its origin in a statement made by Chief Justice Joseph P. Conroy, now deceased. Some years ago Ingersoll delivered in Wilmington one of his most scathing lectures against Christianity. Its delivery stirred up the preachers and the religious people mightily, and the chief justice, who was a man of deep piety, made a public statement that if the great agnostic came there any more he would arrest and try him for blasphemy. The justice also called the attention of the grand jury to the lectures.

"Ingersoll was, of course, ready with his retort when he heard of what the jurist had said. He stigmatized Delaware as a state that had but three counties at low water and only one at high tide; that it was inhabited chiefly by oysters and clams, whose only reason for not migrating was that they had no legs. But, all the same, Colonel Rob didn't come to our town to lecture again."—Washington Post.

Becoming a British Subject.

It is an easy thing to become a British subject. All that an alien has to do is to declare his intention to reside within the British dominions on leaving his own country, and forthwith he is a citizen of Great Britain. It is upon him by the secretary of state upon his taking the oath of allegiance.

These papers invest him with the rights and privileges of a Britisher, except that he is barred from becoming a privy councillor or a member of parliament and also barred from accepting office under the crown. But if an alien be naturalized by special act of parliament passed for his own benefit then he becomes as much a British subject and has all the rights and privileges as though a native.

Sweet Innocence.

"When I grow up," said Ethel, with a dreamy, imaginative look, "I'm going to be a schoolteacher." "Well, I'm going to be a mamma and have six children," said Edna. "Well, when they come to school to me I'm going to whip 'em, whip 'em, whip 'em," exclaimed Edna as the tears came into her eyes. "What have my poor children ever done to you?"

A Sad Discovery.

An old woman from Tasmania, scattering through the chamber of horrors at Melbourne wax works, in Australia, recognized the figure of a hanged murderer (George Chamberlain) as that of her long lost son. Up to then the poor old woman had been hoping that her offspring would turn up at any time with an affectionate greeting and a big bag of money for mother.

INSTRUCTED THE JUDGE.

Who Was So Well Pleased That He Gave Him Seven Months.

"Nathaniel Patrick Henry Schofield Berry!" called the police court clerk in stentorian tones, and a hearty laugh was heard from the lawyers, bailiffs and general hangers on around the room.

A very black negro of about 40 stepped to the bar with the remark, "Yes, sah, dat's my cognomen title."

"Well, Nat, what have you got to say about this charge of—of—what's the name of that thing anyhow, Mr. Bailiff?" "Shootin' craps, your honor."

"Shootin' craps," repeated the judge. "Now look here! I have sent enough of you fellows down on this charge, but I confess I know nothing about the game, if such it might be called. I've listened to the pigeon English of Chinamen in telling of their fantan arrangement, and now you, Nat, there, tell me what this game of craps is like?"

"Well, judge, it's just like dis: You see you take de bones?" "The what?" "W'y, de bones, yo' honah. Them's de things you throw."

"The dice," suggested the police officer making the complaint.

"Oh, I see," answered his honor. "It's played with dice, eh?" "You take de bones," continued Nathaniel Berry, looking with supreme contempt on the surrounding crowd anxious to learn the ins and outs of a famous but badly misunderstood game.

"De first man he t'rows de bones out like dis and pops his fingers. 'Come seven-eleven,' 'got you faded,' 'cut his throat eleven,' 'railroad,' 'nat'ral crap,' 'gimme de bones,' 'baby's got to hav' dem noo shoes,' 'take my gal to Baltimore,' 'Big Dick's my point,' 'all de way from Boston,' 'come on, Joe, you must be mime'!" "Hold on there!" shouted the judge before the enthusiastic Nathaniel could be headed in his enthusiastic dissertation. "I'm still in the dark about that game, but from what I have heard you get seven months."

"Thankee, judge," said Nat, as he was led grinning from the bar of justice.—Washington Post.

A CLEVER FIRE HORSE.

The Clever Headed Animal That Chief Webber of Boston Used to Drive.

The rule in the Boston department is to reach the fire as soon as it can be done with safety. When an alarm comes in, the firemen have that rule in mind. They are not thinking about posing for the public, but what they are likely to find at the end of their ride, and when accidents occur in nine cases out of ten they are more likely to be due to the carelessness or fright of the public than to the recklessness of the firemen themselves. There are approximately 2,000 alarms a year in this city, to each of which from one to eight pieces respond. Compare the activity and momentum thus let loose, but skillfully controlled, with the total resulting casualties of a year, and the showing will justify the department as a whole every time.

The horses themselves share not only the spirit but the knowledge of the situation, and to their training and intelligence is due to no small degree the comparative exemption from serious accidents which the department enjoys. A few years ago Chief Webber drove as his fire horse an animal which well exemplified these characteristics. He had a head like a wedge, and he could run for a deer. His fire gait was a run. He was famous for economizing his opportunities. Even in a thickly crowded street, if he saw a hundred feet clear in front of him, he made it on the run. If an obstruction suddenly appeared, he would brace himself and skate over the pavement until his momentum was overcome. Then with the next opening the feat was repeated, while he writhed in and out like a snake among intercepting teams and usually was among the first arrivals at the scene of the fire. On one occasion he took himself and the buggy to a fire some distance from quarters without a driver and arrived safely and at the right box. The uninitiated who saw his movements might have called them reckless, but during his five or six years of service he attended more fires than any other horse in the department, and no serious accident to himself or others resulted.—Boston Transcript.

A Sermon on Money.

A colored exhorter said recently, in the course of a sermon on "Money, the Great Evil." "My brotherin, money cause mo' trouble in dis worl' dan anything I knows on. Fac' is, de devil is in de dollar. When I see a man wid a pocket full er money, I say ter myself, 'Dar's a man what needs a guardeen,' an I feels des like takin him home an lockin up dat money fer him. Ef any er you in de hearin er my voice is got money on yo' pussen, bring it right heah, an lay it on de altar an go yo' ways an let me pray over it till a blessin come ter it. Dean wait ter count it; des come forward an unload!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Insect Steeds Ridden by Insects.

At a recent meeting of the Entomological society of Washington some specimens of phryso, a species of golden eyed fly, which had been collected in the White mountains, were exhibited as curiosities, because each carried on its back one or more minute cecidomyid flies. The opinion was expressed that this was a true case of smaller species of insect using a larger species for the purposes of locomotion from place to place.—Youth's Companion.

The greater part of the cast off uniforms of British soldiers find their way into the shops of dealers in secondhand clothing. The coats are then either cut up, sold to theatrical managers or exported to Africa and elsewhere for trading purposes with the Kafirs and other uncivilized people.

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