THE ARGUS.

Published Daily and Weekly at 1624 Second Avenue, Rock Island, Ill. [Entered at the Postoffice as Second-class matter.]

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

TERMS—Daily, 10 cents per week. Weekly, $1.00 per year in advance.

All communications of political or argumentative character, political or religious, must have real name attached for publication. No such articles will be printed over fictitious signatures.

Correspondence solicited from every township in Rock Island county.

Friday, August 29.

Democratic Nominations.

STATE TICKET.
Clerk Supreme Court,
JOHN L. PICKERING.
State Treasurer,
GEORGE W. DUDDLESTON.
Superintendent of Public Instruction,
ANSON L. BLISS.
Trustees University of Illinois,
JULIA HOLMES SMITH,
E. S. MAXWELL,
DR. J. E. WHITE.
CONGRESSIONAL.
For Representative, Fourteenth District,
THOMAS A. MARSHALL.

COUNTY.
For Representative, Thirty-third District,
WILLIAM R. MOORE.
For County Judge,
.....
For County Clerk,
BENJAMIN FOUNTAIN.
For Sheriff,
CORNELIUS DONOVAN.
For Treasurer,
GEORGE W. HENRY.
For Superintendent of Schools,
.....

"President Roosevelt always says something when he makes a speech," cries the massive brained critic. This may be true, but he could serve the people better by saying less and doing more.

The New York Evening Post says that so long as Mr. Roosevelt ignores the tariff branch of the trust question he "leaves his flank exposed to a fire which must become more and more galling as the fight proceeds."

The beef trust confesses that there has been blacklisting and a restraining of trade, but it turns around and in an off-hand way says, "What are you going to do about it?" No one has seen any real signs of Mr. Knox's doing anything about it.

Coal is actually coming from Wales to New York, several carloads having already been delivered. There is no duty on anthracite, but any considerable exportation of Welsh coal would soon exhaust the supply. It costs $4 to $5 a ton at Cardiff and the transportation charges are about $2.50.

Ex-Congressman George Fred Williams, of Massachusetts, said in an interview the other day: "It is remarkable what a hold Mr. Bryan has on the people—the plain, common people. He is a royal character, unselfish, devoted to the betterment of his fellow man, and although tried severely, has not been found wanting. He is the grandest character I have ever met."

Anthracite is a name in itself and does not qualify the word coal, as cannel (candle) and bituminous do. It is, therefore, proper to speak of anthracite, not of anthracite coal; whereas, it is not proper to speak of bituminous without adding the word coal. It is just as well to have this information and be able to affect an intimate familiarity with anthracite. It is the nearest approach to anthracite that most people are able to make.

The New York Tribune says "loud complaints have come from various parts of the country that too many of the national bank notes and greenbacks now in circulation are so filthy and worn that clean persons are disgusted with them." How would it do to do away with national bank notes, replace the soiled greenbacks with bright, crisp new bills and supply the people with clean, sanitary democratic hard money—the silver and gold of the constitution? This would be a reform that would do away with the complaint referred to.—Springfield Register.

Up in Minnesota they have a new primary law which has all the politicians guessing. Instead of nominating congressmen by conventions called and made up of delegates selected by the political boss—in other words, by the "machine" method—the nominations are made by delegates chosen at primary elections, held just like regular elections, and hedged about by all the protecting regulations of the Australian ballot law. The consequence is the machine politician has found his claws cut, and the whole game is passed up to a popular vote. It makes the anteelection campaign much longer and livelier and clouds the result with an unusual amount of doubt.

Prominent Republican Changes Faith.

William N. Whitely, the reaper king of Springfield, says he will vote the democratic ticket at the next presidential election. He has decided that only the removal or the reduction of the tariff can save the people from complete rule by the trusts.

"The democrats have lost by scattering too much," he said. "They have had too many issues. They have tried to cover too much ground. In my judgment the thing to do is for the party to adopt one issue to fight on and stick to that with vim. That issue is the tariff question. The people are growing restless. They are growing tired of trust domination, a revulsion of sentiment is at hand. You democrats want to take advantage of it. If you do there are thousands of republicans that are going to vote with you. Every family is affected by the trust. There is nothing you can buy any more that is not carrying a price arbitrarily fixed by a trust."

The news that Mr. Whitely has left the republican party will be a surprise to thousands of people the country over who have known him for years as one of the leading advocates and warmest champions of the McKinley policy. Mr. Whitely has been one of the leaders of the republican party and as often as called on he has made large contributions to the success of the principles embodied in its platforms. When he ran the mammoth East Street Reaper works at Springfield, at the time of their completion the second largest in the world, being surpassed in dimensions only by the great Krupp gun works at Essen, Germany, he employed 3,000 men. A band of 40 or more pieces was organized among the workmen and every opportunity was taken advantage of to spread the doctrines of the party of Lincoln, Garfield and Grant.

It was not uncommon for Mr. Whitely to charter two or three trains and take his employes, headed by the big band, to some neighboring city to add to the success of a republican rally.

Avoids the Issue.

Philadelphia Record: It is not strange that in order to avoid the issues of the present the republican campaign text book should deal so largely in fiction and attempt to disturb the ghosts of dead and buried controversies. Some allowance must be made at the same time for Chairman Babcock's peculiar position. As the responsible author of a bill in congress to curb the evil power of the trusts by reduction or repeal of the protective duties by which these combinations despoil the American people he could not in decency defend the tariff which has imposed these duties. Yet he is guilty at the same time of admitting into his campaign text book a plea in regard to trusts in free trade England of which his own bill against the trusts is a denial and refutation. The dexterity of straddling politicians is something equal to their embarrassments, but no political gymnastics will enable Chairman Babcock to evade the issues of this campaign.

DAILY SHORT STORY

A Strange Marriage.

[Original.]

In a little log church in the colony of Massachusetts one Sunday morning during the sixteenth century a congregation of Puritans was assembled for divine worship. The minister, Obediah Armstrong, a young man of twenty-eight, had been a captain in Cromwell's army and had led his men to battle to the music of a psalm rather than the drum, the fife or the bugle.

Suddenly the door opened, and a young girl rushed in among the worshipers with every appearance of dread excitement.

"How now, Mistress Aseneth?" said the pastor. "Why do you thus disturb our worship with your unholy interruption?"

"The Indians!" gasped the girl. "They are coming!"

The men of the congregation were about to rush for their weapons, which stood against the log walls of the church, when the pastor stopped them.

"Let there be no unseemly haste in the temple of the Lord," he said. "If what Aseneth Gwynne says is true, we may soon appear before the heavenly throne. It is not meet that we should go there after showing a cowardly haste to save our lives. Rather should we be diligent in saving our souls. Let us sing the One Hundredth Psalm."

The psalm was sung, the men setting their jaws and bellowing what was really a defiance to the savages, the women singing in trembling voices. The eye of the parson lighted as it had lighted on the eve of Marston Moor, and while he sang he looked upon the comely face and figure of the damsel who had brought the warning. When the last stanza had been sung, there was a movement in the congregation, but the pastor raised his hand.

"The doxology," he said.

At the moment there was a bloodcurdling whoop without, but the holy man did not heed it, nor did his congregation flinch. The doxology gave vent to a final defiance to the red men whose arrows were now pattering against the walls of the church like the first drops of a thunder shower. When the last word had been sung, the pastor said:

"It is now meet, brethren, that I should command you in battle as I have commanded some of you who are now here. We will smite the heathen savages with their oily skins and scalplocks as we once smote the cavaliers with their essences and unholy, sensual curls. To your guns!"

Seizing the great sword which he had wielded so well in England and had brought with him to the wilds of America, he went about among his men, each at his loophole, firing every one with his own zeal, embodied in some text from Holy Writ.

The matchlocks of the Puritans withstood the inferior weapons of the savages, but the latter, seeing that they could not carry the little church by assault, made preparations for burning the building. The rear stood against a low bank, between which and the edifice was a well. The savages made a rush, getting sufficiently near to throw burning brush against the latter. It was then that the pastor ceased to exhort and, seizing a bucket, was about to open a rear door and go out for water when Aseneth Gwynne stopped him.

"That is certain death," she said. "If you die, this congregation will be butchered if it is not burned. Give me the bucket."

"I, a captain in that war which sent a king to the block, give place to a woman! Stand aside!"

There was a savage yell without, and the parson turned away. The Indians were coming to rush the building, doubtless to so engage the English that they would not be able to put out the fire. The parson threw open the door and, seizing a gun, led his men, firing as he went. Meanwhile Aseneth opened the rear door, drew a bucket of water and, going through a shower of arrows to the front, dashed it upon the burning brush that was igniting the woodwork of the church. She had no sooner done so than she fell, pierced by an arrow, but she had saved the building from the flames. The parson, having exhausted his ammunition, took his piece by the muzzle and swung it about him, braining an Indian with every blow. He was a powerful man, standing 6 feet 2 inches, and loved to strike down an enemy as he loved to preach damnation to sinners. His body bristled with arrows, none of which pierced a vital part, and at last the Indians, seized with a fear that he was a god, turned and fled. Then Obadiah Armstrong staggered back to the church and, seeing Aseneth Gwynne lying with an arrow in her breast, gently withdrew it and, raising her head, rested it upon his knees. The men, except the wounded, had gone in pursuit of the Indians, but the women poured out of the church.

"This damsel," said Obediah to those who stood about, "has saved you all from an earthly burning. Her spirit has departed and has left me desolate." His voice, which was as soft as it had been harsh, trembled. "Mayhap there may be a spark of life left, and before it leaves the body I, a man of God, authorized to join men and women in holy wedlock, answering for myself and her to the responses in the marriage ceremony, pronounce we twain man and wife. He pressed a kiss upon her brow. Aseneth opened her eyes and greeted him with a smile.

Such was the marriage of Obadiah Armstrong and Aseneth Gwynne, whose progeny are at this day numerous in the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

ROSAMOND ALICIA BUDD.